HARRY RANSOM
HUMANITIES RESEARCH CENTER
The University of Texas at Austin

NOTICE: WARNING CONCERNING COPYRIGHT RESTRICTIONS

The copyright law of the United States (Title 17, United States Code) governs the making of photocopies or other reproductions of copyrighted materials.

Under certain conditions specified in the law, libraries and archives are authorized to furnish a photocopy or other reproduction. One of these specified conditions is that the photocopy or reproduction is not to be "used for any purpose other than private study, scholarship or research." If a user makes a request for, or later uses, a photocopy or reproduction for purposes in excess of "fair use," that user may be liable for copyright infringement.

This institution reserves the right to refuse to accept a copying order if, in its judgment, fulfillment of the order would involve violation of copyright law.

****

This digital reproduction for research purposes was produced by the Harry Ransom Humanities Research Center, The University of Texas at Austin, PO Box 7219, Austin, Texas 78713 Web site: www.hrc.utexas.edu. Researchers are advised that material still in copyright may not be quoted from or published (beyond what is allowed by the Fair Use provisions of the U.S. Copyright Law) without written permission of the copyright owner.

Reproductions of manuscripts or other original materials may not be deposited in another institution without the written permission of the Ransom Center. Further reproduction in any medium of these images is prohibited, with the exception of paper copies made for research use.

- 7/05

Kodak Color Control Patches

© Kodak, 2007 TM: Kodak

Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

KODAK Color Control Patches © The Tiffen Company, 2000
Kodak LICENSED PRODUCT

308 leaves

Imperfections
First two leaves cut.
1 leaf man of Lawe
1 " wife of Bath
Corner torn off 1 leaf.

Chaucer The Canterbury Tales.

The date can be fixed by the Chronological History which follows the Canterbury Tales.
1449-50.

Possibly the identical MSS used by Caxton. 1st Edn 1476.

Chaucer was born about 1328 and died in 1400.

Undoubtedly one of the most important secular manuscripts in existence to-day

HRC

Kyng monke full small and there esto and yede
Bin alle ly the had a fange forhede
Ffor hardly the ete not ordeynede
Ye ete atmoste a quart hede y trowe
Full fatte ete he stoke as y ete seye
Of small wrall a bowe haye aywe the beye
A pure pelyes gowne all ete grene
And therin hynge a hood of gowne full shene
Full ryche ete fist eyten a rostynede
And after amor vnum omna
A nothey sonne ete hynge hid the
That ete hynge ensaterne and prestis the
A monke there ete a fange for the mastye
All onto ridy that loved ete wenche
Amadis mati to lo and abbot dolo
Full widay a serute here had he in his sadel
And ete an he lode mon myght his hyde hoye
Gynghynge and ete hystynge ete bride as doye
And eke as lode he ete forth the ethyopell stolle
There as the lorde ete keper of the celle
The yle of serute many ye of serut clymont
Pyatus it ete also and windoff fyon
Thise ilke monke lore ete thynges pere
And hilde aff the nete to ete worldis prete
He pate not of that to yte apyntes hem
That ete with that hynte hoir nave hoir men
Ne that a monke ete an he is jolyeslosse
Ne likenyd to a fyshe that is ete lessye
This is to sayne a monke oute of his ete rule
That that yte hilde he not ete forth and ryde
And y olde his eyrnen ete pad
That sulde he stoye and make yrn ete sad
Upon a lord in ete rule all day to pyne
Or se monke ete his hondre and lalonye
As dysyn hayne bid the hon shall the ete be sybid
Lot dysyn hem his se monke to ayn yebysyd
Therefore he ete a pyamynge a right
Gerlomydre had he that ete yen full light
Yn pykkynge and gynnynge for the kayse
Ete aff his list for no thynge stolle he quye

A monke

Ffor

Ffor

Ffor

Ete

Inches 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
Centimetres 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19
KODAK Color Control Patches © The Tiffen Company, 2000
Kodak LICENSED PRODUCT
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

Clerke his fadir pynfilde at the horde
With grice · and that the fynest in the londe
And for to fifteen his bede vnto his ayen
He hadde of golde wyonglit a fulle ryjoue pyn
Alle knot in the pretty ende there was
His hedde was ballede · that shone as cyr grase
And eke his face · as he hadde be anoynted
He was a lordes fulle fetis · and wyde pon the
Hys reden faxe kaye · and pellyng in his hedde
That stonede as fynyssyd of lade
His bothe compte · his hose in gaire fitte
Ther to contrary no he was a fayre pyssette
He was not pale · as it were a prynnede gaste
A fatte swan loued he · best of cyr joste
His barbyere was a bowne · ther a bayre
A flyxen ther was eke a sawtyr and a mayre
A rynnyng and a fulle colompne wyse
In the ayeyr · wyr · ie nous & fulle that wise
Do mocke of dalyance and fayre langage
He hadde made fulle many a fayre mychage
Of yongo wymmen at his owne cost
Vnto his ayre he was vnkoude post
Fulle wyse he lokede and yemerlye was he
With flammyng eyne all in his cowthe
And with wyzthr wymmen of the toune
For he hadde yongys of confessyoune
As he sayde hymselfe more than a cynqe
For of his ayre he was licyncyate
Fulle swetely hayde he confessyoune
Hers pleasaunt was his absolycyoune
He was an vnlyke man to rede penaunce
Where as he wyst to haue a good pytaunce
For yyn a poure ayre for to yelde
To syne that men is wyll yyelde
For yyf he yaffe he wyste make a lamente
Ye wyst wyll that a man was yorye repente
For many a man is so hardy of his herte
He may not wepe all though hym sore smerte
Therfore in stede of wepynge and prayere

Lyere

men moste gete alway to the poore fryes
his purse was ay fulle fyll of ryches
and pryuyly for to gete fayre ryches
and priuyly he had a mery note
well cunnyng to synge and pley on bote
Of rowdynges he bare pryse the pyke
his neke was whyte as flowre de lyse
thereto he was stronge as a champyoun
he knew the tauernes well in every town
and every hostelry and tapstere
better than a lazer or a bygarere
for vnto such a worthy man as he
accordyth not as to his estate
to haue with such lazers acquaintance
it is not honest it may not auayle
for to dele with such poraile
But all with the rych and stalwyse of bataile
and ouer all there profyte thynkyth a wise
Mynstrelys he was and lovyd well seruyse
there was no man nor yeman
he was the best chanter in his town
for though a widowe had not but a shyn
So plesant was his In principio
yet wolde he haue a fetherynge or two
his purse was ever lyke tyll his purse
and yet he thought as it had been a verse
In olde dayes there were no worse heldes
for there he was not like a cloystere
with a thynne lyne cote as a scolere
But he was a maystyr or a pope
of double worstede was his comy cope
rounde as a bell out of the presse
somewhat he lysped for his wantonnesse
To make his Engyssh sweete upon his tonge
and in his yaynge as man that he had songe
his yeen stemed in his hede aryght
as doth the stere in the frosty nyght
his worthy lymytour was ryght wyth
A marchant was there with a forked bard

Inches 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
Centimetres 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19
KODAK Color Control Patches © The Tiffen Company, 2000
Kodak LICENSED PRODUCT
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

In wyttle and high cypon and sheere he ware
And on his hede a fframidysche hatte he bare
His botes ware spryd fayre and fetously
His yeyne he stake full coloumbyne
Coldenyng after the cuyse of his dammyng
He dolde the coldeye kepte for cuy thyng
Bettowne middilbynghe and ordeyll
Sell wide he in ostyamnges bestes all
Thus sterthy man full sterk his sterne bispotte
Ther ert no knyght that he sterne in dotte
So stedfastly did he sterch his yoldiamnes
Sterch his largeynes and sterch his chorisamnes
Forsotho he stake a worthy wikil sterch alle
But dothe to seyne y not sayd mon hym alle
A clerke there stake of oxynford also
That unto logik had longe ygo
And lane stake his hors as lit ere a rake
And he stake not right fatte y wide yrake
But loked hol sto. and therto sobrely
Full thede ther stake his ouest rowtely
For as yit he hadde gete hym none benefise
He stake not sterkly to hane an office
For hym stake lend to hane litte his bokes hede
xx. bokes clad in blacke and rede
Of aristotle and of his philosophie
Then yiche bokes fiddell. or sautrie
But all be it though he ere a philosophie
Yit had he but litte gold in his coffie
But all that he from his frendes hente
On bokes and on lernyng he ert bente
And bysily gaue for the soule prayes
Of them that gaue hym stake therto wyth to stoldyes
Of studye wad he most rynes and redde
For a sterde quikke he maye than stake nedde
And that stake seyde in forme and yoldomes
And sterke and ryche and full of high sonnes
Sterkly stoke he leyne and gladly to the
A sergeant of lawe there stake ere and wise

A clerke of oxynford

A sergeant of lawe

That full oftenn had bene atte paryse
Whyche was full wise of excellence
Discrete he was and of gre prudence
He serued duke hys dere dyes & dyse
Justyce had he bo full ostryd in assyse
Bothe by patent and pleyne commyssion
For hys science and hys high prudencion
Of fees and robes had he many one
Do gyete a pryuyladge was not kyng none
Alle was fee simple to hym in effecte
Hys pryuyladge myght not bo in suspecte
Sic dyes & esy tymes thay were
And yet he serued busyer than bo dyd
In terms had he ryse and downe alle
That bo the tyme of kyng William dyd alle
Thereto conde he endite and make a ryme
Wyse conde norman prynce at hys dyssyre
And eke suttynte conde he pleyne by rote
He rode but homly in a medlay cote
Girt with a scrip of silke with bandes smale
Of hys thay tailor ne longe tale
A ffranklyn was in thys compayne
White was hys berde as the dayse
Of hys complexion he was sanguyne
Well loved he by the morowe a cup of wyne
To drynke in deyte was ever hys dome
For he was epicure as sayde hys home
That hyld opynyon that pleyne delite
Was vertue perfyte. Ffelicite perfyte
An housholdere and that a gyete was he
Also gyentyll on of alle hys tenantes
Hys breede hys ale was alway the best one
A better cyned man was not wyde none
Withouten stuffe was nevere his house
Off fysshe and flesshe and that so plentyvous
It snyed in hys house of meete and drynke
Of alle dayntees that men myght thynke
After the sondry sesons of the yere
So changed he hys meete and hys soupere

A ffranklyn

Still many a fatte partridge had he ynne
And many a fesane and many a luce in stynne
Ther was his cook but yif his sauce were
Poynant and sharpe and ye thy at his mete
His table dormant in his halle alway
Stood ye ye day coverd all the longe day
Atte the festes there was he lorde and syre
Full ofton tyme he was knyght of the shyre
And a anchamlaas and a gipsiere all of silke
Hynge at his gyrdle as white as the mylke
A shyre knyght had he be and a worthye
Was never there ought a worthyer man in
An habirdasshere A carpenter A webbe A dyer A tapiser
An habirdasshere and a carpenter
A webbe a dyer and a tapiser
And they were clothed all in one livere
Of a solemne and a great fraternyte
Full fresshe and newe hete pyked was
Here knyves were not trayled with bras
But all with silver wrought full clene and swete
Here girdles and here pouches eke thereto
Suche a wyve ech of them a fayne to be
To sitte in the yelde hall ryght ye dere
Everich for the wisedom that he can
Was thought ye to be an alderman
For catell had they ynough and rente
And eke ye wives wolde it well assente
And elles certayne they were to blame
It is fyne ye to be called madame
And go to vigiles all a fore
And have mete yoven ye worshipe bere
A cote armour they had eche them for the nones
To be knowe in the cytyes with the mayr bones
And ye day merchaunt ryght to dine and gallantly
Full well could he sit on a dayes of londyn also
He could yeve a good word and gyve
Yet was he jolyer and full well loved he pye
But yet to chaffare was it he thought me
Right on the yeldhall a merrier had he
And many a lusty garde meete he with the lady

A Schipman

A Schipman there was with vs ryde fro west
For ought that I wote he was of Dartmouth
He rode upon a rouncy as he kouth
In a gowne of falowe clothe to the knee
A dagger hangyng on a lace had he
Aboute his necke vnder his arme adown
The hote summe had made his hewe all brown
And certeynly he was a good felawe
Ffull many a draught of wyne had he drawe
From Burdeux ward while the chapman slepe
Of nyce conscience took he no kepe
If that he faught and had the hyher hande
By waterye he sent them home fro every lande
But of his craft to rekyn wel his tydes
His stremes and the perylles on the sydes
His herbergh and his mone and his lodemanage
There was none such from hulle to cartage
Hardy he was and wise to vndertake
With many a tempest hade his beard be shake
He knew well all the havens as they were
From gottlande to the cape of finisterre
And every creke in Britayne and in Spayne
His barge yclepid was the magdelayne
With us there was a doctor of phisike
In all this worlde was none like him
To speke of phisik and of surgerye
For he was grounded in astronomye
He kept his pacient a full gete deale
In hores by his magik natyrelle
Well conde he fortune the astendente
Of his ymages for his pacient
He knewe the cause of every maladye
Whether it were colde hote moiste or drye
And where it engendred and of what humoure
He was a verye perfite practisoure
The cause yknowe and of his harme the rote
Anon he gaf the sikman his note
Ffull redy hadde he all his apotecaries
To sende him drogges and his letuaries
For each of them made other for to winne
Their frendship was not newe to begynne

A Doctor

A Doctor of phisike

Well knewe he the olde esculapius
And Diastorides and eke Rufus
Olde ysyas and Gallien
Serapion Rasis and Avicen
Averroys Damasien and Constantyn
Bernard Gatisden and Gilbertyn
Of his diet mesurable was he
For he was of noo superfluyte
But of ye[t] norisshyng and digestible
His study was but litle on the bible
In Langewyn and in ye[w]es was he with all
Wel wyth taffata and sendall
And yet he was but esy of dispence
For he kept that he wan in the pestilence
For gold in phisike is a cordiall
Therfore he lowed gold in special
The wif the bathe
A good wyf was she was of besyde bathe
But she was vnwise wel. and that was scathe
Of clothe makyng she had such an hanne
That she passed hem of ypres and of gante
In all the parisshe wif was they none
That to offryng a fore hym shulde gone
And yf ye they did certayne so was she
That ye was out of alle charite
Her coyffes were ye of fyne ye[w]ynde
I durste swere they weyed ten pounde
That on the sonday were upon her hede
Her hosen were of fyne scarlet rede
Full streite yteyed and shoes moyst and newe
Bold was her face fayr and rede of hewe
She was a worthy woman all her lyve
Husbandes at the chirche dore had she fyve
Withouten other compagnye in her youthe
But therof nedeth not to speke at nowthe
And thryse had she be at Jerusalem
She had passed many a straunge stream
At Rome had she be and at Boulogne
In Galice at Seint Jame and at Coloyne
She coude of moche wandryng by the way
Gat-tothed was she, thereto she dar

Wyfe and humble

A pson

A poor ant ambleye easely pe satte
Well y wympled and on hye hede an hatte
As broade as a bokeleye or a targe
A foote mantell aboute hym he hym large
And on hym sete a pryde of oryzw shape
In folanship conde he langh and rappe
The jeuedyes of loue the conde pchamce
For of that arte he knewe the olde dances
A good man there was of poligrynd
That was a pson of a poure town
But riche he was of holy thought and werke
He was also a lerned man and a clerke
That cristes gospell trulye wolde teche
His parisshynes devoutly wolde he preche
Benygne he was and wonder diligent
And in adversite full patyent
For ofte sythes he was proved and ofte sythes
Full lothe were hym to cryse for his tythes
But rather wolde he yeue out of doute
Unto his poore parisshyens about
Of his offryng and eke of his substance
He conde ryche in litle thyng suffisance
Wyde was his parysshe and houses fere asonder
But he ne lette not for reyne ne for thonder
In sekenesse and in mysthede to visite
The feythest in his parisshe mocke and lyte
Upon his fete and in his hande a staff
This noble ensample to his sheepe he yaff
That first he wroughte and after that he taught
Out of the gospell he the wordes caught
And this figure he added eke therto
That yif golde rustyed what shulde yron do
For yif a preste be foule on whom we trust
No wonder is a lewed man to rust
And shame it is yif a preste take keye
A dirtyed shepherde and a clene sheye
Well ought a preste ensample for to yeve
By his clennesse how his sheepe shulde live
He lette not his benefice for to hire
And leete his sheepe adrenched in the mire

We jemmete london to ryde pouloes
to seche hym a chaunty pyes for poules
or he wyth a shotte shod wyth bolde
but duff atte home. and hope dell his folde
so that the dolff made it not mystaye
he was a shepherde. and not a messionaye
and though he holy days and seynnes
he wate not wyth simplemen disportes
so of his werke dauncyng he digne
but in his werke diligete and bownyng
to gate the folke to heven by fayrnesse
by good ensample the wate his bysynesse
but and he medle any persone wyth wate
whether he were of high or lowe estate
hym wold he chide sharply for the nonce
a bette preste y trowe not shyld none ye
he wyth tite aff no penance no jordonce
so made hym a corrected conscience
but crystes lore and his apostels he dell
he taught but first he did it hym wyll

A plowman

wyth hym there wate a plowman his brothere
that had lad of dunge many a fothere
a true wynkyn and a good wate he
ywrynge ynough and pfite cheryte
god lovid he best wyth all his hole herte
at all tymes though he gamed or synge
and thyn his wyghtbonde yeldyt as hym dell
he wold thresshe and also dike and delve
for crystes sake for any poure wyght
wythouten hyre yf it lay in his mycht
his tythes payd he full fynde and wole
bothe of his proper swynke and of his catele
in a tabard he rode upon a mare

A millere

there was also a miller. and a reve
a somnour and a pardoner also
a mynchyn and my self there were no mo
the millere was a stoute carle for the nonce
full big he was of body and of bones
that proved well. for where ever he cam
at the wrestelyng he wold have the ram

he was short

He was short shouldred broad and a thicke fellowe
Whose was no wrong but he should lift of hallowe
Or breake it at a jeopardye with his hede
His beard as cole or fox was red
And thereto broad as it were a spade
Upon the coppe of the nose he hadde
A wrote and therupon stode a tufte of heres
Red as the bristles of a sowes eares
His nose thirlles blacke were and wide
A sword and a buckler he bare by his side
His mouth was as great as a furnoise
He was a jangler and a goliardeis
And that was most pryde and hardynes
Well conde he stele corn and stole thynes
And yet he had a thumbe of gold pardye
A white cote and a blue hode wered he
A baggepipe well conde he blowe and sowne
And therewith all he brought us out of towne
A gentill manciple there was of a temple
Of which all citeyns might take an ensample
For to be wise in buyng of vitaille
For whether they he payde or take by taille
Provided he can in his chaste
That he was ay before and in good estate
Now is not that of god a full faire grace
That suche a lewed mannes wytte shall pace
The wisedom of an hepe of lerned men
That maysters have had more than thryse ten
That of law a thousand expert and sayenge
Of which there were a dozen in an house
Worthy to be stewardes of rente and lande
Of any lorde that is in englonde
To make hym lyve by his wyte good
In honour dettelesse but yf he were wood
Or lyve as frankly as hym lyst desire
And able to helpe all a shire
In any case that might fall or happe
And yet this manciple set their all at nappe
The reve was a sklender colerik man
His beard was shaven as nyghe as ever he can
His heere was by his eares full round
His top was dokked like a prestes before

A gentill manciple

A reve

ffull longe were his legges and full lene
Also a stiff there was no ryff in
Well could he ryde a gaynly and a bryme
There was none another with on hym barme
Well wist he by the moynt and by the yerne
The yeldyng of his corne and of his greyne
His lordys sheyp his neete his swyne
His pedyne his hors his store and his pulyne
Was holly in this wyfes gouernyng
And by his conueynaunt he yaue the yeldyng
Sith that his lorde was xx yere of age
There could noman bryng hym in a rage
There was no bayly he yaue vic other hyre
That he no bryng to hys ploughe and hys cayre
Ther was nad of hym as of the lette
His barnyng was fuyl cayed an hette
Sith gone was thus hade wed was his prime
He could lerny then his lorde pryuyte
ffull wyse he was and stoyd vyll lyue
He could pleysy full gentylly
To yeue and lene hym of his owne gay
And yeue a trewlyke and vse a pryuyne and a fray
This fryar was cayed a full good flotte
All pomell gray and he right stotte
He yode he had in yomelly a gay mystere
He was a good knyght and a trypynere
A long garcote of yeyre a hole he hadde
And by his side he bare a kerry bladde
Of sir ffolke was this fryar of which telle
Whyles a gedyne mon clepe ellyde belle
Wyldly he was to a fyere a knyte
And ever he yode by ryndest of the pynte
A Companyone There was with vs a companyone
Sith to a fryar yode rhedynbrne fyne
ffull cauelleryne he was with vsed mche
Before he was and lordyynes like a cyuche
With wallet he bere clothed and pylled be yede
Of his vysyte chylder were glad a fe yede

There was neyther knyght · clerk · ne squyer
Ne was ryche ne poore of tryste noon
So gyrnyd mort that well can rynge and bote
That hym myght holpe of his wolles whyte
So of the knobbes sittyng in his cheekes
Well loved he garlyk oynyons and leekes
And for to drynke stronge wyne as red as blood
Then wolde he spake and crye as he were wood
And when that he wolde the wyne
Then wolde he speke no word but latyne
A few sentenses had he learned on yore
That he had lerned out of som store
Sentencyes ye he koude at all the day
And eke he kyde he wolde hym that a cay
Can clepe wattle as well as can the prye
But wher he was in other thynges wyse
Then had he spended all his philosophye
Ay questio quid juris wolde he cry
He was a gentyll harlot and a kynde
A better fellawe shuldes men noght fynde
He wolde suffre for a quarte of wyne
A good felawe to have his concubyne
A thryse or more and exercise hym at the fyst
Well prively eke it sytuche coude he wyst
And yf he found o wyve a good felawe
He wolde teche hym to have more lawe
In such case of the archedeykyns curse
But yf a mayster wyve hym in his purse
For with his purse he shulde pryvely
Purse is the archedeykyns hole purgatory
But well I wote he lyeth right in dede
Of cursyng oght each man gilty to drede
For cursyd wolde he lyght as a lyttyng sparkyll
And also wolde hym of a sygnyfyccacyll
In dangyr hold he lytle his wife and syn
Also the yonge gyrles of the chorye
And chaste hem consaylle and was all their joye
A bachelyr was he hold lytle upon hys hede
As gyte as it were for any mayde
A scholeyr hadde he with hym of a xxtyl

A pardoner With him there rode a gentil pardoner
Of Rouncivalle his freend and his compeer
That newly came from Rome right hot
Full loud he sang come hither love to me
This Somnour bere to him a stif burdon
Was nevere trumpe of half so yerd a sun
This pardoner had heer · as yelow as wex
But smoth hyng it hir with a strike of flex
By ounces hyng his lokes that he hadde
And therewith his shuldres he overspradde
But thynne it lay by colpons one and on
And for vanyte hed he noon
For it was trusshed up in his wallette
Him thought he rode al of the newe jette
Dishevele save his cap he rode al bare
Such glarynge eyen had he as hath an hare
A vernicle hadde he sewed upon his cappe
His wallet lay before him in his lappe
Bretful of pardon come from Rome al hote
A voice he hadde as smale as hath a gote
No berdde hadde he nor shal he nevere
But smoth it was as ye nere nere or ye
Therefore he was a gelding or a mare
But of his craft fro Berwik into Ware
Ne was there swich another pardoner
For in his male he had a pilwe beer
Which he seyde was Our Ladies veil
He seyde he had a gobet of the seil
That Seint Peter had whan that he went
Upon the See · till Jesu Crist him hent
He had a crosse of latoun full of stones
And in a glas he hadde pigges bones
But with these relikes whan that he fonde
A poore parsoun dwelling upon londe
Upon a day he gat him more money
Than did the parsoun in monethes two
And thus with his fayned flattrye and japes
He made the parsoun and the peple his apes
But trewely to telle at the laste

he was in

He was in chynche a noble cantaſſe
Well conne he rede a leſſon or a ſtorye
But althy/ leſſe he cunne and aſſeytorye
For well he wyſt. when that cunne was ſunne
He moſte preche and well fulle his tunne
To wynne alloy. as he ſkill well conde
Therfore he cunne be merr and be londe
Now ſwete ſiryns y tolde you rothely i'm a ſtanſe
Of the ſtate. the array. the nombre and the chanſe
Why that aſſembled was all this compayne
In Southwerke at that jentill hoſtelrye
That hight the tabard. faſt by the belle
But nowe it is tyme to you for to telle
How that we bare us that ylke nyght
Whan we were in that hoſtelrye alight
And after will y tell of our viage
And all the jentilnaunt of our pilgrimage
But firſt y pray you of your courteſye
That ye arette it not to my vylanye
That thus y plainly ſpeke in this matere
To telle you here wordes and here chere
Ne thought y ſpeke not here wordes proprely
For this ye knowen as well as y
Who ſe ſhall telle a tale after a man
He moſte reherſe as nyghe as ever he can
Every word yf it be in his charge
Speke he rude be prudely no be large
Or elſe he moſte telle his tale untrewe
Or fey the thynges or fynde wordes newe
He may not ſpare all thought it were his brother
He moſte aſe well ſay one word as another
Criſte ſpake hym ſelf full broode in holy writte
And well ye wote no vylanye is yette
Eke plato quoth. ſayde he and murye worde
The wordes moſte be couſyn to the deede
Also y pray you to forgeve it me
Thought y ſpeke not ryght to kepe my degree
Here in this tale as that they ſhulde ſtonde
Gyſe there made one hoſte yes on the ſtone
And to compere. ryght to the gentylmanne

+ my Dint is ſhort y'may well understande

He sayd as Erith stande at the bosse
Thorge Eras the Erme · And Eell to drinke as bosse
A worthy man onys · bosse Eras Erith alle
For to be a mychell vn an halle
A large man he Eras Erith yesil stowe
A fiuey Eryngeys Eras they wone in thowe
Bolde of his sworde Erith and Eell y taught
And of vnthede lakkid hym right naught
Eke he Eras thy to right a noyy man
And alway wowe playe he loyth
And speke of mythe amonge other thyng
Bytwen that Ere had made one jekenyng
He seide lordyngis truly
Ye be to me right welcom hertly
For by my troutth yif that y shall not lye
Ye were nat this yere wonney accompanye
Attones in this herbowrgh do ye noche
Stayne Eolde I do you mythe and y Erist hoche
And of a mythe y din right noche bethought
To don you ease · And it shall cost you nought
Ye go to Cauntyrbury god you speede
That blissfull martyr these myrte yowe mede
And Eell y trote as ye gone by the Eey
Ye shapen you to talkyn and to pley
For truly comfort me mythe is it nowe
To ride by the Eay as dowm as a stowe
And therfore Eolde y make you disyrto
As y seide erst · And do you Eim comforto
And yif you like all by on assent
To stonde this tyme at my jugement
And for to Eeryn as y shall you say
To morowe Eshow ye ride by the Eay
Trowe by my fadyrs soule that ye dede
Hit ye be mery y Eoll yeve you my hede
Holde yf yowe handys Erithonten more speche
One counsaile Eras not longe forto seche
Be thought it Eras nought Eorth to make it more
And granted hym Erithonte more advice
And bade hym say all his desyre to as hym lesse
Lordyngis quod he noche hereby forthe lesse
Hit take it not I pray you at disdayne

Thiers the poynt to speke it ffor to fynd preyne
that erlyo of you to ffor to seyth yonge sey
in this yeere shall telle tales tey
to cammerbury sayde y mene it so
and hostesse he shall telle other tey
of Aventure that comyne have be falle
and which of you keyth hym bestte of alle
that is to sey that telleth yn this ffe
tales of moste sentence and solace
shall have a supper at oure alle thy cost
here in this place sittyng by the post
when that we comyn a gayn fro cammerbury
and for to make you the more merry
I will my self goodly with you ryde
right at myn owne cost and be your gyde
and who so shall my jugement seyth nay
shall pay for all that we spende by the way
and yf ye consente yf it be so
telle me anon withoute more
and I shall ordeyne therfore
this was ygranted and oure other were
seyth ffull glad hete and prayden hym also
that he sholde so do and he to
and that he sholde be oure governour
and of oure tales judge and reportour
and sette a supper at a certeyne prise
and we shull be ruled by his devise
in hygh and lowe and thus by one assent
we be accordyd to yonge jugement
and therupon the wyne was fet anon
we dyunkyn and went to rest enychon
without any longer tarynge
amorowe we when that the day gan spryngye
of fest oure hoste and was at oure alle thy cost
and gadered to gedre on a flokke
and forth we ryden a lytle pace
unto the watyrynge of seynte thomas
and there oure hoste gan his spyrell to avyse
and bad lordes gentylmen yf yee lyste
I deme oure fyrst pastyme yf ye it lerne
yf ye wyll and merrye yonge ye werre

[illegible] shall telle the first tale
[illegible] not y shall be sayne or ado
[illegible] to my judgement
[illegible] for all that is by the day spent
[illegible] hath come or the forthey [illegible]
[illegible] that hath the worship shall be [illegible]
[illegible] and my lorde
[illegible] for this for this is myn [illegible]
[illegible] to my lady [illegible]
[illegible] let be yonge [illegible]
[illegible] nought lay hande to [illegible]
[illegible] to make [illegible] knight be [illegible]
[illegible] worthy to [illegible] as it [illegible]
[illegible] or [illegible] or [illegible]
[illegible] to the knight
[illegible] knight [illegible]
[illegible] most [illegible] to it [illegible]
by [illegible] and by [illegible]
and that ye [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
and [illegible] [illegible] to it [illegible]
as he that [illegible] and obedient
[illegible] his [illegible] by his [illegible]
and [illegible] with y shall begynne the game
[illegible] the [illegible] in [illegible] name
[illegible] let [illegible] and [illegible] y [illegible]
[illegible] that [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
and he begin [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
his tale anon and [illegible] on this manye

[illegible] Domos [illegible] Orthice post aspera [illegible] Prelia [illegible]

Explicit

Here begynneth the Knyght his tale

[illegible]

[illegible] as ofte [illegible] as tellen we
[illegible] Athenes [illegible] that hight Theseus
Of [illegible] he was lorde and [illegible]

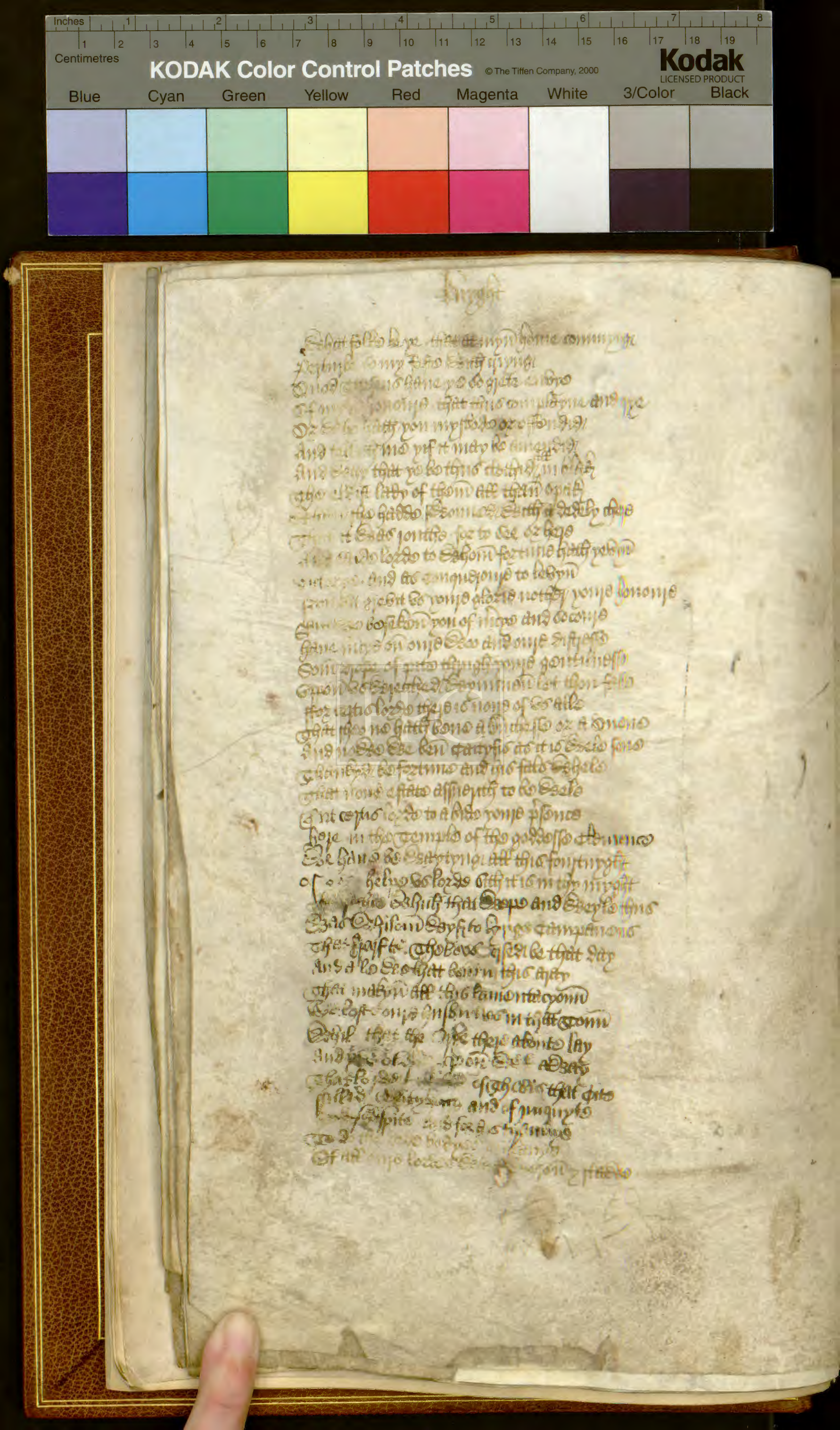
[illegible] in his tyme

Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM: Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

Knyght

And in his tyme Cuche a conquerour
That yette was more worthy the Conte
Ffull many a riche contre hadde he Wonne
That with his Wisedome and his chyualrie
He conquered all the lande of ffemenye
Tilll Babilon Wite clepid. Cilicie
And Dardis the Queene eke rauysshed
And brought hym home to his contre
With moche glorie And eke grete solempnyte
And eke hym yongey Cyrus Sonne Cuche
And thus With glorie And worshipe
Lette y this noble Duke to Athenes ride
And all his hoste in Armys bysyde
But I ne Coude it neyse to longe to ryme
Y wolde hym telle yow fully the mattyre
How Alexandre Wite the reyne of ffemenye
By Wisedome and his chyualrye
And of the grete batelle for the Mynes
Betwene And Amazones
And how beseged Wite rauysshed
The fayre hynde Queene of Cithon
And of the feste that Was at theyr Weddyng
And of the Tempest at hyre home comynyng
But all this ne mette y mette for hye
A hatte godd Wote a large falde for to eye
And Wete hym myn oxen many plonghe
The parcelmynte of my tale is longer ynough
This Duke of Babiloyn y make mension
When he Was almoste com to the Rodyn
In all his Wele And his moste pride
He Was y Wayte As he cast his eye A side
Where that there kneled in the hyghe Weye
A compaynye of ladyes tey Weye And tey Weye
Wepe ayther other yn Wepyng Wise
But Cuche a cyre And Cuche a Wo they dide make
That in the Worlde nys creature lyvynge
That hyre Cuche a Wo they Wey in mynde
And of this cry they Wolde nevre stynte
Till they the Reynes of his hyghe Horse

Inches 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
Centimetres 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19
KODAK Color Control Patches © The Tiffen Company, 2000
Kodak LICENSED PRODUCT
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black



To Athenes to dwelle there in prison
Perpetually hem geynes non raunson
And eke yet this worst of alle hath this man
He wot nat where he goth ne whider he gan
With launs y-coumed in a contrayne
And there he lith in pyne and grete hevynes
Telle me of this what wedde Venus mow
And in Arcite of Mars and of Arcyte
This yeldanes yf ever the sele hyte
For ever more there may no gold hem quite
This passeth yere by yere and day by day
Till it fell one on a morwe of May
That Emelie that fayre was to rise
Hath risen and clothed hir in a wise
As hevenly thow the May with floures newe
For with the rose colour strof hire hewe
I not wher she hath the pryde of them two
And eke it was day that hir was wo
She was up risen and all redy dight
For May wolde nat lenger abide a nyght
The season do pricke every gentill herte
And maketh hem out of hevis sorwe to sterte
And seith arise and do thyn observance
This made Emelye to hevene yet more entyrance
To wend hence to May and for to wyse
Y clothed was she fresshe for to devise
Her yelow hair was broyded in a tresse
Behynde her back a longe yerde y gesse
And in the gardyn at the sonne up yist
She walketh up and down where hit her list
She yaderyth flowres of ay sorte in a lese
To make a chaplet her hede for hete
And as an angell heavenly she songe
The grete tour that was thicke and strange
Which of the castell was the chief dongeon
Ther as the knyghtes were of prison
Of which ye have yeron and yet shall
Was ryght fast yonder to the gardyn wall
Ther as Dorothee and Arcite hadde their pleynge

Inches 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
Centimetres 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19
KODAK Color Control Patches © The Tiffen Company, 2000
Kodak LICENSED PRODUCT
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

Knyght Sue the some and sene the morowenyng
And pulamon this sorofull prisoneye
Ye stood his sone by lese of his fayr leye
Sue prison and joned in a chamber on high
In which he all the noble cite sigh
And eke the gardyn full of bawmy ayre
Where as the knyght Emelye the fayre
Sue in her walke pomyng up and down
This sorowfull prisoner this pulamon
Forth into the chamber pomyng to and fro
And to hym self complayenyng of his wo
That he sue lyve he wyst nat alas
And so befell by adventure or cas
That through a window that thik was of mony a barre
Of yron grete and square as any sparre
He cast his yes upon Emelya
And therewith pale he stont and sayde a
As thoughe his hert stroken to the dede
And with that cry pulamon anon arose
And sayde cosyn myn what wylt thou
Thy cheres thus pale and wexe so
Why sayest thou so hath the don offence
For love of me lese as take alle in patience
Myne prison for it may none other be
Fortune hath yeven us this adversite
Some wicked aspecte or disposicyon
Of saturne by some constellacyon
Hath yeven us this thought sue hadde it ordeyn
So stode the heven when we were born
We must endure this is the end playne
This pulamon answerd and sayde again
Cosyn for sothe of this opynyon
Thou hast a vayne imaginacyon
This prison causeth me nought for to crye
But that sue hurte thyngeth myne eye
Into myn herte and that sewe my bane so
Ye fayrnesse of that lady that I see
Yonder in yonder gardyn that pomyng to and fro
Yes atrise of all my peyne and this wo

Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM: Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

Knyght

Loue vif thou lift for y loue and ty shall
And for thy loue bi other this is all
Leye in this prison mote the endure
And either of vs take his aventure
Gete thou thy frist and longe lede doune thow ledye
vif y had leisir for to abide
But yn to the effect it happened upon a day
To telle it you as fortune day may
Duke Pyotheus that knight perotheus
That on tyme fellaw Ysaie to theseus
With that day they were childrin lite
Ysaie comen to athenes his fellaw to visite
And for to play as he Ysaie canon to do
For in this cite he lived in noman do
As he lividhym ate tendrit ageyne
So stiff they lovedi ate olde lekys corne
That when that one [illegible] wolde other for to telle
His fellaw Ysaie and knight hym dune yn hells
But of that fere ye list not me to write
Duke Pyotheus lovedi stell dyete
And bid hym knowe it thoes yere by yere
And finally it pynest and title the pyere
Of Pyotheus withouten any raunson
Duke theseus lete dyete onto of prison
Freely to go where hym lyst on dull
In such wise as y you tell shall
This was the forward plenyly to endyte
But ryt theseus and hym dyete
That vif he were that dyete were y found
Ende in his lyf day nyght or stound
In any centre of this theseus
And he were taught it was accord thus
That with a sword he shulde lose his hede
There was none other remedye ne rede
But tell his lede and hondwrit he hym gaue
Letto hym be were his neke cloth to shewe
Hon yete a grete a grete cuffith noble dyete
The title he foldith thynkith his herte smite
He sepith sadlith and mothi pitously
To sle hym self he wantith grievely

Guide alle the day that ye dwelleth
Here is my prison Ewerytyme it stand before
Lede is me thynke ye stand to dwelle
Lotte in purgatorie ore in helle
Alas that ende ye knowe no ottynge
For alle ye hade ye dwelleth with oryenge
Forbydyn in this prison ode wo
Then hade ye be in blysse and not me so
Only the blysse of hym whom that ye seke
Thought that ye wende hym see may lyke
Wolde hane sufficed yyght ye nought for me
O. dole cosyn yelde now quod he
Thyn ye the vintarie of this dwellynge
Sithe sufficed in prison marye thou endynge
In yrsome restes nay but in paradise
Dwell hath fortune enmyed to the dyse
That hath the sight of hym and ye the absence
For possible is ony thyn hafe hire presence
And yte a knyght exactly and wise
And by ende dis our fortune is changeable
Thou medyst to thy solye dom tynne ettynne
Sint ye that and cyrlede and beserne
Of the grd and in so grete disdayne
That theys wyn ewyne. Ewyne ye. Eyne
So qeanys that of hond mede ye
That may me hold and so comforte mythe
Dwell ofte ye fayne in hope and dreynhope and in dispesse
Shyde dwell my life. my. hyst. and my gladnesse
Alas dwelle yeorrien folke in comune
Of misfortune of god or of fortune
Whyt yab thy hem fyll ofte in many a gise
Dwell lotty they they can devise
Dom mell dosyth to hym gladesse
Whyt cause is of his mynthy or grete sadnesse
Yet dom mell wolde onte of his prison fayne
Whyt in his hors is of his mayne fayne
Infynyte hymes hold in this mynde mutteye
So dwelle not be that the yeorrien heye
The fynd be so that yymyen is to a mouse
Thyn he not dwelle is the yyght dwelle thydy
Dwelle a dynthyn mell the dwelle is yydy

Knyght

And certis in this Worlde so fare
Ye seken fafie afiny folliate
Sit so yone Wrongo fulle ofte tyme
Thus mary Ye cry all · and mynde · y
That Venus hane hadde a gre^te^ envyon
That yif y myght escape fro prison
Then hadde y be in joy and profite hole
They y am nowe exilede fro my Wele
Wherfore that y may not see yon Emelie
I me am bitt dede · they is none other remedie
Upon that other side Palamon
When that he wist that Arcite was agon
Unlike wrathe he maketh that the gate tonge
Resounede of his hoterynge and clamonge
The pure teres on his thynne gleto
Wrote of his bitte cheres wete
Alas quod he Arcite cousin myne
Of all our strife, god wote the fruite ys thyne
Thou walkest now in Thebes at thy large
And of my Wo thou recyst little charge
Thou mayst somtyme thou hast Knyghtlyhed and manhedde
Assemble all the folke of oure kynredde
And make a Werre so sharpe on this cite
That by some adventure or by some tyte
That thou mayst hane hynre to lady and Wyffe
For whom that y moste nedes lose my lyffe
For as by Wedy of possibilite
Sithe thou art at large of prisone free
And arte a lorde gete is thyn advantage
More than we myne that stande here in cage
For y moste Weepe and Wayle while y lyve
With all the Wo that prisone may me yeve
And eke the pyne that lover me reviste also
That doubleth all my turment and my Wo
Thus with the fire of jelosye ypyched
Wyth myne hire bewte and hewe hyred by the hevene
So Wedde that he lieth Wete to be hedde
Fye poyte or the dissen rede or colde
Then cryde he quoth goddes thyne yonne
This Wordes with bryndynge of yonge Wrathe cheere

And Seyntes in the table of Alexandrie
yonge philosophers and yonge clerkes grammer
What is written more unto you holde
Than is the Skripture that ye finden in the folde
For David so man · right as a nothing bestes
And also in prisone and in diseases
And hath sickenesse and grete adversite
And oftentymes giltles yede
What gouernance is there in this presence
That giltles tormentith this innocence
And yet ancrestith this all my penaunce
What man ye consider to his obseruance
For yours take to lerne of his skill
There is a beste may all his life fulfill
And Seyntes a beste is dede he hath no peine
But man after his death moste seyge and pleine
Wrought in this world he hath no ease and sere
Sorrowfull in sorrowe he may fonde ede
The answere of this lete ye to Salomon
But dede ye also in this world grete peine ye
Alas ye see a serpent or a theef
That many a time man hath done mysthief
Yet that his lyfe and shape ye will lost may tyme
But ye more ben in prison thrugh stamyne
And also thrugh pyne pelynes and also sharp
That hath destroyed shall myth all my blood
Of whelkes with his sharp shallowe sides
And semyne stedfast no in that other side
For pleyse and fayre of hym right
Leave the stoll ye strynge of pallamon alle
And let hym in his prison still rebelle
And of right sooth ye stoll you tell
The semyes passith and the mysthis longe
Enquesith double also the peynes stronge
Bothe of the lewes and of the prisoneys
Not she hath the stoffully mysteye
For sooth for to say this pallamon
Perpetually is sentenced to prison
In peynes and in fetters to be side
And right to exyled upon his hede
For a time are out of that contye

Nevertheless shall his ladye do
you ladys aye y this question
Who hath the Worse. Arcite or Palamon
That one may do his ladye day-by-day
Sitt in his prison more he dwelle all day
That other Where hym lyst may ride or go
But a his ladye shall he never mo
Sodo doumyth do you lyst he that can
For y shall tell fynyth a dry began
When that Arcite to thyddes cõmen was
Full ofte a day he swelde and sigh alas
For syen his ladye shall he never mo
And shortly to wrytyn all his wo
So mochill woos hadde never creature
That ye or shall While the World may endure
His slepe. his mete. his drynke is hym a bryttle
That. lone he wexyth. and dry as a wortt shaffe
His vein holowe and gresely to be hold
His hedde aftedde and pale as assyen cold
And solitary he was and ever alone
And wakyng all the nyght makyng his mone
And rise his sorowe songes or lustynment
Whenne World he wepe he mygyt nought-it absent
So feble eke was his spirits and so lowe
And changed so that no man wonde knowe
His speche nor his voice though men hym hye
And in his gate for all the World he sye
Not only like the lovyng malady
Of hereos. but rather like. melancholy
Engendred of hymoure melancholyke
Byforn in his celle fantastyke
And shortly all was turned vyrtuoume
Bothe habite and eke disposycyoume
Of hym that was full lovers Arcite
What shulde y all day endite
When he hadde endured it yere or two
This cruell turment and his woe and wo
At Athenes in prison as he was
Upon a nyght to sleep as he hym lay
Hym thought the Venus of goddes mycyne
Before hym stode and bade hym be mere

This stepp wyse he lay in hande vpright
And hat he sheyed vpon his heyes bright
Jaied was this yong as he tolde here
As he was wyan Jason tolde his fere
And sede hym thus. to Athenes shalte thou wende
Where yo the shape of thyne to amende
And with that word ryse vp a stolde and seyte
Sothe truly hou ore that mis sweyte
Hood ho. to Athenes yight nedes scholl y fare
For drede of dethe shall y not spare
To see my lady that y loue and serue
Whose presence y desire nede to serue
And with that word he daught a gete wyrynge
And sadde that changed was all his colour
And all his visage into another kynde
And yight anon it ran into his mynde
That with his face was disfigured
Of matadore the which he had endured
He myght wele wit he lay hym lerne
Here in Athenes ere more enkere
And see his lady wyll nygh day by day
And yight anon he changed all his aray
And rade hym yight as pouer laborere
And alone rode only a squyere
That knewe his pryete and all his cas
Which was disguised pouerly as he was
To Athenes is he gone the nexte way
And to the court he wente vpon a day
And at the gate he presenth his seruise
To yorgo and yadre what he men wolde deuise
And shortly of this matere for to sayne
He fell in seruise with the chamberlayne
The which that Arcellyus was with Emelye
For he was wise and one could skyll
Of every ordynance the which ought there
Wyll conde he hewe wood and water bere
For he was yonge and mygty for the nones
And therto he was long and big of bones
To do what any knight can deuise
Ayeyn or. ii. he was in this seruise
Dayes of the chamber of Emelye the bright

Thomas
ye my name
for to be put
out of blam
Cont

And Philostrate he

Knyght

And Philostrate he seide that he hight
Fyn half, so well he loved a man as he
Was they nevere in cowrte of his degre
He was so gentill of condicyon
That thyngh all the cowrte his name was yon
They seiden it was a pyte of thyne
That thesyus shold enhawnce his degre
And prate hym in worthynesse to rise
There as he myght his vertues exercise.
And thus within a shyle his name is sprongen
Bothe of his deds. and of his good tongen
That thesyus hath taken hym to mete
That of his chamber he made hym squyer
And yaf hym gold to maynteyne his degre
And eke mon thought to hym onte of his cowrte
So vere to vere fulle prively his sorte
And honestly and prively he it spente
That no man wyst how that he it hadde
And. iij. yere in this wise his lyf he ladde
And bare hym so in peace and eke in werre
There was no man that of thesyus had werre
And in this blisse lette I noble arcite
And wele I tell of palamon a lite
In derkenesse and orrible and strange prison
This. iij. yere lyth cayrd palamon
For pryde. what for love and for despyte
Who felith double sorwe and hot pynne
But palamon that love dispeyteth so
That he wot onte of his witte. he goth for wo
And eke thoyl to he is a prisoner
Perpetually nought only for a yere
Who cowde ryme in englysshe proprely
His martyrdom forsoth it am not I
Therfore I passe over lightly as I may
It fell in the. xij. yere in may
The. iij. nyght as olde bokes seyne
That all this storye tellen more pleyne
Were it by adventure or destyne
As what a thyng is shapen it shall be
That soone after the mydnyght. palamon
By helpe of a frende brake prison

And fleeth the cite as faste as he myght goo
For he hadde yeven his yerlye tribute so
Of daye and of other certayne thynge
With vesyteries and opie of other fynge
That all myght aponyt that men sholde hym shake
The yerlye fee to he myght not a wake
And thus he fleeth as fast as ever he mayr
The myght was shorte and fast by the day
That nedes wost he moste hym self hide
And to a grove thayt fast by side
With sedefull foto thenne stalkyng this palamon
For shortly this was his orynyon
That in that grove he sholde hym hide alday
And on the myght he sholde take his way
To thebes ward his heedes for to pay
And thenne to holde hym to wayter
For shortly elles he sholde lose his lyf
Or dynne ynoghe vnto his wyff
Thus is the fenty and his entente to pleyne
Fro hence forth y tynne to ryme agayne
That little wist how myght was his aye
Till that fortune hadde brought hym in the snare
The lusty lady messenger of the day
Saluyeth in hyre wyse the morwe gray
And fyry phebus rysyth up so bryght
That all the orient laughyth of the sight
And with his stremes dryeth in the grasse
The silver droppes hangyng on the lefes
And ryche that vn the court royall
With thesens is syngyng prynceyall
Wyssen and lorsyth on the mayy day
And for to do his observaunce to maye
Vnnembrynge on the pryme of his desyre
He on a courseye starthynge as the fyre
Wyden in to the feldes hym to pleye
Out of the court were it a myle or tweye
And to the grove of whych y you tolde
By aventure his way he gan holde
To make hym a garlonde of the greves
Were it with eglentyne or hawthorn leves
And londe he wyse a gayne the sonne shyne

I wede not that ettey thou shalte die
or thou shalte not love Emelie
ther which thou wolte · for thou shalte not asiqte
this Arcite with a full disponed herte
Whan he hym herd he wod and had his table herde
As fers as a lyon pulle out a sherde
And thus seide · by god that sitteth a lowe
sere it that thou ayte wedd and swore for lowe
And eke that thou no wepynne hast in this place
Thou shuldist wend out this yerde place
That thou no shuldist dyen of my honde
For I desire all the onete and the bonde
Which that thou seyst that I have made to thee
What yeyer fold · thy lyke that lowe is shee
And I will lowe hym magyer all thy myght
But for asmuche as thou ayte a knyght
And wilnest to dedayne here by bataille
hane here my feith to morwe I wolle not faille
Without wite seyng of eny other wight
that here I wolle be found as a knyght
I will bryng hamers right I neigh for the
And chese then the beste a lede the worst to me
And mete and drynke this myght wolle I bryng
I noble for the and clothis for thy lodyng
And yif so be that thou my lady wynne
And slo me in this wode that I am ynne
Thenne mayst thou have thy ladye as for me
This Palamon answerde vis I graunte it the
And thus they be departed till on the morwe
Each of hem had lorde his feith to borwe
D · Cupide all onte of thaynte
D · Jesu that wolle no folaude have with the
ffull sothe it is seide that love ne lordeship
Wolle not here thankes ne have no felawship
Well fendith that Arcite and Palamon
Arcite is rode anon unto the wodes
And on the morwe ey it dawe day light
ffull prively · ij · hamers hath he dight
Sothe sufficient · and mete to dedayne
The bataille in the folde betwyxt hem it dayne

And on his hors alone as he was born
he armed all this armys grim & forn
And in the grove at time and place y wotte
this Palamon and this Arcite kon y mette
this change gan the colour in the face
right as the hunter in the feyne of chace
that standeth in a gappe with a wyle
whom hunted wolf the bryd and the bole
And hoppith forth com pryvyng in the grove
And hekkyng to the bestys and loves
And thynkith he is comyn my mortall enemye
without doute he mote be dede or y
for ertho y not flee forth at this gappe
or elys he mote slo me: yf it myschappe
So fordon they in chaungyng of here hewe
As fel as entey of hem other knewe
there was no word spoken ne no salvyng
But swythe fleyn to withinne a wrotto or pekkyng
Ech of hem knew to Armed other
As fiendly as he were his owne brother
And at that stoure with swerdys sharpe & yore
they forcen ech at other wondre longe
thus myghtyst thou that this Palamon
in his fightyng were a wod lyon
And like a cruell tygre was his chere
As wilde boores gon they to gedre smyte
they foughten right as doone two wylde bore
Up to the ancle they fyllyn in here owne blode
And in this wyse I let hem fight wylle
And finally y will of these two yow telle
the destynye mynistre generalle
that executed in this worlde overall
the purveyance that god hath seyne before
so strongly it is through this worlde ybore
the contrarye of a thyng ye or nay
yet sometyme it semith falle on a day
that falleth not oftyn in a. C. yere
for certeynly oure appetites here
be it of werre or peyce hate or love
all is this rewled by the sight above

This meane y me to by the mygty theseus
that forto hunte is to desyrous
And namely at the gate hapte in mydy
that in his bed wythe hym no wy
that he was glad and redy to ryde
With hunte and horn and hounde hym bysyde
For in his hunting hath he once desire
that it yf all his joy and appetite
To be hym self the gate hath he bane
For dyny mydy he wyth me to dwelle
Close was the day as y hane tolde or this
And theseus with all joye and blis
With hys ryolate the fayre Quene
And emelye clothed all in grene
On hunting ben rode mally
And to the grove that stode fast by
In which there yf was an hayte as men hym tolde
Duke theseus the right way hath holde
And to the launde he rydyth hym full right
For thydyr was the hayte ordeyned to hane his flyght
And one a hore and so fynth on his way
This duke stode hane a cause or to hym or they
With hounde which hym lust commande
And when this duke was com vn to the launde
Vnder the sonne he lokyd and anon
he was way of arcite and palamon
that fought in bowme as I tolde the
The knight sely is wounded to ded fye
So hydously that with the lestes stroke
hit semed as it sholde hane fallen an oke
But right they were no thyng he no wote
The duke his tymbre with his cheres smote
And at a stert he was betwene hem two
And pulled out a sworde and cryed ho
No more vpon payne of losyng of youre hede
By mygty mayte he shall anon be dede
that smytyth any stroke that I may sone
Wyt tell thy name that mydy men yelepe

What kind of hardy for to fightyn here
Withoute iugge or other officere
Is it here in a lystes royalle
Thiro Palamon answered hastely
And seide Syr what needith ye wordes mo
We have the wele desyred bothe two
Ye dyen of deth ne ye ne ye ne ye
That ben enemyes of oure kynd lyfe
And do thou right to a rightfull lorde and iugge
Yeldo ye nothing mercy ne refuge
And slo me first for Arcite thanne
Or slo my felawe as well as me
Or slo hym first for thoughe thou kiddest it lite
This is thy mortall foo this is he right
That slo thy lorde is banyssh on his hede
For thy he hath deserved to be dede
And this is he that came to thy gate
And seide he hight philostrate
This hath he sayd the many a tyme
And thou hast made hym thy chief squyere
And this is he that loveth Emelye
For Gode thy day is come that y shall dye
Y make playnly my confession
That y am thilke Palamon
That hath thy prison broke wickedly
I am thy mortall foo: and that am y
That loveth so hote Emelie the bright
That y wyll dye present in hys sight
Therefore y axe deth in my jeoprise
Slo me my felawe in the same wise
For bothe we ben to be slayne
This for thy loke ne doute nor agayne
And seide this is a short conclusion
Your owne mouth be your confession
Hath dampned you y wyll it recorde
It needith not to prove you with a worde
Ye shall be dede by myght of the sword
The Quene anon for pyte swoonyd hede

Knyght

Han for to Skape and so did Emelye
And all the ladyes in the compayne
Hyeto pite Sitte it to thought hem alle
That ende such a chance shulde falle
For gentilmen they Seye of yeto estate
And nothyng but for loue Sias thoye debate
And Sitte heye bloody Swoude Sitte and Sore
And alle they cryden both lesse and more
Have mercy lorde upon this Swynnen all
And on heye bay knees adowne did they fall
And Sholde have kyst his feto theye as he stode
Syll atte the last stakide Sitte his mode
For pite renneth soone yn gentilll herte
And though he first for yre wroke this sterte
Yet in his reason he hem both excused
And all thought that his yre hoye gilte accused
He hath considered shorthly yn a chause
The cheyase of them both and eke the cause
And thus he thought hym selfe that ony man
Sholde helpe hym selfe in loue yf that he can
And eke desyred hym selfe onto of prison
And eke hym selfe hadde compassion
Of the Swynnen for they Sieyte ende in one
And in his gentill herte he thought anone
And cette to hym selfe he seide foo
Upon a lorde that Sitte have no mere
Sitte be a lyon both in Sorde and dede
To them that byn repentaunt and in drede
As Sulde as to a prouide disposyng man
That Sitte mantayne that he first began
That lorde hath litte of discreyon
That in such a case can no mercyon
Sitte Sieyth pride and humilleness all one
And shortly Sitte his yre Sias thus gone
He gan to loke up Sitte yeen light
And quake thise same Sordes all on hight
The God of loue · A · benedicite
How myght and how gyete a lorde is he
A gayne his myght theye gayneth none resistence
He may be clepid a god for his myracle

knyght

For he will make it his seruyce
Of any kyne that hym list to deuyse
To kyne this ryche and this pallyon
That myth seruyn onto of my nyon
And myghtyn hane lord mighteo yoallye
And seruyn sele y am kyne mortall enemye
And that kyne dethe hath yn my myght also
And that hath loso magy kyne vedyn tho
Wyenght hom hethey bothe for to dyo
Loue lothly is not that an kyght folye
Sche may be a fold but that he lood
Behold for godis sake that sit a bord
Se hom they bleed aye they nat seyll appyed
Thus hath kyne lordo the god of loso pryed
Kyne seruyn and kyne kyne for kyne deuyse
And tydy seyne for to be fyll seyse
That seyn loso for aught that may be falle
But yet we this the last gaino of alle
That yee for seyn they haue this golyte
And hom they fore do inche thanke to me
Sche seyth no more of all this kyne saye
By god than seyte a knicke to or an kaye
But all mette be assayed hote or colde
A man mette be a fold or yonge or olde
Seyte it by my off fyll yore a gone
For mytyne of a seynynte seyte y one
And therfore sith y kide to of lordes yerne
Seyte hon ore ye an a man dysyerne
As ye that hath be aught ofte in his lade
Y you for yeue all this yeprise
At the yeyllyll of the Queno that knelyth kyne
And eke of emelye my systy doye
And ye shall be aucon yn to ino seyne
That nend more ye shall my trouthe doye
Se make seyne upon me myght me air
But be my fyendre in all that ye may
For yeue doi this yeprise o dy dell
And they haue seyn his ayyng faye and seyll
And hym of lordeship and more yplaide
And be hom gaynyth gate and this be aide
To seyke of yoall lynage in rychesse
Thoight thee seyn a Queno or a yprynesse

Seyne of yon kyne

Knyghtes

Ethe of yon bothe ye worthy Jonteleste
To wethen wherin ye hit nathelesse
I speke as for my Sustey Emelie
For whom ye hane att this strife and gelosie
ye wote yonge wel she may not wedde so
Attonys thought ye fight anno
That one of yon att he hym lothe or lef
he motte go prippyn in an yle lef
This ye to seyne she may not hane bothe
Att he he mende or gelouse ne or wrothe
And therefore y put yon vn this wyse
That ethe of yon shall hane his desyre
As hym ye shape and hyke in what wise
lo hyre yonge ende of what y shall devise
wyr will ye this for plat conclusion
Without any more jeplicasion
And yif yon like take it for the best
And anyth of yon shall go where hym lest
Frely without rannsom or damnyge
And this day. Sta. wethe fey ne neye
Ethe of yon shall bryngen an. c. knyghtes
armed for listes vpon all rightes
All redy to devyne here by battayle
And this behote y yon without faille
vpon my trouth as I am a knyght
That whether of yon bothe that hath myght
This is to seyne whether he or thowe
may with an. c. knyghtes as y trowe of mete
Ne his contrare or onto of listes wide
hym y shall yeve enchere to ride
To whom that fortune yeveth to fynde the grace
The listes shall y make vn this same place
And god so wisly on my soule jete
As y shall evene quite hen and thete
ye shall none other ende with me make
That one of yon shall be dede or take
And yif yon thynke this is well y saide
Say yonge advice or holdith yon it paide
This ye yonge onde and yonge conclusion

Who lokith vp no[w] highly but Palamon
Who springeth vp for ioy but Arcite
Who cond tell or who cond it endite
The ioy that was made vn[to] that place
When Theseus hath done so fair a grace
And doun on knees wente euery wight
And thanked hym with all hys hert and myght
And namely the chevalrie of Athenes
And thus with good herte and hope blithe
They tabyn hys leue and home ward gon they ryde
To Athenes with hys knyghtes by syde
Ther we wil leten Palamon hit necligence
Hit y forgete to tell the diligence
Of Theseus that gon is no so lightly
To make vp the listes roundly
That cost a noble theatre do it was
A mile of cirkelt on al this worlde they nas
The ryghyt a wyle was a compas
Ballyd with stone and diked without
Round was hit the shape in manere of compas
Full of degrees the height of xl. pas
That men might sitte as ye shal hereafter
He lettid not hys palace for to dere
Eastward ther stood a gate of white marble
Westward right such a nother in the opposite
And shortly to conclude such a place
Was nowhere in erthe of so lithe a grace
For in the lond there was no craftyman
Of geometrie or arismetik kan
Ne painter ne kerver of ymages
That Theseus yaf hem mete and wages
This theatre for to make and devise
And for to don hys rite and sacrifise
He eastward hath upon the gate above
In worship of Venus goddes of love
Don make an altar and an oratorie
And on the gate westward in memorie
Of Venus he made hath right such another
That cost lik ely of golde ye ffother
And shortly sayn a wonder on the walle
Of alabastre white and redde coralle

Explicit primus pars fabulae vnpitus

And Dedaszie pitie for to se
In Worship of Venus goddes of chastitee
hath thesenus Venus Wrought in noble wyse
But yet had y forgeten to Devyse
The noble kerynge and the purtreyyng
The shape the countenaunce and the signyng
That Weren in thise ymatzies: thyse
Ffyll in the temple of Venus mayst thou se
Wrought on the Wall sinll pitees to be holde
The bowes sleyes and the dartes colde
The candeles and the Wennyngs
The fyry flakes of the Wesyngs
Thall lacke Wepynnis in thise lyfe ordeyned
The other that bere clennynyng assigned
Desaunce and hope. Wyse. fooll. hardynesse
Beauite and youth. chaudy Wrathfulnesse
Thaunce. and force. lesynges. flatteryes
Dispens. besynes. and jelosye
And a turtelle sittyng on hyr hand
That Weed of yelowe gowlde a Gyrland
Ffeftes Instrumentes tabrides Dances
Lust and ayay and all the circumstances
Of loue. Which that y seyen and seyene shall
By ede Were pentyed on the Wall
And mo than y can make of mentyon
For Wherby all the wonne of Troyon
Were Venus hath mye principall Werkyng
Was thekeed on this Wall in purtreyyng
With all the gyden and the lustynesse
Nought Was forgeten the Wrathy Wilnesse
Ne Saturnus the fayr. Ne yoze Jupon
Ne yet the foly of hymen Salmyon
Ne yet the gyete sheynth of Tyrides
Thy enchaunteynentis of medee and tyrides
Ne of Nymus the hatyr seys Ceyx
The pitie the sis atyrs in Cepeyx
Thus may yo seen that Wisedome ne Wytnesse
Ne Wrte ne sleyght ne mych ne hardynesse
Ne may With Venus holde thaunteynyng
For to hym lyst this Werlde Wyen may sye gie

To all those folke & aright here in here lase
Tell they were to full of vedyn alase
Suffisith here ensamples on ye tere
Ye thenge ye onto pelyn a-my-mo
The fatte of venus fleyne for to se
Was nakid fletyng in the lake se
And fro the navell down all cowed the was
With water as grene and bright as eny glas
Amole in here right honde had she
And on here hede full denely for to se
A rose garlonde fresshe and well smellyng
Above here hede here doves flekeryng
Before here stode here sonne cupido
Upon his thildes bekynge had he tere
And blynde he was as hit is ofte seno
A bowe he bare and ape was wolde and keno
Why shulde I not ye aspell tellen you all
The mysteryes that was upon the wall
Within the temple of mysyty mars the yede
All peynted was the wall in length and brede
Like to a place of that grisly place
That hight the grete temple of mars in trace
In thilke cold frosty region
There is mars hall contayne mansion
First on the wall was peynted the forest
In which there walken wilde men in west
With bloody knyves bawrne cheres olde
Of colbrand shape and hide to to be holde
In which there ran a journale and a strayt
Wtthout a forme shulde brest eny bot eyt
And downe adyl from an hill cruely a bent
There stode the temple of mars omnipotent
Wrought all of blak stele of which the entre
Gates longe and straite and gastly for to se
And there out come a rage and crude a blast
That it made all the gate for to rast
The sorowful light in atte the dore shone
For wyndowes on the wall were there none
For thirl men might eny light discryne
The dore was all of adamant eterne
Yfastened on the side and endelonge

Sith yon tough for to make it stronge
Your pilere · the temple to sustene
Sate towne gete of yon bright and shene
There sangh y first the deth ymagenyng
Of felonye of all the compassyng
The wyll ye yedde to your glede
The pykepyns and eke the pale dede
The knyfe sith the knyf under the throte
The shepene bleynyng sith the blade smote
The treason of the mynstryng in the bedde
The oryn sleyse sith sammes all be bledde
Contekte sith bloody knyf and sheyse manace
All full of thynkyng sate that day place
The sleeye of hym self · yet sate y there
His herte blode hath bathed all his here
The nayle driven in the shoed a nyght
The colte dede sith moeth gapyng upright
A myracle of the temple sitte upright ynne
Sith distomfet and dry countenaunce
Yet sate y sodnesse laughyng in his page
Armed complayne orthes and feyes on the page
The ayeryne in bryste · sith the throte y carven
A · xij · stayne · and not of malice nor y storven
The tyrannye sith the pray by force y lasse
The toune destroied there sate nothyng lasse
Yet sate y the gent chyrpis hepistepis
The hynte y stangled sith the child bepis
The sate fletyng the child yight in the cradell
The cote y stikked for all his longe ladell
Nat sate peyen by the fortune of wayte
The xxxij one yedon sith his syte
Under the shele stille lokes he lay a dedne
These sate also of wayte dedisdne
The labore and the wodeys and the smyth
That forgen shaftes sheyds on his stith
And all a hole peynted in a gonne
Sate sith y conquest sittyng in gete honoure
And sith a sheyde sate one his hede
Hangyng by sibilo the yerned thede
Depeynted sate there the daughte of philno
Of gete Meyo and of anthenno

Inches 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
Centimetres 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19
KODAK Color Control Patches © The Tiffen Company, 2000
Kodak LICENSED PRODUCT
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

But be it that ilke tyme they wyn vnkyn
yit ther hye dede permed there before
by a maniere of wyse sight by figure
So ther it shed in that pinture
As yo depermed in the storye a lode
Ego shall be stirne or elles de for lode
Suffisith on ensample · in stories olde
I may not persone hem all thoughe y wolde
The statue of wyse vpon a tyte stode
Armed and lokyd grim as he wyse wode
And on his hede there stode · two figures
Of stories that ben deped in scripture
That one medea · that other Eurydice
This was of wyse ther a dred this
A wolf there stode by fore hym at his fete
Sodenly yede and of a man he ete
Ryght subtile wise ther depermed this storie
In yeomenyng of wyse and of this glorie
Rode to the temple of Diana the chaste
As shortly as y can y will me haste
To telle you all the disposicion
Depermed ben the walles vp to yonne
Of hunting and of game fast chastite
There dede y hon wolf talyere
Seen that Diane · dyspeyed ther hye
Turned from a woman till a frye
And anon ther she made the lode stye
This ther it peynted y can tell you no feye
Hye wonne lokyd to stye he ye may see
There dede y Diane turned vntill a tree
I mene not the goddes Diana
But peynens knight which that hight Diane
There caught y attyon · all hate y made
For vengeance that he caught Diana all naked
Caught hon there his hounds hane hym aright
And fetten hym for that they knew hym nought
Yit peynted ther there a little further more
Hon Athalant hunted the wild bore

Knyght

And wolagre and many other mo
For which Diane bought hem ate and so
there dede y many a noble bonde store
The which me list not to dede in memore
Thio goddesse on an hapto fulle hyghe sate
With sudde hornedo all a longe hyre fete
And underneathe hyre fete she hadde a mone
Crescyng it was and full so white one
In yaunde Sene here fatne clothes was
With bowe in hande and arowes in a cas
Hyre wen aft the fulle lete a dynne
There Pluto hadde his derke regionne
A dominion stakelyng was here before
But for hyre childe was a longe enbore
Fulle pitously Lucyna gan thio calle
And dide helpe for thou maist best of alle
Well could he perinto and lifte that hit bought
With many a fidelyne he thio hyre bought
Sodde bryn thio lifte made · and therenne
That hath with geto cast atyaled thio
The temple and the citte enyroll
Thon it was bone bryn lifte bonde scroll
And stynte y swyll of athenes a lite
And speke of palamon and of arcite
Thio day approched of hore peterynge
That enyche shulde an · c · knyghtis bryng
The battile to do serue as y yon tolde
And till athenes hore conenant for to holde
Hath enyche of them bought an · c · knyghtis
Well arayed for the sewe yn alle pyghtis
And certyly there trowed many a man
That into oth the sewe bygan
As for to speke of knyghthede of hore bonde
As fey as god hath made see and londe
Was of so fethe so noble a compayne
For enyche knyght that loved chivalrye
And desyred thio thynke have a passynge name
Hath prayed that he motte be at that game
And well was bryn that they to chosen was
For yffe to more to thyse fulle ryche a cas

ye knowe well that any lusty knyght
that loveth Paradyse and desyreth to wynne
hym in Englande or elles where
they wolde have thynkes sufficient to be there
to fight for a lady · As Benedicite
hit were a lusty fight for to se
and right so fyrst there cometh Palamon
cometh hym there clene knyghtes wydyr on
com well con armed in the same wise
and mak of plate and a light gyrdyl
and com well have white large
and com well have a spyce sheldes and com a cruge
com well bryn armed on his legges well
and have an arse and com a spyce of steel
there is no neede to gyse that it was olde
armed thus on they as y have you tolde
Eyvyrye after his opynyon
there mayst thou see com cometh Palamon
Vyngye hym cost the grete bryng of grace
stacke into his bodye and manly into his face
the cycles of his eyen in his hede
they glode and bet ryght wolde he dede and jede
and like a lyon lokyd he about
with kempte hores on his hedes stoute
his armes grete his hedes and his handes and strange
his thyghes hoge his armes yonge and longe
and as the gyse was in the contrye
styll styll on a chare of golde stode he
with · iij · white steres in the chare
in stede of cote armure and his armes
he had a bere skyn coll blak for olde
with nayles rasyd and bright as any golde
his longe here was kempte by hymselfe his blacke
as any raven fethyr hit stood for blacke
a wreth of golde aryme grete of hedes cyrcyl
upon his hedes set full of stones bryght
of fyne rubies and dyamaundes
about his chare there were seventeen white ymmes
xx.ti and two as white as any flaxe
kowchyd at the yron and at the taxe
and folded hym with mete fist y homyde
pelles of golde and cryspes fyled yonde

Kodak KODAK Color Control Patches © The Tiffen Company, 2000 Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

knyght

An .c. lordes had he in his ionte
Armed full well with hertis stenne and stonte
With armis vn floriss as y fynde
The yete emperiens the kyng of vynde
Vpon a steede bay trapped in stele
Armed with clothe of golde diapered wele
Come prynge like the god of armes mythe
His cote armyne was of cloth of tythe
Couched with perles white iounde and gete
His sadell was of bryende golde neete y lete
A mantelet vpon his shulde hangyng
Of pelle fell of rubies red as fyre sparklyng
His crispe hede like wyres was y ionne
And that white velowe and glyteryng as the sonne
His nose was right. his yeen bright cityn
His lippes iounde his colour was sanguyn
A fresse flakyng vn his face y sprynt
Betwene yelowe and couloure blak meynt
And as a lyon his lokyng he cast
Of xxx yere his age y cast
His berde was well begon to springe
His voyce was a trumpe thundryng
Of armes he bere a lampey gronne
Vpon his bande he bare for his dukedome
An eagle ame to every lilye white
An hundred lordes had he with hym there
All armed alle bere hes and alle fere gere
Full richely vn alle manne thynges
For trusten well that knyghtes and kynges
Were gadered in this noble companye
For loue and for encres of chivalrye
About this kyng ran on every parte
Full many a tame lyon and liparte
And in this wise these lordes all and commune
Been on the sonday to the cite commune
Aborte prime and in the toune a light
This gretesse this knyghtes this erthly knyght
When he hadd brought them into the cite

And princes them enjoy at his pleyse
he fastyth them · and yth so grete labour
to ryse them and to do them all honour
that yt men seyne that no manner wyt
of none estate could amendyn hyt
the wyndylace the wyse at the feste
the grete rytis to the lefte and moste
the lyche ryche of goldyn yaldes
ye seyne ther first ye last on the dyes
what ladyes fayrest be yt lost yt mynstrelsy
of seyntis of theym all yder lost and synge
so seyne moste fayrynge of lady of lore
what hymnes seyn in the yerche alone
that bynde lygyn in the flore a sum
of all this noble made y no mencioun
but all the effect yat ryghtly me lest
Lede cowth the yerne he ledyth yf ye lest
also sendy wyght by the gate of synge
seyne valentyn hade the lady synge
all thought it seyne not day by longe tyme
yet sange the lady and valamon yight the
seyd hole lyte and seyd in hyt lorage
he yse to seynden on his pilgrymage
into the blyssyd cytyes bevyne
I mene seyns honorable and digne
and in hyne horne he seyd hyt dyes
into the hyes seyne the gemyle seyd
and sum he seyd and seyd hymselle seyne
and seyd hyt lyte seyne he sydo to ye synt hoye
ffayrest of fayre. o lady myne seyns
thought of sone and sycyth of slayns
seyne plaseye of the wymmo cuyde yon
for thylke lorde seyne hyddyst to adon
have pyte on my sytte teyes sweyte
and take myn hymselle pyldye at thyn feyte
alle y ne have no langyge to telle
the effect ne the tryumeyt of myn helle
myn heyte may not myn hayne be seyd
I am so confuse y am not ley
but my lady bryght · that have dest seyd
my thought · and dest seyd yt yule y fell
consyde all this and yeve seyd my seyd

inches 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
cm 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19
Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM: Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

Knyght

As truly as I shall for ever
heere sweare my mynd thy true knyght be
and holde thee for my lady trusty chastite
that made I vow to myn alder to do yo me help
I feare not of armes for to yelde
ne thy not to mordre to hane victorie
so yeuom in this ate ne beyne glorie
Or price of armes · to bloedeen up and down
but I shalle hane fully possessioun
Of Emoche · and die in thy seruice
ffynde then the maide hon and in christes sacrifice
I seke not · but it herey may be
to hane victorie of hem or they of me
So that I hane my lady in myn armes
ffor though it be that mays is yet of armes
yenye christes is yet glorie in heuen a bore
that yif you list I shall sacrifice hane my loue
thy temple shall I shrynyn and encense me
and on thyn auter shedde I wide or so
I drink to signifie and fiyes bote
and yif ye shalnot do my lady secrete
then prey I the to mourn with a sorye
that ayrite thyngh the heere me seye
then yet I nought when I hane left my syf
though that ayrite sayn thyne to his dirk
this is the effecte and ende of my prayere
yefine my loue my blissfull lady seye
Sythan the orison was do of palamon
his signifies he did and that anon
ffull pitously with all ryghtfulness
all talle I not to rehearse his obseruances
but at the last the statue of venus stood
and made a signe wherby that he tooke
that his prayere accepted was that day
ffor though the signe seemed it delay
yet wist he well that graunted was his boone
and with glad herte he went to his chamber soone
the iij · hours in equall that were assigned
the yeld to venus temple for to goon
Vp yode the mone · and vp yode emelye

And to the temple of Diane gan hye
Hym wardenes that he thydy wolde hym hadde
Ffull redily wolde hem fye they hadde
The censers. the clothes and the jemmaunt alle
Ffull to the altarie longen shalle
The hornes full of mete and drank the also
They lacked not to yon holy altarie also
Smokyng the temple full of clothes fayre
The smoke wolde gyte yonder ayre
Hym body wysse wolde wolde of a knyght
But hon sye did hey yeght. y dey not tyll
But it be my thynge in yonder
And yit it were a game for to heye alle
To hym that moneth wolde it were no ryage
But it is good. Amen be alle his lyage
Hey knyght hey was tombed entyerd alle
A tymet of a yere olde ceryalle
Upon hym lede wolde cette knyght fayre and mete
Hey fye swyche dinner gan the lete
And did hym thynges as men may behalde
In stede of theles. and thise lettes olde
Wolde handled was the fye with pitous thoye
Into Diane the goddes as ye may heye
O. thyght goddesse of the wodes grene
To whom both heven and erthe and dye is seno
Queene of the reigne of Pluto dyke and lake
Goddesse of maydenes that myn herte hast bloke
Of many a yere and wost what y desire
As kepe me fro thy vengeance and thym ire
That atheon a knyght cruelly
Thyght goddesse wolde wost thou that y
Desire to be a maydon alle my lyfe
Zenerdo wolde be wedded hey lore no wyfe
I am thyn knyght wolde. yit of thy compayre
Amende and lere hunting and conayre
And for to walk yn in the wodes wylde
And nott to be a wyf and lon with chylde
Fonghyt wolde y bloke company of mend
Foode helpe me lady with yo wolde may and can

For the my sorynnes that thou hast in the
And wilt mon that hath such love to me
And eke hym that loveth me & bro
This grace y pray the withouten more
A graunte love and pees betwyxt hem tho
And sone me tryne a sure here herte &
That all here hote love and here desire
And all here bosse tryumement and here fire
Be ynerite & tryuddym to a nothere place
And yif & be ye devil not do me grace
Or yif my desteny be shrape &
That y shall nedes have one of hem tho
A wende me hym that moste desireth me
Behold goddesse of rene chastite
The bitte teyed that on my rhoke falle
Syn thou art maydo and kepy of wille
My maydenhode thou kepe and dest conseyle
And schild y lede a mydo y dott the seyle
The fyre beneth on the altey rere
Schilo emelye dide thus in here prere
Bit only the altere a sight ynorynte
For sight a non one of the fyre ynorynte
And myrked agayne and atin that a non
That otey fyre dide querit and det a gon
And do it ynerited it made a schistyngi
A dorth thise dide bondes in here bennyngi
And at the bondes ende onto yan a non
A it dede bloy drowe mawmon
For schich & dere dyast dide emelye
That sho dide dell myst madde and yan to rye
For she ne dist schit it signyfied
Bit only for the foye thus sho qued
And kepto that it dide nto for to foye
And there dith all bidule gon drye
Dith dere in bonde sight as and trinitesse
And dedo knight stynt thyn hoerynesse
Amonge the goddesse bight it is diffynied
And by ctqno dere. dyeten and conformed
Ye shalle dedd yn to the one of the tere
That hacon for the & morte the thrid dere
Bitynto schether fist. y inty not to the

Inches 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
Centimetres 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19
KODAK Color Control Patches © The Tiffen Company, 2000
Kodak LICENSED PRODUCT
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

finyght

Faye Dreff y ne may no lengye Dwello
The fyes Dhych on mynd aney bjenne
Dhylk the redyed or that thou go hyenne
Thyn dentrye of loue as in thyo plaio
And Dhych that Dorde the ayo des in the aio
Of the goddesse diuyn first and pryngi
And fyrth the Deyll and made dmyrthyng
ffor Dhych thyo Eneio a sterred Dias
And dido Dhat a mouneth thyo aldio
Q pyntie me fully in thy protecyon
Diano; and in thy disposycyon
And home the yeth a mon the neyto Dey
Thyo is the effecte thyo mes nomozs to dey
Q in the ome of myno neyto folldyng after thyo
Ayrito gynto the dempyo Dalleth io
Of fayo mayo to do thio dmyffe
Dith all the Prices of thio parid yfo
Dith pryonio hyto and lyngh dodcion
Right thio to myno be Dith hio orysion
O thong god that in the (tugies colde
Of mytes honeyed ayto and lorde y holde
And hast in eny regno and in eny londe
Of ayuos all the bydell in thyn honde
And hym fortunest to the list dowise
Acceptith of mio my pryonio dmyfise
yif io to my youth mity dose yio
And that my myght be Dxrthy for to dyio
Thy godhed that y may lo oud of thyn
Then prey y the to sede vpon my pyn
ffor thilko peyno and thilko hoto fyre
Q in Dhych thone Dhylom bjennest for to dosyre
Dhan that thon Dsodest the lo unto
Of fayo yongo lomio fyesse and fye
And hadyst hym in ayuios at thy Dill
All thought that on a tyme the ayusse fill
Dhon Acaimo had aught the in hio las
And fomido liggyng by hio Dysi allas
ffor thilko dzedo that the Dias in thyn hoto
Dano yuyth aset dost vpon my poynes smeyto
Q am yongo and Dich dering as thou dost
And as y tho do Dith lado offendes most
That eno Dias eny hydio gostyye
ffor sho that doth me all thio Dio andnye

fro yeldith no thyng

inches 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
cm 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19
Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM: Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

Knyght

Ne yeck ith neither Whether y drink or flete
And Well y Wote Without mon helpe or pe me mty hete
Of mot With fleyrith Wyn hym in the place
And Well y Wote Without mon helpe or grace
Of the · nt may my fleyrith nought a Wild
Than helpe me forge to meete in my batile
For thilke fye that Wyldm bynde the
Ascrott nor to thilke fye bynmoth me
And so that y to meete hime Victorie
Wyn be the grace ill And thyn be the glorie
Thy Wnderus temple Wott y most honoryen
Of my place And alle ley most falonyen
And in thy plesaunce And in thy castle stronge
And in thy temple y Wott my barney bonge
And all the armes of my conquerre
And eftemore unto that day y dye
Eteme fye y Will beforn the fynde
And also to this a Wete y Will me bynde
Ay beide wyn heere that bynnith longe adom
That nond yit folte offensionn
Of raisone nor of Wheye y Wott the Wele
And be thy true Wyldnnit While y lebe
Sodde lorde hane pe Wthe upon my enemies are
yede me Victorie · y asse the no more
The prayse spirit of Ajetta the stronge
The yynge on the temple dere that longe
And also the dere state yn fill faste
Of Which Ajetta Wnt that hym agaste
The fyre bjendon upon the Aintey bjight
That it beyan all the temple to light
A Wete Wnett anon the grounde yn yaf
And Ajetta anon his handes yn haf
With other pites mo · and at the laste
And more enfence unto the fye he caste
The statue of mytho beyan his handes yynge
And With that Wrno he hadde a mmmyynge
ffull loude and drm · and Wide thno victorie
For Which he yaf to mytho honoure and yloorie
And thno With iore and hero Well to faye
Ajetta anon unto his fyne is faye

And sayne to the soldiers of the knyght come
And right anon unto a stiff they to be gonne
For wilde ginnyng in hoven above
But dryt were the goddesse of love
And also the sterne god omnipotent
That chiue bad bosse fit to stont
Till that the yate bekynne the tolde
That bide so mayne adventures olde
Sommide in his ordinance in dyte
That he full one hath pleasyd only yyte
Accordyng yo wide: also hath yete advantage
Yn also to bothe disesyne and vsage
Non may the olde onto yonne and not onto yede
And bekynne anon to stonte stiff and yede
All so it that it be agerie his knide
Yet of the stiff he yan yonne to fynde
Ywrye wonyght come and bekynne
Ywrye come that hath a bayle a bayle to tynne
Hath more pedeye than bote eny man
Ywrye is the yenchyng in the see a bedan
Ywrye is the prison in the dyke bote
Ywrye is the slaughyng and hangyng by thote
The mysyny and the thynkyng rebellyng
The gronyng and the yake sedommyng
Ywrye is the yryne of the hyght halles.
The fallyng of the tonnes and of the balles
Ywrye the ywyonne or the tayonney
Yflough bampson shakyng the posey
And ywrye bow the maddies tolde
The dyke tresyne and aspes olde
So wanice and play is corporion
While that my dwellyng is with the lyon
My lokyng is the fiddy of pestilence
Ne is bone no more y shall so my diligence
That paradyse that is thyn or bine thyght
Shall have his lady as thou hast hym hight
Ywrye mate shall hedye his thyght nathelesse
Yet dyt yon the yo not so comtyne yesse
All so yo not of one complexion
That alyeth all day onto division

Jain thym dy jedy atte thy Entt
Dere nonnerd y Entt thy first filfitt
5 Sodo Entt y stynt of the gardyn abowte
Of wyfys and of Comno gardyn of loue
And telle you to plenyly ady can
The gyete effects Eylich that y began
Gyete Eate the feste at the tyme that day
10 And eke the kyngy Cayson of that way
Wyth eilyche Knight to bom suche plesunce
And all that monday qysten they and dunce
And qyendyn ti in Comno heye Eylise
And by cause they stynldy arise
Eyely for to do the gyete fightt
Into theye jesto Eyente they at nyght
And on the morde Eyen that day gan springe
Of hornes and bumbis noyse and rittelyngi
Theye Eate in Ostelaries all abonte
And to the palays jode they many a ponte
Of ladyes yon stedes and pallyes
Theye mynghtest thou Eyen fond of ladyes
Eneowith and riche and Eyonght fill Eyell
Of Goldesmythyne of bordyng and of stoell
The Eyelyes bright the Eyelyes and Eyappyes
Gold hyon helmes haubergis and cote armyes
Ladyes Eumyaunntes of hyne tonsyes
Pinyghis of jetemo and eke Squyes
Ridyng the Queyes and helmes holdyng
Gynghyng of Eyelyes Eyith lauyes lafyng
Theye to nede Eate they Eseye nothyngi Ale
The fonny Eteyes on the yelow gyldy
6 Eyith file and launy quikkyng to and fro
a Armyes lokyng the armyes also
Yonen on foto and Comono many on
Eyith shorte staves to thik to they may gon
Pipes Eyammyes Eyidyng and Eyandis
Eyat in Eyauntt Eyat Eyen Eyldy Eyedis
The yaldys fill of yeuld yet and Eyonn
Theye · iij · theye · x · holdyng bye mystronn
Renyng of this Eyelyd Eyanyghtis to do
Eyon eiden thynkon eide it shulde to do
Eyon hilde Eyith hym Eyith the blacke heide

Some with the battoyl some with the thik hoyd
Some also he loked grym and he wil fight
he hath a wyne of · xx · pounde of wight
thus was the hall full of dyverynge
longe after that the comle he gan to springe
the yete wyde of steyl a walkyd
with armyst olive and noyse that was makyd
he with yet the chambre of his prayers riche
till that the thevan knyghtis bothe y liche
honorably wyse unto the prayers fet
Dues wyse no is m a wynde was set
ayned richely as he wyse god m wyne
the people presith thitto yeryd fullyne
hym for to see and to do yenonce
and eke to loken his hest and his contence
In he yeldyd on a staffold made an hyd
till all the norse of the people was y do
and when he chide the people of norse stille
thus spoke he the mighty knyght wille
the lorde hath of his high discussion
considered that it was goto destynacion
to gentill blood to fight m this gise
of mortall battell ne to m this emprise
therfore to shewen that they shuld not dye
he will his first purpose modyfye
to man therefore upon peyne of lost of lyf
to mine pallay · ne shot · ne shorte knyf
m to the listes wende · ne thider bynge
to shorte wepyn · for the shorte with wynt brynge
to man dare ne bere it by his side
to man shall to his felaw do pride
first one · comes with a shaft gyldyn wyse
sayne yif hym left hym left on fote to wyse
and he that is ill mysthief shall to tilte
and not stayne but thought to a stilte
that shall to ordyned on other side
first thider he shall by free and there to abide
and yif to befalle that the thestayne
be tilte on ether side other stayne
to longe shall the tynnentyng laste
God speed you ordyn and with our faste

Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak 2007 TM Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

With longe speyre and with wyde fight yonge fille
Both noble yonge they thro the lordes bille
The lowes of the people touched holden
So longe tyme they with mery stolen
Sod cause cause a lorde that is so good
He willeth no destruccion of blood
Yet gotth the trumpes and the mydlyes
And to the listes ryde all the companyes
By ordynance through the cite large
Yonged with clothes of golde and with arge
Fyll like a lorde this noble duke gan ryde
Thus · ij · the lanes upon either side
And after yode the queene and Emelie
And after that another companie
Of one · and other after they yode
And thus they passen through the cite
And to the listes comen they be tyme
But erle not of the day fully prime
Estsoon ceto erle theseus fill ryde and hyghe
Wyth the Queene and Emelie
And other ladies in degrees aboute
Unto the seates prekith all the route
And ceste sayde thyrsty gates under wayte
Ryette and eke the · c · of his paynte
With baney yelle is entred right anon
And in the same moment Palamon
So ryde forth and estsayd in the place
With baney white · and hardy there of face
In all the erthe to seken up and down
So ferce a compayne sithe adam and
There were such companyes there
For there erle none so erthe that wyde were
That any of other had advantage
Of hardynesse ne of estate and age
So ferce there they chosen for to gesse
And in · ij · ranges faire they hem dresse
When that hye nunes yette there entrance
That in here noumbre gile erle there none
And to there the yates fast and sadly londe
Both noble yonge knyghtes yonde
The herald ones lete hye prikyng up and down

Wode bladen trumpes lowde and clarioun
There is nomore to say but est and west
Iesu goth the Spare fulle oftely in to the est
Sir gotho the philip Spare in to the west
There he men. Who than. wist and who than wide
There thaccyn Christis upon the Scheldes thikke
He fell thurgh the horse. Jesus the pikke
Cp Spyrigeth Spares. xx. fote on hight
Onto gon the Sarazes to the Sikry knyght
The horses they to hee gon and to fyede
Onto bestrith the blode with stone stremes yede
With mrghth made the bones they to best
So thurgh the thickest of the throng gan thest
There stombleth fiedes strongs and down goth alle
He fellith yudas fote to doth a balle
He fellith on his fote with his spanthoun
And to brin bmitteth. with his hore a doun
So thurgh the body is hynto and than y take
Mange. his hed and bringht unto the stake
Ad fere day Ewic. right there he most a bide
Another lad is on that other side
And Sin trine doth hem. the fyre to left
Hem to jeffesse the and yrinkin rist than left
ffiftt ofte on the sty hitte thurgh the bones to do
To gedre y metts and bringht his feldes do
Unhorsed hath echo other of hem to bove
There is no sigge in the vitte of Tulonnoyes
Ebron that time Eulopo is stolo Ebrile it is into
So quelt on the hinte as is ayente
ffer yledes hero upon this Palamon
Ne in Eulopnaffe there is no lion
That hunted so fer his hunyge Sand
Ne of his pity desyrith so his blood
As Palamon to sto his fo ayente
The polonis strokes on hers holmes bite
Onto jonnoth blod on both hers sides yede
Sam trine the end there is of only dede
ffor at the Sonne unto west Eowite
The strongs kings Emetrous gan hem hite
This Palamon to the knight Edith ayente

Knyght

And made his swerde depe in his flesshe to bite
And by force of · xx · is he take
Vn wetten and y spade yrn to the stake
And in the presone of this Palamon
The strongest kynges kynrede is born adown
And kynge Emetrius for all his strength
Is hertil onte of his saddle a kayser length
To hit hym Palamon or he swere take
Hit all for naught · he was bownd to stake
His hande hatte mete holes yrn naught
He moste abide evelin that he was aught
By force and eke by composicion
Who sawe evir noe so hit sorofull Palamon
That wote nomore pod gerne to fight
And when that the sere hath yerne this aight
Into the folke · that songhit yet ensone
He qiedi hoo nomore for it is done
Wilbe tyme quyte and not partie
Ayette of theeso shall hane emolie
That he his fortune hath here fare y wonne
And there is a noise of folke begonne
For ioy of this a londe qiem they alle
It semed as the listes shulde falle
That aw fure wonne do noe so a bore
That with the noise. That with the qiemes of lore
Hit sepith as for a bauntrynge of hyd stille
Alle that hym tayde in to the listes fille
The ende y aw y shamed sonnes
Saturnus and Jouynge gode the was
Mars hath his will · his knyght hath his bone
And by my hede thou shalte ton ouser gone
The aquitayne with the londe mynstal sie
The yeanlides that full londe yelle and qie
Pen in hyde wolde for ioy of Palamon
Hit hoppe with mo and stynteth noise a lite
Anon a minstre there lo folo ition
This fayre ayette hath of his helme don
And on a coursyne for to ride to his stake
He pricketh endelonge the lyngo place
Lokynge on Palamon Emelie

In a nowrnyng as
I went yn to my
gardey to sporte and
to play

And the wyeryne hym cast a ffendelich ye
ffor Exponnded for to Cuko in comunne
Folde well shewe the fauoure of fortune
Therfore the Erle all his in chere and hitte
Onto of the grounde oderly a fye vnto vnnell crystis
ffom pluto cryto at the request of Saturne.
Of Erlich his hors for fere to gan to tryne
And lepe aloft and fonnd yet as he lepe
Andey that a wyght take leave
So right hym on the pomell of his hede
That in the place he lay as he deye dede
His hest to hosten Erith his Gaddle he to
As blak so lay as eny cole or tyde to
Ye Erle the blode poren in his face
Erith hatte ore to the pno zaleys
The Erle he ordeyn onte of his hauoys
And nu bedy bought full fine and dice
For he Erle to yet in memorie a fice
And all eny rynge alty emolye
Onke these to Erith all his companye
Conyn is home to Athenes his cite
Erith all blisse and yete olenpyte
All be it that this a contine Erle falle
He nolde not distomfore ten hym at alle
Well ouen ere hyte shulde not dye
He shalle helede of his maladye
And of anothey thynge they Erye to forne
That of them all Erle the none flayne
All Erye they ore hyte and namely one
That Erith a Erye Erle thyllee his ye ost bone
Ye other Erlinder and . h . hoden ayne
Som hadden calis som hadden chaynes
Drynkes and horses and thynges that shulde hem delie
Ther drynken for ther Erolde here lyues dele
ffor Erlich this noble Onke to he Erell and
Comforteth and honoureth ony man
And made Erelle all the longe nyght
Vnto the Erlinge lordes to it Erle right
So the Erle holden no distomforyng
Ye at his fustyng or a tuneyng

knyght

for ostelry there was no provisyon
for fellyng is nat but a lenyng
so to kew hatte by fyre to the stake
yn volden and sithe. xv^ti. knyghtis tuke
a prysone atte alone ensuyten was
and tryed fyrste by ayre. by fote. by tow
and ete his ofte seyde seven fyrste stakyes
of fetersen both reynard and kedyrs
ofte ete a peyne hynd no vilanye
there may nomen tellen it a gat dayre
fore drynke anon drink therfore lete tho
be stryken atte ta nomye and endre
tho ye ete bak on one side to atte other
and other side. like fte eyther to bothey
and vaco hem rystis atte tere doyre
and fully hilde it fro zaine tyme
and wuttered the knyghte ebrethylie
and lede hem onte of his rome a pryvay lytelye
and hem ete into oryvatii the yeyt eddy
there yo nomore. but fine dell hatne gode day
of this batayle y dell nomore endite
but ende of pallamon and arcite
dellyth the bryst of arcite and the core
enpysith at his hatte more and more
the clotered blood for eny lerne rasse
corrupth and is in his body lasse
that no cayre blode nethey corrupyngi
no zyrke of hyrtes may hem his hotyngi
the corne expulsyf or adnudatte
fro thilke reytle y clepid nettyatte
no may the corrym ende ne expelle
the pipes of hiolten go gan to swelle
and eny lacete in his bryst a zoun
yf thorte ebith corym and corruption
hym gernyth nede for to have his lif
sethey the bayd comet nor drynk ete yd lazatif
alle is to bloddi thilke lagrom
scatyng no hatte no drynkrom
and corrynke there that nettyng ebill not ebrethe
fyf dell fyre go bore the man to the pyte
this is atte end that arcite mette dye

For which he wyth his enemyes
And Palamon that was his cosyn ryght
And thyrlyke ryde to vs thyll here
Yet may the ryght wyn to my herte
Be ryght in pryte of all my bodyes fere
To win my lady that I love most
But I he prethe the ryght and my ryse
To win alone my rystyng
Syn that my lyf may no lengyr dure
Allas that day · allas that pryce sorowe
That I for hane suffyr so longe
Allas that day · allas myn emotyon
Allas departyng of yonge company
Allas myn herte queene · allas my lyf
Myn herte lady cuydy of my lyf
What vs thy destyny · what dyd I mere to hane
Sorowe with thy love · nor in the wold grane
Alone wythyn my company
Ffor dede my herte lady emelye
And yet thyll me in vnryse dyd reserve
Ffor love of god · and herkenyth what I seye
I have here with my cosyn Palamon
Had stryf and rancorye many a day agon
Ffor love of you and for my jelousye
And pryvey to this my wylle go
To seke of a knyght worthy
With all circumstances truly
That vs to say of trueth · honoure and knyghthode
Wysdom humblenesse estate and high kynrede
Ffreedom and all that longyth to that ryte
So pryvey here of my wylle pryte
And in this wyse ryght wyse I knowe y nor
So dere thy to be loved as is Palamon
That wyth you · and yet I wyll hold
And ele that ye shyll ben a wyf
Forgeten not Palamon the gentylman
And wyth that wyse his speche fulle began
Ffor so his herte gyn to his wyf wyse wyn
The wyse syrre that has myn ofte wyn
And yet more ryd · for yn this dynge I see
The wyll fryenthy is lost and all go

Sinly the intellecte · Sathonton more
that Dwelled in his herte wele and dere
Can fallen · Eshen the herte falle dere
Ouster in his yeen · ij · and fallen bethe
Put on his lady cafte · he yet his yee
his last Sorde Eftsones entolyee
his Spyrte chengeth hone and Sewte they
As y am neme · q · am not tolle Eshey
Therfore y stynte · y am none Oberwyste
of Soules fynde y nought in the Registre
Ne me lyst not the Survyvens to tolle
Of hom thought they Eshetan Eshey they Dwelle
Ryche is tolde they wyte his Soule gie
Soche Dell y seete fyth of Enchle
Chyrkith Endelye and hel dyth Satanon
And therfore his Sustey tolde anon
Sorowing and bade hym fro the corpes ate bar
Eshat helpith to tayle fyrth the day
to tolle hon the Eshorte lotte oben and more Eso
ffor in riche ate Eshymen hym gete Eore Eso
Eshen that hym hurtonde ye fle them go
that for the more pante they Eore Eson &
Or ellas falle in riche maladie
that at the lafte certynly they die
Infrynte ken the Eore Eso and tyes
of Eso folke and folke of tonde yeyes
In all the town for deth of this Eshan
ffor hym Eshyth lotte childe and man
So gete a Eshyng Eshas they not certayne
Eshon Eftor Eshas bought all fesse fayne
to Eshoie allasse the yte that Eshas they
Chatyng of Eshekes yonyng of hese
Eshy Esholdest thou so Eshe this Eshymen rye
And hatdest thou golde y nee and Eshele
Ne mete nor gete gladen the pore
Eshorng his olde ffriday Eyene
that kiee to this Eshorldes tribulacione
As he had Eshyll it channgen ye and Eshow
Loye at Eso · and Eso at gladnesse
And Eshorld hem ensamples and likenesse

Right as there dyed neuer man q̃ he
that he neuer lyued in ethe vn com dyge
Right so they lyued neuer man he neuer
mette the ewrlde that god trouthe ne loue
this worlde is not but a thoughe fare full of so
many pilgrymes passyng to ther fro
Yet is the end of ever doctrine and
and of all this vt ende he made more
to this effect full ernestly to exhorte
the people that they should their reconforte to
Into christ and bestowe all his body and
lyfe more. Where that his spyritualte
of good ymo may best y mekyd to
and to more honorable in his degree
and at the last he tooke conclusion
that there first the ymo and fraternyte
fell on fr loke the battell horn bete sewe
and mete at the fyrde sore and grene
there as they had there amorous desyres
there complayne. and for loue here hote fyres
he sold make a fyre in which the offyre
finally he myght all accomplyse
and lete commande anon to bring this hedde
the olde olde and lede hem on the fyre
in stryne well aside for to bryne
his men anon he bysyly fynded they yonne
and yeden anon at his commandement
and assay this aspens bathe quit
assay a fyre. and it one cyrcle
sitte clothe of golde. the richest that he have
and of the same sute he cast a lace
upon his hondes pyt glorie shyne
and eke on his hede a chaplet of fanyr grene
in his hande a sceptre bright and kene
and lede syn bye the visage on the ryse
there sitte he sceptre that pte state to ryse
and for the people stille ce hym all
whom it state pay he bought hym into hall
sayeng thus syrrye. and grete sorrow
thus the sofyll wasten pacyence

Knyght

with flotery bryde and pryde affyen hyres
in clothes clothe yeppyd all with yeyes
and passyng other of beyryng · Emelie
the Pusillyt of all the company
in the mode as the shyp shulde be
the more noble and riche yn hys doyng
Duke theseus lete fyrth · in · studio bryngs
that the wyd be yn stile all stute yrugs
and wrete with aymes of blum dyche
upon thys studio yate and lilye white
there seten folke · of which on bare his shelde
another his spere upon his hande holde
the · iii · bare with hys · bere sunkyns
of bryme yelde bad the ate and ete the hydyers
and yeten fyrth a pace · with a grete shyll there
to stayde the shore as ye shulle after here
the noblest of the syete that bad there
upon here shulder aryden the there
with fale pale and wen yelle and dede bete
thyrghout the ate by the maystry stete
that yate bad bete all with blade bondy lyghe
right of the came is all the stete y dyghe
upon the right hande there olde syne
and on that other olde Duke theseus
with cospele in hande of golde full fyne
and full of hony · milke · blood · and wyne
the amazon with full grete compayne
and after that came the full emelye
with fye in hande as bete that tyme the gyse
to win the office of ffryne all the shyp
with high lauyne and full high appaillyng
bete atte the shyp and the fye maryng
that with his yelle torre the lenthe yaynght
and · xx · fathom of hyde the ayme fyaynght
this is to say the bot hoo they o hyde
of fyes the fye bete lorde fyll mayny ti lode
then the fye bete made yp on the yght
to ake the name that the tyme hy gyft

Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

Ye. Ore. Singe. Cinche. Alex. Elye. Holme. Zapley
Eiloese. Fine. Zaine. Agne. Zor. Gherin. Lynde. Lamey
Wright. Gwen. Gene. Marff. Ecco. Ehipilye
Ye they Eeye. fulle shall not be tolde for me
Ye hon the godes joined xp and Zoni
Ye spirites of theye habitacoiii
Ye which they Zoinedon xp left and yes
Ye nymphes. Dryades. and. Naiades
Ye hon the hyldes and hefes alle
Ye hon the gronde agast Eche of the light
Ye hon the fye Eche Eche Eche fulle
Ye hon the gronde agast Eche of the light
Ye hon the fye Eche Eche Eche fulle
Ye hon the fye Eche Eche Eche fulle
Ye hon the fye Eche Eche Eche fulle

Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM: Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

Knight

I shall not tell the how that they gone
home to athenes. When the play is done
Fast shortly to the poyntes shall I seynde
And make of my longe tale an end
By processe and lengthe of certeyne yeres
All stynted is the mourynge and the teres
Of Egeus by a general assent
Ad conseil me there was a parlement
At athenes upon certeyne poynt and cause
Among the which poynt Egeus sette
To have with certeyne contrees alliance
And finally of the same oblissance
For which this noble theseus anon
Sente unto all a generall pardon
Unto wyf of hym which sette the amys and why
Fast in his stocks aboute wordes fully
He came at his commandement in hye
Tho unto theseus for to speke
When they were sette and knight were all the place
And there a herald stood a space
Or ony word he mete his bisinesse forth
His voyd sette he there to stood his lyst
And with a cleere visage he sighed full
And seyde that yit he sende thise bisyll
The first mover of the cause above
When that he made first the chayne of loove
Great was the effect and high was the entente
Well knyst he why and what the lust he mente
For which the same chayne of loove he bonde
The fire the eyre the water and the lande
In certeyne bonde that they may not flee
That same princes that stable mover yee
Hath stablished this worlde above
Certeyne day and duraunce
To all that lyve in this place
Out of the which day they may not passe
All mowe they yit the sonne west a bigge
There nedith none entente to a lesse
For it is prowved by experience
But that me list to this my sentence
Thus may men by this ensample seyne
That this world mover stable is and reyne

Sweet may men trowe. but it be a fole
that any place desired found the fole
for nothing hath not till he be growing
of no value or cannot of a thyng
but of a thyng that yfite is and stable
Wherefore. so that it be comyn pitte
and therefore of no so ryche importance
so that he set be set his ordynance
that chance of thyngis and progressions
shall arryve by successions
And not ere. Entrete on any be
this mayst thou understonde and set no
to the dole that hath so longe thorughyng
the true first fyr be gynneth to enyll
and hath so longe a lyfe to be may be
yet at the last ensuyed to the ende
considerith he hon that the hayle stone
vnto yonge fete on which he tyed and gone
yet standing fyr as it lieth in the store
the hole vicey continue sexyth fyre
the gyete defence of the rainy and sunne
therefore may ye say. that all thyngis hath an end
of mind of commyn. so ere sweet also
that sweet in one of thise thyngis here
that is to seyne in youth or elles in age
he mette be dede the thyngis do shall arryve
comyn in his bed comyn in the seye
comyn in the thyngis folde do men may se
these helpyn nought. all gone that yll here
therefore may ye say. that all thyng mette seye
what makith this fyr inbitey the kynge
that ye dynne and drink of all thyngis
ffyrst what it ye desyred to the to talle
a conceyvyng all yente his wyll spille
and there dwelle no gaddis on lide
of no degree availeth for to fryde
then is this wisdom is thynkyng no
to make yenne of necessite
and take it sweet that we may not eschyne
and nightly that. that to be alle is and
and who so spynnyth aright. so doth fole

Knyght

And yebeff is to hym that alle may gie
And certaynly a man hath moste honoure
To dye in his excellence and floure
When he is sikir of his good name
Then hath he doll his foule no shame
And gladder aught his foule be of this dethe
When withe honoure is rolldon vp his bethe
Then when his name appalled is for ago
For hall forgoten is his coffellage
Then is it best as for a dayly fame
To dye when a man is best of name
The contrarie of alle this is idilnesse
Why gnaw the man. why lane the heynesse
That good ayrte of thy alle the floure
Deputed is with drite and honoure
Oute of this foule prison of this lif
Why gnawith hye his form and his wif
Of his welfare that lowith hem to hold
Can he hem eny thanke. nay god wote nowe it wold
That bothe his foule and eke hem alle offende
And yet they mete not hye his fiftee amende
What may y conclude of this longe ffeyre
But alle my to y yede to be meyre
And thenke quite of alle his grace
And ey that the doutee ffo this place
Yede that the make of grace his tee
O. pfite loye lastyng eide me
And lokith nowe thye moste grace is hye ymis
Thye dilt the first amende and beymis
Onsiey mod he. this is my fiill assente
With alle the ffaire hye of my pylemente
That perfitt pacion thyn. thine knyght
That lydith yon with dilt with hitte and with myght
And eke hath do with that ye first gynn fine
That ye shulde of yonge grace gynn yede
And take gynn for kindende and for lede
Lene me yonge hitte for this is myn dede
Lette be of yonge commandly prie
Ha is a knyge hotter comme yede
And though he seye a pore cattiffeye
With he hitte greet yon do mdny dyeye

knyght

And lud for you so yete drynke
hit mosto ~~we~~ be considered ye wyll me
for yittill mayde knyght to passen yight
Then sayd he thus to palamon fill yight
I trowe thys nedyth lytle seymonynge
to make you assente to this thynge
Com nere and take your lady by the hande
Anelayte then sayd he made the bande
that knyght wythynnone ~~of~~ mariage
By all the counsaill and the parlyage
And this sayth all this and melodie
hath palamon sayd. emelie
And yet that all this sayd sayde hath ~~seyn~~ought
sende hym his love. that it dye hath bought
For nor sayd palamon yn all sayle
lyvyng mayde yn ryches and yn hele
And emelie hym loveth so tendrely
And yo hym agayne so yentilly
that nyll sayd there no sayd hym bereyne
Of pelesse or any other peyne
thus endyth palamon and emelie
And god save all this compayne :: amen

Explicit fabula militis

Hic incipit prologus fabule wolendmaym :: ere

Wyen that the knyght had this his tale ytolde
In all the compayne sayd they yonge ne olde
that hene sayd it sayd a noble storie
And worthy to be drawe into memorie
And namely the gentilles everychone
Onyo hosto sayd and sayde so not yone
this gentil yight gynnyd sayd the mayde
Let se who sayd shelle telle a nother tale
For ther this game is sayd beyonne
Who sayd telle by monke yif that ye canne

:: wolendmaym

millers

Somewhat to quyte wyth the knyghtis tale
The millyr that for dronkyn was of ale
So that he mete vpon his hors he sate
He nolde a word nethyr hede no hatte
Ne a word no man for his cryntesse
But in pilatis voice he gan to crie
And swore by armes blode and bones
I can a noble tale for the nones
With wych I will nowe quyte the knyghtis tale
Our hoste saw that he was dronke of ale
And cryde Robyn a lyte wyll thy
Sum kynd man shall tolle vs first a mythy
A lyte and let vs wyssyn mysterye
Thy godis sonde quod he that will not I
For I will speke or elle go my way
Our hoste than answerd · tell on a devylwey
Thou arte a fole thy wit is ouersway
Wote thy what quod the millyr what sayd I
But first I make a protestacyon
That I am dronke I know it by my sown
Therfore yf I mysspeke or say
Wyte it the ale of stynkynge clay I vow pray
For I will tolle a legende and a lyf
Bothe of a carpyntyr and of his wyf
How that a clerke hath come to the knyghtis cappe
The rude man answerd and cryde fye on thy clappe
Let be thy lewd dronkyn harlotrye
It is a synne and eke a great folye
To apeyre any man or hym dishonye
And eke to bryngen a wyf in evyll name
Thou maist I wele of other thynges seyne
This dronkyn millyr spake full sore ageyne
And cryde lete brothyr wyf be stille
Thou art no knyght he is no clerkelye
But I say not therfore that thou arte one
Many be full good wyfis many one
Ellyr arte thou angry with my tale wele
I have a wife pardie as other mo
Yet nolde I for the oxen in my plowgh
Take vpon me more than I wele ought
As do men of my wyf that I seye one
I will leave wyf that I am none
An husbonde shall not be inquysytyf
Of goddis prycyes nor of his wyf

So he may fynde godis forsen thegye
Of the sentencynnte nedith not to onqueye
What shulde y more seyne · but this wylleye
he tolde his desyre for nowdan forseye
And tolde his thynkyn title in this maneye
we a thynkyn that y shall obteyn it heye
And the fore cry certill sight y wey
Nemoth not for godis lowe that y dey
Of evill entente · but for y mot obtayne
hoye tilles all so they lat or abayne
Or elles fulfyll and of my mateye
And therfore this a lystnot it to heye
Trynne into the left and chose a nothey title
For he shall fynde yuoche grote and smalle
Of fortill thyngi that touchith pontilleffe
And eke moralite and holy masse
Blameth not me yif ye these dwysse
The wylleye is a chulde we kinde so stoll thysse
Of stas the rode eke and othey mo
And lie fetyn they tolden to the tere
Resith yon and put me onte of blame
And eke mon shulde not mete of gamo

Here incipit fabula volendinary

Vpon

Whilom thye stas dwellyng in yonfordi
A pide moff that gefyn hilde to bordi
And of his ratte he stole a tempeney
Sith tyme thye stas dwellyng a pore stoley
That had lequeth ayte · but att his fintisse
Was tuyned to leyne astelogye
And could acepte yne of conclusions
To doune by interogations
Yif that mon asked yn in oytyne houses
Where mon shulde lame dyonytte other olles thynges
And yif mon asked hym what shulde befalle

Dulcipe

Of all thingis ye may not yeldon all
this thay be sette desyred herde sichnesse
of ayne lowe he coyde and of solas
And therto he was fay and fulle pyte
And lite a maide mete for to do
A chambre had he in that hostoyre
Alone wythoute any compayne
Full fownsly dight with he fare wete
And he hym self he secrete as is the gete
Of hirid or elles of any wete
His aldmedes and tokes gete and made
His affoldable hangyng for his dete
His dirgy pyll stones leyne fayre aquyte
On the bes coushid at his bedde he
His gloves coyled with a fallyng gete
And all alone there lay day and nyte
On which he made a mytyll mete
So sekerly that all the chamber sange
And angelis and dysymon he sange
And ayny that he sange the hymnes more
Full ofte blessed was his mery thote
And thus this seete abyde his tyme ayente
Ayny his fendes fyndyng and his yente
This emperour had he secrete desyre
The seynt that he loved more than his fyre
Of xxiij. yere the seete of age
Polense he was and hilde here vayere in a cage
For the seete child and yonge and he was olde
And wonned hym self to be like a cuckewolde
He hidere yet gyton for his seit sede
That bide that men shulde seete here symilitude
Men shulde seete ayny here estate
For youth and age ben ofte at debate
[illegible] this he was fulle in the cage
[illegible] and they folke his age
[illegible] this yonge seif and there seint child
He ony seyell hym body gente and fundle
A sylot the seete bayed all of sylke
A fayre clothe he seynte as more he myste
Cuerlyn hym he lydes seith many a tore
Seyne seete hym ouer and bydde dyt before
And he bedyde one hym cordyle a lowe

Wyllyge

Of wole blacke silke & thynne and & withonte
the sleyve of hyse white colowre
Seye of the same onte as hyse coleye
hyse flot hood of silke and cotte full hye
And sikerly he hadde a hoze ye
ffull sutte pulled, & he hyse bieze & he
And the seye lent and blake as is he
The sadde more bissiff vnto me
Then is the neete seye genet the
And ofte ye than is ezolle of a clothey
And by hyse girdle hynge a purse of lothey
Trassed with silke and pled with latoun
In all this ezolle to cote vp and down
There is no man & wise that conde thenche
So gay a pepetote oz sinche a wenche
ffull fetis, Ande the stynyng of hyse hine
Shall in the sonne the noble forgede mine
Hit of hyse cuge it seme as londe and reyne
As my cotalcote cutyng sittyng on the keyne
The to the wide stry and make gaine
As my lyde oz atte folleryng the dame
hyse modeth seme seete as haggot oz moth
Oz hozde of appelle leyde in hey oz hoth
Syrnyng the seme as is a poke tokte
Longe as a mast and wyght as a bolte
A pyrche the bye upon hym lowe coleye
As blaze as yotte bas of cholcoleye
Hese shoes swete laced on hyse leggesfyne
The seme a pyggesnye a piggesnye
ffor my lorde to leggen in his bedde
Oz yet for my good romain to wedde
Nodde oly and ofte oly. & bifell the ate
That on a day this londe sichoolate
ffell with this yonge wife to jape and to playe
While that hyse husbonde was atte Osnaye
As he is bisen full ofte and full quenyte
And prively he aught hyse by Alsenyte
And seide y seis but y have my wille
ffor dynne love of the lommain y spille
And bilde hyse hade by the hamme londe
And seide lommain love aff attonde

Oz q wyll sion

Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM: Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

IRC

Wyllesp

Dr. O Christ Jesu also God me save
And the Grange also a cotte hotho in a grado
And Christ hym hedo the Ejedi fast a Dey
The Ado Christ not to so tho by my fay
The lat to grod gift lat to Sinholas
Dr. Christ que onto hapo to and alas
To Seay yonge bandes for yonge cristesse
Thio Sinholas gan mo fay to gyo
And Cake to stye and profoyd hym to fast
What the hym lobo hym granted at the last
And seyge hym also by Christ Sionias of Kent
What the Child to bon at thio commandement
Seson that the in dy hoo lorsoys Sholl a gyo
Wyll hym bonde to to Christ of Jesusso
That bit yo Dranto Sholl and yo pyse
Sto yight Sholl y and bit dede quod the
Ye not to Christ Jesus all in this ado
Dry wyseso and yo not quod Sinholas
A Clerko had lothoth bisot hio Child
That rist ho wyso a tryponey bynd
And thio they bon dragon and y seyd
To Dranto a tyme do y hano to bisen
Whan Sinholas had Jno thio ony wyle
And to kaldo hym aloute the lordes Chole
He kissed hym Sthoo and tuchid hio Sutthe
And yoryd Christ fast and makid mo lono
Then fell it thus that to the pryncho Chopho
Cryoo of the Cheto for to Cheyno
Thio gud Cryf Sthoo on an holy day
Hym for hado phono do yight as our Ay
So that it Chappen Sched the litto hym Cheyto
Wodo Cato theyo of that pryncho Chyldo a Cheyto
The Which Cato dowy Aspido
Cyllo Cato his hero and to the golde it ryon
And stonto dato a ffeno and leyo and hyo
Ffull ryon to and Sched lay his goly thoo
His gud Cato gado his yard yly do gado
Christ Cyllo Cyndeles orbon on his phoo
In hoson gado he Cato ffull fetonly
Cyllo he Cato ffull Cyall ffull and yyly
All in a Cyytoll of light Cayet

full fair and thick bene the perritys set
And therempon he hath a per Simplise
Ye Sheta do is the blossom on the rise
A mery childe he Sat to gyve me ease
Sweet dryve he lat blow thyne and thyne
And make a chapte of lowde ex degrinnynge
In · xx · mayne · with he tyme and rynnyng
Afry the stole of Wynfred · the
And with his leggys aisten · to · and fro
And playne Sings · on a fyddle (Fiddle
And the to he Sings Sundrynne a lowde Sumble
And aft Sett onde he plet on a Sitepne
In all the trees nis thy Finchons no tuteyne
That he no visited, with his Sides
Wold cry air fleshe, tayley Sais
Put Sitte to Serve he Sat on dell opinions
Of fitryng · and of Sweete Sunge jone
This Sprolen that joly Sat and gay
Sate with a Sense, on the holiday
Seisyng the Sayne of the pryngle fyste
And mery Sterely loke on them he afte
And nemer upon this ethyrrites Sayf
Wolde on hyse hym thought a mery lif
Ye Sais a joye Sete to and lycorisse
A day Sett Sayne yif the held ken a monise
And he a crite he Sold hyse he ite anon
This ladysse the Sayd to this joly Sprolen
Hath in his he ite onde Sloud longyng
Right of no Sif take he non offyrng
For mytes he Sayd he Sold none
The mone Sheen a Sais wyght fill bright shone
And Sprolen his Sayne hath v tilde
For pryttinons he thought for to Sake
And fyth he goth joli and amorous
Ye he came to the ethyrrites hous
Little chyn that talkes had j rode
And Sessed hym ya by a fyet Sayne
That Sais upon the ethyrrites Sayf
He Sayd in this wyse with and Smatt
Ye Sais lady yif ther Sulle be
I pray you that ye Sett pyse on me

ffull well acordyng to his gettyng
This gippynter arose and he gan hym spyng
And spake unto his wif and seide anon
What Alison hastest thou not absolon
That clerkes nicholas shal have the sorwe
And yet thanne shal he shal hym bigile twyse
And yet thanne hastestow hym bigiled thyse
Ye shal he thynkes ynough on this day
This passyng strange shal ye lerne ere ye go
To wryen to a man the holy dayes
Ye shal see a man that hym loves bigon
He stareth alle the nyght and alle the day
He knoweth his lockes bothe and medes hym gay
He shal seyn hym by mahoun and by termagaunt
And swore that he wolde on his bedes daunce
He syngeth merrier than a jay in spryng
And sooth thereto as any popynjay
Thus syngeth merrier and blyther
And spiced ale and wyn eke forthal
And sodeynly upon this cost more
And for the love of god hym prayed hym more
For cold mete and clothes for warmnesse
Unto the sonne rose it was so gladde
Therwith he spake unto a clerk hym adde
Go to nicholas and thou shalt hym fynde
He nis not of hir kynnes a stynt
Thus goth he forth and lyst lyk a lover
And sat hym down without the chamber door
Ne dorste he for sorwe noon hym knocke
Lest that nicholas of hym sholde a jocke
Thus stood he at the chamber door
Thus sayd he softe and softe
Nicholas what do ye what do ye
Speke ye no word for chaf of yow
Ye have a spirit of god ye suffyr
Thus sayd absolon wyl ye do
Ye dyne with yow that I kysse
Ye bye for love of god and eke for me
Ye bye for love of god that dyed on tree

And yif do be the same Seynte Nyght
The Scolde slepe in his Armes all nyght
For the Seke his Sonne and Syre also
And Nyght upon Seynte Seynt Nicholas
This Nicholas Scolde no longer tarye
But Anon unto his chamber caye
Bothe meete and drynke. for. v. day. or tedey
And to hym hymselfe bade hym for to dey
Yif that he aske after Nicholas
The thilde dey. the myst Seye he was
Of all that day the clerke hym not Seyn ye
The Seed that he was in dom mete drye
For no ore hym wende and hym alle
He Scolde amyse Seye nothyng that myght falle
This passyng fryth alle thilke Saturday
That Nicholas styll in his chamber lay
And ete and drank and did what hym lyst
Till Sondy that the dome Seynte to fest
This Sely Preyster hatly yete mesyle
Of Nicholas what thyng myght hym avle
And wide and a dred by Seynte Thomas
Hit stunt not a Nyght with Nicholas
God shelde that he dyed Sodenly
This Seyrlye is nothe fill truly. Sikerly
Nough this day a corpes y bere to chyrche
That nothe on monday last y cache hym Seyche
So yf myd. he yete his knabe amord
Clepe at the dore and knocke with a ston
Loke hon it is and telle me boldely
This knabe goth yf fill fundely
And at the chamber dore while that he stood
He myd and knocked as he Seye Seod
What hoere what do ye maister Nicholay
Hon may ye slepe thus all the longe day
But aft for nought. he wide not a word
An hole he fande fill lothe upon a bord
Seye do the quite Seyd Seynete m to geye
And at that hole he lokede m fill deye
And at the last he had of hym a sight
This Nicholas bite and gapyng upright

As he hadde bide

inches 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
cm 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19
Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM: Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

Willeye

Sorte had leed on the nect he come
And ye yeth And tellyth hir mistrey Anne
Yt Eylyat tyly he cache the lite man
The carpenter to bleye hym began
And ceyd bethe ye Cynne ffrayd bride
And ceyte yhat lite Eylyat yhat hym kende
The mewis fellon. Eylyth hir astonyye
In Cum godnesse or in Cum Anyne
Y thenyght ye Eylyat hon that it yhilde be
Anon yhilde not kneken of godes yyfete
Ye blessede be ye ay alle and man
Yhat naught but only hir bilete can
So fayde Anotherye. Eylyth hir astonyye
Ha Eylyat yit the fyre be fer to yyre
Upon the Steyyre. Eylyat theye yhilde be falle
Yhilk in a mayde yhat dwn Eylyt falle

For the myght made the white pater noster
Thyse words then write yet is easier
And at the last this he did Richolas
Bad for to sayd ore and ore also
Shall alle the world be less at ones noche
This carpenter dunse he did sayd erst the
Sayd thynke on god not to do men that I write
This Richolas dunse he did go fast me wrote
And ayny exill reported in private
Of co turne thynge that to ioseph the dwelling
Shold tell it to ione other neth co turne
This carpenter yth dom and counth it turne
And bethought of myghty alle a large nayte
And then that ey they of them sayde yonke the pyte
This Richolas his dore fast shutte
And dwn the carpenter by hym sette
And sayd John myn hostes lere and dye
Thou shalte ypon thy thonthe unsiye me heye
Shalte no sight thou shalte my counsile keye
For it is cristis counsell that I the say
And yf thou telle any man thou ayte for lere
For this counsaunce thou shalte have the fere
That yf thou sayer me thou shalte be dead
Sayd christ for he do it for his holy blood
Quod the this holy man I am so stiddo
No thought I say it. I am not lef to gadre
Ey sayd the wife I will I shall never tell
To child ne wif. by hym that hye bed hell
Nor to John myn Richolas I shall not lie
I have fonnde in myn astrology
Ey hath lorde in the mone sight
That noe on monday ne yre astry nayte myght
Shall falle a reyne and that so wilde and bad
That shall so gate erde ne no corn sprad
This bothe he sayde yn lasse than half an houre
Shall be drye into co house shalle that shoure
Thus shall many drenche and lose heye life
The carpenter amased alle my wyf
And shall the drenche alle myn household
For drede of this he fell almoste down

And sayd to the

Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM: Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

Mullere

And wide is there no remedie in this case
yet for god. quod hendo sir holde
yif thou wilte wrete aft[a]r lore and rede
thou must not wete after thy wyll and hede
for thus writ salamon that is full tyme
wrete all by counsaile and thou shalte nill me
and yif thou wilte wrete by good counsaile
I undertake withouten mast or saile
yet shalt y also hyse and the and me
hast thou not herde how oure wrete sae
when that our lorde had wrete from bifore
that all the worlde writ wrete shulde be lore
vis quod this wyfe y full wele a goo
hast thou not herde quod sir holde also
the wrete of sae writ his fellauship
or that he might gete his wif to ship
hym had be lever I undertake
at thilke tyme than all the wrete blake
that sho had y had a shrewe hir wif fellone
and therfore wrot thou wrete cost to done
this affrit haste and of an hasty thyng
men mete not yerne and make tarying
Anon go gete w fast vnto this vine
a kiedyng tub or ell or a trymlyne
for ere of lee but loke that they be large
in which we mete to swyme as in a barge
and hane thre gyne vnto sufficaunt
but for one day fy on the remenaunt
the water shall a stake and go a water
a wente swyme on the morte water
but wrete may not wete of this thy wife
ne also wylle thy mete y may not ofte
aste not wete for though thou aste me
I writ not telle goddes prycete
sufficith the but yif thy wrete made
to hane as yete a goo as ere had
thy wif shall y wrete also onte of doute
so mete thy wife and wete thre a wente
but when thou fast for hye the and me
I gete to this kiedyng tubbe the
then shalte thou hangen hem in roof full hye
that no man of oure prycete mete aspye

Whilles

And when thou hast done as y have said
and hast one chaulde fere in hend lade
and also an axe to smyte the cord a two
then that the beaty comth that she may go
and hold an hold on right pin the gate
into the garden and go into the stable
that she may fely passe forth in one stave
then that the gate come is gon a stere
then shalt thou semme as mey y entyrte to
to doth the white doke after hinge shalt
then shell y dere hede. after. hede to john
so mey for the flode shall passe adion
and then strike thy hallo ayaffey zuchlay
good mezere y of the shell for it is thy
and then shalt thou be lorder all one liff
of all the shrizes as sow and hic shrift
zent of one thynge seyne the fill yght
the shell a cisyon that is wyght
that when thou be entered yn to shynyo lorde
that none of so sayde not a word
zo deye ne one. but bone in hio prerye
for it is godde dene hoste zeye
thy shrift and then mothen hange fey a tedynne
for that bothe yt you shalle no shame
zo more in lifyngi than they shall in dede
this ordynaunce is ordyn. so nede god the grete
to more do it wyght when men hon a steye
into one kneelyng cribbes shall the gate
and into these a kneelyng godde gate
so nede to thy shor y have no longey grete
to makyn of this no longey sermonyngi
men seyn thyse. sunde the shrife. and say no thyngi
then ayte as shrife it nedith the nought to teche
god also one lisson that y hym lesche
this sely carpentey gotte finyth his shor
fluffoste he sedde allas and sholdday
and to his shrifye tolde his pryste
and the was shay and knewe it not than he
sayd all this yndynte also sede for to seye
yn nittyeles he so do as the sholde seye
and sedde allas so finyth thy shay amoid
hoste as to stayne or sye be dede or seyn
sam thy tyme sayey shedd shrift
so dede gouse and hoste to sedde one. liff

So shrift a gyete thynge

Milleyo

Auctor

To which a grete thyng is affeccioun
Yew wolde dye or of yma gynacioun
To dryve may impressioun be take
This lady carpenter begynneth to quake
Hym thynkyth verely that he may see
Noe flode com ellbeyng as the see
To drenche alison his howse dryve
He seketh and seyleth and makyth hedy chere
He sighyth sitth mony a sutt sory sere
And goth and getyth hym a kne dyng tere
And dytty a tubbe and a knedyng trowe
And prively he sente hond to his fere
And bryng hem in the yere in privete
Sitth his wyve he bade he make redy the
To thyme by thy and the fulfee
Into the tubbes hangyng on the balke
And hem vitaille bothe kneden and sodde
Sitth bede and chesse and dyd alle in a bodde
Suffisyng yight y wonyth for on day
But ay that he had made this array
He sente his knaves and eke his servaunte also
Upon his ne de to london for to go
And on the monday when it drawe to nyght
He yhet his wyve sitten into chaumbre right
And dyssed alle thyng as it shulde be
And sworn yf they clymben alle thre
They sten stille stode a furlong stey
Quod he water noster clum sede nicholay
Clum quod jon and clum sede alison
This carpenter sede his devocion
And stille he sate and sede his preyere
Abeydyng on the reyne yf he hit myght seye
Alle day stepe for weyry besynesse
Fyll on this carpenter yight a y gesse
A bowte cokynes tyme or litte more
For wakyng of his gesse he gonneth doze
And esse he yede and for his hed myslay
Down by the ladde fyll sitth nicholay
And alison fyll esse a down he goe
Sitthe into slowbre mo they gon to slepe

Wednesday

Sheye to this company were bonned to sye
Sheye was jewell and the melodye
And thus lyen Alison and Nicholas
In bisynesse and mirth and solas
Till that the belle of laudes gan synge
And flyes yn the chamicell yonge
This parisshe clerke this amorous Absolon
That yo for loue alway o care lyon
Upon the mondy was at Oseney
With companye hym to disporte and play
And aseed upon this day he a chaffe day
Full prively ate John the carpenter
And he woste hym a parfite clerke of the chyche
And sede y no store y were hym sleep not reche
Cite Saturday. I woste that he go bonne
For trouble there one abbot hath hym sent
For he yo bonned for trouble for to go
And be bell at the grange a day or tewo
Or elles he is at his house certayne
Where that he go y can not sothely sayne
This Absolon full joly was and light
And thought he wolde loterynge to wake all nyght
And sikerly y sede he hym not stayne
Aboute his doze sethes day gan spryng
So mot y thryue y shall at cokkes rowe
Full prively rynge at his chyndowe
That stande full low upon his bowes wall
To Alison he wolde wake y tellen all
My love longyng and yet y shall not mys
That at the laste ere y shall hym kys
Some manne comfort shall y haue parfay
My mouth hath itched all this longe day
That yo is signe of kissyng atte the laste
All nyght me mette eke that y was at a feste
Therfore y will go sleep an hour or tewey
And all the nyght then will y wake and pley
Upon that the first cocke hath crowe
This jolly lover Absolon
And hym gan dyne day at prynte to rise
That fyne he chyche and shaue and trimme

Millepe

To Anelle secrete · ay he had kempte his heye
vnder his tongo fitzere lorde he loye
For they by ekenesse he to be gracious
he pomatte to the carpenters sone
And full he sent vnder the foot Herode
Into his hest it pleyset it was a lorde
And ofte he wyghed with a Sawy wordes
What do ye henry comte my secrete Alisone
My fayre bride my secrete Gyldemone
Alle thyn lommedi myn and ayle he to mone
Well late thynke ye myne Ore
Shall for yonge lorde y secrete there y go
Nowe wonder ye thynke y write and secrete
A mozne is dede a launs affyn the tete
Ere lommedi y shrine such lore longyng
Well lite a ganstell tyme is my mozewyng
Y mery not ete no more than a ayle
So he the Herode gatte fold the cande
Ar thelpe me god it shall not be cond bynne
Y lore a mother and ellos y there to blame
Shall bot then the by gyn Absolon
So fryth thy Sey · ay y shall ayt a fon
And latte me slepe a tetonty dowle day
Alas mod Absolon and shall thy
Shall tynke Ewis and to wyll bisot
Then bye me with it shall to no bot
For gyll lore and for the lore of me
Secrete then go thy Sey therewith mod the
Yes ayte lommedi mod the Absolon
Then make the lady yet the y wyll anon
The Absolon wyn lette fryn on his knees
And wide y fyn noble a lorde of all degrees
For ayll the y hope there to with more
Lommedi thy grace and secrete bid thyn ore
The Herode the bidyth and that in haste
Hane to mod the and secrete the fyste
Post that onne nowtbonne it onne
Absolon gan wyne his mouth fyll due
Ere Ewis the mydyt · to preche or the cold
And at the Herode onto yrit the hyne hold
And Absolon fryn fall no bot mode bold
Yet with his mouth to kyst hym naked ay

Willaye

full courtly or he wage wage of this
a while he stayd and thought it was dinne
for well he wist a woman had no layde
he fare a tuynge all longe and longer he lay
and wide fy alas what shall hide y do
to he quod the and clapped the window to
and Absolon goth forth a very pace
a lyte a lyte wide he unto Nicholas
by godes corse this goth fayre and soft
this clerk Absolon hath ever soft
and on his lippe for anger he gan bite
and to him self he wide y shall the quite
the pibbith note the hoppith note his lippe
with dust with sand with straw with cloth with chippe
But Absolon that with full ofte allas
my wife bytake y to Satanas
But me wage lever than all this town quod he
of this disprise a wrecken for to be
Alas quod he allas y he hadde y blewnt
his hote love was colde and all y quewnt
For he that tyme that he had lost his luste his
Of prayamour ought he not a leke
for he was healed of his madnesse
full ofte prayamour he gan wesse
and spake ofte with sarcasme that is lete
a wyse wyf he went him onto the stere
unto a smythe men called Dawid Cowtere
that in his forge smythed plough harnyere
he sharped shares and culters bysyly
this Absolon knocked all softely
and wide unto Dawid. and he than anon
what who ayte there. y am Absolon
Quoth Absolon for swete seynt Cere
thy wife is my gossyp or I come here
hithe wrought you this cursed the lyte
thy wife is nothe wo wrote wot what y mene
this Absolon ought not a bene
of all his pleynte nor wordes a pen he yaf
he hadde more to do upon his distaf

yf thy wife be any man shewe hitherto
lyge with mynde
Gloss

Willeys

Began he very knelyng and wide hende he seyd
that he to chulling in thy chymney theyd
Ye lende me it y gane thee with to drive
Wyll bryng it agyne to the ryve
Syre ye wide cayre wyth gold
Or in a wolle nedles all vntold
Thou shuldest bern blame as y am true Smyth
Ey cristis fote what wyll yo do therwyth
Therof quod Absolon be at be mery
Y shall it well tell the another day
And aught the chulling by the cold frele
Full lyte into at the dore he gan to stele
And wente vnto the carpentyrs wyll
He coughed first and cloked therwith all
Upon the wyndowe right as he did ye
This Alison answerd who is there
That knocketh so y warant it is a thef
Nay nay quod he god bote my sele lef
And thou Absolon thy darlyng
Of loue quod he y hane bought the a ryng
Ey lady yet it me be god me rede
Full fyne it is and therto well y wede
This wyll y yelde the yet thou me kysse
This nicholas was risen vp to pysse
He thought he wolde a mende all the lawe
He studdy his eye or that he sawe
And eke the wyndowe he did hastely
And out his arse he put priuely
Onto the buttok to the hanchyd bone
And therwith spake hym Absolone
Speke wote kyndly I not where thou arte
This nicholas anon lette fly a farte
As grete as it had been a thonder dint
That with the stroke he was almost y blent
And he was fey with this foyl bote
And nicholas in the arse he smote
Of goth the skyn an hand bredth about
The hote culter brende so his tonte
That for the sorowe he wende for to dye
As he that wode for the he gan to cryye

helpe Crist, Crist, for gores he to
this carpenter out of his slumber sleto
and hadde one the Crist as he was wood
And thought alle noe comneth noe flood
he sat him up with his shoulder wo
And with his axe he smote the cord so
he fell down to the floor and there a sowne he lay
up sleyte hym Alison and Nicholay
And cried out and hadde m the streete
the neyghbores that bothe smale and greete
in rowmen for to gaterien on this man
that m swoonynge lay bothe pale and wan
for with the fall he broken had his arme
But stondes he moste to his owne harme
for when he spake. he was anon bore down
Of hym and Nicholas and Alisoun
they to den envyman that he was wood
he was agast so of noes flood
thyngh fantasie that of his craft
he knowe hym knedyng trowes thus
And had hym hanged m the roof aboue
And that he prayde them for gods loue
to suffren m the roof for compaynye
the folke gan laughen at his fantasye
into the roof they lepen and they gaye
And nynes at his halnes vnto praye
for Crist so that this carpenter amended
it was for nought. no man his reason held
with others yete he was so sore adrad
that he was holden wood thyngh all the toun
for ay he cryde anon pyght hilde with other
and sayde the man was wood my lord brother
And ay wyght gan laughen at this strife
thus endyed was the carpenter wife
for all his keepyng and his jelosie
And Absolon hath kist hym nether ye
And Nicholas is stalked m the toun
my tale is done. and god save all this ronte

Thus endeth the Millers tale

Here begynneth the Prologe of the Reue

Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM: Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

Reede

Whanne folke hane lengiden att this mete tide
Of dispiid and hende scrichide
Wrid folke drisly they riden
And for the mete paste they longiden and pleiden
Sitt at this tide of ettede nomdin grid glede
Sitt it dere only ase holde the Rede
By cause he Rede of entrentage cette
A little gie in his hatte Rede lette
He gan to gnatte and blame it alle
So thik quod he sitt Rell conder the quite
Sith playing of a pound to mulles to
Yif that me list to speke of pleasidie
Sitt y am olde me list not to play for age
Ydas tymes don my fodey is nede to forage
Ad this Rhyte to pe Rytt this mwil olde reyse
Myn heyte is alle medlad to myn heyse
Sitt yif y frye its doth and grene eye
That ilke frynte is ende lenger the Reye
Sitt it be joten yn mullok er in frye
The olde mon y dede o frye Reo
Sitt Reo be joten in dun ne not be mye
The hoppyn alle ten Rhyle that the Rorde Rolle pipe
For mone Rhyte the ye stirtith ende a bitille
Dohtine dun hoor heye and agene taille
Ad hatth a loke for thonghtonye myght bogone
Onye Rhyte dosyeth fole ende mone
For Rhen Re nidy nonght do then Rhyte Reo spoke
Yit mones olde affyen frye is y jeke
My. Rlede hane Re Rhicke y shall devise
Wanntyng. lyvyng. dunge. and coveise
Ahise. my. Rutyllen longen yinto elde
Onye olde lymmyn mot be Rhyte be yuk welde
Sitt Rhyte ne shall fulle that is Rotth
And yet hane y sitt Rhy a foltis toth
As many yeis ado it is passed henne
Sith that my tymes of lif began to jenne
For sikyly Rhyed y Rhas bezid anon
Dethe dyonigh the time of lif and lote it gon
And ende sith hatth the tymes y yenne
Sitt that att mostes att empty is the tenne

inches 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
cm 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19
Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM: Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

The fleme of lift noere drowned on the thrunbe
The dry tunge may drell wnge and thrunke
Of drenthidnesse that ye passed full yere
Ruthold folke oure fotage is nomere
When that our hosto had hard this drymonynge
He began to crake as lordely as a kynge
And seide Sthat a mornith all this drute
Sthi shulle dre all day crake of holy drytte
The devill made a fere for to pierce
Or a sodeney a shipman or a fierce
Dry fryth thy tale and thy not the trune
Lo wyfordi and it is hard drey to pryune
Hit drere all trune thy tale for to begynne
A lo drenchinge there many a shrewe is yrunne
Noere eyes quod this drchold the fere
Yfy you all that ye not greve
Though y amuse drere and conrell dere his horne
For lo fill is drith force · force of where
This drunken millere hath told vs here
Hon begiled dere a drappere
Dthalventure in storne for y and one
And by your leve y shall hym quyte anone.
Right in his theere thines drolle y crake
A pray to god his necke not to brake
He can drell in myn ye a drafte
But in his drene he cannot dre a drafte

Hic incipit fabula prosite

{fabula prosite}

At trumpyngton not fer fro cambridge
There goth a broke and one that a bridge
Upon the which broke there standith a mylle
And this is verrey sothe that y you telle
A millere dere there drellyng many a day
As ony peck ho drere pronde and gay
Pipe he cande and fisshe a nettes bete
Ay by his dete he bare a longe panade
And of drere fulle trenchant drere the blade

Prologe

A gaily poynte bare he in his pouche
There was no man for peny durst hym touche
A cheffe of the arte bare he in his hose
Couched was his face and stammered was his nose
As piled as an ape was his sculle
He was a wyldfet bore at the full
There durst no wight hande on hym legge
That he ne swore anon he shulde a bagge
A theef he was for sooth of corn and mele
And that a sly and ystaunt for to stele
His name was hote Dygnone Gynkyn
A clerk he hadde comyn of noble kyn
The parson of the toune hym fayn was
But hym he ras full many a pard of bras
For that Gynkyn shulde yn his bloode alye
Ho was forpyned in a sommeyre
For Gynkyn wolde no wyf as he seide
But she was wel norisshed and a mayde
To cache his estate of yomanrye
And she was yong and pert as a pye
A full fayre sight was it upon hem to
On holy dayes a fore hym wolde ho go
With his trippet couerchief aboute his hede
And the same after yn ryse of rede
And Gynkyn had hosen of the same
There durst no wight clepe hym but name
Was none so hardy that went by the way
That with hym durst iape other play
But yif he wolde be slayne of Gynkyn
With pauade knyf or with bordekyn
For jalous folke be ryche and mo
Alegate they wolde hym slay forsooth so
And eke for the was conuerse sinetyche
Ho was as demure as a mayde in a chyche
So full of hokery and of bysynesse
Hym thought that a lady shulde hym chepe
With for hym kyned and hym norisshe
That ho had lerned in the sommeyre
A doughtyr had they bet wyt hem to
Of xv. yere olde. Withouten any mo

Dwyng a tyme that was of half yere ago
In Hadill it lay · It was a gay page
His hauns white and fell yellow was
Lyth cumme rose and wan gray do glas
Sullentoll his bloo and his lyms round and his
Right fayr was his hey y dell not lie
The parson of the town for he was fayr
In prayers was to indeed hym his hery
Both of his stall and of his message
And strange he made of hym mariage
Yet odeyn had this mylle onto of sonte
Of sheep and malte of all the lande abonte
And namly the yere a gyte tollage
Men deym the sely halle of trumbyngge
Thay was he yere sete and eke hym malte yglomme
And on a day it happed in a stonde
Sely lay the millyr on a maladie
Men drunken bisly that he shuld die
For which this mylle stole malte and corn
An hundred time more than before
For thay before he stole but mytenly
And nedes he was a thef oneyl agrevyly
For which the swayn chidithe wide fye
But the wif let the mylle not a tye
He qakith wyte and dorre it was not so
Then seyd thay yonge stolde it do
That ye beldyn in the halle of sthichy coy
Testif thay seye and listy for to yelpy
And only for hym myth and jolyhede
Upon the swayn bedily thay qyd
To yede hom lete but a lite stonde
To go to mylle and see thay corn gronnde
And hardely they dust sey yeye nerre
The mylle shulde not stele hem half a perre
Of corn by slyght ne by force hem lete
And at the last the swayn yaf hem lete
John knight that on and Alayn knight other
And in one town seye they bern that men calle Stother
Ffeyll in the sorth y cannot telle where
This Alayne makith joy all his feye
And on an hore the cake they asten anon

Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM: Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

ffirstly you Alewne the ploughe and also John
with good speede and buckley by boye also
John knede the Ewe hem nedes no gide
And at the last the oxen down he loyth
Alewn spake first all hault Symond in sporth
how fare thy fare wright and thy werk
Alewn seke com quod Symkyn by my lyf
And John also what do ye nedes boye
By god quod John nedes hath no peye
hym behoveth to seyde hym self that hath no swerne
Or ellys he is a fole as ye kis eyrne
Onys wanapple is ceke and like forto be dede
So seyrys thy the swanges in his hede
And for thy I is com and eke Alewne
To grynde oure corn and to ayse oure meld agayne
I pray you quod ye hem what ye may
It shall be don quod Symkyn by my fay
What wolt ye do while it ye in houde
By god right by the hewe I will y stonde
Quod John and ye how the corn goth yme
yet ete ye nene by my ffyde by mine
how that the hewe wagyth to and fro
Alewn answere to John hold the so
when I will y be bynethe by my thomme
And se how that the mole fallyth downe
In to the troghe that shall be my disgrace
For John in faith y may be of yowe ease
I am to ille a wylle to be ye
This mellere smylyth at the wrote
And thought all this is don but for a wile
They wene that no man shall them begile
But by my thrift yet shall y blere here ye
For all there slyghte of there philosophye
The more mewte hetho that they make
The more wolle y stole when that y take
In stede of flowre yet wolle y yeve them bran
Ye gettist ellyche be not wise men
Alle whilom to the wolf quake the wyse
Of all beste lyte counte y not a tryse
Onto at the wro he goth fast prikely

Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM: Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

When he caught his tome with
he loked up and down till he had found
the clerkes hors there do it stode bound
behynde the melle vnder a lesse
and to the hors he gotte fere and stresse
and stypyth of the bridell light anon
and when the hors was loose he gynnyth to gon
rade vnto the fen. there was vnder jenne
and fyrth with he. thynkyth thider and therme
this mylley gotte a gerne no sayde he orde
first pyth his note and with the clerkes plaide
till that his corn was fere and shell grounde
and when the mele was ready and bounde
this john gotte onto and fyndyth his hors at fay
and gan to cry harolde and shell at fay
Onne hors is lost. alayne for godes bones
Stepe on thy fote com on man all attones
Allas onne shaden his his pattyr lorn
this alayne all forgate bothe mele and corn
all was one of his mynde his husbandrie
Sythe shulde they is he gon he gan crie
the erth ann leppyng fyrst and with a jenne
Shee cride allas yonne hors gotte to the fenne
Sythe shulde wayes as fast as he mat go
vnthanke com on his hed that bayde hym so
Alas yd john. alayn for cristes peyne
ley down thy sterte and y shall myn also
I am fyll wight god wote as is a ewe
Thy godes hate he shal not trapyn yo battle
Why ne hadest thou put the apple in the lathe
Thayrle alayne by god thou is a fenne
this wy clerkes hane fyll serthe y jenne
to wayte the fenne. bothe alayn and john
and when the mylleye caught they seye gon
he hatt a bushell of her flowe hatt tate
and bade his erth to kneede it on a slate
he say y wotte the clerkes ben a feyde
yet can it mylley make a clerkes beyde
for all hoo ate. ye let them go hoo they
they gete hym not so lightly by my troun
These wy clerkes joined up and down

Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM: Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

Wesh

Saith here · here stonde stonde rosse day the reye
So christ thou · and y shall here here
But shortly till it was yerey wright
They could not though they did all here myght
Here stryle made he jan all day so fast
Till nyth they caught hym at the last
Cayp and sete as beest is in the reyne
Saith sely John and saith hym alreyne
Alas quod John that day that y sate here
Sore aye the eye driven to hethyng and to stere
One corn is stole mor sotte so fonnes all
Sothe one sayden and one folaches all
And namely the mylleys sotte day
Thus playneth John as he goth by the way
To seyd the mylle and bayted in his honde
The mylleys ettyng by the fire he fonde
For it was wyght and feythe/ myght they nought
But for the love of god they hym bysought
Of herborowe and ease as for here peny
The mylley sayd aven yif they be eny
Such as it is yit shult ye have yonne pay
Myn house is stytte · but ye have lyes aye
Ye sonne by argumentes make a place
A · mile brode of · xx · fote of space
Lette a note yif this place may suffise
Or make it yonder saith sayth as is yonne gise
Note Symond sayd this John by sayntte cuthbert
Ay is then mery · and that is fayre amyse here
Y hand here day amen shall take of · ii · thynges
Such as he fynde or such as he bynges
But specially y pray the hosto here
Sete ye mete and drynke and make ye there
And se shult pay truly at the fulle
Saith empty handes men may none hanke atte
So hers one alone yedy for to spende
This mylleys to the town his nyght sende
For ale and for bredes and yested hem a goos
And his hors he shulde nomore go loos
And in his owne chambre he made hem a bedde
Saith shetes and chalons fayre y spredde

Longitey he lay on his bed · ye · fote of the bedd
ye · ye · bydd longit bed a bed all by hym self
Right in the same chamber by and by
It myght be no lette and anyone
Shyld chaunce come yonder he for right in the place
Ryght conuen and gyden of solace
And dymkyn and frynge also at the boste
A bonne mydnyght chanse they to rostes
Bell hath the mylley be myssyng his hedes
Full pale he chase for dymkyn and not rede
He rekith and gyd ith tynge the nose
As he chere on the mate or on the rose
To bed he goth and chuth hym his chuch
As ony day he light chase and rolyth
So chase hym ryght entyrlyn chase ye bette
The chamber at the bedes fote chase bette
To rocke and to rede the chylde sote
And chanchyd that dymkyn chase all in the chote
To bedde chente the doughtyr anon
To bedde goth Alayn and also John
Theyr chase no more hem rekith no tale
This mylley hath so chrysly bledyd the ale
That as dul hors he fletyth yn his stere
Ze of his tale behynde he tolde no kere
Hys chyf bus hym a bynden that chase full stronge
Yen mygh here yertynge here a fynlonge
The chere ryche yertyd eche y comparye
Alayn the chefe that here this mydeye
He poke John and said stynt thyse
Here then and sythe a longe ey noche
To which a complynge is among hem alle
A childe fye old the ye bedes alle
This longe mygh tide me no reste
Ent yt no forto all shalle for the beste
For John said he do said not y thy rife
Yf that y may ponder chanche chall y stryfe
So mu asmeyll has lacke shapen so
For John they is a lacke that with this
That yf dynkyn on poynte be agrevyd
That in another shalle be reuyd

Fiche

Dame wrii iostole Certiely it is no nay
And he hane had an evill fit this day
And Ottiem y shall hane none amendement
Agein my lostis y shall hane thi entement
By goddis feith it shall nod otherwise be
This iohn answerd. Alewne arise the
The anilers is a pilous man he said
And yifi thatt he oute of his slepe abreide
He mysyt do be bothe a bilawe
Alewne said y counte hym not at a flye
Bi he arisith and to the frenche he gone
This frenche lay wright and fast slepe
Till he of myth bade ey the mysyt effie
Thatt it had be to late for to crie
And shortly for to say they sprey at oni
Wrothe pley on alewn and y shall speke of iohn
This iohn lieth still aforlong they or tho
And to hym selfi makith mych and so
Alas quod he this is a sorifull sawe
Wrothe may y say y and bitt and awe
Yit hath my felawe counsyl for his hayne
He hath tho villans bought in his ayne
He armyd hym and hath his neke spekko
And y lie as a staffsacke in my bedde
And when this gape is tolde a nothers day
I shalbe holdon a daff a tokenay
Y shalle also and aunter me by my feith
Unhardy wisely this nieu seith
And of he arose and softly wente
Into the stadell and in his hand it hente
And bare it softe into his bedis fete
Sone atte this wrifi hym sodeyn slete
And gan a wake and wont hym to pisse
And came agein and gan hym stadell misse
And groped here and there. and sho found none
Alas quod sho I had almost myso gon
I had almoste gon to the clerkis bed
By benedicite then had y evill sped
And fiyth sho goth till sho the stadell fonde
And groped alle day fiyth with hym honde
And found the bed. and thought naught bitt good

By amis that the cradill by it stood
And wist where the child for it was lyke
And sithe and bell the cowte in by the clyke
And lyeth still still and bolde hane aught a slope
Sithin a while this cowte this clyke up lope
And on this good wif he leide on ore
So mery a fitte had she not still yore
He pyckith hayle and reye as he were madde
This poly wif hane thise clyes laddie
That till the folke thise he gan to synge
Alwin wex wery in the morwinge
For he had wrouhyn all the longe wyght
And ando fit wel nathyn sleete wyght
The day is come y may no longer abide
But cummere where to erde y go or ride
Adiu dyn wife clyke to hane y helle
Zoede the lemman yd the go the welle
Fit or thou go otherwise y will the telle
When that thou wendyst home ward by the welle
Right at the entre of the dore behynde
Thou shalte a cake of half a bushell fynde
That was made of yonge wife mele
Which that y hatte my fader for to stele
And good lemman go the cake and leye
And with that word almoste she gan to weye
Alwinder arist and thought it was time
I will go cowte in by my solace
And found the cradell at his bonde anon
By god yd he all wyngs hane y gon
Wyn hede is tory of my wyke to wyght
That makith me that y go not aright
I wote well by the cradill y hane my go
He lieth the aylle and his wif also
And sith he goth on. xv. wilde
Into the bed there as the mille lay
He wende hane cowte in by his solace sothe
And by the aylle yn he wenth anon
And aught hym by the neck and wolde wake
And cride thou cowte. thou wyne shed a wake
For gilte wonde. and he a noble gane
For by that word that is clepid wynte jane
I hane. thise in this shorte wyght
Wryed the mille wonght bolte upright

Here

While thou hast do a to say be ayast
we fare hastot mod the mylleys hast
A fals traitour fals clerko god ho
thou shalte be dede by godis dignyte
Who dyst be so bold to dispyte
my doughter that is come of suche lynage
And by the throte bolle he caught aldyn
And he bente hym dispitously agyn
And on the nose he smote hym with his fest
that down ran the blode stynke upon his chest
And in the flore with nose and mouthe bloke
they walle hym as dun in pygges in a poke
And up they gon and down agyn anon
till that mylleys spynned it afton
A dun he fele but he ayst on his wyf
that wist nothyng of this mys stryf
For he was stiff a slepe alike wright
With John the clerko that wakid hardo all nyght
And with the stiff onte of hym slepe he hardo
helpe holy crosse of bromholm he cryde
In nomine patris lordo to the y calle
A wake sir kyn the fende is on me falle
syrn heyte is holyn helpe ran bit sodo
clerko lyth on upon my wombe and on my hedo
helpe sir kyn for the fulce clerkis fyght
this John stepte up as fast as ever he might
And gropyd by the walls to and fro
to fynde a staff and he stepte up also
And knewe the eyes not than did John
And by the wall he found a staff anon
And caught a little glemeyng of a light
For at an hole yn shone the mone bright
And by that light he caught them both tedo
But sykey he wyst who was who
But as he caught a white thyng in heye so
And when he gan this white thyng espye
He wende the clerke had wepyd a colpye
And with the staff he dyd hym nye and neye
And wende have yt this aldyn at the fulle
And smote the mylley even upon the pylled pulle

And soon he goth and gide hayrede y wis
Thise clerkis betwen hym self and latyn hym lye.
And aparelyd hym and toke hyre horse anon
And ride hyre made and on theyre way they gon
And atte the mylle yere yet they toke hyre tolle
Of half a busshell flour full well y wolde
Thus atte the prouide mylleyre well y wote
And hath lost the grynding of hys tyme
And paide for the corne only solde
For Aleyn and John that betyn hym sore
Hys wife also y herde and hys doughter also
So riche it is a mylleyre to be folle
And therfore this prouerbe is said full soothe
He that myll serue well shall other doothe
A Gylyam shall hym self begylyd be
And god that sit high in magnyfie
Sende alle thise companyes grace and counsaile
Thus hane y myn the mylleyre tale

Explicit fabula prepositi

Incipit prologus coci london

The cooke of london while the rode goth
For ioy hym thought he clawed hym on his bothe
A·ha· quod he for christis passion
This mylleyre hath a thynge conclusion
Upon his iugement of his herbeggage
Well cide salomon in his language
No bryngeth not every man to thyn house
For he forsoothe by wyght is pylloure
Well oughte anyan a wise for to be
Whom that he bryngeth unto his priuete
Pray to god so yeue me sorowe and care
Yif ever oftey y might horsse of myre
Herd of a mylleyre but sette a doyle
He had a gaye of malice in the doyle
Thy god forbede that we stynte here
And the yf yf yf vouchesafe to here
A tale of me that am a poure man
I will tell you as well as y can

Cokke

A litle jape that fell in oure citte
Oure hoste answered and seide y. gramme it the
Now be fell on roger and loke that it be good
For many a pastee hast thou leten blood
And many a galle of dogge hast thou ydo
That hath be tresse hote and tresse cold
Of many a pilgrim hast thou cristen rings
For of thy pride yet they fare the wings
Shit they lime eten with the stubbled gees
For in thy shoppe is many a flie fees
Now fell on gentil roger by thy name
But yit y pray the be not wroth for game
A man may sey sothe in game and pley
Thou art fill with god roger by my fey
But wth pley made pley ate the flemmyng wrath
And therfore henry bailly by thy feith
Be not to not wroth ye be depaste here
Though that my tale be of an hostelere
But nede the lesse y wolle not telle it yit
But ere the parte y wrote thou shalte be yit
And thus with alle he lough and made chere
And seide his tale as ye shall after here

Incipit fabula coci

fabula coci

A prentise whilom dwelte in oure citte
Of a craft of victeleres was he
And galant was he as a goldfinche vn the shawe
Broun as a berie a pie thorte fetaswe
With lockes blake kemde fill fetously
Dancinge he conde fill well and gaily
That he was ledid thro rekelnesse
He was as fill of love and paramoure
As is the hive that is fill of hony swete
Well was the wife that with hym myght mete
Litte cam bidide wolde synge and howe
He loved bet the taverne than the shoppe
For wan cam pipyng was in chepe
Out of the shoppe thidir wolde he lepe

Fill that he had all the right wyne
And dances well he wolde wyll ageyne
And gadyr hym a meyne of his ore to
To hope and crye and make riche disyre to
And thyse they were stolen for to mete
To play at the dice in richyll stete
For in the town was no prentise
That fayre and cast a peyse of dyse
Than Dyes cryde and therto he was fyse
Of his cyrpens in place of prete
That fynde his master well in his chamble
For otte tymes he fynde his box full bare
For sothe a prentise a rebelowe
That hamyttyth vyce. Riot and pryamowe
His master shall it in his chowe a bro
Though he have no parte of the wyrsyalyse
For therto and riot they ben annoyfyll
All and he plev or gittenne and ribyll
Rebell and thynke do in a lette ye
They ben full wyth all vy men may
This poly prentise with his wyfe stood
Till he was wyghte of his prentyshood
All wyse he corrybyng home ely and late
And counyne tacke for jewell to set regate
Yet at the lafte his wyfe hym to thought
Upon a day when he his parym ought
Of a proverbe that with this same word
Well kepy is poten a pyll onto of hordo
Than that he pote all the jowenamt
So it fayeth by a poten sequamt
It is well tasse hayne to lette hym passe
Then he thenke all the sequamtis in place
Therfore his wyfe made hym arayymnt
And bade hym go with ore and wyfyymnt
And thus this poly prentise hid his lere
To lette hym jolyt all nyght or lere
And for they to nothyf without a louke
That helpyth hym to wasse and his louke
Of that he ryke and or bore the nyty
And he sent his lef with his lady

Into a company

unto a company of his own sorte
that loved vice riot and disporte
and gave ensample that hold for countenaunce
a shoppe and destroyed for hym his fortunaunce

{ffinit fabula con}

{incipit prologus legis perth}

{prologus legis perth}

Sunne hote cancre dwell that the bright sonne
the ayre of his aspiciant day had yonne
the iij. pryme and half an hour and more
and though he eye not yere first in lore
he dyst dwell it ende the xxviij. day
Of April that is messangere to mydy
and cancre dwell the shadowe of erth that
ends is in length the same quantitee
that ends the body erecte that caused it
and therfore by the shadowe he tolde hide
that phebus which that shone so clere and bright
degrees ends xxc. rekyns on bright
and for that day as in that latitude
hit ends y. at the clerke he gan conside
and wisely he pryght his horses a longe
lordynges quod he y shall you all the longe
the iij. pryme of this day is gone
Loke for the love of god and sent john
loseth ne time as fishyth as venery
lordynges the time passeth lothe nyght and day
and stelith fro us what pryvely slepyng
and what thyng negligence in oure wakyng
as doth the streme that turneth never agayne
descendyng fro the mountayn into the playne
well can sencek and many a philosophe
bewailed time more than gold in coffe
for loste of catell may recovered be
but loste of time shendith us and he
dwell it not can never recovere to mede
Monyce then evill aventure maydenhede
whan she hath lost it in hede and wantonnesse
lette be not mete blom thro in darknesse

Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

Man of lette

My man of lette quod he to hane ye blie
Telle ye a tale anon as forestand is
ye be disburtled thurgh your desirit
To stande in this aire at my gaggement
Against you nede of your beheste
Which hane ye do your seruyse at the leste
Host quod the sexte diene y assente
To theke the forestand is not myn entente
Beheste is dette and y shall hold forme
All my to best y am no better clyme
For oftime lette to man with another right
He shulde hym self open it by light
This shall onyste xt but nede the lace tyme
Y am right nede no thurty tale clyme
Wit chanceth though he am but lede
On metre and in rymyng gastly
Hath made hem in riche Englisse as he am
Of olde tyme as knowe hath many a man
And yf he hane nought made hem lede bothey
In. o. he hath made hem yn an other
For he hath tolde of lede yp and down
Wo than. Ouide made of mension
In his Epistles that ben full olde
What shulde y talle hem sithen they ben tolde
In youth he made of Pero and Ileon
And oth hath spoken of entyson
Thise noble Troye and thise lovers eke
Who so that shall the large volume seke
Clepid the Ovide legend of Cupide
There may he sene the large Dowide Ouide
Of Hypsiphe. and. Dadilon. Cyffe
The Boyde of Dido. for the fill Eneas
The ye of Phillis. for hey. Demophon
The pleynt of Diane and of Cynyon
Of Adrine. and of Ariphiles
The lacyn Jso. stondyng in the see
The pleynt Leandre for his Eyes
And tolde of Eldyne and eke the Eco
Of Thyrsyde. and of the Madonna

The quiete off the Quene yeede
A litle childeyn hangyng by the halse
For jason thilk was of loue so false
O· Demophon· Demolope· Alceste
Your ensample he commaundith with the beste
But certayne no word writhe he
Of thilke wicked ensample of Medee
That lewed here wife hir husbonde falsely
Of which mysseyd storye y say fy
Or ellis of Medo· Ipsipilla
Hou the mysseyd knyght Antiochus
Fedyssa his doughter of hym mydwedes
That is to exille a tale for to yedes
Whan he hym there on the pament
And therfore he of full advisement
Wolde nevir wyte vn non of his wymmen
Of suche wikkyd abhominacions
Yet y wolde fayne yif that y mydyt
Wit of my tale· hou shall y do thy
Me trey lothe to be likened vnto
Yet mysse that men wryten vnto
Ye wyth mysfeisse wrote what y mene
But nevir the lis y pecke not a bene
Thought he com ayeny hym with hane he bake
I pecke in pryse and lette hym wymmes make
A wyth that wrote he with a cole chere
Wrytyn his tale as ye shall after here

Hic finit prologus legis pin

Incipit fabula eiusdem y Auctoreu

O· hatefull hatyne· condicion of poure
With thirst with colde with hunger so confoundid
To aske an helpe the shamest vn thyn hevyd
Yif thou nowt aske· so ore ayte thou y stoundid
That yeyey nede on the stynkyth all thy stoundes hid
Wangyn thyn hed thou mosto for indigence
Or stele or begge or worke to thy diffence
Thou shamest rist and wyst full bitterly

HRC

he wyll deynyed yn hyse comyall
thy neyghbors then shalt grysly
and cryst then hast to lyve and he hath all
dayes cryst then contynue he yokon shall
when that his tale shall begynne yn the gle
for he herpyth not the nessyll yn hyes nose
¶ lyke what is the sentence of the wise
that is to dyen than to have indygence
thy self neyghbors shall the despise
yf then be poore fyve shall thy lyvelynge
yet of the wyse man take his sentence
and the dayes of yonge men dont sticke
he says therfore cy thou cold to the pycke
¶ yf then be yonge thy brothey hatetyth the
and — all thy frendes flyen fro the alas
O. rych marchantes full of wele be yo
O. noble. o. prynces not folke do yn this ado
yonge. pagges be not syllyd with ambes as
that with his sylle. that jouyeth for yonge chanyce
at chystmas merry may yo chance
¶ ye rekon lande and fee for yonge chyldryngs
as wise folke ye knowe yll the estate
of regnes ye be fydes and of tydynges
and tales be tho of wes and of debate
¶ these yght noble of tales be solate
these a marchant that gon to many a reyne
we thought a tale which that ye shall heyre

Incipit fabula legis prym

¶ In syrye babylon dwelled a compagnye
of chaymen rych and therto ryde and hede
that bide ebrye contynuelye ryche ye
clothes of golde and dayrye rych of hede
hede chaffare was so thryfty and so rede
that ony knyght hadde desyre for to chaffare
with them and eke to ryden hem hede was
¶ nede fole it that the ymystrys of that ofte

hane prepared them to rome for to ende
Except for chapmanhede or for disporte
Some other messengers bolde they thider wende
But comen them self to rome this is the ende
And in such place as thought them a vantage
For hope entente they tokyn their herbergage
Solomyed hane these marchantes in that town
A certayne tyme as fell to their plesance
And as befell that the excellent renown
Of the emperor worthy hane tryumphance
Reported was with any circumstance
Unto these merchantes in this wise
For day to day as yon devise
This was the common voyce of every man
Our emperor of rome god hym save
A worthy knyght he that with the sorde began
To reken desert hyse goodnesse as hyse vertue
Was neuer such another as he
Pray to god vn honour hyse sustene
And bolde god the keye of all emprye the queene
In hyse is high vertue entente pride
Pouerte entente generosyte or folye
To all hyse people verrye is hyse guide
Humblenesse hath playne in hyse all tryumphe
Sho is mayster of all rytorye
Hyse herte is chamber keyer of holynesse
Hyr hande ministre of floryn and almesse
And all this voice was cry to god yet lacke
Yet nedde to pyse lette yo tryme a gayne
These marchantes hane hoyght hede pryses nedde
And when they hane this blyssyd myrrde eyne
Home to dwyl as they wont fyll seyne
And yon hede nedde as they hane yone yere
And lyeyn in bedde v all day no more
Nedde fell it that these marchantes stolen in gyte
Of hym that was sodenly vn enyey
For when they came fro any strange place
He bade of this beryyne rytorye
Make them good cheye and busily espye
Dryngyes of condyt sauces for to loye
The bondes tyll they myght be or heye

Enjoyd est terra
pro immer

Thys ys fabel

Amonge other thynges greatly
Thise magestiantes hane hym told of hane ensuance
So grete nobles in ernest & mynyly
That the Sarazen hath taught & grete pleasance
To hane hym signe vn his gemmynyance
That all his lust and all his lesse thys
Was for to love hym whilo his lif may dys
Bu adventure in trulle large lore
Which that men clepe the heren Eyten Eate
Hath steyre when that he his byth tolde
That he for lowe thuldo hane his doth alle
For in the steyre here than is the glate
Yo Eyten for Eoto Eho & conde it jede
The deth of enymen Eithonto gede
In stepre many Eerrtey thyo be forn
Was Eyten the doth of Ector and of Achilles
Of pompey julius or they days born
The sith of thobes and of Eyrulas
Of Sanyson Eurrus and of Socrates
The deth bit mans bit is & dust
That no Eight an Eeek jede it at the first
This Sarazen for his prive counsell Eut
And shortly of this mystey for to pure
He hath to hem declared his entent
And also hem certayne but he might hane grete
To hane ensuance vn a little grate
He nete but dede. and chayged hem in his
To stepen for his lif an jemedis
Oyne men and thynges they Eidon
They tyrumontis diffen vp and down
Many a Eirtuit jedfon fiyth they lerdon
They Eperyn of mydyle and of division
But finally as in conclusion
They cannot Eey yn that none accountage
As in none other, Eage in mydyage
Then sadde they they ouche difficulte
By Eey of peyen to grete dit playne
By mans of ouche grete sinsite
Ete wonderyng Eothe sadde that they Eyne
They tyed that no tyston pyrice Eete forne

Cepit prisoner
fili dictis dicit chele
filium nutrit pheronis.
Genaliones, atque in
stalt, quem Eneas
in arce Eurin sensus
Eyrcus, hermiones
Eyer

Kodak Color Control Patches © Kodak, 2007 TM: Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

Dredeyl this childe to oure ladies dere
that he was taught by auenture oure ffere
¶ And he answered, sayde this olde lere
Sustaine, y dyde be ryche dowrere
I moste be hole y may not other chere
I pray you holde your argumentes in pese
Sith my lyf, and be not perchelese
to gete hym that hath my lyf in cure
For in this wo y may not longe endure
S What needith yette diffinicion
y ley by textes and embassidrys
And by the popes mediacion
And all the chynche and all the chivalrys
that in destruccion of mankynd ys
And kynges of crystes table heye
they ben acordid & as ye shult heye
¶ Nowe that the Bridgrom and his parentage
And all his lieges shult ryche be
And he shall have sustaine in mariage
And certayn of golde y not what quantite
And hey to fynden sufficaunte ouerto
this same acorde was ordeyn on oure syde
Nowe fayre sustaine all mygyti god the gide
S Nowe wolde com men wenden as y gesse
that y shulde tell all the prydeaunce
that the emperour of his grete noblesse
hath shapen, his doughter dame sustaine
Well may men knowen that a grete ordynaunce
May no man tell in a litle clause
As was ordeyned for a high a cause
¶ Bisshopis ben ryche with lyme for to wende
lordes ladies kyngtis of renome
And other folke y not the rate is the ende
And notifieth to yughtome the dome
that any knight with grete dedeyn
Shulde pray crist that he this mariage
Restore in ye and spede this viage

Man of lade

The day is come of myne departyng
I cry the extynct day · ffatall is com
That they may be no lengyr tarryng
But fryth they dessen att and com
Constaunce that erstyl ordre to ende com
ffull pale a-rest and dessyth myne to ende
For ever the sigh there was no lettyng ende
Allas what wonder though the erthe
Shall be ende to strange nacioun
The fiendes that so tendrly myne kepte
And to be bownden under subiccioun
Of on that the knowyth noght his condicioun
Husbandes ben att good · and hane ben yore
That knowen erstly my cry yon no more
ffader the onde thy spiritis child constaunce
Thy yonge knyght fostred up so oste
And ye my moder my comfaynes plesaunce
Once att thyngs onto take cryst on loste
Constaunce yonge child myne commandyth oste
Unto yonge grace for I shall to dwelle
Ne shall I nomo of you more erthly ye
Allas unto the wayfare nacioun
I moste go either it is yonge dwell
But cryste that stayre for our salvacioun
Of yeve me grace his hestis to fulfill
Of yeathis commun no force thoughtis I spill
Commen age born to thraldom and penance
And to be under manis governance
Thoo at cry when yonge knyghtis the erthe
Oryson that hende thoo that cite
Ne at home thyngis the hayne of hanybull
That tonnyng hane engnessyd tymes thyse
Ytis hede riche tonge erryng for vite
As in the chambre erte for myne dryyng
But fryth the mote whych the erthe or erynge
Q. first moving quiet firmament
With thy vynnall sterrys that gondist ay
And ginlest att fiend east till orient

Unde protholomeus. li. ii. ca. v. vnit. ca. ii. dicit hic vnus est qui mouet totum celum ab oriente in orientem. vno in die. et hic est primus motus. alius est qui mouet orbem stellarum circulum cum motu. p. vnus ab occidente in orientem. alios duos prius ge.

That naturally should holde another day
Thy wondrynge let the heren in suche a day
At the begynnyng of this fers viage
That quell mays hath stayns this mariage
Infortunate astaundyng fortune
Of which the lorde is helples falle alate
Onto of his knyghs into the dyrkest hone
O. wyse. o. ataxu. do in this ate
O. feble mone unhappy kan thy pate
Thou knyttest the theys thow ayte not jesterbed
Thaye thou crye dwell. so thens ayte thou dered
O. imperiall emperye of rome alas
Lyes thaye non philosophye yn all thy town
Ye no tymes let than other yn this ate
Of viage is thay non electyoun
Namly to folke of high condycyoun
Not whan a vote is of byrth y knowe
Alas we ben to lordes and sloe
To shyppe is bynght this dofull fayre wydow
Solempnely with ceremonies
Rode thyn hyste to with yon all the cytye
There is no more but fare dwell fayre trustynce
Thy peynyth hym to make good countenance
And sayth y lette hym cale yn this mariage
And tryne y shall a geyne to my mataye
The wydey of this sadyen shall of vices
Espied hath hym comes yladyn onto
Hoes he shalde lette his olde sacrifices
And sight anon the fer hym comfell quite
And they ben com to sayte what fye meynte
And when assembled. cale this folke in fayre
Sho cette hym down and cale to ye synll heyre
Lordes she cale ye knowe ey yche one
Hoes that my comme in peynte is fer to lette
The holy ladies of myn aforzone
Yeven by godes messanges mytrannette
Bit one a vowe to geete god y hete
The lyf shall outs of my body stete
Then mytrannytes lades onto of myn heyte

Omnes concordant cum qui
clemonies cum debilis i.
in dumtibi. hint. u. i. h
judicium. r. nutrimentes
eor qui conse int cum
planetum debilem m
tundere

Schat shulde we tiden of this newe lade
Sint thaldom to onye lodies and poudnice
And astinedaydin hello to be shadde
For so jenyed withouten doune gadnice
Sint lordes sikk ye make assentance
As y shall seye assentyng to my lere
And y shall make we sast for endenere
They sworon and assentenden enyman
To lede with hym and die and by hym stonde
And enych in the best wise he can
To sheyngth hym shall all theys fiendes fonde
And she hath this wise take in honde
Which ye shall hesen thult y shall devise
And to hem also she spake yeft mithe wise
Ye shulk fist fayne we quite idom to take
Folde wedey shall not gyeve we but alite
And y shall onche a feste and jewell make
Schat as y tyme y shall the sewen quite
For though his wif be quiteneed nevis & schyte
She shall hane nede to swashe a way the jede
Though she a fort fulk of wittey with hym lede
O. Sadenesse pete of quiquite
Yiage thou semyjam the sewinde
O. Serpent vnder fenymite
Like to the serpent depe in hello y bonde
O. feynedesomman all that may confonde
Vertie and innocence thynk thy malice
Sebyed in the ate nest of enyvice
O. Sathan envious with thilke day
Schat thou seys chased onte from thy heritage
Well knowest thou to sewinan to alle way
Thou madist eve hyng we in to servage
Thou wolte for ane this quiten midiage
Thyn instynnent & weladeay the schilde
Walkest thou of swynnen schan thou sulto begilde
This sadenesse which that y thyn blame and schyte
Lete priely hym connseilt goin theye way
Schat shulde y in this tale lenger trayte
She yiedeth to the sewen upon a day
And ride hym she wolde jendy hym lay

And gistenbom of ysyche handes forge
Repentyng hym the hethen stato longe
Desyryng hym to dede hym tyll honome
That he myght hadde the cristen folke to fast
To plese them ye stolde to my lykynge
The Sarazyn sayd ye will to it yonge lyche
And knelyng that hym of that yemyche
So glad he stato he nyst what to say
He kyssethe hym sonne and hold the gothe hym stey
A yled ken thise cristen folke to hyde
In cuppe with a gyete solempne yonte
And hastely the Sarazyn sent his sonde
Fyrst to his mody. and after to all the yeynge at yonte
And sayde his erfe stato commyn oute of yonte
And yerde hym to yde agyne the quene
The honour of his yaynge to cristene
Gyete stato the yeere and yche stato the ayayre
Of Orynge and romerne mette in fayre
The mody of the Sarazyn yche and gave
Yoseled hym with all so glade a chere
As eny mody myght hym yought a yere
And to the neyte citee there besyde
A feste yere solempnely they yde
Yought hoke ye the tymynge of yulle
Of which that lyuan makethe his boke
Stato yoallome or more cyrydne
Than stato the assemble of the blyssfull goste
Fyrst the scorpion the wicked goste
The Sarazynesse for all hym flatayyng
Fasto endey the. full mortally to stynge
The Sarazyn counth hym self dene astny this
So roially that stonde/ is to telle
He welcomth hym with all yy and blys
And thus in gay and blys ye let them dwelle
The hynt of this matey is that ye telle
Sythen tyme atme. men thought it for the best
That yeell stynt and men gon to yost
The tyme atme this olde Sarazyn nosse
Ordeynedhath this foste of which ye tolde
And to the foste cristen folke hem dysse
In gentill we bothe yonge and olde

Lere men may sese and yonate behold
And lerynte no than y can devise
Fyrst all to dye they bought it cy they also
O. godeyne etc. that che ate entressonge
to Lordly blysse eyerynt is truth entrynesse
The ende of the joy of onge Lordly latonge
Lo crynyetth the fyne of onge gladnesse
Herke this counsell for thy oldynesse
Upon thy glad day hane in mynde
The entrayne etc of hayne that comth behynde
ffor thorth for to telle alle on erde
The Lacedeyn and the cyfion men everychone
Fell all to hedde and fledd all the borde
Fyrst it ecede dayne cristanmo alone
This olde Lacedemonse this cysed done
Hath truth hyse hendes doyn this cysed dede
ffor the hyse self Lorde all the cowtyse lode
Lie Lacedeye Emyren none that Lacedemonde
That of the counsell of the Lacedeyn etc
That he ne Lacedemonse all to hedde or he affeynd
And cristanmo hane they take fore hote
And in a Ship all Lesyelee god etc
They hanen hyse etto and bidden hyse lorne to stile
Onte of Emyre agerynedayde to vytaile
A cytayne tesyne that the truth hyse lade
And with to eyne vytaille greto plente
They hane hyse reben and rothes etc the hande
And fynth the shilotth into the state lee
D'ny cristanmo full of lowynnte
D. Emyrone yonge knyght a dayse
He that is lorde of fortune be thy stoye
Lyse blessith hyse and truth sweet prone voice
Into the crosse of cryste thus cryde the
D. reye. o. Lesofilt alstay holy crosse
Lede of the innocent blood full of pite
That bysse the Lordes fyo the olde ginynte
We fyo the fende and fyo his rachedes lowe
That thy that y shall dyedne in the lowe

Man of lawe

¶ Victorious the protection of theye
That only worthy were for to keye
The kynge of heven with his sonnes nere
The white lamb that hath the sins a bere
Flamme of fendes ouer of hym and keye
On which thy lyes forth fulfilled extended
We pray and pese me mygyt my lyf to amended
¶ Pees and pays fleteye this cloudyne
Thyngh onto the see of grece vnto the shaftes
Of mayost as thus hym accordyne
O many a cozy a nyche nere may the tunne
Aftyr hym with fulle ofte may the stanne
Ey that the wilde waves wolle hym drive
Vnto the place there the shall a rive
¶ Wen mygyten after why the was not slayne
Ere at the feste. Who mygyt hym body save
And y dymyssed vnto that remaynyne agayne
Who called vnwell in the horrible cave
Where ony wright save. he mayster and kyng
Was with the iron fetered ey he a slayne
No wright but god that he bade in his hevyne
¶ God list to shewen his wonderfull miracle
In hym for to shewen his mygyty wyrkyng
Crist which that is to ony hayne tracle
By certayne meanes ofte as knowen clerkes
With thyngi for certayne ende that full derke is
To mytis but that for ony ignorance
We cannot knowe his wyndrit purveyance
¶ Where either the was not at the feste y slawe
Who kepte hym fro drenchyngi on the see
Who kepte yonder in the fishes maw
Till he was avented vp at lymesse
Well men may knowen it was no wright but god
That kepte the people of israel fro hyde drenchyngi
With dry fete thyngh onto the see passyng
¶ Who bade the iiij. spirits of tempest
That poweye hadeen to noy lande and see
Bothe north and south and also est and west
Anoyeth nothey see nor lande nor tree
Soudely the commaundey of that was hee
That fro the tempest thy the sommen kepte

Wyght when the Knyght ys Ryden the slepte
¶ Ffor wyght this Sommadin mete and drynke halle
Thye vere and more hou lastyth hyme ordylle
Ffro fedde the Egypcien wayfe in the desert
Or yn desert no Knyght but that Chance fyllle
v. xij. folke it is a gyete mervaylle
With Ludvic. C. and fyftyn. xij. did he fede
God sente his forson at thyse gyete nede
¶ Ffro Jubrith fyfth yn to onye ordyn
Thyughonto onye Knylde Ee tyll at the last
That only an Knyght that nempne y me cldn
Ffesse in Zoryth mubeld in the Ryddere hyme dyd
And in the other hyme Chyp fyeld so fast
That there no Knyght it not of dyll atryd
The Ryll of thyse Knyghts that the shylde thyse abydo
¶ The constable of the castle Dum is fyre
To Ken thyse Knyghts and the Chyp he dyght
And fonnde this Ryll Sommadin fyll of ayre
He fonnde also the treysure that the bronght
In hyme tyngtyge meyne the bronght
The lyf of hyme bodye for to redymo
Hyme to delynde of Ero that the Ryddo ymo
¶ Amedne corynpte latyn Ryddo hyme dyscho
But ordyne they by Ryddo the Knydestonde
The constable Ryddyn hym lyst no longy Rydo
This Rosyll Sommadin bronght he to londo
The kyng with Dum and thanked godis sonde
But Ryddo the Ryddo the Ryddo to no mydn dey
Ffor fonlone feyre. thought that the shulder dey
¶ The ordo the Ryddo so mased on the Ero
That the forgette hyme nuynde by hyme tynyth
The constable had of hyme so gyete prtee
And dyd his Ryll that they Ryddyn for tynyth
The Ryddo so diligent Ryddyn to tynyth
To dyde and pleasse ewyrch in that place
That all hyme loven that lokyn in hyme face
¶ This constable and dame he mynyldo his Ryll
Ryddo Ryddyn and that dolitjoy ewyr Ryddo
But Ryddyn gyldo loved hym yght to hyme lyf
And trustynno hath so longe dolonjnedi thyse

¶ Orisons hath many a bitter tere
Till thu hath comitted thynge grogge
Dame hermegilde constable of that place
¶ Yn that tyme londe no cristen dwelt yonte
Alle cristen folke had fled fro that countre
Thynge parvenue that conquered hit a bonte
The pagans of the north by londe and se
To wales fled the cristiane
Of olde britons dwellyng yn this ile
These wales have yet for the more while
¶ But yet were cristen britons so exiled
That there were cond yn hyre priveete
Honoured christe and hethen folke begiled
And myght the christen chirche there dwell on the
That on of them wales blynde and myght not se
But yt were hath the vewe of his mynde
Hath which mon ete when they be blynde
¶ Right was the same as yn the somere day
For which the constable and his wif also
And cristiane hane take the right way
To wayde the ee a forlong way or tewo
To pleyn and to jowen to and fro
And yn theyre wayte this blynde mon they mette
Joked and ofte with vowe fast y shette
¶ In the name of christe qued this blynde briton
Dame hermegilde yeve me my sight agayne
This lady was affraide of the same
Lorte that hyre hystonde shortly forte seyne
Wolde hyre for yhu christes love hane pleyne
Till cristiane made hyre bolde and bade hyre seyche
The will of christe as thought of his the riche
¶ The constable was a fraide of that sight
And bade what amonnyth all this fye
Cristiane answeyde sye it is christes myght
That helpith folke onto of the fende sighe
And so fellyth the gon onyo lay doithe
That the the constable or it was also
Comith and on christe made hym bilowe
¶ The constable was nothyng of that ylle
Of which y speke there y cristiane fonde

Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM: Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

But kepte it stongly many a seyrney yere
Vnder kynge Alla · kynge of all Northumberlonde
That was full wise and worthy of his londe
Against the Scottes as men may well here
But time y stoll against y stell to my matere
¶ Sathan that sayth yo wo to begile
Saw of cristaunce all the ysemblaunce
And aft anon he wyll wyrke hys wyle
And made a wyrge that sewe in that gowne
Lore hate & hote of fowle affectione
That wyrkyll hym thought he shulde spille
But he of hye wyrkt ouys hane his wille
¶ He worth hye · but it availeth nought
He wolde do no crime by no way
And for despite he compassed in his thought
To make hym on shamed with to day
He sawnth when the constable was at sey
And prikeh vpon it wyrkt he kepte
Into kemingilde that anyse was slepte
¶ Sey for sakeyng in hym orisone
Slepyth cristaunce and kemingilde also
This knyght thyrsty sathanas temptacione
All wetely is to the bedde y go
And cutte the throte of kemingilde a two
And leide the blody knyf by dame cristaunce
And went a way · these god yeme hym mystaunce
¶ Come lustyn this cowth the constable home a gayne
And eke alla that kynge was of that londe
And cangh his wif disponysh slayne
For which he wepte full ofte and wrynge his hondes
And in the bedde the blody knyf he fonde
By dame cristaunce alla wyst what myght he say
¶ To kynge alla was to lye all a way
And eke the tyme and wheye and in what wise
That in a ship was fonde this cristaunce
To be hadde ye before hedde doise
The kynge wepte of pite gan to arise
Wheen he might so comyne a gaynse
Full into grete disease and mys aventure

Man of law

¶ For as a lambe to day his doth is brought
So standith this innocent before the kyng
This false knyght that hath this holdyn wrongyt
Forthi kyng an hondis that sho hath don this thyng
But nithless there was gret mornyng
Amonge the peple. and ceyn they cannot gesse
That sho hadde don so gret a wickidnesse
¶ For they have seen kyng and cytyens
And lovyng hem mongis right as kyng lif
Of this bche witnes cryth in that hous
Save he that hem gilde slow with his knyf
This gentill kyng hath taught a gret motyf
Of this witnesse and thought he wolde enquere
Deppey in this matere a thonthe for to lere
¶ Alas instance thou hast no champyon
Se fight ainste thou nought a wolde ay
But he that stayes for oure lord improved
And bound Satyan that lieth there he lay
So be thy strongs champion this day
For but yif christ open his grete kyng
Without gilte thou shalte be slayne as sheep
¶ She cate kyng down on his knees and thus she cridde
Immortall god that diedest on a tree
Sho false blame and thou mercyfull ayde
Mayde y mone doughter to crye anne
Tyfore thyse childe. amongis dengis ostanne
Yif y be gilty of this felonye
Any dethe to or ellis shall y dye
¶ Have ye not seen oftentyme a pale face
Amongis a piece of gyn that hath be lade
Ye sayd this wolde where as gyn gate no grace
And sichs a colour in his face hath hadde
Yen myght ye see his face that was be stadde
Amongis alle the faces in that place
So stante christanne and lokyth kyng adrede
¶ O. Queenes lovyng in yerte
Duchesses and ye ladies everychone
Habeyth on myth of kyng adrisse
An emperes doughter standith alone
She hath no knight to schewn to make kyng mone

O. Sloze Joiall that standeth in this dede
Seye bei thy fiendes at thy gate nede
¶ This Alla kynge hath such compassioun
As gentill hate is fulfilled of pite
That fro his yeen jan the teres doun
Wrote hastily to seche a lord is he
And vpi this knyght bold seyd hou that he
This Bonnian slough yet bold he also
Whom that he bold that shall be oure justise
¶ Aspinon bold Sapien with evangiles
Was sette and on this bold he swore anon
The gilty was and in the mene while
An hande hym onto vppon the neck lone
That doun he fele at once as a stone
And bothe his yeen hast onte of his hed
In sight of eiry body in that place
¶ Loys was hate in gentill audience
And seide thou hast disclaundered gilteless
The knight of holy church in hyght presence
This hast thou don and yet holde y my pees
Of this medeille right was atte the pees
As mad folke they stonden eiryone
For dede of Sapiens sitte tristance alone
¶ Sete was the dede and eke the jo juntance
Of them that hadden spoke suspecioun
Upon this oly innocent tristance
And for this mysdede vn conclusioun
And by tristances mediacyoun
The kyng and many other in that place
Comitid was thankid by tristes grace
¶ This false knyght was stirne for his gilt myth
By jugement of Alla hastely
And yet tristance had of his deth grete myth
And at this the of his mercye
Made Alla wedden colenpuisye
This holy maide that is hight and shone
And this hath tiste made tristance a Queene
¶ But who was rehelle yif y shall not sho
Of this wedding but Dorigulde and no mo

Man of law's tale

The kynges mody full of tyranny
hym thought hym cursedly he bade it be so
He wolde not hym conne hatte ne do
hym thought a dispite that he shulde take
So stronge a lordship to his make
We list not of the chaffine of the fee
makeen ne longe a tale as of the cozen
That shulde y tell of the jolynete
At the marriage or which comes goth before
Swho bloweth in a trumpe or in an horn
The sport of any tale is for to lery
They eten and drynken and daunce and synge and pleye
They goon to bedde as it was skill and right
For though that ever folk be full holy thynkis
They moste take in pacience at nyght
Such manye necessaries as belongeth to wyves
Anyth folke that hadde wedded thow anyth wyves
And lay a little hevyr hevynes a while
As for the tyme it may no better be tide
On hym he begate a knave child anon
And to a bisshop and to his constable eke
He toke his wif to kepe when he was gon
To Rome and bad his sonne for to wake
Wolde fare custance that is so humble and meke
So longe is go with child till that fille
She holdeth hym chambre a bidyng ryghtes skille
The tyme is com a knave child she bere
Mauricius at fontfon they hym calle
The constable unto anyth com a messenger
And wrote to his kynge that rewyd was alle
How that this blissfull tydynges is falle
And eke yf wyll tydynges for to lery
He taketh his letter and forth he goth his way
The messenger to don his avantage
Unto the kynges mody yedith anyth
And salueth hym full fere in his langage
Madame yor he wendy be glad and blith
And thanke god an. c. thousand sith
My lady the queene hath child sythence yonte
To joy and blisse to all this reigne a bonte
So bere the lyfe keeper of this thynge
That y not bere in all the hasty wendy

yif ye shall aright to youre sonne the king
Y kid youre childrenne and shall be myght and day
Donagilde answerede as noble at this tyme wedy
Put here all myght ye shall thou take thy lost
To morowe shall y day the shall my lost
¶ This messangere departede sodely also and syne
And stolen away his letter priuely
Out of his fore as he slepte and away
And counterfeted was full subtilly
Another letter wrought full craftily
Unto the kynge directe of this matere
Fro his constable as ye shall after here
¶ The lord sente the queene delyuered was
Of a doughter and faynly nothinge
What in the difficult ways and hardy was
That any childe must therein endure
The moder was an elf by aduenture
Y conn by charmes and by sorcerie
And every knight hatted hym companye
¶ So was this kynge sorowe be thys letter had seyne
Put to no knight he told his secrees more
Put of his owne hande he wrote agayne
Welcome the sonde of god for evermore
To me that nowe am leyned in this lore
Lorde welcome be thy lust and thy pleasance
My lust y putte all in thyn ordynance
¶ Keepe this childe all be it foule or fayre
And eke my wyf myn hom comanynge
Trust schon hym lif may endure me and heyre
More agreeable thon this to my lykynge
This letter he taketh priuely keepynge
Which to the messangers was tako done
And finally he saith there is no more to done
¶ O. messangere fulfilled of drunkennesse
Strange is thy breth thy lymmes stakyen ay
And thou be reyst all slepynesse
Thy mynde is lost thon gangest like a jay
Thy face is turned into a nedre a jay
Thy drunkennesse segnifyeth in every poynte
There is no conseil hidde wythouten poynte

Quid tyrrebiose nimium
more. Hemor mocatur qui
pri. filia vini. Ira vero calida
mens aliena fit. furens
transformatur. nullus. n
latet secretum vbi bibitur
abundanter

Wyllm of Lacke

O. Donagilde I haue none englisshe digne
Into thy malice and to thy tyranny
And therfore into the fende I the resigne
Lette hym endite of thym thaytorye
Thy mainyssche. fy. o. by god I hye
Thy fendelich spirite for I am skeff telle
Thought thou hye stalle thy spirite is in helle
This messanger comith fro the kynge ageyne
And at his wordes comyn he a lighte
And the state of this messangere fill ferye
And presente hym in all that one wrighte
He stande and seit his gyrdill vnder pighte
He stepith and he fiezzith in his gise
All wright till the sonne gan a rise
Esto seyen the lettres stolen anywhone
And counterfeted lies in this wise
The kynge commaundith the constable anone
Vpon peyne of hangyngi and on hight iuise
That he shilde cuffie in no wise
Distaunce in his reigne for to a bide
Astiy. thre dayes and a quartey of a tide
But in the same ship as he hym fonde
Hym and hym yonge sonne and all hym geye
He shilde putte hym and gonde hym for the londe
And charge hym that nedis esto the con theye
O. my distaunce skeff may thy goste hane feye
And stepyng in thy deme be in penaunce
Sygan Donagilde rapt all this ordynaunce
This messangere on morwe se seyen that he sacke
Into the castell holdith the neyte sey
And to the constable he the lie toke
And seyan that he this lettre sey
Fiff ofte he ride alas and welaway
For thise yll he hoes may this worlde endure
So fill of crime. is many a doutyne
O. mygthi god yif it be thy wille
Sith thou art rightfull iuiggo how may it be
That thou woldist cuffie innocentis to spille
And wicked folke to reigne in prosperite

Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM: Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

Man of sadye

Alas good christanne & ye is me for the
That y mot be thy trumentowns or elle seye
Oh shame fill dethe they is none other seye
¶ They seyen to the yonge and olde in that place
When the kynge this cynsed he cente
And cristanne with a sedfy vaile face
The iiij. day to seyd the thrij the sente
But nathelee the tuffith in good entente
The crist of crist and kneling on the kyneso
The ride lorde ay welcome to thy cuzo
¶ He that kepte me fro the fals blame
While y dede in the londe amongs yoe
He alle me keye fro hayne and dede from shame
In the erthe see all thought y do not hoe
Ne stonge ne ende he dede yet is ho noe
In hym trust y. and in his woeye deys
That is to me my shilde and eke my steye
¶ Hye little childe lay sterrynge in hye ayne
And kneling pitously to hym the caide
Dees little sonne y dow so the none hayne
With that hye kerchief onis hye hede she laide
And onis his little veen she it heide
And in hye ayne she lullith it full fast
And vnto heven vp hye veen she cast
¶ Wofey yet the and wylde bright wyte
Sothe is that thyngh romane eggement
Mankynde dede lozn and dumpned ay to dye
For the which thy childe dede on the crosse sent
The kissfull veen daugh till his trument
Then is thers none compassion betweene
Thy do and any do that man may kystone
¶ Then daugh thy childe sterne to forn thym veen
And yet lieth noe my little childe pitty
Noe lady bright to whom all wofull chen
Thou glorie of rommanhode then fine mytty
Then heven of jesu to bright steye of thy
Rede on my childe that of thy gentilnesse
Rebist on thy redefull vn distresse
¶ O little childe what is thy gilte
That neide thoughtist thyne is yet paydo

Sothy dede thym

Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

Man of latte

Sygh sorrow thyn harde fadyr have spite
O· maydo dere trustable qdrspe
Alette my litte child dwelle here with the
And yif thou dayst not kepe hym from blame
Go bro hym onco in his fadyr name
There with she lokyd backe wyde vnto the lande
And wide fare well hymselfe pitylesse
And vp she rysyth and walkyth down the stronde
To wards the ship hym fol[lowe]yd all the prese
And ayle the pyrate to holde his pese
And talkyth hym lere and with hir holy entente
She blessyth hym and into ship the went
Vitaylyd was the ship it was no drede
Habundantly for hym full longe space
And other necessaryes that shuld do nede
She had y nowe leyed by goddis grace
For wynde and weth[er] almyghty god pryche
And bryng hym hom y can no lette sey
Put in the see the dyrbyth fyrth hym bey
Alla the kynge comth hom one day thyd
Vnto his castell of the which y told
And asketh where his wyf and his child is
The constable gan a lonte his hed to colde
And playnly all the matte he hym told
Lo ye hane harde y can tell yon no lette
And shewed the kynge his death and eke his lette
And wide lorde as ye commandyd me
Vpon peyne of dethe to hane y do certeyne
This messangers trymmed with the
Moste be nowe and tell plat and playne
Fro nyght to nyght in what place he had leyne
And thus by wit and subtill enqueryng
Vndryne was by whom this hapnyd dyd springe
Who hande was knowe that the lette wrote
And all the venym of this cursed dede
Put in what verse certaynly y note
The effecte is this that alla onto of drede
His wedy slough that man may playnly rede
For that the traytour was to kynge liegeance
This wide wolde bondyl with mysthaunce

Wan of lacke

¶ The wrede that thio hild myght and my
wykkid for hio syn, and hio childe also
There is no tonge that it telle may,
But rode be y stoll to constance go
That flotith in the see in peyne and wo
v. yere and more as litel cruse onde
Ey that hym Schip a proche vnto londe
¶ Vndey an hethyn castell at the last
Of which the name in my texte nat nyght y fynde
Constance and eke hym childe the see vp cast
Almyght god that ordind all man kynde
Hane on constance and on hym childe com mynde
That sitti on is in hothenlande esto one
Yn poynte to spille as y shall telle you one
¶ Dum fo the castell comth there many a knight
To gate hym on on thio schip and on constance
But sho thy fo the castell on a nyght
The lorde stinsch god yeue hym myschance
A thef that gate yenyed ouyd ejectance
Came into the schip alone and wide he shilde
Hym lemmatin be whethy he wolde or nolde
¶ Ho wate the wepeed sho mitin begon
Hym childe cried and sho cried sproustly
But blissfull mat is hatpe hym right a nost
For drith the stynge bring dell and myghtely
The thef fell onto the lorde all wodnly
And in the see he deyit for wodnesse
And thus hath crist ordenned constance
¶ O. fulo list of lecherie lo thyn ende
Nought only thou fernest nutnnys mynde
But verily thou dotte thio body shende
The ende of thy deyte or of thy lustis blynde
So complaynyng. hon. many. on inter nidn frynde
That nat for the deyte com tynd. but for the entente
To done this synne hon erthly shoyn or shente
¶ Hon indy this sterlid dommatin hane the steyngth
Hym to defende aperne thio jene gate
O. solicis vnnyssitable of leyngth
Hon myght dind make the see mate

O. extrema libidinis
exercitio. ñ. cō. mere
effectuat ex corpore
euenuat amp egritudo
pedor et pentitencia pleo

So yonge and of

inches 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
cm 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19
Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

Jan of Lacke

So wrongs and of a ryme so desolate
Non dyst the lore on thy dredfull face
Well may men deem it ease but godis grace
Who vate hydith courage and hardynesse
To sle hym dyrfyne in his tente
And to delme onte of vnyeadynesse
The people of god. y dy for this entente
That right as god. Sprite of vigor lente
To hem and David hem onte of mysthanne
So lente he myght and vigor to cristanne
Fynyth forth hym thy thynghonte thenepede mostth
Of Jubaldye. and tepte. dyvyng alle day
Contryme left and contryme north and south
And contryme eft fyll many a every day
Till cristis moder blessed be the ay
Hath shapen thyngis hym endlee godnesse
To make an ende of alle hym hedynesse
Noe let os stynte of cristanne but a thyde
And speke ere of the romayn emprour
That onte of syrye hath by lettres knowe
The slaughtis of cristen folke and dishonour
Done to his knyght by a false traytour
Mene the cursed wicked sadynesse
That at the fasto lete slo bothe more and lesse
For which this emprour hath conte anon
His senatour with poyll ordynance
And other lordes gode wote many on
On syrye to take venyance
They hem fleen. and bryngo hem to mysthanne
Full many a day. but shortly this is the ende
Romeward to rome they shapen hem to wende
This senatour journeyth with glorye
To romeward sailyng full joyfly
And mette the ship dryvyng with the storye
In which cristanne stood full pitously
Nothyng knewe he what she were nor why
She was in such aray ne she nolde sey
Of hym estate though she sholde dey
He bryngith hym to rome and to his wyf
He yaf hym and hym wrogo semyd aff
And with the senatour she lad hym lyf

Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM: Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

Man of lacke

Thus an one lady hynge onte of Rome
Rosynte Constance and many other moo
And longe tyme dwelte she in that place
In holy Cristis cite to Crist hyme grace
The Senatours sif hyme amite sadde
But for all that she ended hyme none the more
Sithe no langer time in this ado
But to hynge Alla of which I spake yore
That Deputy for his sif, and sighsith ofte
Sithe yetorne and lette I sitte Constance
Under the Senatours gouernance
Hynge Alla which that hath his mody starne
Upon a day sitte in suche pensiuenance
That vsf I shortly tellen shall and playne
To dome the counte to stayne his pensiuenance
And to pinne hym in the popes ordynance
In wrath and lacke and thus Crist bosynghte
For vebe hym his Cristed Cristes that he thynghte
The fame anon throughout the town is born
Hoste Alla hynge shall come vn. pilgrymage
Thy hayberons that Cristen hym biforn
For which the Senatour as it was vsage
Rode hym ageyne and many of his lynage
Rode fell to shewe his high magnyficence
Ro to dome my hynge a reuerence
Yete chaye makith this noble Senatour
To hynge Alla and he to hym also
Which of them doth other yete honour
And so befele that Crist vn a day or two
This Senatour is to hynge Alla go
To feste. and shortly vsf shall not lie
Constance onus Dame in his companie
Com man Dolde seyne that at the request of Constance
This Senatour hath lade this childe to feste
Y may not tell any circumstance
The ad be may he was vse at this feste
But ostly it is that at his a poyse feste
Therfore Alla dynyng the metis opere
The childe lokid in the hynges face

This Alla hynge

Wyn of lincolne

Sire Alla kynge hath of this childe yete wondey
And to the senatorys he sayde anon
Sythe is this same childe that standith yondey
Quiet ye lyse by god and by seynte John
A mayde he sayth but fadey sayth he non
That y of seyte but yet ye in a stonde
He tolde Alla yon the childe sayde forsonde
But godes yete yeth senatorys alle
Be witnes I lede in all my life
Ye sayde y nedey ye yes ye lede of me
Of worldly chyldren nedyd ne dyd
Y day well seyne hym yet lede on a knyf
Ye yuge onto the chyef tyran be ye sonnan sayde
They is woman conde bynge hym to that yrcke
Yet be sayde this childe ye like onto christenne
As possible is a qeatyn for to be
This Alla sayth the face yn remembrance
Of dame custance and the son musedye
Yet that this childe mydey seye aught the
That is his sayd and yrlely he sighte
And spek hym fro the table that he mighte
Dassly thought he the fantom is in my hede
Saught seme of sculfull gyrgement
Yet in the sayde se. my sayd is sede
And after sayde he made his agrement
Sayd seyte y yet trysta hene hym hedy saint
My sayd by see a sekele as he hym leine
To my tentye fro thence that yes seynte
And after none hom sayth the senatorys
Sonth Alla to be this wonder thynge
This senatorys sayth Alla yete honorye
And hastely he sente after custance
But trysty sayd hym lystnot to dance
Ether that yes sayd therfore sayd that conde
Yonneth yppon hym feet yes myght stonde
Ether Alla sayth his sayd hym yete
And sayte that it seyd yerth to be
For at the first loke he on hym sette
He knew he cerrey that it seyd yhee
And yes for qrete as sonne standith as it yee

So Dyd hym kepe that in hym rightwysnesse
Whan he remembred hys vnkyndenesse
Wherfore he sekonned in hys owne sight
He wepyth and hym exercysyth vrtonyth
Wherfore god of the and hys halowes bright
So sudyly on my soule hathe mercy
That of yonge herynne do gylty dwy
Do to vnkynd my dame lyke to yonge fyce
Ellles the fende fyle onte of thys place
Longe Dyd the wepyng and the wytty wyrlo
Et thatt thayo Dofyll hayth my ryghtwysnesse
Hete Dyd the pyte for to heye them pleynyo
Dynnyth Dyd pleynttes gan thayo to enquere
Verrey yon all my labonye to lerere
Mety not tell thayo Do wyll to morowe be
And Dayre for to Dyde of sorowe
Fyll fynally when the dette is dust
That alla gyltes Dyd of hym Do
Thorowe an hundyd tymes ten they kyst
And made a trysse to betwene them tho
That ever the joy that lastyth ever mo
Thayo is none lyke that ony creatyre
Hathe Dyd or shall Dyll the Dorlde may endure
Tho prayde the hym thynkonde mekely
Jn jalesyll of hym longe vrtonyse wyrne
That he Dolde pray hym ffrydy generally
That of hys mysgyste he Dolde enchyno
To Dolchesses Dym day Dyth hym to dyno
The prayde hym eke he Dolde by no Dwy
Vnto hym ffrydy no Dorde of hym say
Dom men Dolde seyne how that the thylde mynyce
Dyth thys message vnto the Emporye
Jn dey gesse alla Dyd not do mee
To hym that Dyd of so glorye honoure
Do he that is of cristen folke the flowre
Dente ony thylde. but it is bet to dowe
He Dwerte hym self and do it may Dell seme
This Emporye hath graunted gentylly
To come to dynner to he hym besyngyll
And Dell tell he lokyth besyly

Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM: Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

Wyf of Bathe

husbondes at the chirche dore haue y wedded fiue
yis y & ofte wyzis haue wedded be
And all wyse worthy men in thayr dayes
But me wo tolde not longe agoon yes
that crist wente nere but ones
to wedding in the time of Cana
that by the same ensample taught he me
that y wedded shulde be but ones
Lo he ryse whan a ryuer wo for the wonys
Wyse a staff syn god and maid
Spake in reprefe of the Samaritan
Thou hast had v. husbondes and he
And that ne man that hath me be the
Is not thyn husbonde he wide cayteyne
Wheron that he meane therby y alle wonyd seyne
But that y aske why that the v. man
Was not husbonde to the Samaritan
How many wyzis shu haue in mariage
But yet herde y none tell in myn age
Of the nombre diffinycion
Men may deuyen and glosen vp and down
But wed y wote expresse withouten lie
God bade vs to wexe and multiplie
that gentill texte can y well vndestonde
For well y wote that my husbonde
Shulde lef fader and moder and take to me
But of non nombre mencion made he
Of bigamie or of octogame
Why shulde men speke of it vilonie
Lo here the wise kynge Salamon
I trowe he had wyfis mo than on
As wolde god it lefull were to me
To be refresshed half so ofte as he
Which a yifte of god had he for all his wyfis
No man hath suche that noble a kynge is
God wote this worthy kynge lust to my wyfis
The first wyzis had many a merye lyfis
But eche of them so well was kynde a kynde
Blessed be god that y haue wedded fiue
Of which y haue pyked out the best
Bothe of bere hartes mys and of their chest

Wyves stoles makyn wide clothes
And wide practiks in many wyse
Makith the pfite man full wikyly
Of. v. hus wives stolyng and
Welcome the. vj. When that evie he shall
Wyll hym not forsake nothyng at all
When my husbonde is fro the World gon
Some cristen man shall wedde me anon
For the Apostle seith that I am fro
To wedde a godly wyff where it likith me
He seith to be wedded is no synne
Better is to be wedded then to brynne
What reckith me though men say vilonye
Of thise bigamyes and of his bigamye
Note well Abraham was an holy man
And eke Jacob as feyre as I kan
And eche of them had wives mo than two
And many other holy man also
Where can we in any manye of ago
That ever god forbidden marage
By expresse wordes I pray you tellith it me
Where commanded he virginite
Note as well as you it is no dede
The Apostle When he speketh of maidenhede
He wide thereof precepte had he none
Men may counsell a woman to be one
But counsell is not commandement
He puttith hit in oure owne jugement
For had god commanded maydenhede
Then had he damned wedding with the dede
And certis if there were no wede I dare
Virginite than where of should it growe
Dauid dust not commande at the leste
A thyng which his master yaf non heste
The date is sette up for virginite
Take who so may who so lusteth lest let
But this worde is not take of every wight
But there as god wolle yeve it of his might
Note well the Apostle was a maide
Nathelees though he wrote and conseide
He wolde that every wight were lye

Att nyw but comsaile to virgynite
And for to be a virgin he rede me lede
Of mysdyenne or it is not to yeppete
To red me rysf that my maist die
Withouten exceprion of virgynite
Att kepe it good woman for to tonche
He mente in his tex or in his conche
Ffor yeyett is fye and to be to assemble
Ye knowe what this ensample may yesemble
This is att and syn he hilde virgynite
More pfite than kerdynge in healte
Ffeallte ledye v but rysf that he and she
Sholde lede there lyf in chastite
Virgynite it kell v hedue none envie
Though maydenhode pfesse virgynite
It liketh hem to be clene in body and gost
Of myn estate v shell make no bost
Ffull well ye knowe a lorde in his howsholde
Hath not ony vessell att of golde
Som ken of the and som of tynne
God clepith to hym folke in diuerse wise
And eyrch hath of god a proper yifte
Som this. Som that. as hym lyst to shifte
Virginite is grete pfection
And continence eke with devocion
But this that of pfection is well
Bede not ony knight he shulde go well
Alle that he had and yeve it to the poure
And in suche wise folowen hym and his loure
He spake to them that wolden live pfitly
And lordynge by yonge lewe that and not y
Shell reflecte the flowe of att myn age
In the aires and in the fluyt of my viage
Tell me also to what conclusion
Were membres made of generacion
And of a pfite wise a knight v thought
Ffull light well they were not made for naught
Glose who a knight and cry lothe vp and down
That they were made for pugnacion

Dimera penna Gallett melior mor
lorici f f f

Of wyne and other thynges smale
Was ek to knowe a female from a male
And for none other cause say ye no
The experience knowe shall it is not so
So that the clerkes be not with me wroth
I say thus that they wed makeden for loth
That is to seye for office and for ease
Of engendrynge thy ye not yvel displease
Why shulde men elles in hyre boke sette
That man shalde yelde to his wif hyre dette
Now wherewith shulde he make his payement
If he ne used his oly instrument
Then seye they made upon a condicion
To multiplye wyne and ek for engendrynge
But I seye that ony thynge is holde
That hath ones hymselfe doon yow tolde
To go and yse them in engendrynge
Then men shulde take of chastite no cynge
Thus wed a maide and shapen it a man
And multiplye in holy wyse wed the world be gan
Yet lived they ech in perfite chastite
I nell enchace none virgin to wedde
Lette hym have wed of mayed wed
And lette wedowes wed oftyly wed
And yet with bigly wed · wyche tell can
Oure lorde Jhesu perfiet wed mayd man
In sinche estate to god hath cleped us
I shall yseide I am not precious
In chastiade shall I yse myn instrument
As fresly as my maker hath it sent
If I be daungerous god yeve me sorowe
My husbonde shall it have bothe at eve and also at morowe
Then that hym list come forth and paie his dette
An husbonde shall I have I shall not lette
Which shulde bothe my bodyne and my thralle
And have auctorite upon his flesche till
Upon his flesche the while I am his wif
I have the power duryng my lif
Upon his proper body and not he
Right the Apostle tolde it unto me

Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM: Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

The Wife of Bathe

And bade oure husbondes for to love vs ewell
And this sentence me liketh evyr deell
Ye shal the paydonge and that anon
Quoth dame by god and by seynte Johan
Ye be a noble prechour in this cas
I shal a tonto to shewe a sevyn a tale
Whan that I shulde I dide on my flesshe a dayes
Yette had I lenge shrewd husbondes
A bide yet sche my tale is not yet agonne
Way thou shalte drynke of a notheyr tonne
Er that I go shalt of anoure thyng tale
And when I gane tolde fynyth my tale
Of tribulacion that is in mariage
Of which I am expert in alle myn age
This is to seyne my self have be the whippe
Then mayst thou chose whether of thilke tonne
Of thilke tonne that I shall a broche
Be ware of yt er thou to myche a proche
For I shall tell ensamples mo than ten
Who so wolle not be ware by other men
By hym shall other men corrected be
Thise same wordes writeth Ptolomee
Rede in his almagest and take it there
Dame I wolde pray you yf your wille were
Sudd this pardoner and ye began
Telleth fyrst your tale withoute wan
And teche vs yonge men of your practike
Gladly quod sche and that it may you like
But that I pray to all this compayne
Yf that I speke after my fantasye
As taketh it not agrevyd that I am
For myne entent is but for to pleye
Now sire then wolle I tell fyrst my tale
As I shal drynke wyne ale
I shall by fyrst thise husbondes that I have
Xl. of them were good and ij were bade
The xl men were good and riche and olde
Unethe myght they the statute holde
In which they were bounden vnto me
Ye wote well what I mene of this parde
As helpe me god I lenghe when I thynke
How pitously a nyght I made hem swynke

Qui per vinum non corrigit
alij per ipsum corrigentur etc

Wife of Bathe

And by my feith I tolde of hit no foze
They had me yeven their lande and their tresoze
We nedid not do lengey diligence
To seyme their loue oz don hem yenence
They loued me wel by god above
That I ne tolde no deynte of their loue
A wise womman wil bisie hire ever in one
To geten hire loue their as she hath none
But with that I had them hole in my honde
And after that they had yeven me their lande
What shulde I taken keepe them for to plese
But yif it were for my profite and for myn ease
I sette them at a leyke by my fey
That many a nyght they songen wel lawey
The paten was not fat for hem I trowe
That som men have in Essex at Dunmowe
I gouned them wel and eke my lakke
That echo of them fill ill fill wel and fakke
To bringe me gay thyngis fro the fayre
They weren fill fierce when I spake to them fayre
For god it wote I chide them spitously
Now hereken how I bare me proudly
And I say ye wise wives that can understande
Thyn shulde ye speke and bisen them on hande
For halfed loiaulty can they no man
Sleye and lye as a womman can
I say this not by wives that ken wise
But if it be when they them myself wise
Wise wives if yif that ye can hire goods
Shall beye them on hande that the lakke is wode
And take wittnes of hire owne maide
Of hire assent but herkeneth how I saide
My olde husband this is thyn avaye
Thy is my fleisch bone wif so gay
She is honest and wise all thaye she goth
Out at hom I have no thynstr cloth
What doest thou at my fleisch bone house
Is she so fayre art thou so amorous
What doest thou at my fleisch bone house
My olde lechour let thy japis be
And yif that I have a gossip or a friende
Without gilte ye chiden as a fiende

inches 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
cm 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19
Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM: Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

Visi of Lathe

Yif that y walke or pley. Go to his house
Thou must hom as pouerni to a mouse
And pechist on thy bouche with evill yech
Thou dist to me that it is a gete unrech
To wedde a pore Doumiell for costage
And yif that the be riche of high parage
Thou dist than that it is a enjmentie
To suffre hise pride and hise mutrichie
And yif that the be fiye thou yo yey wedde
Thou dist that eiry holenje with hise hatte
She may no while in thastite a bide
That is hastif a stirled upon eche a side
Thou dist dim folke desiyen to for onje richesse
Dom for onje state and dom for onje fayrenesse
And dom for either the ahi bryng or drinke
And dom for hise gentilnes and dilicinke
Dem for hise handes and hise ajmes quitte
Thise gotth all to the deuill by thy title
Thou dist men may not kepe a castell wall
It may so longe be assailed onto all
And yif that the be poule thou dist that the
Dedeith eiry man. that the may so
For as a cattiwoll the wolf on hym lepe
Till that the frude dim man hise to reuse
Ne none so gay hose gotth they in the lake
So dist thou that wolde withoutten a make
And dist it is an hide thyng for to wolde
A thyng that no man wolde his thankis holde
Thus dist thou forsoll when thou gost to bedde
And that no wise man nedith for to bedde
No no man that entendith vnto hevon
With wilde thoughis zyut and fiyr lesson
Wette thy wicked necke be to hete
Thou dist that the zoppyng hous and eke smoke
And chidyng wifis make man for to flie
Onte these odine houses a benedicite
That calith riche and olde man for to ride
Thou dist the wifis will oure wicke hide
Till the lon fast and then the wolf thou shete
Well may that be a prodeyle of a shete
Thou dist thus eke that. oxen. asse. hors. and hounds

Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM: Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

Wife of Bathe

They ben assaide all thinne stonndes
Pasonis. Saphirs. and manie hem bye
Opones. Stones. and riche hynstondyne
And so ben rytes. clothes. and aray
But folke of Ebrise makyn none assay
Wille they syn Kedrist. olde holynde shrewe
And then dryst thou. the Scrift onye wyes shewe
Thou dryst also that thou disprisest me
But yfi that thou Scolde prise my beaute
And but thou pome all day vppon my face
And clepe me fayre dame in every place
And but thou make a feste on thilke day
That y Scule born and make me fresshe and gay
And but thou go to my stories honorye
And to my chamber Scrith yn my bonye
And to my ffadyes folke and his alies
Thus dryst thou olde barrell full of lies
And yet forsome a prentise senkyn
For his ryes here shynyng as golde fyn
And for he Squyre with me lothe ryd and dym
Yet last thou aright a fule disyeciom
I Scolde hym not thoughe he Screye dede to morowe
But tell me this. Why hidyst thou Scrith sorowe
The keys of thy chest alle day fro me
It is my good as Screll as thyn page
Scrit Screnest thou make all y Scrot of onye dame
Screde by that lorde that clepid is Seynte Jame
Thou shalte not lothe thoughe thou Screye Scrode
Be maistre of my body and of my gode
That on thou shalte for gon mange thynne yeen
I trowe thou Scoldyst lokke me in thy chest
Thou shuldyst Scy good Scrifi go Scheye the lest
Walkyng yonge disporte y Scolde lete no talies
I Knowe you for a trine Scrifi Adame Males
Scre loke no man that talkyng Scrye or chaffe
Of all men blessed be not ho so
That Scrise astrologien Dam Protholome
That Scrith this proverbe in Almagest
Of all men his Scrise dom is the best
Scry this proverbe thou shalte yn dorstande

Wisi of Bithe

have ye y nought that thy ye pedd or thyo
how meryly that other folks fryo
for certio olde dwelyd by yonge lewo
ye shall have merynte right y nedyth ittto dre
he is to gete a sygnyde that shall drynno
a man to light a candill at his lanterno
he shall wene hym the lasso light wyll do
hede thou y nought thou dyst not prayno the
thou dyst also yrsyde made yo gay
with clothyng or with precyous ayry
that it is pyll of oyno chastito
and yet with dredde thou mosto en forco tho
and by thise words in the a postles namo
in statute made in chastito and in shamo
ye wymmen shulde apparaylle yon nyt hee
and not yn tresses heeye and riche peyee
ne in perlee ne with golde ne clothes riche
after thy texte ne after thy rubyche
y shall not drezche ne unche the is a gult
thou dyst thyno y shalle onte like a fult
fyn dyd o shall change the cattis skynne
then shalde the cattis wello in his vynno
and yrsi the cattis skynne be stiko and gay
the shall not dwelle in house half a day
to sheepen hyo skynne and go a cattes gaddyd
a bit forth the shalde ey any day be dadyd
this is to dey yrsi y lo gay thy sheepio
y will jenne onte my forest for to sheepe
thy olde folo that helpyth the to espien
thought thou please dynno with his. q. yeen
gode my wad deorpo the he may lept
in fetth he shal not kepe me but yrsi my lost
yet could y make his leyde a mot y tho
thou dyst eke they syn tyrynno thyo
the which thynges trouble all this eyrthe
and no right may endure on the feythe
o. lere eye sheepe thin short thy lifi
yet preche thou and dyst all hatefull strifi
remenedyno for on of thyso my phamicas

Then they none other resemblaunces
That ye may lifed youre parables to
But wil I say sum of hem of tho
Thou likenyst wel eke wommans love to hell
To bayed lond where water may not dwell
Thou likenest eke to wilde fyr
The more it burneth the more it hath desyr
To consume every thyng that brent wol be
Thou art right as wormes shenden tree
Right so destroyen wyves men at nyght
This knowen they that ben to wyves bound
Lordynges right thus do ye herne understond
Thus seyd Salomon and olde bookes full of wisdom
That thus they seyden in their yonge daye
And all I do this to ye trewe witnesse
Of Jenkyn and of my dame also
God lorde the soule I did them and the so
Shall guilteless by gode reason pryse
And for I could of the lite and chyse
Could pleynte thought I seye in this gyse
Or elles oftentyme I had ben spilt
Also I wyll first to the mylle first go gyrnt
I pleyned first as ye have herd before
They seye fill glad to excuse thou have
Of thyngs of which they none guilty yn their lives
Of trechery I leye them in honde
Often that for gyle commeth wyght they stonde
Yet tricked I thus hast for that he
Shulde that I of him had do gyle to me
I swore that all my walkyng out by nyght
Was for to spye trechery that he dyght
Under the colour I had I made a wyfe
For all such thyngs have we in our life
Secrete chepyng sowyng God hath yeve
To women kynde while that they may leve
And thus of otherwyse I made a mynde
Atte the end I had the lord in chyde
By slaughte or by force or some manne thyngs

fulleye fleye neye
e put deus in mulieye

Wife of Bathe

As by contynuall mumyng or gnatyng
A day or two had they my fellawship
Ye wolde I chide and do them no plesance
I wolde no lengyr in the bed abide
Yf that I felt his thyne on my side
Till he had made his pawmysom vnto me
Then wolde I suffre hym do his nycete
And therfore every man this tale I telle
Wyne wolde no man for all is for to selle
With empty handes men may none haukes take
For spynnyng wolde I all his lust endure
And make him a fermeyr of my purse
And yet in bacon had I nyne delyte
That made me that I wolde hem chide
For though the pope had seten hem beside
I wolde not spare hem at thyne owne boke
For by my troutha I wyll tell thee myne entyre
So helpe me verray god omnypotent
Though I right now be wedded fyve sythe
I dare them not avowe that it was myne
I bought it as a lomb by my wytte
That they moste yeve it up to me for the best
Or elles had we nane ben in jest
For though the lawe grauntyth to vowe as a lawe
Yet shulde he fulle of high conclusyon
Then wolde I say gyve leaf lo talke here
Hen mekely lokyth wilkyn our shepe
Com nere my spouse let me ba thy cheke
Ye shulde be all patyent and meke
And have a sweete spyced conscyence
Sythe ye preche of jobes patyence
Suffyseth all thy fythers ye do wrong
And but ye be patyent we shulle you teche
That it is fayre a man to have a wife
Old of be a to most lerne wyttes
And sythe a man is more resonable
Than a woman is ye moste be suffrable
What wylyth you thus to gruche and grone
It is for ye wolde have my quenynte alone
We take it all lo have it every dele
Nay I shrewe you but ye love it wele
For yf I wolde sell my fayre chose
I could walke as fresshe as is the rose

Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM: Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

Wife of Bathe

But y shall seye it for your love and eke to the
ye be to blame by god y say yow so
Sith manye men have had me in honde
Quinus Wife Lo be thou y speke of my first husbonde
Wife My first husbonde was a ryche lombe
This is to say he had a pryvy wife
And y was yonge and full of jalousie
Stiborne and strong and joly as a pie
Well coude y dance and lye jolyf as a pie
And sing y wis as any nyghtyngale
When y had drunken a draught of swete ale
Metelyne the fyle also the ale
That shyth a stif burdon to his tayle
For the dank ale. thought y that he
He shulde not lane daunted me fro my drynke
For alle his ryne. on venus moste y thynke
For alle a ryne on venus moste y thynke
For alle as sikir as cold engendrith hayle
A lyoryne moeth moste have a lyoryne taille
In venerie vnfelyt is none defaute
This knowen lechyne by experiaunce
But lord crist but when it remembrith me
Upon my youth and upon my jolite
It tickeleth me aboute the hart to rote
Unto this day it doth myn hart bote
That y have had my world as in my tyme
But age alle that alle shall fade
Hath me bereft my beaute and my pyte
Let it go fare fell the devyll go they sith
The flowe is gon there is no more to telle
The bren as y best may now the mow y dwelle
But yet to be right merry shall y fonde
Wife Quinus Lo the shall y telle of my. iij. husbonde
I tell y had in hate gyte dyfyne
That they of me other had delite
But he was quyt by god and by sayne jone
Y made hym of the same shode a crone
But certaynly y made folke such cheere
That of my body in no foule manere
That in his own grece made hym fryse
For angre and for verrey jelosie
For which y hope his soule be in glorie

ff for the more yuel

ff hay gyme

By god in erthe

Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM: Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

The Wyf of Bathe

By god me thye I seyde to his purgatorie
for god it knowe he oftte sithe oftte and longe
Seyen that here the sithe bitterly hym longe
They seyde no right save god and he wist
In many a wise hon ore I hym to wist
He wedde when I come fro jerusalem
And lieth in his grave vnder the rode beem
Alle is his tombe not of curious
As is the sepulture of hym Sarrions
Which that Appelles wrought subtelly
It is but wast to bere hym preciously
Let hym fare wel god rede his soule good pest
He is now here in grave and rest in his chest
Now sire of my · iij · husbonde wolle I telle
God let his soule nevre come in helle
And yet seyde he to me the mosie syke
That sele I nowe on my ribbes alle I seke
And ene shalt vnto myn endyng day
Sitt in one bed he seyde sitt fresshe and gay
And therewith also wel conde he me glose
Whan that he wolde have my bele chose
Thoughe he had bete me on ev'ry bone
He conde wyn agayne my loue anone
I trowe I loved hym best for that he
Was of his loue so daungerous to me
We wommen have I that I shalle not lie
In this matter a quia vult fallere sio
Wante what thyng we may lightly have
Therefore a ston we crie alle day and gaye
For bede we a thyng · and that desyen we
Forbede vs a thyng · and that desyen we
Wyth daunger yittey we alle one chaffare
Gyete prece at the market makith dere ware
And to gete therewith is hoste at litte wyne
Thus wyth ev'ry man that is wise
Wy · iij · husbonde god hym wolde blesse
Which I trowe for loue and for no richesse
He wolde wyve a clerke of Oxenford
And had left school and wolde at hom to bord
With my gossible dwellyng in oure toun
God save hym and his wife his name was Alisoun
She knew me myn herte and eke my pryvete

Tertius maritus

Secretis secretorum secretis secretis

Quartus maritus

The wife of Bathe

Yet thanne oonce prayshe yeff ye wolt y thee
To shrive me speede y my counseile atte
ffor had myn husbonde pissed on a staff
Or doon a thyng that shuld hane cost his lyff
To shrive and to a nonnes sooth y sayde
And to my vicaire. Which that y loved well
I tolde hane tolde his counsaile ony dell
Thanne made his face fulle ofte red and hote
And y did fulle ofte god it bote
ffor wyfes shame and blamed hym also that he
Had tolde to me a gyle a priveete
And so bifalle that oones in a lente
So ofte time y to my gossip wente
ffor che yet y loved to be gay
And for to walke yn mayes. Aprill. and May
ffro house to house to here olde wyves tales
That yaf kyd thanne and my gossip dame Alys
And y my cattes into the feldes wente
myn husbonde was at london all that lente
I had the better leysy for to pleye
And for to walke and eke for to seye
Of lusty folke. What shuld y thee my gyle
Shape why for to be or in what yle
Therfore y made my visitacions
To vigiles and to processions
To prechyng eke and to thise pilgrymages
To plays of miracles and to mariages
And wered upon my gay scarlet gites
These wyves wyste nothing what mytes
Upon my kirtle whiche gyte they were a dell
And wyst thou why for they shyne ful bell
Nowe wolde y telle thee yf ye wolde here
Y say that in the feldes walkyng he
Thus myn husbonde had mischeve and sorwe
Thus walke and y what of my pryvetee
Y spake to hym and so befell thee
Thus that y shuld make husbonde he shuld be
ffor certain y say for non lobaunes
Yet was y neve withouten jeloysie
Of marriage ne of other thynges eke
I holde a mouse gnawe not worth a leke

The wife of Bathe

Yet thanne oure prynce prayse I not / for
To hyre he ryeldy my counseyle all
For had myn husbonde pryde on a staff
Or wyd a thyng that myn lyf have cost his lyf
To hyre and to a notbry for thy lyf
And to my face. Which that I lowe best
Yf I olde have tolde his counseyle and my rest
That made his face full often red and hot
And I did full ofte good it hot
For wyfhed fayne and blamed hym oft that he
Had tolde to me a gyle a prive to
And I bifale that ones in a lente
So ofte tyme I to my gossyb wente
For ene yet I loved to be gay
And for to walke yn wyche. daynte. and wanty
Fro house to house to heye and many tales
That yanke yn stelle and my gossyb name ales
And I my self into the feldes wente
Myn husbonde was at london all that lente
I had the better leysy for to pleye
And for to see and eke for to be seye
Of lusty folke. What wyst I where my grace
Shuld be for to be or in what place
Therfore I made my visitacions
To vigiles and to processions
To prechyng eke and to thyse pylgrymages
To plays of mirakles and to mariages
And wered upon my gay scarlet gites
These wormes that moth ne thyse mytes
Upon my ryn a pryde hate they neme a dell
And wost thou why for they seyen me well
Yet wolde I swere I lyed yf I sey
I care not how long it be ere I pay
Yf I may
Yet I have a gyle in my purpaymes
Yet I have a gyle and I shall of my purpaymes
I spake to hym and sayde he that he
Yf that I walke wydowe he shulde wed me
For certeyn I say for non lovere
I lyve that I nere husbondes fyve
Of mariage ne of other thynges eke
I holde a mouse hate not worth a leke

That hath but

Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM: Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

I folde hir by myn auctoritee
By virtue of my toun[e]lliacoun
That made me I sholde not sitte in chaire
Ayn chambre of wemmes conn[e]ynge fair
Yet have I my wyf mete vpon my fare
And also in a nothey wise preche
For god wot thrifty be my estate
Lerid I nere by no disputeson
But ere folde bet myn appetite
Alle kepe be short longe stalk or white
Lord no kepe a that he likid me
Hon wrote he also ne eke of what degree
What shulde I dele but at the monthes ende
This jolly clerk wyn that was a frende
Hath married me with grete solempnyte
And to hym yaf I alle the londes and fe
That ever was me yeue therfore bifore
But afterward me repentid full sore
He nolde suffre nothing of my list
By god he smote me once with his fist
On the eheke for I rent one of his bokes a leef
That of that stroke myn eye was all deef
Stiffere I was as is a lionesse
And of my tonge a verey jangleresse
And walke I wolde as I had don biforn
From hous to hous all though that he had it forn
For which he oftime wolde preche
And me of olde romayne gestis teche
How Simplicius Gallus left his wif
And ryse forsoke everyn for alle his life
Nought but for openhed he bide stif
Lokyng one at his yere upon a day
A nothey romayn tolde he me by name
That for his wif was at Corinthe game
With oute his wetyng he forsoke hise eke
And then wolde he upon his bible seke
That ilke proverbe of ecclesiaste
Where that he commaundith and bidith faste
Men shulde not wyve hir wif to go pilgrimaye
Thus wolde he seyn sittynge in his chaire
Who that bildith his hous all with stalwe
And pickith his wife hors onto the fillwe

And suffrith his wif

Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM: Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

Vita of Bathe

And confyeth his Sarf to ake halowes
yo Worthy to be hanged on the galowes
But all for naught y ette it not at an hawe
Of all his proverbis ne of his olde ownes
Ney wolde not of hym correcyon be
I hate hym that of my wrow telle me
And o god wote so mo of so than y
This made hym with mo wood all wittily
I wolde hym forbeye in no cas
Wolde wolle y ay yon ostes by seynt thomas
Why that y yeint onte of his loke a leef
For which he smote mo so that y am reef
He had a loke that gladly myght and day
For his disporte he wolde yede alway
Herkynd it valeye and theofaste
Atte the which boke he longh alway full fast
And eke there was a clerke oun tyme a rome
A taverniere that lyght seynte jerome
That made a boke against jovynian
In which boke eke there was tertulian
Crisippus. trotula. and helowys
That was abbesse not fey fro paris
And eke the parables of salomon
Ovides art and bokes many on
And all thise were bonde in one volume
And every nyght and day was his custume
When he had leyser and vacacion
From other worldly occupacion
To rede on this boke of wicked wives
He knew of them mo legendis and lives
Than of good wives in the bible
For trusteth well it is an impossible
That any clerke wolle speke of good wives
But yif it be of holy seyntes lives
Ne of none other women never the mo
Who wryteth the bryd tell me who
Why god yif women had wryten stories
As clerkis have within hyre oratories
They wolde have wryten of men more wickednesse
Than all the marys of adam may redresse
The children of mercurye and of venus
Feble in hyre working full contrarius
Mercurye loveth wisdom and science

Wife of Bathe

And venus lovyth joye and dispence
And for here sake dispersion
Che fulleth in otheres exaltacion
And thus god knowe mercyne is replete
In wysse when venus is exalte
And venus fulleth there mercyne is pysed
Therfore knowyn of no clerke is preised
The clerke when he is olde and may naught do
Of venus werkes worth his olde sho
Then sittith he down and writith in his wrytyng
That wymmen cannot keye there mariage
But nowe to purpose why that I wolde tho
That I was sete for a wife yaye
Syrwn a nyght yaukyn that was onys
Rode on his hors as he sitte by the wys
Of ye first that for hym wickednesse
Wolde lye manykynde knight to werthynesse
For which that kyn kynge harn sayde
That knight wes with his hate blode it gayne
To here ayr pesse of wymmen may ye fynde
The yaude he me hon wymmen lost his heyde
Slepyng his lemman kut hit with hys wheyes
Thynge which person lost he lothe his reen
The yaude he me wyf I shall not heen
Of ercules and of bramyne
That ansed hym to sette hym alle fyre
Nothyng forgate he the crede and the ire
That cocates had with his wifis tedo
Hon exantipa cast pysse upon his hede
This ally man sitte still to he wyse dede
He wypte his reen no more dust he wyn
But ey that the thynnyge stynt there comth a peyne
For the wednesse hym thought the tale sete
Fy quod no more it is a gusty thynge
Of hys horribles lust and hys lykynge
Of philimytra for hys lechery
That falsly made hys husbonde for to die
He yaude yit fulle good reborsion
He tolde me eke for what occasion
Amphiorax at thebes lost his lyf

The Wife of Bathe

Wyn husbond hadde a legende of his wife
Phillomene that for an ounce of golde
Hadde prively unto the Jewes tolde
Where that hise husbonde hadde hym in a place
For which he hadde at ones a deye grace
Of Iynna tolde he me and of Iune
They bothe made hise husbondes for to die
Hadde on for love that other Iason for hate
Iynna hise husbonde upon an even late
Empoysoned hadde for the Iason hire fo
Iuna likewise lewedly hise husbond so
For that he wolde alday upon hise thynke
She yaf hym such a maner love drynke
That he was dede or it were a morwe
And thus alle thise husbondes hadde a sorwe
Then tolde he me how that Satymenes
Complyned unto his felawe Jupynes
That in his gardyn growed ful fine a tre
On which he wolde how that his wife fre
Hanged hem self for hatrie despitious
O lewed Jupiter wel thise thynges
Yede me a plaite that ilke tre
And in my gardyn planted shall it be
Of latter date of wifes hath he yed
That wolde hane stryne hise husbondes in their bed
And lette hise lemanes dight hise all the nyght
When the poore lay dede in the stres upright
And wolde hane deyed narlie in theye hatrie
Whiles that they slepe and thus they hane them stryne
Wolde hane yede them poison yn theye drynke
He spake more harme than herte may thynke
And there with al he kiedde of mo yvelnesse
Than in this worlde growen gresse or herbes
Better is qd he thyn habitacyoun
Be with a lyon or with a foule dragoun
Than with a woman usyng for to chide
Better is qd he hide in the corne to abide
Than with an angry wife down in the house
They ben so wicked and so contrarious
They hate that hise husbondes love ay
He seide a woman cast out hise chase alway
When she cast of hise shoes and fynd her mo

Sepe etenim multer quem
commix dilight odit eos

A fuyre Sonnuan but she be that also
Is like a Goldyngi on a Sarsis nose
Who Sholde lere or Who Sholde cursse
The So that Sato in myn herto and pyno
And Sheen y saugh he Sholdo neno frite
To lede on his cussed bold all mysyt
And Sodenly · my · lesis hane y plyght
Onte of his bokes right as he jad and eko
Y smite my fist a tolo hym on the chako
That in onso fuyre he fell bakward a domm
And he up stert as with a Sode lyon
And Sitth his fist he smote me on the hede
That in the flore y lay as y Seys dede
And Sheen he cry hon stiff that y lay
He Sato a gast and Sholde hane fled a Sway
Till at the last onte of my Sswonn y bleide
O · gast thon stayns me fals thesi y seide
And for my lan to thus gast thon mysthyd mo
Or y be dede yit Sosse y kysse tho
And nere he came and kicled fayn adomd
And seide seye Onsty Alisonn
As helpe me god y Sholl the nene ouyte
That y hane don it is thy ressi to Sayte
For rede it me and that y the lesethe
And yet este Sones y hitte hym on the chete
And seide thesi thus mocho and y a Sjaklo
Yeke a Sholl y die y may no lenger Sprekko
But at the last Sitth mocho aye and Sso
Sie fele tarrid ketheen to ressen tedo
He yasi me all the bridoll in myn hondo
To hane the gouernance of honso and londe
And of his tongo and his honde also
And made hym bien his koko anon right tho
And Sheen that y had goten vnto me
Thy mastis all the sonayte
And that he seide myn ostno tyme Sesi
To his the lisi the tyme of all thy lisi
Kepe thyn honome and eko myn estato
And astin that dry Sse had nene debato
God habe me so y Sato to hym as hynde
As eny Sesi so demuto in to yuto
And all so tyme and so Sato he to me
I pray to god that sitth in magisto

Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM: Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

The Wife of Bathe

So blesse my soule for my merry dayes
Wolde I speken a word or two or three
The Frere lough whan he had herd all this
Wolde dame ysoldes I have youre joye or blis
This is a long preambule of a tale
And whan the Somnour hadde the Frere gale
Quod he the Somnour for goddes bones lete be
A fayre speche cast thou to me
I am a man as other men is
But sooth shall in my dispite and in mirthe
Whan I have dronke ale ryght thus of preambulacioun
Whan drunkelew · or slot · or pisse · or go out a doun
Then lattest of oure disport in this maniere
Ye shall then a Somnour ysoldes the Frere
Wolde by my faith · I shall a tale or two
That all the folke shall laughe in this place
Wolde elles Frere I beshrew thy face
Quod this Somnour and I beshrewe me
But yf I tell tales · ij · or thre
Of Freres as I am a trowe alle dayes
That I shall make thyn herte to morne
For sooth I trowe thy patience is gone
Our hoste cryed pees and that anone
And seide let the Wommen telle hir tales
Ye fare as folke that dronken ben of ales
Do dame telle forth your tale and thou that is best
Alle redy sir quod she right as you lest
Yf I have licence of this worthy Frere
Yes dame ysoldes · telle forth and I shall your here

Hic finit prologus Vxoris de Bathe
Et hic incipit fabula Vxoris de Bathe

In olde dayes of kynge arthoure
Of whom that Britons speken great honoure
All was this londe fulle of faerie
The elf quene with her ful compaine
Dauncedde full ofte in many a grene mede
This was the olde opinion as I rede
I speke of many hundred yeres ago
But now can no man see no more

Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM: Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

For nowe the grete charite and prayeres
Of limitours and of other holy freres
That walken in every londe and every stremes
As thicke as motes in the sunne beme
Blessyng halles chambres kitchens and boures
Citees. Burghes castels and high towres
Thorpes barnes shepenes dayries
This makith that there ben no fayries
For there as wont walke was an elf
There walkith the limitour himself
In undymes and in morowenynges
And seith his matyns and his holy thynges
As he goith in his limytacioun
Women mowe go safly up and doun
In every bushe or undy every tre
There is none other incubus but he
And he nill do them no dishonour
And it befell that this knyght arthour
Had in his house a lusty bachelere
That on a day comyng fro the rivere
And happned that alone as he wold ryde
He caught a maide walkyng him beside
Of which maide anon maugre hire he
By verrey force he rafte hire maidenhede
For which oppression was such clamour
And such pursuite to kyng arthour
That dampned was this knyght for to be dede
By ryghte of lawe and shulde have lost his hede
Paraventure such was the statute tho
But that the queene and other ladies mo
So longe prayden the kyng of grace
Till that he his lif graunted in that place
And yaf him to the queene all at hire wille
To chese whether she wold him save or spille
The queene thanked the kyng with all hire myght
And after this thus spake she unto the knyght
When she caught hire tyme on a day
Thou standest yet qd she in such a pay
That of thy lif yet hast thou no sikerte
I graunte the lif yif that thou canst tell me
What thyng is it that women most desiren

Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM: Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

ye Seye and kepe thym neere fromwyen
And yif thou must not tell it a non
yet Sholt y pite the lift for to gon
A. xij. and on day to Serve and leye
An amyse leye sufficiently in this matere
And one pte Sholt y lane ej that thou pisse
thy lodie for to reiden in this place
So Sato this knight. and Sorofully he sikith
But he may not do all as hym likith
And at the last he chase hym for to Sende
And com aren right at the reyes ende
With suche amyse as god Sold hym yn seye
And takith his leve and Sewdut fiyth his Seye
he sekith eiry house and eiry place
Where he hopith to fynde his grace
To leyne Sthat thyng Sthymmen loven moste
But he wide it yiven in no coste
Sheye as he my gyt fynde in this matere
Sto neithyes accordyng in feye
Som seiden Sthymmed love best yiche
Som seide honoure Som seide gothynesse
Som seide riche array Som seide lust a bedde
And oste tyme to be Sleepe and Sledde
Som seide that one he pte is most eise
Sthen that Sie be flatte yd and pleased
he gotth fulle myst the oth y Sholt not lye
A man shall Sthym be best Sith flatte
And Sith attendance and Sith besynesse
Sten Sie lymed bothe more and lesse
And som seide that Sie love best
For to be fre and do right as be best
And that no man ye yde be of one aco
But ey that Sie be Sio and nothyng mico
For truly there is none of be allo
yif eiry Sight Sholt clate be on the gallo
Sthat Sie myst like for he sekith be bothe
Assay and ye shall fynde it that be dothe
For be Sie neide be vicious Sith mine
Sie Sholt be holden Sthise and clene of synne
And som seiden that grete dilite hane be
For to be holde stable and eke seye
And mon pro stedefastly to dwelle
And nought be Sthyd that men be tolle
But that talo is not Sworth a jate stole
Ayde Sie Sthymmen conne nothyng hele

The Wife of Bathe

Whiles of Wife Scholl ye here tale
Ouide amonge other thynges smale
Seide Ouide had sonnes thre longe heres
Glorynge upon his heed. ij. asse eares
The which he hid as he lest nyght
Full subtelly he cut namore sight
That saw his sonnes there of it nome
He lodid hym most and nist to hym also
No yaide hym that non knowynge
She shulde telle of his disfigure
She ware hym nay for all this worlde to wynne
She wolde do that vilanye ne synne
To make hym husbond to have so foule a name
She wolde not tell it for hym seyne shame
But nathelas she thought she dyed
That she so longe hulde a consaille hyde
She thought it sore a grete harme hym hide
That nedely there moste sum word a start
And when she dust telle it no man
Com to the water fast by the lay
Till she com there hym herde sware a fye
And as a bittore bumbled in ayre
She leide hym mouth to the water adowne
Bewrey me not thou water with thy soune
Quod she to the water telle it and to no mo
Myn husbond hath longe asse eares to
Wowe is myn hede all hole. nowe it is outo
Y myght no longer kepe it outo of doute
Here may ye se thought is a vyle a hide
Yet outo it moste she can no consaille hide
The remenaunte of the tale yif ye wolle here
Redith Ouide and there may ye it lere
This knyght of which my tale is specially
When that he caught he myght not com therby
This is to seyn what wommen loven most
With in his hert fulle wo he was the gost
The day spite commen that home said moste go tryme
And in his way as it hap hym to ride
In all his rage vnder a forest side
Where as he sawe vpon a daunce go
Of ladies. xxiiij. and yet mo
Toward the which daunce he hyeth fulle yerne

Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM: Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

In hope that som wisedom shulde he lerne
But certaynly if he come fully there
Damyshid wad this damyse he myst where
No creature saugh he that bare lyf
Save on the grene he saugh sittyng a wyf
A foulyer wyght there may noman devise
Ageyne the knyght this olde wyf gan rise
And cryde oy knyght here sytyth neth no wey
Tell me what yt ye seken by your fey
Perauventure it may the better be
Thise olde folke conne mych of the
My lefe modyr qd the knyght certayne
I am but dede but yf that I can sayne
What thyng is it that women most desire
Conde ye me wysse I wolde well your hyre
Plight me your trouth here in my hande qd he
The nexte thyng that I require the
Thou shalt it do yf it be in thy mygyt
And wolt tell it you or it be nyght
Have here my troude qd the knyght I graunte
Then qd she I say me wyll avaunte
Thy lyf is dafe for I will stonde therby
Upon my lyf the queene will say as I
Let see which is the proudest of them alle
That wereth on kerchyf or a cralle
That dare say nay of that I shall the teche
Let us go forth withouten more speche
Tho rode he and the wyfe in his weye
And bade hym be glad and have no feye
Whan they kem unto the court this knyght
Seyde he had holde his day as he had hyght
And redy was his answere as he saide
Fyll many a noble wyf and many a maide
And many a widowe for that they kem wise
The queene hyme self sittyng as iustise
Assembled ken his answere for to heere
And after cald this knyght was boden to appere
To every wyght was commaunded silence
And that the knyght shulde tell in audience
What thyng that worldly women lowen best
This knyght stode nat still as doth a best

inches 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
cm 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19
Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM: Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

But to his question anon answerede
Quite manly wyse that all the comte herde
Thy liege lady generally quod he
Demmen desiren to haue souereynete
As well over hys husbonde as hys loue
And for to ben in mastrie hem al above
Yf you lust yam at your owne wille
Yf yt you lust yam at your owne wille
Yf all the comte ne wolde they wyf ne wende
Ne wolde he that coupaned that he oughte
But rather he wolde ere thy to haue his lyf
And wyth that word yt happe that elde wyf
Which that the knyght oughte stryng on the gyne
Anyone quod she my soueryne lady Quene
Ey that your comte depart so me yight
Tyll thus answere unto the knyght
For wolde he yelde me his thought therto
The first thyng that y wolde hym yeryne
He wolde it do yf it lay in his mygyt
By fore this comte then prayde y the olde knyght
Quod she that thou me take to thy wyf
For well thou wolyst that y haue cure of thy lyf
Yf y say fals say nay upon thy fey
The knyght answered alas and welaway
Y wote right well that such is wymmen hert
For gold is loue as thus it nedes yeynert
Take all my good and lat my body go
Nay then quod she. Y shrewe us both to
For thought that y be olde and olde and pore
Wolde not for all the metalle ne for ore
That vnder the erthe is graven or liyth a lowe
But yf thy wyf y were and eke thy lowe
My lowe quod he. nay my destynacion
Alas that any of my nacion
Shulde evere falle in suche adversyte
But all for naught the ende is this that he
Constrayned was he nedes moste hym wedde
And taketh this olde wyf and goth to bedde
Nere wolde I nat mon wyn pacyence
For my negligence do no cure
To tell you the joy and the gladnesse
That at the feste was that tyme day

Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM: Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

To which thynge shortly yt answere shall
I say there was no ioy ne feste at all
There was not but heuynesse and mochell sorowe
For pryuely he wedded mayde on a morowe
And all the day after hyde he was ful sadde
So sore was hym his wyfes loke to sadde
Ne spake he no word all that day
Whan he was vnto his wyfes on bed y wrought
He wallowed and he turned to and fro
His olde wife lay smylyng ever so
And ceyde o dere husbonde benedicite
Fareth ever wyll my wife as yt
Is this the lawe of kynge arthours hous
Is every knyght of his thus dangerous
I am your wife ryche lorde and also your wife
I am she which that saved hath your lyfe
And certes yet did y nor ne wyll
Why fare ye thus with me the first nyght
Ye wyll lyke a man had lost his wyte
What is my gylte for godes love tell me hyte
And it shall be amended yf y may
Amended quod this knyght alas nay nay
It will not be amended never mo
Thou art so lothly and so olde also
And therto comyn of so lowe a kynde
That it is not wonder that I sorowe and drynde
Would god my herte would brast
For this the cause that ye of your blyssed
Ye sayen that for no wealth ne
Lyon by yt the wife amende all this
Yf that me list I trowe I dare the
So wel ye myght bere your vnto me
Then for ye speken of such gentylnesse
That is descended out of olde richesse
That therfore ye should be gentylman
Such arrogancye is not worth an hen
Loke who is most vertuous alway
Prive or apyte and most entendyng dy
To do the gentyll dedes that he can
Take him for the most gentylman

Vide de generositate

inches 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
cm 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19
Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM: Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

Wif of Bathe

Crist shall se claime of him onye gentilnesse
Not of onye elders for their olde richesse
For though they yeue vs all their heritage
For which we claime to be of vlage
Yet may they not bequeth their noblyng
To none of vs their vertuous lyvyng
That made him gentilmen called to be
And bade vs follow them in such degre
Well can the wise poet Florence
That right wrote in his sentence
Lo in such maner rym is Dantes tale
Full seldom vpryseth by his branches smale
Prowesse of man for god of his goodnesse
Wolde that we of him claime onye gentilnesse
For of onye elders may we nothyng claime
But temporall thyng that man hurte and maime
Eke every knyght wote this as well as I
Yef gentilnesse be right of ye auncyenty
Vnto a certayn lynage doth the lyne
Prise and praise theim selfe they neuer fyne
To do of gentilnesse the fayre office
They myght do no vilanye in no wise
Take hye and kepe it into the royalist house
Peter Peter thus and the wommen of lauenstonye
And let men shut the doores and go theime
Yet shall the fire as fayre lie and beame
As. xx. men did it beholde
His office naturall ay shall he holde
Vpon pyll of my lif till that it die
Here may ye see well how that gentilnie
Is not annexed to possessioun
Seth folks ne done their operacioun
Alway as doth the fire yet his kynde
For god it wote men may oft fynde
A lorde son do thaime alle vilanye
And that shall have price of his gentrye
For he is born of a gentill house
And hath his elders noble and vertuous
And shall he in stede do no gentill dede
No force he his gentill ancestre that dede is
He not gentill be he duke or erle
For vilanye synfull deds maketh a churle

For gentilnesse nys but a renome
Of thyn auncestres for hem high renome
Which is a shamnes thyngh to thy persone
Thy gentilnesse comith fro god alone
Thynkith hon noble as erith dame nature
Was thilke tullius. hostilius
That outs of poure jos to high nobles
Redith seneck and redith eke boece
There shuld ye seen expresse that no drede is
That he is gentill that doith gentill dedis
And therfore lete hipsond y thus conclude
All were it that myn auncestrys were prude
Yet may the high god and so hope y
Graunte me grace to lyve vertuously
Then am y gentill when that y begynne
To live vertuously and wayke synne
And there as of poure me gredo
The high god on whom we belede
Mediciffull poure. the to lite his lif
And certis every man mayden and wif
May vndystond that jesu hevenly kyng
We wolde not chese a vicious levyng
Glad poure is an honest thyng certeyne
This wolle seneck and eke other clerkis seyne
Who so that holdith hym a pride of his poure
I holde hym riche all had he not a shirte
And he that coveitith is a poure wight
For he wolde have that is not in his myght
But he that hath nought ne coveitith to have
Is riche all though ye holde hym but a knave
Verray poure is synne prively
Mischeff oftith of poure openly
The poure man wherin he goith by the way
Before the theves he may sing and pley
Poure is hatefull good as y gesse
A full grete bryngyer out of besynesse
A grete a mendyr eke of conscience
To hym that taketh it in patience
Poure is this all though it seme chenge
Possession that no wight wolde chalenge
Poure full often wedan a man is lothe
Wedith his god and eke hym selfe to wrothe

Ad de paupertate

Esse timere nisi solet
omnis qui nos nisi ant=
tibit vacuus circum
latrones viator

Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM: Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

Vitl of Bath

Yonte a Cartate is as thy neithbrine
Thynghs which he may his cappey fiendisse
And the fiza Sy and that y not wrigglie
If my wife no more ye me jeppede
Wolde sy theys of elde ye jeppede me
And certes sy thoughtnous anterite
Seye in no bord the pentes of honoure
Syn that men shulde don an olde knight honoure
And clepe hym fadey for your gentilnesse
And anters shall y fonde as y gesse
Wolde theys as ye dey & yam foule and old
Then shede you not to ben a cortesse
For fythe and elde also mot y the
Ben gete kepers upon chastite
Nevertheless syn y know your delite
I shall fulfille your worldly auanite
Chose ye whether of the two of these thynges tey
To haue me foule and old till that y dey
And be to you a true humble trist
And never you disobey wall my lyf
Or elles ye wolt have your age and seyd
And take your aventure of the peyne
That y shall be to your house by cause of me
Or in oon other place it may well be
Choose these your selfe whether that thou likest
This knyght abideth hym and gan sighith
But at the last he dide in this manere
My ladie and my love and my wife dere
I put me in your wise governance
Chose your selfe which may be most pleasance
And most honour to you and me also
I do no force whether of the two
But as you likith it sufficith me
Then dame y pete of you the maistrie and the
Seth y may chose and gouerne as me lest
Yes me and the wife be y holde it the best
Chose is to say ye ben both fayre and
Chose to say ye both be to you both
I pray to god that y may sterven wod

But y to you be all so good and trewe
As ever was wif of husbonde
And but y be to moroso as fayn to chide
As any lady emprice or queene
That is bedewyt tho est and eke the west
Wolde God myn lif and yeth yight as you lest
Cast yow the cristeyn and loke how it is
And when the knyght sawgh verrely all this
That she so fayre was and so yonge thereto
For joy he hentyd hym in his armes two
His herte was bathed in a bath of blisse
A thousand tymes on a rowe he gan hym kisse
And thus they liven vn to these lifis ende
In perfite joy and jesu crist vs sende
Husbondes meke yonge and fresshe in bedde
And grace to ouerlyve them that we wedde
And eke y pray jesu to shorte the lifis
That wolle not be gouernyd after thes wifis
And olde and angry sparkes of dispence
God sende them one a verry pestilence

Hic desinit fabula vxis de Bathe
Et incipit prologus fratris

This worthy lymytour this noble frere
He made alway a mane lowryng chere
Vpon the sompnour but for honeste
No word spake he tyl that the frere
But at the last he seide vnto this frere
Sayne qd he god yelde you right good lere
Ye have spoke touchyng all oure
In stole matyr full gyete difficulte
Ye have seide mochel thyng right wrell y say
But sayne right here as we yiden by the way
We nedith not to speken but of game
And leave auctoritees apodis name
To preachyng and to stole of clergie
And yif it like to this compaine
I wolde yow of a sompnour telle a game

Prologus fratris

And ye may well knowe by the wemo
that of a companyone may no good be cause
I pray that none of yon be evill apaide
a companyone is a jewell yf and yonn
Sich mannideneritie for fforyaniouns
And is y beje itt ery to bnes cause
One hoste spake. a Oy ye shalde be hende
And curteys as a man of yonje estate
In companye ye shulde bene none debate
Tell with yonje talo and lette the companyone be
Gay and the companyone let hym ay to me
Sittt to hym kist. When it wyll to my lotte
By god y shall hym quyte ery grotte
I shall hym tell. which a gyete honoure
And what it is to be a flatyngi hym tonje
And many a notey mano of dryne
Which neith not to jeheyce at this tyme
And his office y shall hym tell yf bis
One hoste answered. Yeas no mere of this
And as my this he cide to tho
Tell with yonje talo myn. Sir anoter dejo

Incipit fabula ffiritrig

Philom there was dwellyngi in my contje
An archedaken a man of high degje
that holdy vid yeniion
In punyssyngi of fornication
Of Sichegast and eko of ffalsedje
Of diffamation and of usurie
Of thejrie tevis and of testamentis
Of contractis and eko facto of sacramentis
Of usyrie and of Symonye also
But rejtis lordynjs and he gettist was
Ther shulde bengi yif that ther were hent
And made titiejs Ewes fouls y shent
Yf eny psone stolde upon hym playne
Thejr might a sent them no pennyffull peyne
For sinfull trubenigi and sinfull offyngi
He made the people pacyently to bengi

Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM: Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

For ye that the Bishop taught them with his hole
They were in the Archedeknes hole
And that had by thyngh his mysdiccion
Ye they to don them correccion
He had a Compyone ledy to his hond
A fiers boy ledd they home vn Englond
Stiff cuttilly had he a Penkillo
That taught Sheye it may a Gaillo
He could spche of lerhonys on or two
To tecche hym to the · xiij · mo
For thoyh the Compyone dede that he can haye
To tesse his hallowis y dorst not spaye
For he ben onto of his correccion
They hane of vs no mysdiccion
Ne neyne shuld tune of thyse lifis
Ye ty & lerth Sytimen of the Stedis
Quod the Compyone put onto of oure mo
Yede with mysthauncs and with an · c · mysthauncs mo
Thus ride oure host and let hym tell his tale
Ye he tellith fyrsth though that the Compyone yalle
Ne gayneth not myn of the maste deye
This fiers thef this Compyone and the fiers
Had all day plaed his ledy to his hands
A Seny hanke to lyre vn Englands
That tolde hym all the deys that they kneds
For theye a quaintances Sitis not com of nedes
They dezen his appodenys wikedly
He tolde hym Sell a gyete profit thedy
Without maundement of mony a lot bide mony
A his maste knedes not all day what he dran
He could compne upon ryne of Fistis mys
And they dezen glad to fill his mys
And nedis hym gyete fistis all the also
And yette a quaintes had pusse enuio
And was a thef yette onche a thef was he
His maste had but half his wite
He shall rifly shall rebe hym his lattede
A thef a Compyone and a bate bede
He had ete Sencis all his yotenedes
That Sher on robart or Sy hedes

Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM: Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

Siege

Or gate or wurch or echo do it echo
that lay by them they tolden on his eyes
thus echo this echuche it on assent
And he eschide fenche a feynedi amendement
And compne them to chapitre bothe · ie
And pile the man and lette the echuche go
Then echolde he cry fiende y shall for thi sake
To sike the ente of the lettres blake
The day no more as yn this as thou tillo
I am thy fiende there y may the availo
Ceteyn he knewe of sibonys mo
than possible is to telle in yeres tewo
For in this londe wys ayde for the here
Set then this compnons knewe a sly lesynge
Or a wittes or a phisionye
For that echo the first of all his sent
Ther fore on it he lette all his entent
And to kisele it ones on a day
This compnons echo chayting on his pray
For to compne and olde chif or pible
Feryng a cause for he echolde gyve bible
Hit happid that he oughte to fare hym pide
A gay yoman cynde a forest side
His backe he bare and arcbes bright and kene
He had upon a coutter of grene
And hat upon his hede with fiences blake
Sy yd the compnons hatte and chelt take
Chelcon yd he and ciry good felawe
Whither ridest thou cynde this grene echo shawe
Seyde this yoman echolt thou fette to day
This compnons answerd and seide nay
Here fast by yd ho is myn entent
To riden and to ieso my sent
That longeth to my lordes ante
Ayte thou a bailly yo yod ho
He dust not for peyer children and shame
Ser that he echolde a compnons for the name
Then yd this yoman dere bothere
I am yuikinche as in this contre
Of thyn acquaintance y echolde pray the

And eke of brotherhed yif thou the left
I have golde and also in my chest
yiff that the happid to com in to myne Ohyne
All shall be thyn right as thou esilto desyre
Hydinto mercy sd thio companyone by my feith
Erlyo in otheyr hande hio tyoughth forth
ffor to go ocorr till they dio
In dallianco they yidin fiyth and plore
Thio companyone that esito fiff of shingles
As fiff of kenyn as keth thise esyhingles
And eke enquerying yyen aiir thyng
Ey pothey sd hio esheyo is nee so yonge dwellyng
Another day yif y shuld yon corche
Thio yomain hym ammsedyn esito speche
Ey pothey sd hio fayo in the yorth contyo
Eshyo as y hero com tyme y shall the o
Ey ore depute y shall the ecell esisso
Thill of myn honso thon shall nene missyo
Rede brothey sd thio companyone y yon pray
Teche me esthilo ere yiden by the esay
Sith that ye ko a yaily as ain y
Com sibulite and tell me feithfully
In myn offiso hon y may most erryno
And spare not for conscience of erryno
Spirt as my brothey tell me hon do ye
Rede by my yonth dere brothey sd hio
Ady shall tello the a feithfull tale
Myn expence hon fiff light and fiff
My lorde is hade to me and damagyous
And myn offiso is fiff laborous
And theffore by extorcions y lide
ffor soth y take all me ecell me yelo
Algate by sleight or by violence
ffor yere to yere y eyrn all my disspence
And no betyo to allon feithfully
Rede ecystis sd the companyone so fiye y
Spare not to take yod it ecote
Spirt yif it be to hevy or to hote
Eshall y may gete in commsaile yiddely
Ro more conscience of that hatho y
Mere myn extorcion y myght not liven
Ne of suche rapes ecell y not be shriven

Stomach me constrenes knocke y none
I shrecke thise shrissadeys everyone
Sweet sir sweet by god and by seynt jame
Yet leve brother tell me nowe thy name
Quod this compryone in this mone shyle
this woman gan a little for to smyle
Brother qd she wolt thou that y telle
I and a fende my dwellyng is in helle
And hose y ride aboute my purchasyng
To wete yif men wolt yeve me ony thyng
my purchase is the effecte of all my jeint
loke that thou ride for the same entent
To sprynge wod thou yerlich neds hocke
Right so fare y for ride wolt y nocke
Unto the wilde mor and for a pier
A qd the compryone benedicite what y coy
y wende ye were a youman trulye
ye hane manes wa pe aftrelt do y
hane ye figure dot mynat
qu hette there ye be in yonge estate
Nay certeynly qd he there hane we none
But when yw lisith we can take yw onne
Or elles make yow wene we be shape
Some tyme like a man or an ape
Or like an aungell can y ride or go
It is no wonde thought it be so
A lewde spirite can transmute the
And yet wide yit can y more craftie than he
Why qd the compryone ride ye then or gon
qu wondyr sleep and not all day in mon
For he qd he wolt yw forme make
As most able is onye spirite for to take
What maketh you to hane all this labour
For many a cause lewde compryone
Quod this fonde. but all trying hath tyme
The day is short and is passed prime
And yet no thyng wan y this day
y wolt attende and wyme yif y may
And not entende onye wittes to do thise
For brother myn thy wit is all to blise
To wide stonde all thought y tolde them the
But for thou asklist why labour we

for contrynne the kend godis instrumentes
and menes to and his commandementes
when that hym list yit to his goodnyes
in dide apt and in dyns figures
withoutyn hym the hane mysyt certayne
and that hym list to stonde thys agayne
and contrynne at onys prayne hane the lord
only the soule and not the bodie gyeto
witnesse of god whom that the dyd do
and contrynne hane the mysyt of bothe two
this is to seyne of his soule and body eko
and contrynne be sufficient for to eko
upon a man and to his soule onyost
and not his body and all this is for the best
when he withstandith onys temptacyond
it is the cause of his salvacyond
all be it that it dide not onys entonte
he sholde be saf. but that the wolde hym shont
and contrynne the lord sydaynt unto man
and to the archebisshop crist cristian
and to the apostles eko sydaynt wido y
yet telle me yd the compynyes fenthfully
wiko ye yon in dese bodies this alle day
of elementis. the fende ainstedyd nay
contrynne the serue and contrynne the yise
with dede bodies in fulle condyr wise
and speko to yenselly and fesys and wells
do to the christ nissi did ainne wells
and yit dede con men sey it dide not he
do no sorto of yonys dismite
but otherwise y dayne the y dide not gayne
thou shalt not alyato dreto hon that do so shape
thou shalt here aftynwith my brother says
from these tho ne with not of me to seys
for thou shalt by thyn experience
come in a thereys yedo of this sentence
bethe then sygit whilo he dide alyado
he aunt also and lot yo yido blyde
for y dide holdo conmynys with the
tilt it be so that thou for sake me not
nay yd the compynyes that shall betide
than a yonan that hide is fulle conde

Yeth wel bolenyse fauthor ffiere

My youth & wit y holde as in this ate
For though thou erye the devill cathanas
My youth & wit y holde forthe my brothey
Aby and seteen and echs of vs to othey
For to be trud brothey yn this ate
And bothe we gon a bonte onye pryche
Take thou thy parte & that mon & wit the yeve
And y shall wrin this mere so bothe leve
And yf that any of vs hane more than othey
Lette hym be trud and parte it with his brothey
I gramite qd the devill by my fey
And with that word they yeden forth there they
And right at the entre at the wednes ende
To which the companye there hym forte wende
They caught a tayte that chat gest bare with hey
Which that a chiere of fyrth in the way
Ye bare the way for which the tayte stood
This chiere onord and qud as he erye stood
Hart brocke hart rot & that spare ye stones
The feude qd he yon fatte body and bones
The devill hane bothe hane hers tayte and hey
This companyone qd he shall be hane a play
And to his brothey qd he yeden by thy forth
Hey est not thou hon the tayte forth
Hent it anon for he hath yeve it the
Bothe hey and tayte and also his tayles thye
Ay god wate qd the devill nede a dole
But not his entent trust it wele
Take hym thy wif yf thou trowest not me
Or elles strit a bel and thou shalt se
This tayte tacke with his hers on the gompe
And they begyn to gicke and to stompe
That wit y trowe right myn owen lyeide loy
Y pray god also yon and crynte loy
Loke is my tayte onto of the slough paide
Lo brothey qd the feude what tolde y the
Hey may ye see myn wife bye
The tayte spake. o thyng. but he thought another
Lette go go forth a wents onye wicke
Hey crynte y no thyng yppon this tayte
In this wednes brothey the devell ran olde
That had all most to lost to lose hys nerke
A for to pike a pair of hys hers
Y wott hane of hise. xij. & thought that she be stood

Or y wott compne

ffiere

Yet shall companie hime to ones office
And yit god sete y knowe of hime no vice
But as for then christ not do in the temple
Syrine thy cost take here ensample prime
This companione knocketh at the bridee gate
Comm onto yffe then geyer elde yete
I trowe then shall com fiere or yeset with the
Who knockith ryd the bisi benedicite
God save you sy what is your ententes bisi
I hime of common bought here a bill
Upon peyne of cursyng: loke that then lo
To morowe before the archedeacones fro
To amsedeye it comte of certeyne thynge
Trowe yffin christ yff the lorde of all thynge
Do this relyve me to ye me mery
I hane no right sete and that mony away
Ay y not also a kleff sy companione
And amsedeye there and be my promesse
To which thyng that mon shall me a pay me
Yis quod the companione pay anon lot to
xij· d to me and y will the acquyte
I shall no profite hane but alyte
My maistey hath the profit and not y
Comm of and let me go hastely
Yete me· xij· d· y may no longer tarie
xij· d qd the lady syrit mayre
So bisy hetye me god onte of care and syenne
This bide ester lo thought that y shulde syenne
Ne hane y not· xij· d within my holde
Ye knowe well that y am your aud olde
Hath your almesse on me poure ententes
May then qd she the fouls fende me forthe
Nif y the cyrist thought thou shuldist be cyrist
Alas qd the god sete y hime no gift
May me qd he or by secrete syrit amme
I shall leye a stay thy neke pamme
For dette which that thou dist me of olde
Then thou mustest thyn husband rule holde
I pide at hom for thy correction
Then lyxt qd the bryny collusion
Ne wad y nene sy nor to bridee bisi
Compnedit to your counte sues of my lifi
Ne nene y was but of my body treste
Unto the devill blacke and mugge of hete

yere y thy body and my pauine also
And when the deuill here hym cyne
Upon hym kneeles the erde on this maner
Rocke mable wyn cedne rodye dere
Je this in eyrlest yonge deuill that ye dede
The deuill sethe hym yd: the or he dede
And pauine and all but he doth hym to point
Ray of the sotte it is not myn entent
Quod this Companione for to depoint me
ffor eny thyng that y haue had of the
Doth y had thy Counsell and eny rotth
Rakke bothe, yd: the deuill to not doth
Thy body and this pauine ben myn by right
Then shall to hette with me longe ey wyght
Here shall then knowe of eyne pylotes
More than a maiey of diuinite
And wyth that doth the fonle fende hym hent
Body and soule with the deuill event
Where are Companione gane here heritage
And god that made alle this vniuerse
Which vnto saue vs all and dem
And lete this Companione good men beware
Lordynges y wolde hane tolde you yd: this here
Had y had leysey for this Companione here
Alle the torte of crist Paule and John
And of eyne other Doctoryne many on
Suche peynes that yonge hertis myghten agrise
All to it no tyme may dewise
Thought that y myght a thousand yerey telle
The peynes of that lake cursed horide hole
Stakkith and pykith ichn for his gaire
That he kepe vs fro that cursed place
And also fro the Companione Satthanas
Herkenetth this Lorde lyth ethy to in this case
The lion sittith in his dene alle day
To sle the innocent yif that he may
Resistith ay yonge hertis to resistence
The fende that you midde stolde thatt and bonde
He may not tempte you one yonge myght
ffor crist stoll be yonge champion and yonge knyght
And pyketh that the Companione them depent
Of thede myrsdede for the fende them shent

Hic desunt fabula fratris

Sompnour

Incipit prologus Sompnoris

prologus Sompnoris

This Sompnour in his stye upon his bench stode
upon this fere his hate he did do
that lite an aspen leef he moke for ye
lordynge yt he wit o thyng y desire
y you beseche that of your courtesie
sith ye gane here do this fals fere lie
as sufferith me that y may my tale telle
this fere loweth that he knoweth hell
and god it wote that is litle wonder
fieres and fendes lon but litle a condey
for pardee we hane oftyme herd telle
yon that a fere came fro hell to telle
his erand ones by a vision
and ther an immyage lad hym up and down
to shewe hym peynes that there were
in all the place ne saw he not a fere
of other folke he sawgh y nede not
vnto this immyage spake this fere the
nede sire yt he hane fieres such a grete
that none of them shall com to this place
yis yt this immyage many a nation
and to Satanas he lad hym down
and nede hath Satanas ne he a tayle
ye yt than of a cayte is the tayle
holde up thy tayle Satanas yt he
shewe hym thyn ers and lette fere
there is the nest of fieres in this place
and ye that shall a fynlongi ther of grete
right as ther bees out of a hive
out of the deyles ers they gon flye
xx. thousand fieres on a route
and throughout hell they spread and route all a route
and com again as fast as they may gon
and yn his ers they dyven eryshon
he shapte his tayle a gayn and lay still stille
this fere when he had loked all his fille
upon the tormentes of that sory place
his spirit god restored of his grace
unto his bodie again and he awoke
but nede the lesse for fere he moke

Somnioure

So was the devil day in his mynde
that is his heritage of reyght kynde
God sende you all sone this sygnyd frere
my prologge shall I ende on this manere

Hic desunt prologus Somnionis
Et incipit fabula eiusdem

Lordynges there is in yorke thynge as I gesse
A cerche yonde called holdernesse
In which there dwelt a hymyterye a longe
to preche and to begge it is no longe
And so befell that on a day this frere
hadde preched at a chereche in his manere
And specially above all thynge
Exyted he the peple in his preychynge
to trentale and to yeve god for goddes sake
where with men myght holy houses make
where divyne service is honoured
Not there do it is dysposed and devoured
Are there it nedith not to be yeve
As to possessiones that mortmen leve
Thanked be god in wele and in habundance
Yonglynge children they delynd from penaunce
Hy frendes soules dispeyr all to longe
ye when they ben hastily vonge
Not to holden a preest joly and gay
he cryyth but one on a day
Delyvrith onto anon the soules
Fyll hardo it is such flesshe hoste or such soules
To be stykke or to bryme or bake
Ye se ye do yon hastily for quyte sake
And when this frere had cryd all his entente
With qui cum pre. forth his way he wente
When folke in chereche had yeve hym wheat thanne lat
he went his way no longer wolde he yet
With scrippe and pyled staff y pyled his
In every house he gan to pryve and pryve
And he ate mete and chese or elles corn
his fardeles had a staff trussyd with thorn
A peyre of tables all of yvorye

and a poynceste

Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM: Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

And a poynttell pulsyth fetously
And wrote the names at day as he stood
of all the folke that yaue them gode
A summes that he expedd for them pure
yeue as a bussheell wheete malt or rye
A goddis kachell or a tuppe of chese
Or elles what that yn list eso may not chese
A goddis hatt fyeny or a masse penys
Or yeue yes of yonge hemm yif ye hane eny
A dryon of yonge blanket lere dime
Onyo cuttey zeye lo hoyo y wynte yonge name
Bakon or beef or ouche thyng as ye fynde
A stynde hayllet bent hym by behynde
that was thee ostes maid and bade outte
And that man yif thom leide it on his backe
And when he was outte at the yere anon
he planeth at day the name enyrhon
that he before had wynte in his tables
he ordyd them with trifolie and with fables
Tray thoye thou lixte compromys yd the foye
yees yd ome oste for quiter mody deye
yeell forth thy tale and cyne not at all
So thyke y yd the compromyd y shall
So longe he went fro house to house till he
come to an house thoye he was wonned to be
refessed more than m and hundred places
Sete lay the bonde man was the house is
redyed yyrd a touche lete he lay
Seus-hic yd he-o-thomas yee day
Seide thio fleye cuyteyly and oste
thomas yee yelde hit yon fill oste
hane y on thio bonche fye fill well
hoye hane y oten mane a mey meell
And fro the bonche he yef at day the cutte
And leide a down his potent and his hatte
And eke his stryppe and cutte hym oste a down
his folde he was gon walkyng into town
forth with his knaue unto that ostelyn
where as he fore hym thilke myght to lie
O yoye master yd thie wife man
hon hane ye fay with that mayne began
y cunyth yon nought thio: xmp: myght and more
for wrote yd he labouyest hane y ore
And specially for thy subtilacion

Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM: Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

Sermon

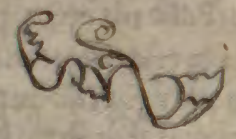
Many a ryde maiy a prouo cazion
And for our ordey fyendis god nom blyss
I hane to day be at youre chezche at messe
And gide a Sezmon to my simple witte
Sor after the texte of holy writte
For it is hilde to you as I suppose
And the ffoze scrift I tell you all the glose
Glosyng is a fulle aysyng thyng certeyne
For lowey stedis to as the fleyis dyne
Thoso hane I taught them to be chaynable
And spenide thoso good thoso it is resonable
And thoso I cleto amo anno thoso is sho
yonsy in the vesde I tho to that sho be
Seyde this nicht the shulde comd non
Fy vaster ellom be yo by crist john
Qui do this crist son sho yo hastly
Chuchoso aynst qd fulle mytesly
And sine embracth in sine aynes nayed
And kissith sine secrete and chykith as a qayed
Sith his lippis dame qd he yight swell
As he that is youre seynt I sy dell
Thankid be god that yon vasi could and lif
yet ought I not this day to sine desrif
Fi all the thesche to yod dane me
Ye god amend the defaunes sys qd sho
Alhelue ellom be yo by my fay
Gramme mey dame this hane I sonnde all day
Fit of youre gete goodnes by youre lowe
I trowe yater yon that ye not yon gyes
Ye bolde with chonnis chesse a little thoso
Thise cryattoms ben so negligent and so slowe
To gyoen to ridyly a conscience
In shrise in prayng is all my diligence
And studie in zeris bordes and in zonlers
Swalke and stonde mens wonder
To seken ihu crist his gyte sent
Ye dyede his word is all myn entent
I trowe by youre lewe sy qd sho
Thinkis hym dwell for dayne chayne
He is ty dugy as a prisnyse

Though that he stand

Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM: Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

Compromise

Though that he hane all that he can desire
Though y hym kepe a nyght and make hym kayne
And one hym ley my legge and myn arme
He groneth like one bore in one fye
Other disporte of hym right non hane y
Y may not plese hym in no maner wise
O · thomas ge wons · dy · thomas thomas
This maketh the fende it most be amended
Ye is a thyng that high god defended
And therof shall y speke on word or two
Wolde ye wete what the cause y go
What shall ye drynk y shall go thedr a lone
Wolde ye wete what ye wons dy dynner unto
Hane y not of a capon but the lynde
And of yong chicken bred but a flynde
And a stye that a roted pigges hedd
But that y shulde for me no lest shrewedd
Then had y with yon homly sufficeaunce
I am a man of litle ordynaunce
My spirite hath his fastynge in the bible
My body is dry & jedy and & penyble
So shake that my stomak is destroied
I prey yon dame that ye be not a noied
Though y sey frendly and to yon my counsell shewe
By god y wolde hane tolde it but a fewe
Wolde ye wete what the but o word or ye go
My chylde is dede within this shrewd wo
Sone after that ye went onto of this town
His dath cacche y by yon relacion
Dede this frere at home in one dortoure
Y dy shall sayne that or half an houre
After his dath y cache hym bore to bliss
In myn avision so god me wiss
So did one sexton and one fermeryer
They hane le this mon all thre · I · yere
They made ment thankid be god of his lone
Wakyn here gribile and shall yn alone
And ys y poor and all one colour also
Yet many a tyme tylling on my shoulde
Unto noyse or clatteryng of bolloes
Ye den shall one wrigo and nothyng elles
Sone then y rade to rise and arisen
Thynkyng hym of my jenelacion



inches 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
cm 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19
Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM: Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

Sumpnione

For oy and same trustith me right well
Onye crisyng ben more effectuell
And more sche of gifts yiue thynges
Than bysyll folke all thoughe that they be kynges
Sche lifed in poure and in abstynence
And bysyll folke in richesse and dispence
Of mete and drynke and in thoye fowle delite
Sche lyue all this worldis lustis in dispite
Chastely and drydes liueth in drynke
And drynk gueydon hadden thorfore
Who sholl pray most and to clene
And fatte his soule and make his body lene
Sche fare as seith the apostle clothe and fode
Sufficeth to yo thoughe they be not fill good
The temnosse and the fastyng of yo fleyes
Maketh that thyf dampnith onye preyes
Yo aryses xl. dayes and. xl. nyghtis
Fasted er that god fill of mygtis
Quare christ dyn on the mounte of syna
Fastid empty stomake and fastyng many a day
Where yesterday to the lawe that was written
Fastid goddis fyngre and ely shill ye writen
In mounte oreb or he had any speche
With high god that is onye lifes lorde
He fasted longe and sche in contemplance
Upon that had the temple in gouernance
And eld the other preste entrycion
Into the temple when they thinkde gon
To pray for the peple and to sacrifise
They wolde drynke in no maner wise
No drynke which that myght hem drunke made
Whit thoye in abstinence pray and wake
Lest they ydron tuke hede what y say
Whit that they be cause that for the peple pray
Sayd that y say. no more for it suffisith
Onye lorde christ crist as holy writ witnesith
Yaf vs ensample of fastyng and preyes
Therfore sche mendicaunte sche ely fleyes
Yen stedfast to ponte and to continence
To meyte humblenesse and abstynence
To preycion for yghtiousnesse
To stepryng misericorde and clennesse
And therfore make yo to that onye preyes
I speke of yo sche mendicaunte sche fleyes

Bend to high god

inches 1 2 3 4 5 6 7
cm 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19
Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM: Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

Sonynome

Hen to high god more acceptable
than yonge with yonge sekes at yonge table
ffro paradise first yf y shall not lie
Bate man onto chastedi for gloteme
And chast Esau man in paradise reteyne
But herken note thomas that y shall seyne
I haue no texte of hit as y purpose
But y shall fynde in manie glose
that specially onse lorde at sete thyne
Spake thyne by fiere when he sayde thus
Blessed be they that yonge in spyte kenne
And so fulfyll all the gospell may ye sene
Whether yt be like onse profession
Or heyres that obtynnen in possession
ffy on hose pumpe and on hose gloteynye
And of hose lecherynes y hem defye
Methynk itt they bon like to godmen
ffat as a bshate and bsalkyn as it seem
All bnolent as a lotell in the greuce
Those pierey is fulle grete iondice
When they for bnlos cry the pyttynes of hunt
So lost they seyne for men ejectant
Who folowe christis gospell and his lore
But he that humble bon chast and pure
Seyke of goddis sworde not chidtonys
Therfore sight as hanke upon dysyse
Dye springeth in to the eyse sight of preyse
Of the table and chast fiere
make in those bonys to goddis ceyse tere
Thomas thomas o mot y ride or go
And by that lorde that ride is seynte geo
Here thou onse bjothey shuldist then neide thyne
In onse chapyte pray the day and nyght
To christ that he ride the here and nyght
Thy body to bendon hastely
God bote yd ho the ioff nothyngi folo y
As hethe me god as in fedo reyes
haue y spendid on many diuis fieyes
ffull many a pownde yet saye y neide the bot
Seyteyne my good hanis y all most bosat
ffor dell my golde for it is all ago
The fieye thinse seyd. o. thomas dost thou so

Somnour

What needith the wide fieldes echo
What needith hym that hath a pfite lerche
To echo other lerches yn town
Yonge inconstaunces yo yonge confusion
Holde ye then me and echo all ony convent
To pray for yon bon monsiuent
Thomas that dare is not worth a nyte
Yonge maladie is for the haue to lite
A. yebe that convent. xxiiij. gotes
A yebe that comment a quarter otes
A. yebe that fiere a pray and letto hym go
What is a feythyng worth separed into itself
Lo echo thyng that is onied by hym self
Yo more stronge then whan it is matched
Thomas of me then shall not be flatered
Then wold ist have one latom o half nought
The light god that all this world hath wrought
Sith that the berkeman is worthy his hyre
Thomas of yonge tresome y nought desyre
No for my self. but that for all ony comment
To pray for yon ben ay diligent
And for to holde gistes evyne there echo
Thomas yif ye wolle lerne for to wryche
Of bildyng upon the echo may ye fynde
Yif it be good in wynte thomas lif of yende
Yebe here full of angre and of gre
With which the devil at yonge hert afire
And chiden here the holy innocent
Yonge christ that is so meke and patient
And therfore thomas trowe me yif yo lost
Ne strif not with wyth thy wif for the best
And here this world a way by thy fetth
Touchyng such thyng. lo what the wise man seith
Within thy house ne be thou no lyon
To thy subiectis ne noie oppressyon
And make thyn enemyes not to flee
And thomas estones yet rhapse y the
Fey day for hym that in thy bosom slepith
Only fro the serpent that so sly crepith
Under the gras and stynghth dotely
Be wary my son and herken patiently
That. xx. thousand men have lost they lives

inches 1 2 3 4 5 6 7
cm 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19
Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM: Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

Somnour

For stirynge of hym lemmans and of they wives
Lorde kitheen ye shame & holy a mekle wrif
Wil at nedith you thomas to make stryf
Thays mys ye sho no lorment & quelle
When a man hodith upon his tarsle & folle
As Somnian is when the hath aught an ye
Lemannes is all that they desire
Ye is a grime of the grete. Wrene
Abhominable to high god of heuene
And to my self it is destruccion
This any lechedrie drinke and pusson
Can dey hon ye engendrith homycide
Ye is an oth executor of pride
I could of ye dey so mortle drede
That my tale shulde last till to morrede
And therfore pray y god with day and nyght
All yong man god sende hym litle myght
It is grete shame and vertio grete pite
To set an yong man in high dege
Philom thays dead an yong potestate
As writh Seneck as dwyng this estate
Upon a day onto yeden knyghtis tes
And as fortune wolde that it was so
That on of them cam home that other nought
Anon the knyght before the ynge is brought
That side this thou hast thy folaede slayne
For which y deme the to the deth retayne
And to another knyght commandid he
To lede hym to the dethe y change the
Hit happed as they went by the way
Ye and the place there he shulde dey
The knyght com which they wende had be dede
Then thought they it were the best rede
To lede hym bothe to the ynge ageyne
They widen lorde the knyght hath not slayne
His folaede here he standith a live
Ye shulle be dede iff he do not y thrive
This is to seyne bothe. q. vj. and the
And to the first knyght right thus spake he
I dampned the thou moste algates be dede
And then art not lese thyn hede
For thou ayte amise why thy folaede dieth
And to the. iij. knyght right thus he seyth

Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM: Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

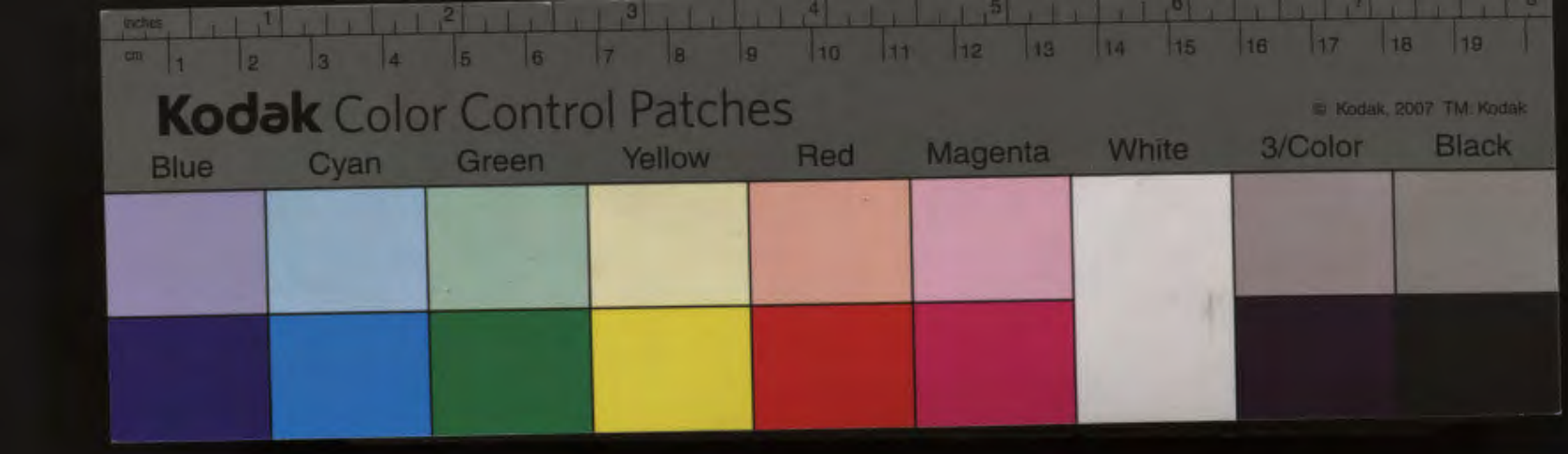
Compleynte

Thou hast not do that I commaundyd the
And thus he did do fle them all thyse
Jong Tambises Syas eke thus Jynkleche
And ay delitid hym to be a Shyeche
And do bisele a lord of his meyne
What lord wytnous mordrito
Slide on a day lete next them. ij. yight thus
A lord is lost yif he be vicious
And Jynkynnes eke is a fonle pawrde
Of any man and namly in a lorde
Thyse is many an yee and many an eye
A Shaytyng on a mayl he wote not Shyse
For poddis lorde Jynkyth more tempyally
Syne maketh a man lose Shechistly
His mynde and eke his kynnes enyrhono
The yerys passe thou se yight a nono
And yet ye hy thyn ownne experience
Whit Syne ne doth to folke suche offence
Thyse is not Syne bejeytyng me my Shitte
Of hondis of foto ne of myn yeen sighte
And for dispite he Jaunte nicho more
And hundred pate than he did before
And yight anon this yong cursed Speche
This knyghtis son latte bifore hym fauche
Commaundyng hym he shulde bifore hym stonde
And orenly he toko his bedde on honde
And up the curtynge he pulloth to his eye
And with an angre he clepe this childe yight thyse
Wrette Whether thy hane y a oley hand or non
Quod he is all my myght and my mynde agon
Hath Syne bejeyt me myn yeen sight
Whit shulde y telle the annoyes of this knight
His son Tytus stayne thyse is no more to sey
Be Sad therfore Tytus lordes hon to pley
Syngeth pitaphe and y shall yif y can
But yif it be to a poure man
To a poure man men shulde his vices telle
But not to a lorde though he shulde go to helle
To yens eyens thilke peynen
Hon do stoied he the kyng of Tysen
For that an hors of his Tytus Jesynt thyse yunge
Whych that he Orent babylynd to Syunge
He made that the kyng Syas so smatt
That Syunge myght Syaden it ono att

Inhenint
Comm si p f
sentes me
Syr Tytus
Ist

Compleynte

To what end he that shall teche and
Be no falsche to the yong man
Ne speke no sloqyn and walke by the weye
Lest the serpent ye stoff no feithey seye
Rocke thomas lede thy fethey lest thyn ye
Thou shalte no fyrste do gyst do ist squye
Hold not the devile thy at thyn harte
Thy angle doth the dede sore smarte
Christ sheese to me all thy confession
Pray god the sekman by christ omeon
I hane be shrive this day at my penance
I hane hym told hole all myn ostate
It nedith no more to speke of it god hath
Christ yif me lift of myn ostne humylite
Rede me of thy good to make one stedfyse
Quod he for many a mystle and many an oyfye
Sithen other men hane ben full well at ease
Hath ben one fode one stedfyse for to yeche
And yet god sendeth remedie the foundemente
Dessfor medie of one parlement
Is not a little yit sithyn one stones
The god the ordo. xl. li. for stones
Rocke helpe thomas for hym that hat yeld hoffe
Or elles motte the ceteyne one lofes coffe
And yif thou lacke one prodicion
Sithen goth the world all to perdicion
For who so fo this world shall ye bydde
So god me sende thomas by yonge lede
He shalde bydde onte of this world the come
For who can teche and reyden as the come
And that is not a little trine god ho
Christ with thy wes and thise
Hane fleyes ben. that fynde y of yerde
In chapte thanked be one lorde
Rocke thomas helpe for christ chapte
And down anon he cette hym upon knelne
This sekman stay my stode for qye
He shalde that the fleye had be a fye
Sithe his fifes dissimylacion
Suche thyng as is in my possession
Quod he that y may yeve you and now othey
Ye sey me thyn that y am yonge brothey



Somynoure

¶ Vacetis qd the fiere thistill wo light & sche
y toke onys a nue the lette wyndy onye & do
these & sell qd he and & wie what shall y rede
unto youre holy comant & shild y lyue
and in thyn hondis thou shalt it shewe anon
on this condicion and other non
that thou depate it & my feyre bothey
that eyther fiere hane as mache as other
thus shalt thou seyre on thy profession
& thou an shewde or aleciation
¶ q seyre it qd the fiere upon my feith
and theyre with all his hande on his ge leith
to heyre my feith in me shall be no lacke
then anne then a dum light by my backe
sche this man and grope & sell bynde
be nethe my birtow theyre shalt then fynde
a thynge that y hane hid in pyllete
a thongit this fiere that shalt goo with me
and down his hondis he stunched to the erthe
an hoxe for to fynde theyre a yerte
and & than this & man felte this fiere
a lonte his tebetill groppyng here and there
a nyddis his hando he lette the fiere a sipt
There is no capill shadeyng in a cipt
that myght hane let a sipt of onche a down
the fiere yf stept as it seyre adrede lyum
a fate theyre qd he by godis lowys
this hast thou for dispite do for the nowys
then shalt a dye this sipt yif that y mey
his meyne & which that heyden this affay
come leyryng unto and chacedionte the fiere
and sinth he goth with a sinke angyre theyre
and sette his felaedis thayre that lay his store
he loked as he seyre a sellde bore
he gryndith with the teth so sate he sproth
a sundy pas down to the conte he goth
Theyre that theyre & comedy a man of grete honoure
to whom that he sate alle day consessoure
this worthy man sate lorde of that village
this fiere came as he seyre in thage
Theyre as this lorde sate eryng at his bordis
Tillet the myght the fiere sprekis a wordis
Sill at the sipt he did god yon see

Nonnint
Emidsi
p sente

inches 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
cm 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19
Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM: Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

Summoure

Sir lorde god loke and sende benedicite
What fye john what maner worlde is this
Lo sweet swete good thynges amys
Ye loke ao the good days full of thedis
Sit down anon and telle me what yongeris
And it shalbe amendid yif y may
I have had ad he afonke dispite this day
God yelde it you adam in yonge village
That is in this worlde thedd myn or poze a page
That he nolde have admonycion
Of that y have jestedid in the town
And yit it greveth me also sore
Ao that the elde wyfe wyth lockis hore
Blasfemed hath onse holy comment eke
Nolde mastey ad this lorde y you beseke
No mastey ad he but sey trewe
Though that y have had in sold that honowe
God likith not that rabi mon so calle
Neithey in market ne in yonge halle
No forso ad he but tell me all yonge gyes
Sy ad this fye dii odious mysthyes
This day belide is myn ayde and me
And or y consequence in eche degre
Of holy chyrche god amende it odne
Sy ad the lorde ye bite what is to done
Sithenne you not ye be my confessour
Ye be clerke of the kyng and the counsour
For godis love yonge pacience nede holde
Tell me yonge gyes and anon hym tolde
Do ye have ad de before ye wete wel what
The lady of the hous ay still sat
Still she had said what the fiend seide
By godis mode ad she bliffull meide
Yf they might ellis tell me feithfully
Madame ad he how thynke ye therby
How that me thynkith ad she or god me speede
I dide a thynge hath don a thousand dede
What shulde y sey god let hym mende the
His seke hede is full of vanyte
I holde hym a manis foule
Madame ad he by god y shall not lie
But y any wyfe may be wicke
I shall affame hym onde all thayr y speke

The false blasphemous that changed me
to departe that I dott not departed bo
to every man y lyche with myschauns
the lorde sitte still as he sete in a trance
and in his chaire he pollotyd up and down
hon that this simple childe yinde yudgyrnent
to speke such proffeme to the fyre
sacrey eyst ey nacke lerde y of such matere
c tyme the devill put it in his mynde
an ayo shall no man mayte fynde
before this day of such a question
sho shulde make a demonstration
that every man shulde hanc like his parte
as of a comm dr of a bacoune of a flytte
o. mre prouide chuple y speke be his fuce
lo. tyme yf the lorde c that hade grace
to every man y like talk me hoke
that a fayt shulde be departid nocke
it is an impossible it may not bo
by mre simple god let him nerio the
this jombelyng of a fayt and every comm
as bint of eyre jonted dnom
and theyr it crastith litte and litte alcey
there is no man can deme by my fey
yif that it bere departed equitey
shall bo my simple to hon thee deely
yuto my confessyne to dry bo equitey
I holde hym certayne a demonyake
nocke eta yonge mete and let the simple go play
let hym go hange hym self a devel bey
nocke stode the lorde bo yurey at the borde
that ate his mete and heyde bordo by bordo
of all this thyngs which y hane yon done
my lorde yf ho betth not dult aperde
I conde tell for a godenne cloth
to yon my fiere co ye be not bryth
hon that a fayt shulde even deld bo
amonge yonge comment yif it like the
doll yf the lorde and then shall hane anon
a godenne cloth by god and by seynte john
my lorde yf ho then the crethey ho seye
right hoyo bifore yon sittyng in a thoye

Sompnour

Yette hyrnge a cappe shete here into this hatte
Shut lete that it hange his cokeholes alle
xij. cokes hatte a cappe shete comonly
And hyrnge me. xij. fyres. Sete ye Sthy
For. xiij. is it comment that y gesse
Yonge confessour he for his worthynesse
Shall performe vp the nombre of his comment
Then shut ye knele down by on assent
And to every cokes eare in this manne
Shut sadly ley in his nose shall a fyre
Yonge noble confessour that god hym auaie
Shall holde his nose vpright vnder the nawe
Then shall this chyldes spirit lete stiff and tought
As ony tabrynge hythes he brought
And cast hym on the shalde right of this cappe
Vpon the nates and make hym a fappe
And ye shut crye vpon vpst of my lift
By preef which is domonstratif
That equally the sound of it shall sounde
And eke the stynke into the cokes eare
Sake that this worthy man yonge confessour
By cause he is a man of grete honour
Shall hane the first fyrt as reason is
The noble vsage of fyres yet is this
The worthiest man of them all shall first be serued
And certaynly he hath it well deserued
He hath to day taught us so mche good
Sprit pelrynym the pulpit there he stood
That y may sthrit stiff y cale for me
He had the first oneff of fastis thre
And so shold all his conment hertely
He lerith hym so fere and so holy
The lorde the lady and eche man also the fere
Seyden that gamelyn spake in this matere
As well as frithlo or prothelomo
Conchyng the chyldes they ryden subtilto
And by crit made hym cokes as he spake
He is no fole ne no domonal
And gamelyn hath come a ryche gaderne
Vy tilo is pine eke to all moste at gaderne

Hic finit fabula compunctoris
Et incipit prologus Thia Dynne

Clerke of Oxenford

Our clerke of oxenford our host rode
ye rode as coy and still as a maide
Heere neere oxenford sittyng at the borde
this day ne herde I of youre tunge a word
I thoke ye studie aboute some sophyme
But salomon seith every thyng hath tyme
For godds sake as beth of best cheere
It is no tyme for to studie here
Telle us some merry tale by youre feere
And that man is entred in a pleye
He nedis not unto the pleye assente
But preyeth not as heere doth in lente
To make us for oure olde sinnes sleepe
Nor not that thy tale make us not to weepe
Telle us some merry thyng of aventures
Youre termes youre colours and youre figures
Leave them in foure tuff so be that ye endite
In high stile as when that men to kyngis write
Speeketh so playne in this tyme I you pray
That we may understonde what that ye say
This worthy clerke benignely answerede
Hoste quoth he I am under youre yerde
Ye have of us as nowe the governance
And therfore wole I do you no grevaunce
And sey as I seeide a tale which that I
Lerned in youthe of worthy clerke
And proved by his worde and by his werke
He is now dede and nailed in his chest
I pray to god to yeve his soule gow rest
Francis petrark the laureat poete
Hight this clerke whose rethorike sweete
Enlumyned all italye of poetrie
As lynian did of philosophie
But thoughe that I wol not counfyte to dwelle heere
Or lengthe or other art particuleere
But as it seeme I wrytelyng of an ye
Them lerneth hath studyed and all yfyll see
But for to tellen of this worthy man
That taught me this tale as I be gan
I say that first with high stile he enditeth
Or he the ryte of his tale writeth
A proheme wrytes which discriveth
Pemond and of saluces the contye

Clerke of Oxynford

And specially of Apenyn the hillis hye
That ken the bounde of Est limitanye
And of mounte Vesulus in special
Where that the Rou onto of a stalle grial
Takith his first springyng and his spronge
That Estwardly enpesith in his conse
To Emelie Ward the ffeyre a Pense
The which a longe thyng Seye to be wise
And truly as to my ingenious
Me thynkith a thyng unpytious
Save that he shollo conceyle his matere
But this is his talo which that ye may here

Hic desinit prologus chaucer
Et incipit fabula eiusdem

Ye there is at the Est side of Italie
Round at the fote of Vesulus the olde
A lusty playne habundant of vitaille
Where many a tonne and town thou mayst beholde
That founded in tyme of fadres olde
And many a noble ardyable sight
And Sarrisis that noble countre hight
A mydle Emylond lorde of that londe
As Seye his Storyes elder hym before
And desirant ay jedy to his londe
Seyd all his liege bath lasse and more
Thus in delite he lived and hath do fyll yore
Beloved and dread thyrgh fauorys of fortune
Both of his lordis and eke of his commune
There hath he sons to speke of lynage
The gentillest born of lombardie
A fayre passyng and a strong and yonge of age
And full of honour and curtesie
Discrete wrought his countre for to gie
Save in one thyng yit his sons to blame
And called sons this yonge lordis name
Blame hym thus that he considered nought
In tyme coming what might hym betide
But his first pryde to all his thought
As for to hawke and hunte on every side
Wel myght all other cures lete he slide

{ffabula chaucer oxon{
{Nicet de Radice Vesulus the
{Dukiniary Nice castell etc

Scriant presentes et futuri
quod ego

Salutem dor

ze inbor

Clerke

And eke he wolde · and that was sorye of hitte
Speche no wisi for nought that myght be falle
Only that poynte his peple bayd do wro
that sodenlye on a day they to hym sprong
And one of them that wisest was of lore
Or elles that the lorde best wolde assent
that he shuldo tell hym what his peple mynt
ffor elles wondo he shedde shell sinche mistrye
he to the ayrkis writo as ye shull heye

O noble wayrkis youre hymanite
Assyrith yo and rebuth yo hardynesse
As oftis as tymes of necessite
that ye to you wolde tell onye kedynesse
Receyuith lorde wolde of youre gentilnesse
that yfe be with pitous hert on to you pleyne
And let not youre eres my voice disdayne
Alle haney not to bind in this mateye
yore than a nothey man hath in this place
yit for dismoche as ye my lorde so deye
hane alredey shewed me fauone and grace
I day the best asko of you a space
Of audiencio to shewed onye request
And ye my lorde to don right as you lest
ffor certis lorde so well yo liko you
And alle youre wreko · and eche hand to that was
Ye conde not onye wyll devisen hon
Se myght liven in more felicite
Sauyngro · thyng lorde yif it youre wyll be
that for to be the wid man you lest
Than there youre peple yn ordinance sta to lest
Procedith youre nerlo wider that blissfull yolke
Of ordinance and not of reprise
Which that men rede consisle or wrolke
And thynkith lorde amonge youre thoughtis wise
hon that onye days passe in sondrye guise
ffor though the floye or walle or joinis or ride
ay fleetis the tydo it wolle no man abide
And though youre greue yonth flonye as yit
In cepith age alle day as stille as stone
And deth manassith eche age and smyt
In echo estate for there stayth none
And also certeyne as the knowe echone
that the shull die as vnsteyne the alle
Seen of that day that deth shall on to falle

Accepyth then of vs the tyme entente
That hath yet ysfinsed your hefte
And the dreed lorde yif that ye doll assente
These vow I crist yn short tyme at the leste
Shorn of the gentlest and of the moste
Of all this londe so that it ought sme
honorye to god and vow do be and deme
Delivre vs onne of all this lesy doo
And take a crist for hight goddis sake
For yif it so befalle that god forbede
That thynge your deth your lynage shulle stake
And that a straunge successyone shulle take
your heritage. o. lete deye vs a lite
Therfore the pray you hastely to leide
These mete prayre and these pitous teyre
Made the ayenyns hatre hade pite
Ye doll my mynd certeyn peple seye
That y thought neyne evil sheynie me
Ne jeopardie of my liveye
That ye tyme is fonnde in mayne
Therefore y dee flee y not be in deyne
Yet nevertheles y see your tyme entente
And that y your yonge wyt and hane dowty
Ether yeyres of my fyre dell y ee will assente
To dee me to bane to dee and y may
Yn thoye to me hane yeyned me to dey
To chase me a crist y you yeleed
That chowe and preye you of that prayere ceed
For god in trote that childyn ette bed
Wulle there trectyr aldyr them bifore
Nomine contth all of god nought of the sytene
Of which they ben engendred and y bere
Trust in godis bounte and the grace
Yey me page and mynd estate and yeft
Yhym betale y most to the hym left
Lete me alone in chesyng of my crist
That change upon my backe y trow sudyne
That y you pray and change upon your lyf
Christ crist that y take yo me assyne
To trectyn hym while that hym lyf endure
In trowe in trete bothe hoye and ende trete
Bothe in empyre doughte trete
And finally more this shall ye pereye that ye
Ayeyne my choyr shall neyne yuache ne flyde

Omnibus qui fidelibus ad
quos presente scripta

For oth y shall forgo my sleyte
Yet yonge jenyost do ende not y thinke
Theye do myn hayte is let thoye shall y ende
And but ye shall assent in such maner
Prey you speith no more of this matte
Erith hayth shall they obeyn and assenten
to all this thyng these do no sight nay
Beseching hym of grace ey that they shenten
That he shold graunte them a certeyne day
Of his counsaile do sond do ende he may
For yit alway conne that the people joyes
Lest that the maiyrs no chef shold shedde
He graunted them a day such do hym lost
On which he shold be shedd oftly
And so do he did all this at the jeynost
And they with hymble entent and bryymly
Kneelyng upon theye knees full jeneently
Hym thankyng all and thus they have an ende
Of theye entent and hom agayne they shende
And heye upon he toke his officers
And commaunded for the fest to prysers
And to his prive knyghtis and squyers
Such charge yaf do hym lyst on thendeyes
And theyr to his commaundement obeye
And eche of them doth his diligence
To do unto the fest jenience

Hic desunt prima pars
Et incipit pars secunda

Not fere fro thilke place honorable
There do this martyrs thore this mayde
There stode a thorp of sight delectable
In which that poure folke of that village
Hadden their bestis and their herbegage
And of they labour toke their sustenance
After that the erthe yaf them habundance
Among this poure folke dwelled a maid
Which that was holden poorest of them alle
His grace in to a little oxe stalle
Poyrcisa men of that thorp hym calle
A doughter had he trye y wedded to sight
And Griselde this yonge maiden hight

For to ordeyn

¶ For to speke of women beauté
Then was she on of the fayrest wyndy dame
For wyndy forthed up was she
Wo likerous but was thynge hym hepte prime
Wyll oftey of the wyll than of the tonne
She yaunce and for the wolde vertue prouide
The buckle wyll labouryng but none cause
¶ But though this mayde tendy wepe of age
Yet in the bysyf of hym enyymte
Where was encrease yue and old wrage
And mayete yeuence and thayte
Hym olde yonge fadey forthed the
A folke shepe spryuyng a felde the herte
The wolde not be ydyll till the sterte
¶ And when the horne was come the wolde bryng
Wortes and other herbes tymes ofte
The which the fyed and wyth for hym lyvyng
And make hym bed fyll hayde and nothyng ofte
And ay the kepte hym fadeys lyfe on loste
With ewy obeysaunce and diligence
That chylde may do to fadyes yendence
¶ Upon wyfyldy this yonge yeatnye
Fyll ofte wythes this ayayns set hys ye
As he on hymtyng yed yatentnye
And when it fele that he myght hym efyre
He not with wanton lode of folye
His yeen cast on hym but in old wise
Upon hym chere he wolde hym ofte avise
¶ Commendyng in his hart hym commandede
And eke hym vertue passyng eny wyght
Of so yonge age a wyll in chere do dede
For though the peple had non yete insyght
In vertue he considered fyll yight
Hym bonnte and disposed that he wolde
Wed hym only vyf he end wedde shulde
¶ The day of wedyng cam but no wyght cam
Yell what wonder that it shulde so
For which mervelyed and wondred many a man
And wyde when they were in pyllyete
Wolde not onys lowe leve yet his wente
Wolde he not wedde alas the wyll
Why wolde he thus hym wyll and yo begyle
¶ But nathelew this yongnye hath to make
Of penynes set in golde and a sinye

HRC

Clerke

Spoches and wyngs for Griseldis sake
And of hyre clothyngs tolde he the messyge
Of a ydiso like to hyre stature
And eke of other ornamentis mele
That to such a weddyng shulde falle
¶ The tyme of vndern of the same day
Approchyth that this weddyng shulde be
And all the palais yat was in ayd
Bothe halle and chambres erlie in thayr degre
Hous offices stuffed with plente
Thayr wyghtest thon we of lenneys vtaile
That may be found to fayr to last a while
¶ This yaldt maymis lusty ayd
Lordis and ladies in his compayny
The which that to the feste were prayd
And of his retynu and bachelerie
With many a clarine of gayy melodie
Vnto village of which y tolde
In this ayd the right ther they holde
¶ Griselde of this god wife full innocent
That for hyre chamberis was all this ayd
To fetche water at a well is went
And comyth home as sone as ever she may
For well she held ere that illke day
The wayngys shulde there and yif she myght
She wolde fayne have seen som of that syght
¶ She thought she wolde with other maydens stonde
That ben my fellawes in onis doze and
The wayngys and therfore wolde y fonde
To be at home as sone it may be
The labour which that longeth to me
And then y may at leisey hyre to holde
Yif he this way into the castell wolde
¶ And as she wolde one the thresholde gon
The wayngys came and gan hym for to calle
And she cast down hyre water pot anon
Besyde the thresholde on a dore stalle
And down upon hyre knees she gan to falle
And with old countenaunce kneled stille
Till the lord hadde passed the lordis stille
¶ This thought that wayngys gate into this wyse
Sithe sobrely and ayen in this manere
Thayr is some fraude. O Griseldis he cryde
And she with wyth and humble chere

And cryde lord

Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM: Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

And cride lorde he is al redy here
And in the gotis withouten lengyr lette
And to the magyrs the kings fiddy fette
¶ He by the hande then toke this olde maid
And cride this when he hym had a cride
Admirisk y me may me aid
Lengyr the pleasaunce of myn hatte hide
Yif that thou vouche safe that so stande
Thy knight & bide y take or y hence wende
Unto my wif unto kings lifes ende
¶ Thou lovist me y wote well certayne
And ayte my faithfull lyege maid y lere
And all that likith mo y rey well sayne
It likith the and specially thy fere
Tell me that yerne that y hence cride before
And yif thou wolte unto that purpose yede
To take me as for thy wife in lawe
¶ Yit wolde y ask this magyrs certy
That in thy chamber y thou anon go
Hane a counsell and wist thou thy
For y wille ayen kings yif it hym wist so
To be my wif and be preised ist me
And all this shall be don in thy presence
I wolde not speke onto of thyn diligence
¶ Ho wonder yet thought that she wore a stoned
To go to gete a fest com in to that place
Shee nene wide to cuche getyng conned
For which she lete of with litle face
Put shortly finith this maide for to rhete
Thise ayen the wordes that the magyrs cide
To this berynge yerey and faithfull ayende
¶ Ifel he cide ye shall well understande
Hit likith to wyne fiddy and also to me
What y yone cide and eke it may so stande
As y purpose ye wille that it so be
Put this remembrid ye y first ayen he
That with it shall be don in hasty wise
Wolde ye it out or wolde ye elles yen advise
¶ Ley be ye jedre with good hatte
To all my lust and that y hetly may
As me list do yon langth or cuche
And wolde ye to grunche it nyght me say

¶ Et patientia placeat mihi in
vt vos mihi dicatis quod
tibi placuerit et sic ex te quoque fac

¶ Sine ulla fictione aut ulli
impugnatione

Perk

And when y sey ye - sey not nay
Neither by word ne fayntyng countenaunce
Sey ye this and here y se sey you affiaunce
Sondryng upon this thyng yuel yng for dede
She seide lorde indigne of vnworthy
y am to thilke honoure that ye me bede
But as ye wolle wyse sir right so wolle y
And here y se sey that mene wilfully
Nie seyde ne thought y wolde you displeie
For to be dede thought me seyd loth to deie
Thus y nought hyselfe myn ryghte
And finally he goth with a fine sey here
Onto at the dore and afray that cam she
And to the people he seide in this maneye
This is my wif qd he that standeth here
Honoureth hym and loueth hym y pray
Who so me loueth thee is more to say
And for that nothyng of hym ofte see
She shulde bryngo in to his hous he bad
That every mynstrel shulde disporte hym right there
Of ladyschip hadde seye not right glad
To handle hym clothes sayeye gnne the erde dadl
But nathless this maiden bright of hede
For fete to hede they clothed all nede
Hym here they kemde that lay entyssed
Full jolyly and with here fyngers onde
A crowne on hym hede they hadde dressed
And at hym fill of nouthe gete and fruite
Of hym ay what shulde y make a tale
Amongs the people hym knewe for hym fayrnesse
When the tyrynate dede in onche richesse
This maiyre hath hym espused with a ryngo
Brought for the same cause and dom hym sette
Upon an hyre chere white and well amblyngo
And to his palayes ay he longey let
With joyful people that lad hym and mette
Conueyd hym and thus the day they spende
In pleyll till the son gan destende
And shortly this tale finyth to chate
y say that to this noble maiyssesse
God hath made fayrnesse onde of his grace
That it semed not by likenesse
That she were born and fed in rudenesse
As in a cote. or in an oxe stalle

Vel ego mirari nequeo ne
dñi secundum ordinem cognitio p
dicti tui ortu si tu ab ipsis
parentibus ordine morum nisque
ipsi molestie fuerant ecc

De hinc ne ipsi jeliter
fortuna quitio nonne
mistyat in domum mi=
deri edm misit ec

But norisshed in

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Clerke

And judgement of so great esprite
That yse from hedd was sent as mend among
people to dwell and dry among amonge
Not longe tryme after this Gyselde
Into Sewid she halth a doughter bore
All had hym lerny hane bozn a blinde child
Glad was the magiens and the folke therfore
For thought a wicke child come all by fore
Sche may into a blinde child attayne
Sy lytl yhe do out yse is not bayne

Explicit secunda pars et
incipit pars tertia

Therefore so it befell tryme mo
Sythen that this child had done so. but anyone
This magiens in his hate thought so
To attempte his Sprit. hym cudnes forte knowe
That he no myght onys of his hate thyewe
This merbelous assye his Sprite assay
Wedde god store he thought hym forte assay
He had assende hym y nought before
And fonde hym ono good Sprit nedd it
Hym forte tempte and assay more and more
Thought and mend preyse it for Sibtile Sprit
But do for no y sew that y wyll it sit
To assay a Sprit when that is no nedd
And put hym in angyrsse and in dredd
For which this magiens thought in this mednye
He amo alone a wyght there as the lay
With fayre face and with angry chere
And cal do this Gyselde and he that day
That y yon tolde of yonge porye aray
And put yon in estate of knyght noblesse
Ye hane not that forgoten as y gesse
I cal do Gyselde this present dignyte
In which y hane put yon as y thinke
Nul ith yon not for yelfull for to be
That y yon take in more estate fulll lerne
For any dedes ye not yonge colfi knowe
Take hede of any word that y yon sayd
There is no Sprit that hery but the thayd
Ye dede yonge alfi Sprit hon that ye come here

fri to this house

Into this house it is not longe ago
And thought to me yo be laf and yeyo
Unto my gentilo yo be nothyng so
Whey cry to them it is grete shame and so
For to be subiectis and be in seruage
To the that born chyld of poure lynage
And namly with thy doughter Eldes y bore
Whise Eldes shame they cast in doutlesse
But y desire as y have done before
To lede my life with them in ioyst and peace
I may not in this ado be ceteless
Y must to with thy doughter for the lest
Not as y desire but as my peple lest
But yet god know it is full lette to me
But nathless without youre chyding
I shall not do - but this y shall do for the
That is to me assent as in this thyng
Where.ne to youre pleasance in youre dwelling
That is me right and seyd in youre village
That day that maiden Eldes onye mariage
When she had hard all this she nought a mobed
Mentyd in words chere or countenance
For that cause she nor dispised
Sir quod lord all hath in youre pleasance
My child and y doth hatly obeysance
Sen youre all and ye made cause or skille
Youre dede thyng doth with all youre skille
Where may nothyng gad so my child cause
Lifyng to you that may displease me
Ne y desire nothyng for to gaine
Ne dede for to lose cause only yo
Whise dill is myn gate and my skille
No lengyth of tyme or deth may this defaite
No tyme my corage to a nothey place
Glad Eldes this nature of hyre amusyeyng
But yet it seemed as he dreye not so
All sey Eldes his chere and his lokyng
When that he should onto at the chamber go
Come after this a forlong or to so
He prively hath told all his entente
Unto a man and to his dyf hym conte
In mane of a sequaynte Eldes this yyles maiden
The which faithfully ofte formide he had
In thyngis grete and eke onche folkis aden
Don dyscreccion in thyngis cadde

Ne verbo mota nec quidem ceo

Clerke

The lorde knewe well that he hym loved and yaddo
And when this Sarrazyne Crist his lordes wille
Jn to the chambre he stalkith hym full stille
Madame he quod ye not for yowe it me
Though y do thyng to which y am constreynyd
Yet be ye wise that full well knowe ye
That lordes hestis mowe not be feynyd
They mowe well be varyed or compleynyd
But men not nedes yn to they list obey
And ye well y there is more to obey
This childe y am commaunded for to take
And spake no more but onto the childe he went
Sodenly and gan a theye make
As he wolde hane playne hit as he ment
Fulfilled not all onlye and consent
And a lambe ouerth mete and fill
And lete this cruell Sarrazyn don his will
Suspecyon ouer the defame of this man
Suspecte his fate suspecte his lordes also
Suspecte the tyme yn which he this began
Also hym thought that yee loved so
So ferde he wolde hane playne it right tho
But nathelee the nedes he wepte ne sikes
Conformyng hym to that the warryors likes
But at the last to weepe he began
And mekely to the Sarrazyn prayde
So as he wolde a lordly pontifyn
That he mot kisse hym childe or that it deide
And on hym adyne this litte childe he laide
And kissed it and eft gan it kisse
With a full sad face and gan the childe blisse
And thus he cride in hym kongnes voice
Farewell my childe y shall the nevere see
But sith thou y shall maydyn the with the voice
Of thilke fadey blessed mot thou be
That for vs dyed upon a crosse of tree
Thy onlye little childe y hym betake
For this nyght shall thou dele for my sake
Of teche yn to a mozion in this wise
It had bon hard this myth for to be
Well myght a mody thou hane cryed allas
But nathelee so sad and stedfast was he
That he endured all adversite

And to the Sarrazyn

And to the sayd mayd mekely she sayde
Hane here agayne yonge litle yonge wayde
Forth wede wel she and forth my lordes hete
Put on thy rych rob y pray yon of yonge grete
Put that my lorde forbyde yon at thys laste
Pryvetly this litle body in some place
That lesyse me no bydyng it to lase
Put he no word lete to that pur seyd
Put tolde the chylde and ryght into hys beyd
This sayd mayd come yn to hys lorde agayne
And of hyse lordes and of hyse ayere
He tolde hym poynt for poynt in sort and playne
And hym presentyd with hys yonge heyre
Come that this lorde hath pryvetly in this manere
Put natheles hys purpos yet he stylle
Ys lorde yne seyd they shyll hane theyr skylle
And bade hys sayd mayd that he prively
Shylde this chylde lyste ryche and ryalle
With all the cyrcumstances tendrely
And lay it in a cofyr or malapyr
Put on peyne of hys hed of for to sesayr
That no man shylde of hys entente
No wyse that it come no knowledge it shente
Put at yolayne to hys sustyr dere
That ylle tyme of yolayne ryde to mytesse
He shylde it take and there hym this matere
Resenyng that she wolde do hym bysynesse
This chylde to fostre in all gentylnesse
And ryde chylde that it ryde he had hym hyde
From eyre syght ryght as one lotyde
The sayd mayd yede and hath fulfyld this thyng
Put to this maydyns nede yet ne dyd
For nede yede yet fast ymaynyng
Yf by hys wyfe rede he mygyt be
Or by hym wyrde preyde that she
Hed changed but he it none conde fynde
Put ene mon like and and kynde
As glad to humble as lefyn wyfe
Indede in lore as she was wonted to be
Was she to hym mony mane wyse
No of hym yonger not il wyrde spake she
None ardent for none ydoyfite

Clerke

Was ever in thyne ne neede thyne doughter mine
We neede pnes the me cynest ne in game

Ante finit terna pagina
Et incipit pars quarta

In this estate there passed ten wynter yere
Of the Erlle child Was ever as good Erlle
A knaue child the lord by the Saltere
Full gracious and fayne to behold
And when that folke it to his fady told
Not only he but all his Court he made
Was for this child and god they thanke and prayde
When it was .ij. yere olde and fro the breste
Baptized fro his norice vpon a day
This marynyr aught yet a nother test
To tempte his Wife yet ast yf he may
Wherfore was he tempted in a fay
That Wedded men come no mesyne
When that they on parent receyue
Wife quoth this marynyr we haue had this
My peple sikly keyth one marage
And namely with my dyn bozu is
Wherfore is it Were than end in all one page
The mynynny fleth myn heyte and my corage
For to myn eyes with the bone eyne
That Well nygh destroyd hath myn heyte
Wherfore ley they thyne Wyan Wallley is dyen
Then shall the blood of innocent cryed
And kill oure lorde for other hane Wo non
Suche Wordis ley my peple onto of deede
Wull aught y of suche mynynny take heede
For certynly y drede suche sentence
Wherfore they not pleyne and speke in myn audience
Wolde god in peace yf that y myght
Therefore y am disposed certynly
As y his Wife avoid by nyght
Right so therynto y to serue hym prively
Thus dame y pon that yes not so wily
Onto of youre self for wherfore shulde ontye
With parent and the bof y pon preye

I hane ofte tyme

Lepte

I have yet the seide thing and ye shall
Scoll nothyng lye myll nothyng eyteyne
But as you list gyede me atte all
Thought that my dought and my Counte be playne
At youre commandement this is seyne
Y nought had no paste of childyll teseyne
But first seknes and ast So and peyne
Ye be my lede with Sorrow yonne seknes thyngs
Right as you lest ysfetly no yede at me
Ffor to y lette at home all my nothyngs
Sithen y dure first to you right so nysl tho
Lette y my Sill and all my likyte
And take youre nothyng Sherfore y you pray
Wil youre pleasance y Sill it obey
And teyne yifi y had presence
Youre Sill to Fiede or ye wyne lyf more to
I Scoll it don Sithonte negligence
But noble y Sete youre lust and Sthat ye Sulde
All youre pleasance fayne and stable y holde
Ffor Sirf y that my Seth Solde to you case
Right stadly Solde y dio you for to pleasse
Sith may not make none comparison
Unto youre lode and Sthere this ryngyng
The constant of this Sirf he rist adonn
Hys yeen · ij · and Sondyth that the may
In patience ryffe all this ayly
And finally he gotth Sith ayly countenance
But to his hayte it Sulde gyete pleasance
This ayly Sagiamit in the same Sise
That he his dought aright right so he
Sthere yif men come Sere Sise
Hath hym come that fill Sulde of hoante
And ere more so patient Sulde the
That the no there made of hoynesse
But lust hym on and ast gan it blesse
Also this the yung hym yif that he wyght
Hyre litle Crime he Solde in Sthe grete
Hys tender lymmes Solde to Syght
The fouldes and he bestes it to Also
But the non other amusesye of hym wyght hatte

he sent his sey to him nothyng thought
But to Bolengne he it tendyly brought
¶ This mayny stonded and lenger the more
Upon hym patiens and yf that he
He had ottely bee thys before
That pitifully hym children loved the
He solde hane sende that of com entrete
And of mitico or for quell carage
That he had suffered this with ouere visage
But sell he knewe that nere to hym dyd approche
Sho loved best hym children in ony case
But nede of Cymmion solde y are seyne
Yf thise assaies myght not suffise
Sehit conde a sundr hym nere sense
To prove hym esthed or hym stedfastnesse
And he dyd ryng and in fynymesse
¶ But they ben folde of suche condicion
That when they hane a certeyn purpos take
They cannot sryne of there mednicion
But right as they were seyd commyd to a stake
They sell not of that purpos stake
Right as this vulgaire fyll ich hath purposed
To tempte his wyf as he first was disposed
¶ He sayd yf he by sayde or countenance
Yf she to hym were changed of corage
But nede conde he fynde variance
She was ay on in hert and in visage
And ay the further that she was in age
The more tyed yf that it were possible
She was to hym in love and more pymble
¶ For which it demed thus that of thym two
Were was but on sell for as sadey lost
The same lust was hym pleasance also
And god to think all fell for the best
Sho shewed well that for noe worldes ryches
Ne sil as for hym dyd no thyng ne stude
Sille in effecte as hym ayster wrote
¶ The plaunde of sadey ende and grade
That of quell hert he sickly
For as it pouro Cymmian sadey hide
Hath mynyed bothe his children pitely
Such mynyon was it monges thesid commedy
Ano sonde is for to the parfite eye

Clerke

There came no Clerke but that they mustbid Crye
For Christ do his people there before
Hadde lovid him Cello the stalwrye of his desyre
Made them that they him hatid the fore
To be a mystheye it is an hatefull name
But nathyless for quest ne for game
Of his quell pow nolde he stynte
To mere his Crist has all his entente
Seyen that his knight yn rede was of age
He to counte of Rome christ Crist
Emperour of his Crist sent his message
Commaundyng them such bulles to devise
As to his quell pow may suffise
Hon that the pope do for his peples jest
Pale him Clerke a not they Crist yif that him lest
Yer he bade they shulde committe to
The popes pulle makyng mencion
That he hath lere his first Crist to lete
As by the popes dispensacion
To stynt sancons and distencion
Pere that his people and him thus Cride the bulle
The which they hane publisshed at the fulle
The jude people do it Sandey non ne
Cerke full well that it had be right as
But Cheen these tydynges come Cristenye
I dene that kynge hatte Cato full Co
Disposed Cride the humble chetynge
The adrisite of fortune all to endynge
A bydynge ene his lust and his plesance
To whom the Cato Cron hatte and all
As to my ryer Cerlyr ryffisance
But shortly yif y this story tell shall
This nutynyng hatth Cysteen in oppenall
A letter in which he chetith his entent
And whatt he it belongne Cert
To the Cyle of Damyke which that had the
Cedrid his Cusyn yfende he generally
To bynge home tegyne his children tee
In honorable estate all openly
But on thyng he him yfande certyly

¶ That hete no sight mongh men solde auenge
Shulde not tell whos children that they were
¶ But or the maide shulde sweld be
Into the maynere of Balinces anon
And as this eld was preste & did he
For it the day sette he on his sterrys gon
And flytt he fore full fast and that anon
Tweyn Balinces this maide for to gide
Hym wonge bothey redyng by hym side
¶ Aldrich was tweyn hym mayde
This fayre may full of gemmys fayre
Hym bothey sytyng that by ayre was of age
Aldrich also full fayre in his mayne
And thus in yere noblesse and in yere tayre
Tweyn Balinces shepryng they ioynay
Fro day to day they yeden in theyr sterry

Hic desinit quarta pars
Et incipit pars quinta

¶ Amonge all this amy this wicked ysage
This maydyne hir sterf yit to tempte more
To the vttrist proof of hym corage
Fully to hane experience and lore
Yf he were as stedfast as before
He on a day in open audience
Full boldly bade ride hym this sentence
¶ Sytis bysyde y bade y nede pleynsance
To hane you to my sterf for your gardness
As for your trouthe and for your obeysance
Not for your lynage ne for your richesse
But nede bynede y ni wyll your stedfastnesse
That in yere lordship yf y me sett a vise
They is so grete vertue in conqyr wise
¶ I may not so ardely ploughman may
My people consyderyn me p to take
Another sterf and yeld day by day
And ake the ryches alone for ylle
Consentith it that day y bydey tille
And truly this worlde sett y wydey
Myn nede sterf commyng by nede ney
¶ Amonge of hate and gyde aryon hym place
And thilke sorrey that yo bought to me

Clerke

Take it agayne yf yt pleaseth of my gre
tenyeth to yowe fadyr howse yt he
so man may alway have prosperite
With oven hate y pede yow to enjoye
the stroke of fortune or of adventure
And she agayne answerd in patience
my lorde yt ys y dote and dyd alway
hon that cause yowe magnyficence
And my powere no man ne can ne may
make comparison yt is non nay
I ne hilde me nere digne in no manere
to be yowe wife ne no yowe chamberere
And in this house there ye me lady made
the hyghe god take y to witnesse
And also wisse he my conscyence glade
I nere hilde me lady ne maistresse
But humble servant to yowe sekerlynesse
And ever shall while my lyf may dure
Above erly worthy yeldyng
that ye so longe of yowe keepyng
have holde me in honour and noblesse
Where as y was not worthy for to be
that thanke y god and yow to whom y prey
for yeldyt yow there is no more to say
unto my fadyr gladly wold y wende
And with hym dwell unto my lyves ende
there as y was fostered of a child full swete
till y be wedde my lyf there wold y lede
A wydowe clene in body hate and alle
for with y yafe to yow my virgynyte
And all yowe true wife it is no drede
God shelde oyche alowe wife to take
another man to husbonde or to make
And of yowe ye wise wife god of his grace
so graunte yow wyth and prosperite
for y wold gladly yelden hyme my place
in which that y was borne to be
And with it likyth yow my lorde yt ye
that wyllom wayte all myne herte yeste
that y shall go y will go where yow leste
But there as ye me profyr oyche werke
as y first bynought it is in my mynde
yt were my wyll and also nothyng fayne

The which deep hate for me nede to fynde
O good god how pynful and how kynde
ye remedy by your coyne and your visage
The day that made ye to one marriage
¶ But ofte is seide algate y fynde it there
For in effecte y prouide it to on me
Loue is not ofte ascheon that it is nede
But cryst lorde for non aduersite
To dide in this wise it shall not be
That che me borde or deyde y shall repent
That y you refusyn hete in sole entent
¶ My lorde ye wote that in my fadyr place
Ye did me stryp onte of my poyre stede
And richely me clad of your grace
To you bewight y nought elles withonte drede
But sithe nakidnes and wanthede
And lyke agayne my clothyng y restore
And eke my wedyng ring for enomore
¶ The amendement of ye dede lady so
Sith yme your chamber y fly it sayd agayne
Raded onte of my fadyr hous wyde
Come and nakid not y tynne agayne
All your plasaunce wolt y forede feyne
But yet y hope it be not your entent
That y suckles onte of your paleys bent
¶ Ye conde not do so disponest a thyng
That thilke wombe in which your children lay
Shulde bere in the peple in my dishyng
Seyne ill bide wherfore y you pray
Lette me not like a wrine go by the way
Remembre you myn dere lorde so do
Y wite your wif thought y entrete thy wo
¶ Wherfore in grey don of my wydewhede
Which that y thought and not agayne y bete
Acouche dis to yede me my mede
But onche a cuot do y wite wont to wete
That y the wif sith may wyn the wonte of hete
That wite your wif and hete y take y take my lete
Of you myn dere lorde lest y you gete
¶ The sunne that thou hast on thy back
Let it be still and leye it fynde with the
But shall cuwatte thilke word ho spake

Put Saint his Day for meed and fayne
Before the folke hise deff fryend he
And in hise Onch Saint fete and hede abaye
Ye hadd hise fiddes hise fryend he fye
The folke hise fole bryn Carying in the Day
And betime ay they cryed to they gon
But the folkeyng lesyn hise peed Day
Ye in this time Herde Cryke the mon
Hise fiddes that thise ryngers hadde drow
Cryed the Ay and the trine that ryngye
Chose hym to bye a lites gettyng
For onte of dette this olde ponye nigh
Ye ere in mysyrte of hise ryngyng
For ere he demed onte that it keyn
That Ehen the lorde hade fulfilled his wrage
Hym Cold thynke it Ere a disdayn
Ethis estate to lete go for to light
And wilden hise de one as he might
Agerne his knight hapely gotte he
For he by noyse of folke rise to hise cryngi
And with hise olde wo do it might be
He cried hise fiff Cro fiff Ecryngi
Put on hise body might he it not bryngi
For pide Ere the cloth and the mere of age
By dues fole that at hise ryngyng
Thus with hise fiddes for a certayne Ere
Excellyth this flowe of Ehrifty pacyence
That neythey by hise Ere ne by hise face
Before the folke and ne in Theye ryngyng
Ne shed ne the that hise Ere dyd offence
Ne of hise high estate non remembrance
Ne had the de by hise countenance
Ne Ponde is for in hise poore estate
Hise pryst Ere ere in pleyne humylite
Ne tendre mouth non hette delicate
Ne pompe no Cumbrance of pralte
But full of perfyt benignyte
Discrete and pryde ay honorable
And to hise hushonde ay meke and stable
Men Cryke of Job and more for his humildnesse
Ne Cleyne Ehen them left comes Ecell endite
And nothy of mon but he in Ethrfastnesse

Though thayre pleye Symmon but a lite
They ah no man in hymselfe hym acquite
As Symmon ah ne ah he hath to tyme
As Symmon ben · but it be tefall of ryme
¶ Thoo Soleigne is this Eylo of wanyth comme
Of the Which the fame yet abyde to more and lasse
And in the perlas cayes all and comme
Eylas cowth ofte that a neces wayrysse
He With hym brought in riche pompe and richesse
That nerle Eylas there ryse With mayny yee
So noble a lady in all Scotlandbaydye
¶ The maryne Which that there and knewe all thye
Er that this Eylo Eylas com dente his message
For thilke ely pouye Eyselfe
And the With hymselfe hayte and glad visage
Not With no Sorrowy thought in hyse corage
Com at his hesto and hye knees dente
And jenjoutly and Esisely the hym gretto
¶ Eyselfe ah ho my Eylt is ryuly
This maydyn that Eye did thilke to me
Reserved bo to more to the jolitly
As it possible is in myn house to be
And eke that ely Eylight in his dayre
Hane his estate in sittyng and in Eybise
And hyth plesanne as y ah best devise
¶ I hane no Sommah Sufficient ceyterne
The chambre to ayre in ordenanne
Astny my list and therfore Eyolde y serue
That youe Eye all Suche ryalle gouernanne
Yekindee eke of olde my plesanne
Thought youe ayr be bade and Eylt lo sere
So ye youe Eyeryne at the lest Eyere
¶ Not only lorde that y ah glad ryd the
To do youe list but y desire also
You for to dere and plese in my dayre
Withouten feynyng and y shall ende me
Ye nayd for no Eyele ne for no Eye
Ye shall the gose in myn hayte stynte
To love you best With all my tyme entente
¶ And With that Eorde the gan the house to dight
And tables for to sette and beddis make
And peynes hye to do all that the myght
Prayng the chambeyes for goddis sake

Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

Lefte

To hasten them and fast escape and shake
And fye the mofte odyfiable of alle
Hath ally chamble dayes and his halle
Alonte the wilderne gan this eyes alight
That hath him bought thise noble children there
For which the people jan to the eight
Of hye dry & jutely before
And then not eyt amonge them there
That hadley hadde no fole thought that him left
To chamge his hatf for it hadde for the left
For fye is fairyer as they demen alle
Than is Griselde and more tendre of age
A fayer fiwt kaufen them shulde falle
And more plesante for hye high lynage
Hye brother also & fayre hadde of visage
That them to alle the people hath aught plesance
Commendyng ofte the mighty governance
O. fleyne people vnsad and ele vitiere
Ay vndisfete and changyng as a fane
Delityng ele in mutabilyng that is nete
For like as the mone ay hayen they and chane
Ay full of clappyng seye y wolde a fane
Your doms is fals your constance evill preveth
A full grete fole is he that in you beleveth
Thus deden old folke in that tyme
Then that the people gaddyd up and doun
For they seye glad right for the noveltee
To have a newe lady of their toun
No more of this matte y nete mentioun
But Griselde agayne wole y me hye
And tell hye constance and hye bisinesse
Ffull bisily hadde Griselde in ally thyng
That to the fate hadde pertynent
Right nought hadde the abisshed of hye rotlyng
Though it seye jude and ele demdeth to yent
But hath glad chose to the gate is the hant
Hath other folke to grete the mighty lesse
And alway that dothe finth hye bisinesse
Hath so glad chase his hestis the yet hyth
And so conveyngly ellyth in thye dayes
That no defante is man seyeth

Fluctor

But ly they sonday that he
that was yonge a lyte was fayr to
and wonde riche honour and renome
And worthily they preised hym prudence
In all this mene while he not fyrst
this wyse and ekd hym hyghly to commende
In all hym hepto with full kenyng cite it
So well that no man could hym prisa amende
But at the last when that hym lyst he sende
To cite doun to mete he gan to alle
Hyghly as he was lede in the halle
Hyghly ryd he to it ere in his yslede
Non lykth the my lyf and hym bekente
Right well ryd the my lorde for my wyd fede
A fynger sete y nere non than the
Yey to god rede hym prosperite
And so hope y he shall to yon and
Pleasaunce y nong hym into yonge lyes and
Oul. thyngi respecte y yon and seyne aff
that ye not preise with no thyng nomyngi
this tendey wyse as ye have do mo
For he is fostred in hym nozyssyngi
Yoze tendesly and to my supposyngi
She cannot addressite endyns
As and a yonge fostred yeltyng
And when this valey cite he hym pacence
Hym glad chere and no malice at alle
And he to hym had don so grete offence
And she ay old and constant as a stalle
Contemnyngi and high innocence aide alle
This study maynys gan his hart sprosse
To me on hym swyly stedfastnesse
This is y noche hyself myn ryd he
The noche no more dyll me abill fynde
I have thy feith and thy kenyngite
Acceptt as and committen this dyndo
In grete estate and yonsly dyndo
Noche knoche y zere with yonge stedfastnesse
And hym in his armes toke and gan hym kisse
And she for sonday toke of it no kepe
She had not what thyngi he to hym cide

Vod sano tuo
Spuma

Quia tu ut fili place de
mendo ne dancillis
ancillis agnes quia
affectim agnosci nam
a mmoz filiarum
imitatio est petti quem
ego et jacob ne velitis

The feyse as she had sayd onte of a seye
Till she onte of hyse maydenes abeyde
Syscely ryse by god that for yow deyde
Thou into my Vysyon ofthey y haue
Reneyd hade a god my child dane
Thys of thy doughte Which thou has supposed
To be my Vysy that ofthey fethfully
Shall be myn heyse as y haue end disposed
Thou bare them in thy body truly
The holaugue haue y kepte them purely
Take them agayne for lerne mayst thou not dye
That thou has born yon of thy child on tereyd
And folde that otheyr vyse that ye dyd of no
Chayne them Cast that y haue dyd thys yede
For no malice ne for no quesyd
But for to assay in yon yonge Conuynchsed
And not to sle my children god forbede
But for to kepyn them purely and stille
Till y yonge pynyn vnecke and all yonge Crille
Then she thys hedyd in sterme the fullesth
For pitous joy and ay hye sterenyng
She bethe hyse yonge children onto hyse atlloth
And in hyse armes pitously keppyng
Embracedi them and tendyly kissyng
For like a modey with hyse ouste teyes
She bathed bothe hyse visage and hyse eyes
O. Which a pitous thyng dyd to seye
Hyse sterenyng and hyse humble voyce to heye
Saynte my lorde god thankid yt yon yt she
That ye haue ouerd ine my children deye
Not to jecke y neyd to be dede yight heye
Sith y stonde in yonge lere and in yonge eyte
No force of deth Then my eyte is yette
O. tendre. o. deye. o. yonge children myn
Yonge Cosynes modey Cende stedfastly
That ynoff hemder or con sonle comyn
Bad dau yon but god of his mey
And yonge bunyne fidey tendyly
Hath do yon deye and in that same stonde
All ordenly she sterape down to yonde
And in hyse sterenn so ardly holdyth she

hym children ij. When she gan them embace
that with grete pleyght and grete difficulte
the children from hym they gon take
¶ many a tyme many a diuerse pace
Comen and on them that stoden hym beside
Whereof a lorde hym myght they abide
¶ Walter hym gladith and hym doth pleyth
The pitith up a bashed fro hym tranno
And eke with hym joy and fest makith
Yff the hath myght agayne hym countenanno
Walter seth hym to fulfyll pleasynno
Yff it was keyne for to do the thyng
Betwene them ij. Yet they ben metis mynd
¶ Thise ladies when that they hym tynne
hane take hym and into chambre gon
And stripen hym onto of hym mide array
And in a cloth of golde that bright shon
With a crowne of many a riche ston
Upon hym leddy into the halle hym brought
And there the to honour as the ought
¶ Thus hath this prioris day a blissfull ende
For every man and woman doth his myght
This day in myth and jewell to spende
Yff on the clerkes shone the sesyis light
For more colompne in oure nammes sight
Thus fare was greter and more costage
Than was the jewell of hym marage
¶ Full many a yere in high prosperite
Lyen thise ij. in concord and in jest
And nichely his doughter maryed he
Unto a lorde on of the worthiest
Of all staille and then in wed and jest
His office fadey in his courte he kepith
Yff that the soule of the body hepith
¶ His sonne succedith in his heritage
In jest and peace after his fadey day
And fortunate was he in marage
Yff yit he myght this werk in grete assay
This werkde is not so strange it is no nay
Yff hit hath y be mode twyes yere
And herkenyth what this autor seith therfore
¶ This fare is wide not for no werre thyldo

Clerke

Noble Griselde in humylite
For it seyd unpitable thought they shulde
Hurt for that cause knight in his degre
Shulde he constant in adversite
As was Griselde therfore petrak seyth
This storye which seith this sule he endeth
For oftyn a wommanes wyt so passeyt
Into a mortall man well more wyse
Resyse all in degre that god yow sent
For yerte shulde. he proveth that no knight
Hurt he ne temptyth no man that he wought
As seith seynt jame yif ye his justise lerne
He proveth folke all day it is no yerne
And suffyrth yow as for oure exercise
Sithe ye shewe yourselfe unto adversite
Shulde ofte to be lere in study wise
Not for to knowe oure skill for certeynte
But the seyd lorn knowe all oure healte
And for oure lerte is all oure governance
Lette yow then live in gettyng oure suffirance
Seint ordere lordynge hekenyd ye yow
Hit seyd shulde to hynde noble always
In all a tome griselde. m. or. two
For yif they seyd put to oure assay
The golde of them hath noble so bad alway
Sithe hyd for thought doyng be fere at yeo
It shulde rather yet a tore than to plyeo
For which herefore the virtuous love of lathe
Shorlyf and all hyne dete god maynteyne
In hyne mastyr and elles seyd it lathe
Crist seith lusty hynte flesshe and bone
Sey you a songe to glad your yerne
And lette yow stynte of synnefull matere
And hekenyth my tale seith in this manere
Griselde dede and ded hyne patience
And lothe a tonde bynyd in stalle
For which hyne in open audience
No wedded man so hardy be to assalle
His virtuous patience in trust to fynde
Griselde for in erthe he shall finde
O noble virtuous fruit of high prudence
Per none humylite youre tender nature

Sunne hystorium stile nunc dicto pertransiit
visum fuit non esse ut multorum usus
temporis adumbrando: hinc exemplo
paradisi qui in immutabile mutat
quod ut legentes admirando dicto
fine ostendat exitum ut quod ipse
vivo suo statu sed pacie sua in
audeat omnibus. ut quando ad aliquid
quod temptatur est nato et ipse nisi
temptat quod et ipse non mittit
ac finis flagellis exercetur sint
.vi. ut ami insum sint qui punit
dantur et adjuvantur

Chaucer

We let no stayke bine mind or diligence
To seyne of you a story of suche mayteille
Of wysdom parcen and prudence
Lest thee mache you folde in your ontaille
Folde with fro that holdith no sidnes
But on amyse seye at the countrytaille
Seth not bedaffed for your gnorance
But philyply take on you the gomaille
Simple writh ebell thic lessyn in your mynde
For good profite oth it may availle
Ye eche bisio fondith at defence
Sith ye be so strange to is agyeto enmyde
We mysseth not that men do you defence
And studmude bisio folde to in bateille
Seth seye dea seyge is by your guide
Ay clapwith as a mille your conversaille
We dedith them not doth them no yenonce
For though thym hmsbonde be armed in maille
The dooles of thy tabbed eloquence
Shall pryce his best and eke his ventaille
Jngelousie yede eke thou hym bynde
And then shalt make hym to doth a mistaille
Yif thou be feyre they folke be mysdence
Shewe thy visage and thym appetaille
Yif thou be fonde be fie of thy disponce
To gete the fiendis ay do thy travaille
Be ay of cheye as light as leef on lynde
And let hym aye seye seyynge and ensaille
Werba hypocrita Thio thy thy seye be chen ended et as thio tilde
Onye osto seide and sewere by goddis bonce
Me seye lowy then a bayell of ale
Wyd yif it gome had hey to thio lyeynde once
Thio is a gyntill tale for the yonce
As to my wyf christ ye my spill
But thynge that shall not be lot it be still

Hic desinit fabula dicti Ovidii
Et incipit prologus Vrsulatoris

Seyyng and bailynge aye and other sorete
Shoete y nought on eken and on morete

Marchaunte

Quod the marchaunt and so do other mo
That ye should be ye sooth that it be so
Full ye sayd it fareth so by me
Yet and a wife ever may none be
For though the feude to hym complayned ye
Ye wolde hym onid mayde ye day ye shall seye
What philto ye yelded in generall
Hym sight mayde fre is a fayre ye withall
There is a longe and a large difference
Betwene wyfes yete patience
And of my wife the passyng quoite
Seye ye unkyndnesse and not ye the
Yet wolde neede ye com in the snare
Ye should wed lyke in order and care
Assay ye wife wife and ye shall fynde
That ye say ye by verite thousands of kynde
And for the more parte ye lye not alle
God shelde that it shuldde so befalle
A good of oste ye have ye should be
This worthis fere and me not yede
But yet ye sooth that he that all his lyfe
Wifles hath ben thought that men wolde hym prise
Unto the heyte ye conde in no maner
Tellen yow so mochel sorowe as ye nede here
Tonde tell of my wifis cursednesse
Rede good onyo este marchaunte so god you blesse
Sithen so mochel knowen of that ayte
Full hertily ye pray you to fell yow yayte
Gladly yf he bid of myn owne ore
For every heyte ye tell may no more

Hic incipit fabula mercatoris

ffabula mercatoris

Whilom there dwelled yn lombardie
A worthy knyght that yn dwelled of auncie
In which he lived in goode prosperite
And sixty yere wifles man was he
And yet nevertheless yet his body dolte
On swymmen there as was his desyre

Kodak Color Control Patches
Kodak, 2007 TM: Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

Sapiendum

To doon thise folks that been seruiseyn
And whan he was rist. lx. yere
Seye it for holynesse or for stryf
I cannot seie but onlye a gyeto cerige
And thus knyght to be a seruyd man
That dir and wyght he doth what he can
To serue seyde he wyght seruyd he
Praying oure lorde to graunte hym that he
Wyght onesthyeze of thilke bliffull life
That is bitwyxt an husbond and his wyf
And for to liue vnder that holy bonde
The which that first god made and commaundyd
Vnto oure elder he is worth a bonde
Wyd fortune ffor wedlok is so easy and so clene
That in this worlde it is a paradys
Thus seide this olde knyght that was so wise
And certeynly as sooth as god is kyng
To take a wif it is a glorious thyng
And namly when a man is old and hore
Then is a wif the fruyt of his treasore
Then shulde he take a yong wif and a fair
Of which he myght engendryd hym an heyre
And lede his life in joy and solace
Where alle thise bachelers synge alare
Wheen that they fynde any aduersite
In loue which to hit chaudes yanyte
And truly it sit well to be so
That bachelers have oftentyme and wo
On sundry wyse do they fynde. and sorynesse
Ther fynde when they seie a maynesse
They lye but as a bird or a beste
In lusty and yonder noon a jeste
There as a seruyd man yn his estate
Lyueth a lif blissfull and ordynate
Vnder this yoke of matrymony y bound
Well may his hart in joy and blesse hat stound
For whan a man hath hym as a wif
Who is to trewe and who to ontrewe
To kepe hym and hold as in his mate
For well or wo the wyf hym not forsake
Who nys not redy hym to loue and serue
Thought that he lie neyghe till he sterue
And yet an thyngis ryne it is not so
Off which thoughtis is one of the

What force thought

Vae soli

What forte thought thee oftast list lie
Certain no wif, yet he for his bondage
As forte stays in houshold to thyn diligence
And no sekerness with more diligence
Thy good keepe then thyn own wif
For the wold claime half, yet to all thys lif
And yif thou be sekke no god me sake
Thy gyltes frendys or any enmyes
Shall kepe the bette then the that shall thy
Astyn thy good and hath don many a day
And yif thou take a wif of high lynage
She shall hamyton and of grete cortage
Thys sentence and an hundred mythes more
Shuld this man thyse god his wife rys
But takes no kepe of sorrye vertue
Yffe thy wif auyse lyn to me
A wif is gerdyn wise generally
Alle other maide vnto his body
As londes rentis [illegible] or commune
Or moebles all by vysyte of fortune
That passen as a shadowe on a wall
But hereof yif y plenyly grete shall
A wif shall last and in thyn house abyde
Shall longer than the lost pacyentyne
Marriage is a fyrst grete sekaunsit
So that hath no wif y holde hym shent
He lewyd hatyldes and all desolate
Y speke of folkes of wenlys estate
And he that wif y dey not this for nought
That commyth to for mans helpe sey nought
The high god seyn he had adam made
And knyght hym alone bely naked
God of his grete goodnesse wold than
Lette no nede make an helpe vnto man
Like to hym self and then he made hy eve
Here may ye se and here may ye preve
That wif is mannys helpe and his comforte
His paradise terrestre and his disporte
So bryem and so vertuous was the
The moste nedes like in vertue
On flesshe they ben an on flesshe as y gesse
Hath but on harte in wele and in distresse
A wif. a. verite ryche prouerbis
Hou myght a man have any adversite

Vae est soli quia cum ceciderit non habet sublevantem se. Item si dormierint duo fovebunt se ad invicem. Item si unus prevalebit contra eum duo stabunt contra eum. Item funiculus triplex non cito rumpitur.

Vae pregnantibus et nutrientibus in illis diebus. Item ve qui conjuncti estis in illis diebus. Item ve qui habent in illis diebus.

Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

Salutaunt

That hath a wif certiory cannot see
the blisse that is betwene hem tweyn
they may notonge telle or hate thrinke
yif he be pore the holyth hym to serwe
She serwith his good. and easyth nedyly
All that hym bynd but hym lieth ewle
She wirch not ones nay when he wirch ye
So this wirch he. Al yeh oy wirch the
O. blissit ozze of erdlich pyenous
then ate so mey and ete so gyttnous
And so commendid. And a pyes is ete
that any man that holdith hym ebrith a lete
Upon his bare knees ought all his lif
thanke his god that hym hath sent a wif
Or elles pray to god. hym for to sende
A wif to last unto his lives ende
For then his lif is set in stedynesse
he may not be disseyvid day nesse
So that he leyte affiny his wif is pete
then may he boldly leye up his hede
they bon so tune and the yeth ner wife
For which yif then wirke wife ye
So all day so no wymmen wolt the yeh
To hym that gatrob as thus the yeh yeh
Yf good counsaile of his modey rebolte
Bonde the kidis of hym. a bonte his nerke
For which his fadis bonysson he stan
To quidith as the story tell can
By wise counsaile the godis peple kepte
And ffrouth hym lifyuns while he slepte
To abigill by good counsaile bonde
David hym husbond. Naball wyhan that he
Shulde hane be starue. and lost ffey alse
By good counsaile bohnied onte of the
The peple of god. and made hym madche
Of assise ordaunced. for to be
Wise is nothyng in gre simplicitis
As seith Sailor a bold an hunbold wif
Musse thy wifis tonge. to witen bit
The shalt commande and then shalte sussit
And yit the wolt ober of entesse
A wif is kepy of thym husbondis
Wele may the ded man redde and wepe
Thus to mys no wif the house to kepe

gatrobis. ii. p
consilid mysis
fine tobiate etc

y wedynes the

I wayne the yf yon wysely wolt worch
lowe well thy wyff as cryste lowyth his chrych
yf yon lowe thy self. yon lowyst thy wyff
No man hath his flesch but in his hoff
he ffosteryth yt & they for hydde I the
cherysh thy wyff or yon schalt new I the
husbond or wyff what so mon lappe or pley
of worldly folke holde the sykyr wey
they be so knyt thor may no hayne be tydo
And namely upon the wyffys syde
this olde knyght Januar the which I tolde
Consyderyd hath wyth in his days olde
The lusty lyf the vertuous quyete
that ye in mayrage lowe schete
And for his frendys on a day he sent
to tell them the effecte of his entent
At sadde chor his tale he hath thow tolde
he sayd frendys I am hore & not olde
And almoste gon wot at pryttys bryngs
Upon my sonle. sum what most I thynke
I hane my body folysly dispendyde
Blessyd be god pat I schall be a mendyd
And pat a non in all the haste I can
ffor I wolle be certeyn a weddyd man
Un to sum mayd ffair & tend of age
I pray yon schappyth for my mayrage
All sodeynly ffor I wolle not a bydde
And I schall assay to spy yon my syde
To whom I may be weddyd hastely
But for as mych as ye agyn moo thow I
ye schall zathyn such a thing aspyen
Thow I & whor me last they tolyen
But on thing I wayne yon my ffrendys dey
I wolle non olde wyff in no maney
Sothe schall not passe yon yey certeyn
Olde ffysch & yong ffleschs wold I hane fayn
Bote as he ye a pyke they a pyke
And bote yey olde bassy ye the tendyr boyle
I wolle no woman. yyyt yey of age
yt ye but bonyfalle and sych ffolage
And che thes olde widowes god yt wot

They knowe so myche paste on wades bote
So myche broken hayne whych them byte
That with them shuld I non lyve in rest
For sondry places maken subtyll clykes
A woman of many stokes half a dayes ys
But certaynly a yonge thyng men may yse
Fyght as men may wayne wax wt handys plys
Whych for I sey you playnly in a clause
I wott noo olde wyff have wyght for pys cause
For yff so they I had such mystyamce
That I in myn conde have no plesyamce
They shuld I lede my lyff in ad sontery
And fayght go to the deyll whych I dy
Ye children shuld I non upon hor setyn
Yt had ino lonor holydys had no stey
Then that myn heytage shuld fall
In strange hanse and this I tell you all
I dont not I wot the cause why
Men shuld wade and fyttyn more wot I
They fyghyth many a man of mayage
That wot no more of hyt they doth my page
For which causys man shulle take a wyff
Yff he no may not lyve chaste his lyff
Take hym a wyff wt yet denoum
Be cause of lessyll preacoun
Off children to the honour of god a bove
And not only for pamour and love
And for they shulde lerney estyne
And yelde they dettys which that ys dewe
And for that oth of thym shulde holpyn other
In mystyeff as Sunter shall the zo pother
And lyve in chastyte ffull holly
But fyrys by yow that am not I
For god be thankyd I daye make a vaunt
I fell my lymmys stayle and sufficiaunt
To do all that a man be longyth to
I wot my self beste what I may do
Honest I be hoze I fare as doth a tye
That blomyth er that frute I wayn be
A blossomede tye ys neythyr dyr ne dede
I fele me noo wyzes hoze but on my hed

inches 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
cm 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19
Kodak Color Control Patches © Kodak, 2007 TM Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

myn hate and all my hymmys bynd to gyue
Ladyes thynkyth the yere is for to come
And ordeyn that ye kynd hate all myn entent
I pray yon to do my skill ye wote assent
Syn men dispyse fyrst to wed
Of maydens many ensamples old
Some blamed it some prysed it certayne
But at the last shortly for to seyne
As all day fallyth affyncion
Betwyxt fendys in dysposycion
Thay fele a fyrst betwyxt his brethyren two
Of Esbrych that on Esau the pryde placed
Justynus orthely called Esau that other
Placed aside. O Jannaye brother
Full lytel nede had ye my lord to deye
Counsyld to dyne of any that is heye
But that ye be full of Sapyence
That yon no lyth for wyne hyght prudence
To serve so the lord of Salamon
This lord aide he unto his enymen
Seyth all thyng by counsyll thus aide he
And then shalt thou not repent the
But though that Salamon apaid riche a lord
Myn dere bye brother and myn lord
To dispyse my counsyll bryng to pert
I hold wyse dere counsyll is the best
For brother myn of me take this motyf
I have been ever a coupteynyn all my lyf
And god it wote though I unworthy be
I have stonden in fyll grete degre
Above lordes and folk of hyght estate
Yet had I never with non of them debate
I nevir them contynued tynely
I wote well my lord an more than I
What that he with I holde it fyne and stable
I dey the same or elles thynge resonable
A fyll grete fold is our counsellonge
That dyrth any lord of hyght hononge
That prime or elles thy yere it
That his counsyll shuld pass his lordis wit
My lordes to no folds by my fay
Ye have yonge wyf wyll wyll seyd to say

Judgement

So high sentence · so holy and so swete
Yhad y consent and consenyng only doth
yowe Lordes all and yowe oppynyon
Wherfore they is no man in all this towne
Ne in castell could but hand and
Christes holy hym of his consent fulle swete apaide
And truely it is an high corage
Of any man that sompyn is made
to take a wyfe swete by my fayth hym
yowe yet haughty on a jolly pryde
Doth ryche in this matter right as yowe lest
For fynally y holde it for the best
Christmas that ye fulle sete and hold
Right in this wise he to place a mynstrell
Rede brothe yowe to parcent y pray
Syn ye have cause herein that y say
Sence amongs his other swordes wise
Seith that a man ought hym right swete a wise
To hym he yeldth his londe or his castell
And syn y ought a wise me right swete
To whom y yelde my good a swey fro me
Swete mochs more me ought a wise me place
To whom y yelde my body for all swey
I swete yowe swete it is no childes play
To take a wife swete without a wise mente
Men moste enquere this is myn assent
Whether the be wife wise or foolishe
Or poore or elles other wise a shrewe
A chyldy or a wastyonye of good
Or riche or poore · or elles mad my swete
All be it so that no man fryndes shall
Yowe in this worlde that hotteth hole mall
No man no lyste riche to yowe could devise
Yet nathless it ought y noche wise
With any wife · yf so swete that she hatte
Yowe good that is then thyse wife lattes
And all this aspyth leisy for to enquere
For good it wote I have sewte many a yere
Fulle yuell syn y had a wife
Please wise so swete a wife
Fayterynes y fynde myght but cost and care
And observaunces of all blysses bare

And yet goe swete

Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM: Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

The Marchant

And yit god knowe myn myschiefs abounde
And namely of women many a peine
Lord that y haue the moste stedfast wif
And eke the meekest on that lyueth lif
But y knowe best wherto thy wyngrth me my sho
ye meete for me right as thou likest do
I wisseth you ye wen a man of age
Non that ye entren into mariage
And namely with a yonge wif and a feyre
By hym that made water erthe and eyre
The yongest man that is in all this peine
Ye wene y nought to bryng it a poynte
To haue this wif alone trustith me
Ye shuld not please hym fully yere thre
This is ouer lite to do hym first pleasaunce
A wif asketh first mony an obseruaunce
I pray you that ye kepe not evill a mende
Wherof of this fauntin and hast thou shrewe
Shrewe for thy secret and for thy prouerbis
I counte not a paynes first of herbis
Of wolde tryues wifes men than thowe
Wolton hast haste assemble right not be
Mony purpos placebo what wis ye
Lay he is a wised man wil he
That lentith a matrimoine wisely
And seith that wordes they wedinsly
And ben assemble fully that he shuld
Be wedded when hym list z wherfore he wolde
Hym fantesie and upon wifhyness
Who say to thy gan in the wolde impresse
Of jannuary a worthe hym mariage
Many a feyre shape and many a fayre visage
Where passith thyrigh his hayte wyght by wyght
Wherto wolde take a wyf yong polissed bright
And set in commune market place
Then shuld he fulle many a dirk face
By his wyf yonge and with his sauce wyse
Gan jannuary wisch in his thought devise
Of wyldenes. which that wedd hym beside
He wist not where he that he wyght abide
For yif that on hane lowns in hyse face

Archamit

And other stonden to with the people grace
for hise oldnesse and hise longynne
trust of the people the gettist wice hath the
And on ekere side and gat a bad name
But nathelee bite bysyt chief and gaine
so at the last amprintin hym on one
And lette all other from his hatte gone
And chastith hise of his ownne auctorite
for lore to bryde all day and may not
And when he was in his bed bynight
he pynche it in his hate and in his thought
hise flesshe bekinte and hise age tendre
hise mysdit sinnes and hise dymes pitendre
hise ewe condemnes hise faultilnesse
hise commandy keping. and hise oldnesse
And when that he bison hise considerede
hym thought his pouer might not amende
for ewhen that he hym alle conchide hadde
hym thought eche other mennes ewit to hadde
that impossible it were to poisse
Ageynes his choice this ewas his fantasie
his frendes cunte he to at his instance
And prede them to do hym that plesance
that hastely the ewolde to hym comm
he ewolde anpyre theye lifeonye all and comm
Ne with nomore for hym to go nor ride
he ewas a portrited theye he ewolde a bide
for fare to comm and eke his frendes bind
And altheye first he bade them all atone
that none of them. none argumentis make
Ageynne the purpos ewhich that he hath take
ewhich purpos ewas pleasyng to god wide he
And yeyer grounde of his prosperite
he wide theye ewas a ayaide into comm
ewhich that of hise bounte had gyete penom
all ewere it to the ewore of ynall dayes
Suffisith hym hise yonghth and hise bounte
ewhich inside he wide he ewolde have to his ewell
to lade in ease and honure his life
And thankid god that he myght have hise all
that no ewight his ewill pattrin chall
And prede hym to lifeonye in this worde
And seyde that he faile not to ewede

Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

For then he said his Synne was in case
Then is yet he nothyng that may me displease
Save on thyng pricketh in my conscience
The which I shall declare in your presence
I have herd say yet he shall rise ago
Thys may no man have perfit blysse to
This is to say in Erthe and also in heven
For though here hym fro the synnes shven
And also from every chaunce of thilke tyme
Yet is they perfite penitente
And gete case and lyst in mariage
That ende I am agast nowe in myn age
That I shall lede noche so merye a lyf
So delicate contynente eke or stryf
That I shall have myn herten in Erthe heye
For oftyme that yerthly herten is knyght so deye
With tribulacions and gete penaunce
Non shulde I than · that lyve in ouche plesaunce
Accordyd men dwell with hyre Erthly
Com to the blysse thaye ryche ethe old like is
This is my dede and ye my brethren they
Assoileth me this mention I pray
Instrumis which that hath this folie
Amysseyd amon yght in his jurnaie
And for he wolde his longe tale a bryggo
He wolde non auctorite allegge
But ryde ey & they is non obstacle
Other this god of his high mysteryes
And of his mercyd mely so for yon seyche
That ere ye shall yonge yghtis att holy cheyche
Ye may jeperd of wedyd men lyf
In which ye dwelle · there is no wo nor stryf
And elles god forbede but he wolde
A wedyd man gete to jeperd
Well oughte jathey then a sengle man
And therfore I the lest jede I can
Dispeyse you not but have in yonge memorye
Dancedeth yte may be yonge purgatorye

She may by godis mene and godis grace
than she shall yowe wele yt to haven space
Wister than an hoore with onte of a wife
of hope to god heryafter shall ye knowe
that there wyf non so gyte felicite
in wedlage · neuerthe more shall be
that yon shall lette of yowe calenon
so that ye vse it as ye ie and reason
the lustis of yowe wif attemprely
take hym not ofte but mesurably
and that ye kepe yowe from other crime
my tale is don for my time is shrine
Seth not apart herof my brothey dere
But leten we wide onte of this matere
the wif of bathe yef ye hane understonde
Of wedlage which are hane on honde
Varied hath that wide in litte space
Hereof now wolle wif god hane yon in his grace
and seith that wordis · ynstruns and his brothere
hane tane the ye lere and echo of them other
for when they taught that it not nedes be
they wroughten so by sleight and wise to
that she this made that wayne sight
so hastely as she that she myght
shall answere to yvo this manere
I trowe it were to longe yere to here
yif I yon told of ony stryte and bende
with which she was fessed in his londe
or for to sekyn of hym riche array
But finally I conclude is that day
that to the church both he they went
for to receive the holy sacrament
Firstly with the wif with stole aboute his neck
and bade hym be like sagge and reche
in wisdom and mirth of wedlage
and made his orisons as is vsage
and conched hym and bade god shulde hym blesse
this they ben wedded with solempnyte

And at the laste when he had spe
Sith they bothe fell upon the dais
And full of joy and blis in the palais
And full of instrumentes · and of vitaile
The moste deynteis of all maniere
Before them seye there instrumentis of sucche kinde
That orpheus nevyr thoses orpheum
Ne neyle made on suche a melodie
Atte eny tymes come to the mynstralsie
Whan nowe trumpes gaab for to seye
Ne the orfeodonis half to seye
At whiche sighan the two ones in donte
Bachus the sonne hym syngeth all a donte
And comes laughyng upon eny knight
Forgamia is ones bicome hys knight
And holde bothe assaien his torage
In lib[illegible]yte and eke in wyvage
And with hys fyrebrand in hys honde abouite
Dancyeth before the ryde and all the rouite
And certeynly y dy that sonne this
That [illegible] which god of Weddyng ys
Sangh nevyr in his life so merry a weddyng man
Holde thou thy pace thou poet wyfyldan
That christ so that ilke weddyng mynde
Of hys philologie and hym wyfyldan
And of the songes that the musis sunge
To make is bothe thy penne and eke thy tonge
For to disiren of his wyfyldage
When tendy youth hath wedded fonpyng age
There is sucche myrth that it may not be seyeten
Assaieth yt yonge wif there may ye seeten
Yf that y lie or non in this matere
Wayne that sittith with so bonygne a fere
Hys to be holde it semeth feyre
Where they loved nevyr with suche dii ye
On assise so mekel a lete do the
I may you not devise all hys beauite
But thus moche of hys beauite tell y may
That the was like the bright morete of may
Ffulfilled of all beauite and plesance

HRC

This damage is justified in a manner
At every time he looketh on hys face
But in this that he gan hym to medlye
That he that myght in armys bolde hym stoynye
Hymself than ells wayne dis eterne
But nevertheless yet had he grete pyne
Than thilke myght offende hym most so
And thought alas o tonge cleavye
Wherewith he pod ye myght well endye
All my wrage it is so shrewe and bone
I am a gast the may it not esteyne
But god forbede that I did all my myght
Wherewith bolde god it seye bryngen myght
And that the myght bolde lasse enemyes
I bolde that all this people seye ayne
And finally he dyd all his labonye
As he last myght abryng his honoure
To haste the in so the mete in subtile wyse
The tyme come that season was to rise
And ayen that men dance and dyrke fast
And spices all a wonte they cast
And full of joy and blis every man
All but a squyre of eight wynter
Which cayf before the knyght full many a day
He was so jadyssed on this lady gay
That for sorrow peyne he was myght stand
Almost he feebled and swonned as he stood
So sore hath comen hym hym with hys honde
As that the blod it dammysyng in hys honde
That to his bed he went hym hastely
No more of hym at this tyme speke I
But there I lette hym wepe I nought and complayne
Till fleshly gay full season on his peyne

Auctor

O perilous fyre that in the bedstrawe bredyth
O familiere foo that his cayrs bedyth
O serpent thatonye fals homly hyne
Like to the addy in bosom thou crynye
God shelde vs all from your acquaynteynce
O damage doubtyn in pleasance
In medyche of hedes enemyes
Thyn ordyne squyes and thyn bryn man

Wayfaring

Entendyth for to doon the Gilaure
God graunte the tyrn honour for to aspye
For in thie Deyde ine Dore pestilence
Ryan honour fo. at div in thy presence
Wayfaring hath the Comme thie dyke Dyne
Ne longer mar the body of hym Coryne
Of the grisom ate in that latitude
Right Eyth thie maunell that is dyke and pide
Gan one Dyede the Emyspyne a Conte
For Which departyd is thie lusty Conte
For gaunche Eyth thanke on ery side
Hom to theye Houses lustily tyder yide
Theye ate tyer don theye tyringe ate their left
And Eyhen tyer Ofede theyd tyme go to yest
Some atyn that thie lusty gaunche
Rolle go to bed he Rolle no lenger tayte
He drynkyth ypocras clarrey and wynnge
Of spices hote to encrepen his corage
And manyr a lotuche had he full fyne
Unche ate the cuppe apynke Sum Constantynne
Hath Eyten in his bele do crynede
To ete hym alle he Eldes no tyrynge asthede
And to his pyede fiendes thus Cryde he
For goddes love ate one ate it may be
Lette worden all thie Gong in cuytuse Eyse
And tyer shule don right ate he Rolle devise
Ryan drynken and the tydeye dyde don ryon
The bryd Eldes Eyright in bed ate still ate stone
And Eysen the bed Eldes Eyth the yest blessed
Onte of the chambre hath ery Eyght hym dyessed
And gaunche hath fast in dynnes take
His flesshe ynty his Dayadise his make
He kyllyth hym he kyssyth hym full ofte
Eyth thykke bystldes of his bryde vysyte
Like to the skyn of Gounde fysshe ryhtyge ate theye
For he Eldes shette made in his mynde
He jukkyth hym a Conte hym tendye sted
And Cryde thus alle y not the space
To you my spouse and you gyetly offende
Or tyme com that y Eldes dom do stende

HRC

Nichanine

Nevertheles considerith thus qd he
there was no Reyson man that so ever he be
shall may bethe Reyle Rest and gastly
this shall be don at leisey passitly
but is no force hon longe that he pley
in time Rest ok compled be he ter
And blessed by the yeld that he ken time
so m dres he mote do no crime
man may do no crime with his wif
he hyre hym self with his wine lyf
for he hane leve for to plete as by the lawe
thus lakmyeth he till that the day gan dawe
And then he takith a cups of fine clarye
And vpright in his bed then sittith he
And drink that he cuge fill londe and clere
And first his wif and made ewantou chere
he bad a fill coltrye fill of tragye
And fill of gaynon and flakkes pie
the flak ovrn abowne his neck hanging
While that he cuge. he channtith and gaitith
And god know what that may thought in hyre hayte
When the wife hym vpsitting in sighte
in his nyght trippe and with his neke lowe
She preisith not his pleying worth a bowe
then wide he this my jest wolt y take
Mete day is come y may no lenger wake
And anon he laid his hede and slepte till prime
And after dine then that he wake his time
vpsitith jaunaye. but the flesshe may
hilde hym chamber vnto the. iij. day
As vsage is of drinke for the best
for any lakonye untrine mette hane jest
Or elle long may he not endure
this is to crime none lyke gentine
Ne fisshe or fyl left or nicin
Mete wolt y caste. of Damyan
that langwysshith for love do ye that hete
Adam hy speed to hym in this manere
Auctor — wide. o. wife Damyan alas
Answere to my demande do me this as

Rosiell

Hon shalte thou to thy lady fresshe may
Telle thy sow. she shall dresse thy may
Eke vif thou sayste she shall thy sowlepher
God be thyne helpe y am no bette by
This olde Damyan in vemmo fye
So bejamyn that he dieth for desire
For which he puttith his lif in aventure
No longer myght he in this wise endure
But prively a pennyworth he borowe
And in a lettre wrote he all his sorowe
In manne of a complaynte or a lay
Unto this faire fresshe may
And in a purse of silke. hyngyng his shert
He hath put it and sowed it at his hert
The messe that atte noon was that like day
That gentilmen hath served the fresshe may
In tow of tawne was in to tawny golden
So longe hath warme in hyre chamber holden
Accordyng is yn to thise noblesse alle
A bride shall not ete in the halle
Till tow. iij. or. iij. dayes at the leste
Passed hen then let hym go to feste
The. iiij. day complete from noon to none
When that the high masse was done
In hall atte this gamnyng and mytte
As hertes desire is the knight knelyng
And so befell hen that this good man
Remembrid hym upon Damyan
And wide wyst may hen mych it to
That Damyan entendith not to me
So he day seke or hors may it be tide
His squyre so which that stood by his side
Excused hym by cause of his sikenesse
Which lettid hym to don his busynesse
None other cause myght make hym tarie
That me forthynkith yet this gamnyng
He is a gentill squyre by my trothe
Vif that he dieth it were hethe and pithe
He is as wise discrete. and as wise
As any man y knowe of his age
And thereto manly and eke serviseable

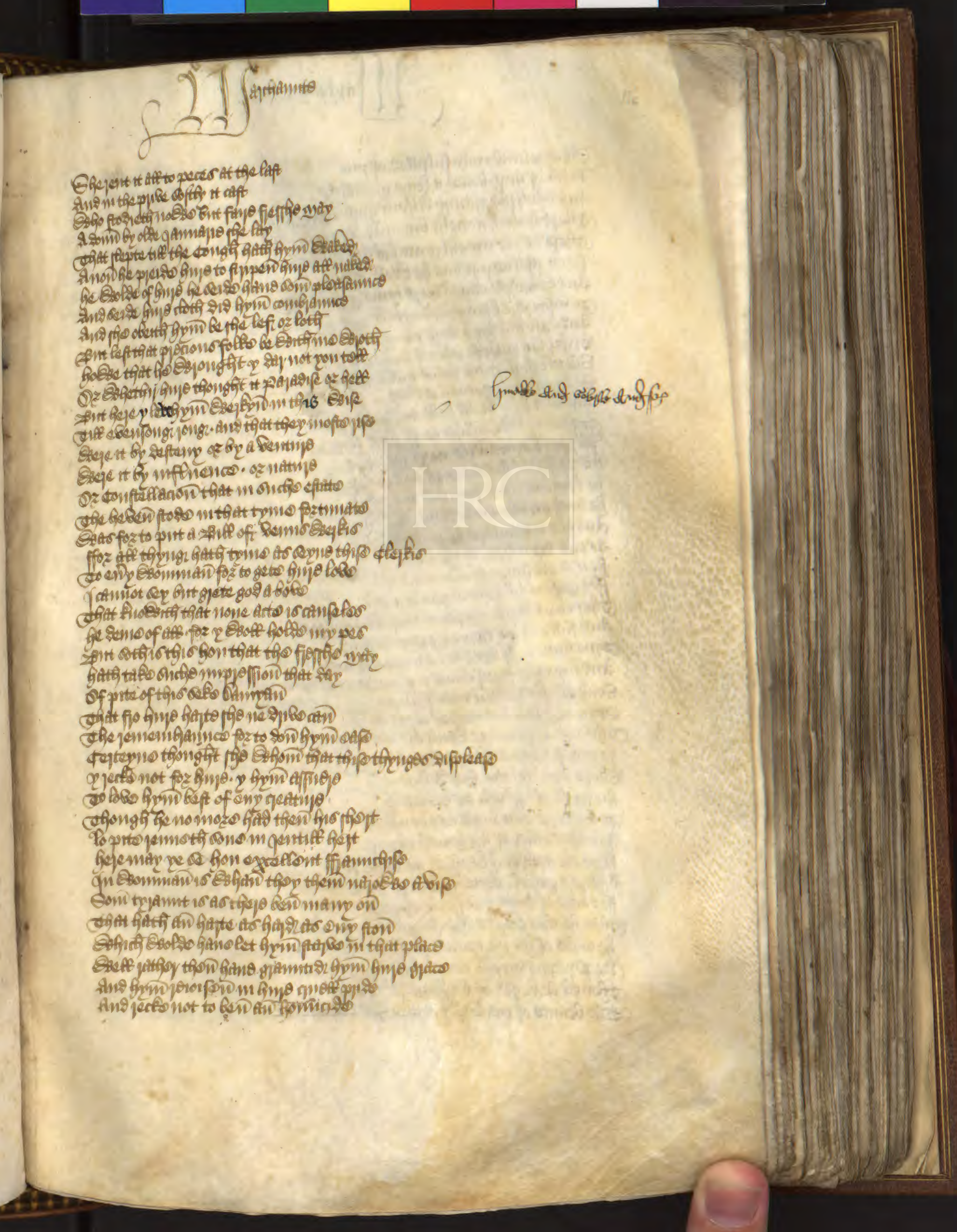
Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM: Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

Damyan

And for to be a man trusty and able
And ayny mete do one dede ye may
I will my self visite hym and eke may
To you all the wurd to that ye shal
And for that dede hym clepe ye may
That of his beauty and his gentilnesse
He wold do comfort in derknesse
His squyer for his gentil dede
Damyan yf this damyselle take gud hede
It ayny mete ye with your squyer allso
Seyen ye have ben in thy absence out of this halle
That alle ye gone to the damyselle
With hym disporte he is a gentilman
And telleth hym that ye will hym visite
Haney nothyng do but jest and lite
And dede you fast for ye will a bide
Till that ye stye first by my side
And with that word he gan to hym allso
A squyer that was nyghe of the halle
And told hym certayne thynge that he wolde
This fresshe may hath straight hym ye hold
With all hys squyer unto damyselle
Doun by his bedde side ye sate the hym than
Comfortyng hym as gudly as ye may
This damyselle seyen he his true lay
In secrete wise his pyn and eke his bille
In which that he wryten had his wille
Hath pitte in to hys hondes without more
Save that he sighyng sondre sore
And sayd to hym right thus wide he
Wrote and that ye not be displeased me
For y am dede yf that thynges be
This pyn the wrytyn hys bosom hide
And writ hys wey ye gete no more of me
But unto jamyas agayne commyd he
That on his bed side sate fast doste
And taught hym and kyssyd hys fast ofte
And leide hym down to slepe and that anon
Thoje as ye wote that city wright moste nede
And seyen he of this bille had taken hede

7

inches 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
cm 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19
Kodak Color Control Patches © Kodak, 2007 TM Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black



Sapientiamus

The jerit it all to peces at the last
And in the pyle doth it cast
Dido stodieth no do bint fuyo fiesche way
A bond by olde gammaje the fay
That starte till the tonghe hath hym stakid
Anoid he pyeido hyme to flypen hyme all naked
he bolde of hyme he deido hanne dom plotsanice
And deide hyme nothi did hym comfyjance
And sho oberth hym be the lefi or lotth
Bint lest that pyetions folke be entth no bjotth
Bint lest that the bjonghte y day not you tell
Or bjetin hyme thonghte it paradise or hell
Bint heje y lay hym bjeyhid in this bjise
Till bjenjonge jonge. and that they mosto yse
Heje it by destany or by a demyne
Heje it by influence. or natyre
Or constallacion that in sichte estate
The heden stode in that tyme fortunate
Was for to put a bill off demis bjeyhis
For all thyngi hath tyme as dyne thise clejhis
To any bommian for to gete hyme lobe
I cannot say bint gjete god a bobe
That knowith that none acte is causeless
he demo of all. for y shall holde my pes
Bint oth is this hon that the fiesche wyty
Hath take sichte impjession that day
Of pite of this acte bannyan
That sho hyme hapte the ne dribe atin
The jemembrance for to don hym aise
Cesteyne thonghte sho bhom that this thyngis displaise
y jecke not for hyme. y hym assiejo
To lobe hym best of any creatyre
Thongh he no mozo had then his shoyt
Po pite jemoth bone in gentill hezt
Heje may ye se hon excellent ffaunchise
In bommian is bbian thoy them nahe as dise
Bom tyjannt is as thejo ben many on
That hath an hapte as high as any stoon
Which bolde hano let hym sichbe in that place
Well jathoy thon hano gjaunted hym hyme jjace
And hym jeiorsid in hyme cjuell pride
And jecke not to ben an bonnicide

Gymelle and oblyte dwelyng

Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak 2007 TM: Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

Wayfaynt

This pentill wyly fulfilled of yrte
Right of hym hondo a lette writtyn the
In which the gramyd hym hym ceyey yrte
There lackith nought but only. day and yrte
There do the wyght vnto his lust suffise
Ffort shalle right do he stoll devise
And when the caught hym tyme vpon a day
To visite this Damyan forth this way
And ostly this letre down the thest
Wrat his pelerde rede vf hym lest
She tok hym by the hande and hadd hym tedyst
So secretly that no man it wist
And bade hym be all hole and forth the went
To gamaliel when that he for hym sent
Vp visitth Damyan the next morrow
All passed his dreme and his sorrow
He remembrith hym pryvetly and pikith
He doth all that his lady lust and likith
And eke to gamaliel he forth as lokro
Ascendd a tower for the loke
He is so pleasant to every man
Ffor gaste is all. Who so that do it can
That every knight his fame to speke hym good
Thus lette y Damyan a lonte his neede
And iiij tales finith stoll y procede
Dom theyrs holden that felicite
Stont in delite and therfore ceteyne he
This noble gamaliel with all his myght
In honest wise as longeth to a knyght
Thope hym to lyve full delicously
His house is adjudged as honestly
To his degre stat made as a kyngi
Amonges other of his honest thyngi
He made agayn dyn stalles all with stone
A fayre gardyn stote y where none
Ffor onte of sonne y seyde suppose
That he that stote the fondement of the rose
He conde of hit the lodine stell devise
Ne pyramus myght not suffise
Thought he be god of gardenie for to telle
The beauty of the gardyn and the stelle

Marchaunt

That stode ynder a lauryer alderyenne
Fyll ofte tyme with hyre and hyre Queene
Josyppina and all hyre fayre
Disposyd them and makyn melodie
A conte that Cyclo and Tamburyng do men tolde
This noble knyght Jamayne the olde
Onche tyme hatth in hyt to Cyttle and play
That he Scolde ouffe no Cyght to kepe the key
Sint he hym self fof of the onnatt Cyttet
He kepe alway of alle a Cyttet
Wyth which when that hym lyst he it vnfyet
And when he Scolde pay his Cyffis det
In Cynes Capon thyse Scolde he go
And way his Cyff and no Cyght bint thyr to
And thynges which that Cyes not done it to
Gem tho gadern · profyned them and qwedde
Dem this Cyfe fyll many a meyr day
Lewith this Jamayne and this Jesthe may
Bint Cyrtly ioy may not alway endure
To Jamayne ne to no creature
O · Cyrtin hap · o · thou fortune vnstable
Like to the Cyrpyn so disseyvable
That flate lest Cyth thyn hede Cyhen that thou Cyilte stryng
Thy table is dere thynge thyn enbeuynyng
O · Cyrtell ioy of sere Cynyn merite
O · monde that so Cyrtly canst peryte
Thy vistis vnder hyne · of stedfastnesse
That thou desceyvest bothe more and lesse
Why hast thou Jamayne thus desceyvid
That hadyst hym for thy fyll fyende receyvid
And nowe thou hast bitaste hym bothe his yeen
For ever of which he desyrith to dyen
Allas this noble Jamayne the fye
In myddis of his lust and his prosperite
So sorgen ylynde · and that so sorwfyll
He sewyth and he wailith alle pitowsly
And thayr Cyth all the fye of Jelosy
Lest that his Cyfe shuld fallen in vnkyndly
So bent his hart that he Scolde fetyne
That vn man bothe hyre and hym had stetyne
For neyther afyn his deth ne his lyf

Pyramus

Ye sholde he that sye no lowe ne drif
But ene lide as a sidede nicholas slake
And morne as the turtill that lost hath hys make
But at the last a fyn a nicholas or they
his sorowe gan to asuage and to ley
For sygan he dist it myght none other bo
he parcenthy to his adiffte
Take onte of doute he may not forgon
That he was jelous ennorse mon
Which jelousie it was outrageous
That nethey in halle ne in none other hous
Ne in none other place nede the no
henelle suffe hym for to ride ne go
But yif that he had hondo on hym alday
For which fill ofte sepyth fiesse may
That loyth damyan so bryynely
That he most other dien sudenly
Or elis he wot hane hym as hym lest
The Pyramus sygan hym he to sholde best
Upon that ethey side damyan
Fiom is the orchillist man
That ene was. for nethey myght ney day
Ne myght he speke a sorde to fiesse why
As to this was of no riche mateye
But yif that damyne most it heye
That had an hondo upon hym ennio
But nathless by entrug to and fio
And prive signes dist he what the mont
And the knacke eke the fynde of his entent
O. damyne what myght it a caile
Though thou myght sen do fesse do shipis saile
For do yede is beynde destrued bo
As thou dostesbist. sygan a man may do
To signe. which had an. e. yeen
For all that ene he could wyne or pyron
Yit sais he lyrite to yed sorte do sen no
That sennyll sisly that it so not do
Passe onto is an sake y sie no more
This fiesse why that y speke of before
In sayns sayd. hath enpyrnted the ellot
That damyne dide of the chiche sirlot
By which to marydyn also he mont
And damyan that die so all hym entent

Parchamine

The tablet commith of feirs priuely
There is no more to say but hastely
Loud sounds by the tablet shall betide
Which ye should visit ye scroll a side
O. noble knight fulfill with rest then go forth
What straight is it thought it so longe and hote
That lose myll fynde it onto in your manyr
Thy pannis and scrip mary ye keps
Thoughe they keye kepte fulle longe and sheite onne alle
There no knight could hauie found on such a straight
They ben accordid. Jonnyn thurgh a staff
But nodete onto anyone ay that sayes aright
Keye passed or that the monethe of yuld bifell
That damaye hath aught of gete a shrift
Thurgh carrying of his shrift hym for to pley
In his gaderyn and no knight but they tetter
That and more do into this way with ho
Rise up my shrif my loue my lady fre
The tristis wico is chaide my shrif of sorrow
The shrittey is gon with his yeries sorrow
Comforth noche with thym yeen columbyne
With thy bestis shittey thay can delyne
The gaderyn is circosed all a lonne
Comforth my sorrow grouse for onte of sonne
Thou hast me sounded in myn hert. o. shrif
No out ne knowe y in the midst my lif
Comithfurth and lette ye taken onto disyrete
Chese you for my shrif and my comforte
Such ode lecche chordiosyed he
On damyan a grud than made sithe
That he should go before with the tablet
This damyan then hath opened the tablet
And in ho sept and that in such manye
That no knight myght hym sucithey nerthey heye
And still ho cate under a bushe a non
This damyan as blynde as any stone
With myrrhis in his hondo and no knight mo
Into his flesshe gaderyn is y go
And clappid to the sicket so sently
Noche shrif if ho heye is but ye and y
Ye the tho nettinge that y lost lode
For bi that lorde that sitteth in heven a lode
Leue y had to dien on a shrif

Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak 2007 TM Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

shall you offend thine receyuyll
for godis dede thynke hon y the cheff
not for no couetise doutless
but only for the loue y had to the
and therfore trust y be olde and may not
suffre to me thine and y shall tell wnto thy
iij. thynges certis thyll ye sayd they by
first loue of crist and to wynne yeff honoure
and all myn heritage after myne and yonge
y pray it you mekely that ye do wn lost
this shalle dwell to morowe or the dwell left
so sweet y pray wnto god wnto thynge to bless
I pray you first in couenaunt ye no bysse
and thought y be gelous sitte me nought
ye ben a wyse emperyntes in my thought
that sithen y consider youre beauty
and therfore sitte dare the vnlikely age of me
y may not certis trewly yhnldo die
for loue to lose onte of youre company
for verrey loue this is stuffyrtyll dwite
to be kysse me sweet and lette me yone aboute
thine fresshe yay. when she thise wordes herdo
courtesly to gamnade she answerdo
first first and forsooth she began to swore
y hane yet she god swore a vnlo to kepe
a lo shall do ye. and also myn honoure
and of my sustrodo thilke tandre flowre
which that y hane affyed in youre hondo
wisdom that the preest to yow my body bondo + which for pl. wolde answer my p. made
+ By the leue of you that be my lordo to dwelle
I pray to god that neuer dare the sitte
that y no stelle do foule ne vnmeuen mete
yif ene y do yuto my kyn that shame
or also yif that y empayre to my name
that y be sate. and yif y do that lacke
do stryke me and put me in a sacke
and in the next (they) drowe me yenche
I and a vtil vnmeuen and no stonche
why spake ye thus. but more lon ene yuto
and vnmeuen hane of you ay yeyned nakedo
and sitte that swordo the knight sighe at myden
sitte in a bussho and wengh the kyden

Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

Parliament

And Venus hym frynge assigne made sythe
that Dannyell shulde chryne upon a tye
that chayed Venus with fluyt and up he rent
for wyll he kicke all hym attonit
And any thyng that she she could made
Well better than Venus hym doyng made
for in a lye she had tolde hym alle
Of this matyr how he Venus shalle
And thus y latte hym sytte upon this pryde
And Jamyche and May yonnyng fulle merye
Bright into the Ayr and blue the fymament
Phebus hath of golde his stremes bynd out
that gladen any flowe with theyr brynnesse
he Venus that trynd in Genyrys lacy gosse
Put litle from his declynacion
Of Venus yonge exaltacion
And it befell in that bright morowe tide
that in that Gardyne in the feythey side
Unto that is kynge of fflowe
And many a lady in his compayne
folowyng the Queene his wyf Proserpyna
Which that he rauysshed into of Sycylye
While that she gadered flowes in the meede
In Enyndian ye may the storyes reede
how in grysly wyse he hym sette
this kynge of fflowe down hym sette
Upon a tenche of mydes fresshe and grene
And right anon thus cryed he to his Queene
Make bryght he thys may no bright eye may
the fulle experience of yonth it any day
the reason which that Ymmynd dyd to mann
X. C. yr. Excell tell y can
Notable of yonge wytynth and bryttlnesse
O. noble Salamon richest of richesse
fulfilled of sapience and of worldly glorye
fulle worthy lord thy wordes to memorye
To only bright that wit and reason can
thus prayseth he yt the kynnyng of man
Among a. M. men yt fownde y one
Put of women all yt fownde y none
thus seyth this kyng that knowyth yonge wyckednesse
And Jesus filius Sirach do y gosse

Salomon

The spirit of god bid sende pestilence
A sende fire and angry pestilence
To fall upon your body and to wright
Ye or ye not this honourable knight
By alle allde that ye to him bidde
His sone man shall make him cockholde
To shewe he sittith the lechery on the
Wode shall y gramme of my magistre
Unto this olde blinde doctour knight
That he shall have agayn his reed sight
And sayd that his sight sholde don him vilanye
Man shall he have all his hazlayne
Bothe in jewyll of hise and other mo
Ye sy qd Prosperina shall ye so
Wode by my modyr counsel sy q you pleye
That y shall yeve hise sufficient amyseye
And all sy summen aftir for hise sake
That thought thor' lord in eny grit take
Sith fire bolde they shall thorn all exyle
For lacke of amyseye non of them shall dyen
All had a man ayen atthyng sith his reed
Yit shall he summen visitye it hastely
And seye and preye and chide subtilly
So that ye men shall be delerid to gode
What perkith me of your auctorite
I wote well that this wete this Salamon
Fonde of yo subtile folee many on
But though that he fonde no good sommain
Yit hath thaye fonden many another man
Summen fill thre fill good and superiore
Sittes of them that well magistre hore
Sith with you they good thaye constance
The romayns gates etc makyn ordinance
Of many a lecher thre sith also
But sy be not sayth all be it so
Though that he wide he fonde no thre sommain
Why you take this sentence of that man
He meint thus that in diverse countre
Er for lecher god that mye but one
What make ye so moche of Salamon
What though he made a temple godis hous
What though it seye yede and glorious
He made a temple ele of fiter gorgeous
Who might do a thing that more for bode to

+ Lady bestow adon pl bold hem sake

+ says non but good wey pl he no shyo

Wit do as faye ds

Dayde as fene as ye his neme emplastre
he was alemonge and an y wolastre
and in his elde he prepey goo for sokes
and yif that god nie had as with the bokes
spared hym for his fadres sake he sholde
have lost his seignorie and the stolde
I set not of all the vilanye
that he of symmen spoke a bittrethe
I am a kouan nedes most y speke
or elles o kelle tiff myn hart breke
for sith he wide that she he gangeleresse
I wene hose not y bonk my tresse
I shall not spare for no curtesie
to speken hym hayme that stolde no vilanye
Dauie yif this plito be no lenger sioth
I wede it pp. but sith y stere myn oth
that y wolde gainst hym his sight ageyne
my sere shall stande y shame you seyeyne
I am kynge it sittith me not to lie
and y yif the a queene of feyre
hine amise beye shall the hano y sinde take
lette go no mo hereof make
for ode the y well no lenger you contrayne
I rede let go tiyne a well to gamyne
that in the gardeyn with his fayne way
singe with merie then the poynyay
you lode y left and shall. and other none
so longe a conte the alere he is gon
till he was comen a geyne the pyne
where as Dauyan sittith full merie
an high amonges the fresse the lewis greene
this fre the way that is so bright and shene
gan for to sygh and ride alle my sido
rede sy yif the for ought that may betide
I moste slane one of the peyre that y a
or y mot die a oze lengith me
to sen of the fynale peyre greno
helpe for hine lode that is heren queno
I left you well a kouan in my plito
may have to fynyt. a gete an appetito
that she may dien but she it hano

Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak 2007 TM Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

Jacchanite

Allas qd he that y hane bene no knaue
That could chyme alas alas qd he
For y am blynde · ye sy no fore qd she
Fit sacke · ye sayt sace for godes sake
The pipe sith you haue ones for to take
For sect y sete that ye myght rise me
Then shulde y chyme sect y nought qd he
O y my fote may set upon yonge barke
Certis qd he thayes shalbe no lacke
Wyght y halpen you sith my hate blade
He stryped down and the wyfe his bak stode
And aright hym a tebrist and wy the gothly
Ladies y wyde you that ye be not sworthy
I admiot glosp y am a blynde man
And so only anon this damyan
Gan wyllen wyte the knok and in he thyngt
And when that Pluto aright this gate sprongt
To amende yaco anon his sight
That he myght se all sett ne end he might
And when that he had aright his sight a geyne
Yet was they nede indu of sight so feyne
But on his wif his thought was end me
Upon the tre he cast his yeen tewo
And aright that damyan · his wif had desper
Ne knowe made it may not be expresser
But rif resolve opes vnconstrye
And wy he yaco a jorynge and a cye
As sorty the wody · when the childe shall gie
Onte helpe alas hym so he said to gie
O · stronge ladye fore what dost thou
And the answerd sy · what aylith you
Hane patience and pesen you yonge mynde
Y hane you holpen of bothe yonge yen blynde
Upon pell of my onde y shall not lyen
As me was taught to helen with yonge yen
Was nothyng lette y to make you so
Then to stroglo with a man upon a tre
God wote y did it in fill gos entente
Stroglo qd he ye algate · yit it was wonte
For yonge you bothe on shames sorg to dyen
He seyde the y aught it with my yen

And ellis be y hongest

Wychamite

And elles be I hanged by the halse
Sy then is yt the my medicyne fals
For certeyne yf that ye myght &
ye sholde not say thise wordes vnto me
ye have com glemezyng and no ysse sight
I dr yt he asketh ad ere y myght
thanked be god with myn yeen two
thid by my trouth me thought he did the so
The mase the mase good sy yt the
this thanke have y for y have made you &
Alas yt the that ere y was so kynde
Worse time yt he than let all passe out of mynde
Com a dym my lef and yf y have myssaide
God helpe me so - as I am clene apaide
And by my fadrys soule y wend have seyne
Hou that this damyan had by the leyne
And that thy neck had ben vpon thy bost
Ye sy yt the ye may seyn as you lest
But sy a man that stakith out of his stepe
He may not so wenly take hepe
Vpon a thyng - ne se it so perfitly
Ryght so a man that longe hath blynde be
He may not wenly se ne so
First than his sight is com no so a goyne
As he that hath a day or - ij - seyne
Therfore with wake for by heven kyng
Full many a man weneth to seen a thyng
And yt it is all a nether thyng then it comyth
He that mys conceyth mys demyth
And with that word the leyd down he the cup
This gamelyn was he glad but he
He kissith hym and clippith hym full ofte
And on hym thumbe he stykid hym full softe
And to his palas hom he hath hym ladde
Worse good men y pray you all both glad
Thus endith here my tale of gamelyn
God blesse vs all and our lady seynt marye

Hic desunt fabulae vagantorum.
Et incipit prologus regis

Lo godly maiesty kide onye vse tho
Vostre suche a crist y pray god kepe me fro
so suche pleiynte and subtilete
in crymmen kend. for thy do kesse do bete
ben they wo oth men for to disceiue
and from the oth ene more that they ceiue
by this mahmmetis talo it preeth stale
put trouthe do trud do eny tale
I hane a crist thought the pore so
put of hiye tongo a lakkyng thee ie fro
and yet the hath all hane of wicke mo
thes of no force let all suche thynge go
put crete ye christ mommeile kest aide
me yeth ore that y and to hiye teide
for and y shulde yeken eny wice
which thanne hath y crist y crete to myce
and aine thy it shulde yeprouid be
and wolde to hiye of oth of this mayne
of whom it nedith not for to yeddye
oth crymmen con crithy suche chaffare ye
and deko my but suffisith not thee to
yo tellen alle thee for my title is yo
Gower conniege yif it yonye suche
and ey omedhat of loko for certis ye
con thee on do mochie do eny mdn
May oly ydche but suche thynge do y aim
with hathy suche for y suche not be yebell
agayne yonye hist a tilde y shall you tell
hane me excused yif y speke a myce
my suche is good and to my tale is thyo

Hic desunt prologus et incipit fabula Amici

At Sicyle in the londe of cathaye
there dwelde a kynge that ruled on russie
wyth which there dwelynde a knyghte mdn
this noble kynge was clepid tribusian
which in his tyme was of a grete renown
that there was nothers yn no regioun
so excellent a lorde of all thynge

hym lacked nothyng that longyth to a kyng
Also of the sete of which that he was born
he kepte his lande to which he was sworn
And therto he was wyse and riche
And prudent and just and alway y liche
Of the of his expence berynge and horsdrsse
And of his corage alway glad and stable
yonge fresshe and strongye yn armes desyrous
As any bachelay of all his house
A fayre persone he was and fortunate
And kept alway so well his yonge estate
That there was no there such another man
This noble kyng this tartre cambuscan
hadde twey sonnes one elder and his eyr
Of which the eldest hight algarsif
That other sonne was called cambalo
A doughter had this worthy kyng also
That yongest was and hight canace
But for to telle you of hyre beauto
hit lieth not in my tonge ne my conynge
I dare not undertake so hyghe a thynge
Myn engliche eke is insufficient
It must be a retorikeen excellent
That coude his colours longynge for that arte
If I shuldo hym describe any parte
I am no such y moste speke as y can
And so befell that when this cambuscan
hadde xxx. winter worn his sademe
As he was wonted to do yere y deme
he lete the feste of his natiuite
To queen thughtonte sayer his wife
The last day of which a fyn the yere
Phebus the sonne full pleyn was and clere
For he was in his exaltacion
In aries the colerik hote signe
Full lusty was the weder and benygne
For which the fowles ayenst the sonne sheno
That for the season and the yonge grene
Full loude sungen in theyr affecions
Them seemed have geten them protecions

Syrreye

Aywnt the Deyde of Syrrey kene and colde
This tambrynnd of Sabich y haue rowte the
In poldd vestymentis sate on his dede
Bitth Madame first high in his paleis
And holdith his feste & solempnite and ye riche
Aright in this Sorrowe was they none liche
Of which vtt y wilde tellen all the ayre
Then Sadde it ocupie a Comeyne dare
And also it nedith not for to devise
Atte every mans the ordre of theye deyse
Ye shall not tellen of theye standinge dishes
Ne of theye Sedanyes ne of theye hey jonglerres
Ye shall not tellen you for it is yrrime
And for it is no fruyt but lost of time
Unto my first y shall bring my tonge
And so it befell atte the .iij. tonge
While that the kynge sate thus in his noblesse
Herkenyng the nymphelis kynge and pleis
Bifore hym sit his lorde delicionslie
In atte the halle dore atte sodenlie
There come a knyght upon a steede of bras
And in honde a horne ivyrrie of glas
Upon his thumbe he had a gold ryng
And by his side a naked Sweyde hangyng
And up he ridith unto the high borde
In atte the halle ne stint there ne storde
For mervaile of this knyght hym to be holde
Full sesily they sitten both yonge and olde
This straunge knyght that can thus sodenly
Atte armed sitte to his hede full richely
Salutith the kyng Quene and the lordes alle
Ryght as they sitten in the halle
Bitth so high a reverence and obeisance
Atteset in speche as in his countenance
That Gawayn bitth his olde cuntesie
Though he deyde com agayne into of fayne
Ne conde hym not amende bitth a worde
And astiny this bifore the high borde
So bitth a manly voice seide his message

Astiny the forme

Prayere

Alpin the forme of sedym his langage
Sothforne vice of allthable or of lettre
Amorsdum unto his Swordes and his cheye
As tendrynly ryte of sperthe sayd so that it leye
All be it that y cannot doo sine his stile
Yet cannot chynden one so high a stile
Yet cry y this as to oven entent
Thynnorche amonnynge all that ende he mente
Yif it so be that y haue it in my mynde
He ende the kynge of arabie of ynde
Wyl liege lorde on this solempne day
Sallnerth yn as he left and or may
He endith yn in honorye of yonge feste
Sy me that ainjedy at yonge heste
This fiede of bias that castlie and shelde
Cast in the space of on day natrynele
That is to seyne xi. xxviij. homes
Where a yon list in dyonght or in thomes
Cheye yonge body into eny place
To shrine yonge harte shrinketh to place
Sothfontein seem of yon thynnyth fonde and fynd
Or yif yon list to fleen as high in the eyd
As doth all eyle seyan hym hynnyth ore
This same fiede shall beye yon eniemere
Sothfontein hynne till ye be there yonge lest
Thonght that ye flayen on his bak and jest
And trynne ageyne with syryngyng of a pynne
He that hym strongest he conde many a gynne
He stirred many a constellacion
Or he had don this oystrion
And knette many a sell and many a lond
This mynyonge eke that y haue in my hond
Hath curse a mynyst that men mette mi ht
Seyan thyn shall fallen eny adrite
Into yonge jorgid or to yonge ado
And oyrnly sche yo yonge heide or so
And ende all this yif eny lady bright
Hath sette hym harte or eny mano knight
Yif he be false she shall his heads in
His nedre loo and all his subtilte
So openly there shall nothyng hide

And for his tuld shulde sine the bettre

Wherfore depyne his lyfe Quoth he
This myrrour did the kynge that we may se
He hath sent to my lady Amate
Your excellent knight that is here
The gyft me of the kyng yif ye doth here
Upon his thumbe. as in his pryse it lye
There is no fonde that fleeth wider heven
That yee he shall dett confusionde his sleven
And the sechis meeryng aprivy an pleyn
And dyuise hym in his lodge ageyn
And eny glasse that goeth with yrnyl lore
Che shall eke knowe and shown it shall to lore
This nakid. Beside that hangeth by my side
All be his bonnes nerre ne beside
Euche bepne hath that. Eyght man that ye smyte
Thynghonte the thumbe it doth bepne and bryte
Here it doth eke as it shamed. eke
And Eyght man that is bonnid. with the stroke
Shall nerre be hole. till that thou lyf of yeldo
To stroke hym with the plat in this place
There he is hynte this is so mycho to seyne
Ye mot be with the plat Bere a geyne
Stroke hym in the bonnes and it doth rdo
This is ryper soth withouten glose
It failleth not While it is in your holde
And when this knyght hath this tale tolde
He pryth onte of halle and down he light
His stede which that shone as sunne bright
Standyth in the entre as still as eny stone
This knyght is to his chamber lede anone
And is unarmed and to mete y sette
The pesenes ben fill riately y fette
This is to seyne the Bere and the myrrour
And bore anon into high tower
With certayne officers ordeyned therfore
And to abide the kyng is bore
Solempnely there fill into the table
Fyrst richly with pryn eny fable
The bore of bate. that mynot be jemeide
It sondyth as it doth to the bonnes rideth
There may noman onte of the place it ryde
Ne none engyne of knyghtes or of pobbe

And also whyle

And cause why for they cannot the gate
And for in the place they have it sat
Till that the knyght with knight them the mayne
To holden hym to ye fyrst attay here
Here was the pegeas that pegasyned to esse
To gayen on that hors that stondith so
For it so high was and so hydo and long
So stell apparyoned for to be strong
Right as it seyd a steed of immeddyo
Eyen with so horrly and so myrk at ye
As it a gentil poleio tonsey seyd
For ceptio from his taile vnto his eye
Natrye ne cyte ne conde hym not amende
Fyno degree as all the peple stende
Put ensmore there mosto stonder seyd
Non that he conde gon and esse of hyno
It was a fayne · as the peple demed
Dyvers folke dwelly thynne deined
As wrdry hedes as wrdry entre there ben
They mymmyed as yon a pegasyno of been
And wadan skillis aft these fantasies
Rehessyng of this olde poetries
And eyden it was like the pegeaso
The hors that yed ebryngoo for to flo · ·i· equus pegaseus prime · ·x· ·ccc·
Or elles it was the hekis hors dyvon
That bronght troy to destruccion
Women made in this olde peto
Wyn hepte ryon is ensmore in gete
Thatte conn men of hymes ben here pyno
That shapen them this ette for to dynno
It was right good that all such thynge was made
Another jestyed in his fantasie lode
And ende he lieth · for it is jettiey like
An appetence y made by conn magike
As gogelmyo pleien it this gete
Of sondry dontes thus they jangle and thete
As lewde peple demen commonly
Of thynge that ben made more subtilly
When they cone in thyne lewdenesse comprehende
They demen gladly to the bettey ende

And one of them wondred on the mysonye
that he was into the mastey wonye
how men might in it make thynges. &
another answerd and sayd it might well be
Naturelly by conuysions
of angeles and of the jeffemons
And sayd that in tonie was made one
they spekyn of Alexyr and virtuoos
of Aristotle that spekyn in thys bokes
of myeyne mysonys and of properties
As knowen they that have thys bokes hayde
And other sotte have wondred on the peyde
that sholde yeven thynghonte eny thyng
And seten in werke of theolophie the thyng
And of Actilles for his myeyne spayd
for he could with his bokes hede and seye
Right in one gise as men moste with the peyde
Of which right noble ye have yonge silven heyde
they spekyn of conny hardynge of metalles
And spekyn of medycines they with also
And how and when it schulde y handyd be
which is unknowe algates unto me
to spekyn they of stinkes pyngi
And seyden all that suche ale wonder thyngi
Of natte of pyngi hayde they neide none
Save that he moysse and kynge salamone
hadden answe of conuyngi in on the ayre
thyne with the peyde and spekyn aprynte
But nathelee wil seyden that it sholde
wonder to make of fenne ayshen glas
And yit is glas not like ayshen of fenne
And for they have knowen it of fenne
therfore cesith they langyngi and they wonder
As ore wondred now to cause of the wonder
on cable on flede on gossomer and on mysse
And all thyng till that the cause it wist
thus langyde they and demen and dawyse
till that the kynge gan fro the worde aryse
Psalmo hath lost the knyte meyrie all
the dentis lyon. with his aldyan
Sohan that this wyte kynge stimbustan

Syrrey

Rose he his horde there as he sitte still line
Before hym yorth the lordes mynstralle
Till he come to his chamber of parlemente
There as they dennen diuers instrumente
This noble kynge is sette upon his trone
This shaynge knyght is set to hym full sone
And on the daunce he goth with sir Launce
Here is the lordes and the ladies
That is not also a dulle man to devise
He moste have knowen lobe and his wyse
Who could tell you the forme of daunces
So merrily and richely in the countenaunces
Such subtill lokynges and dissimulynges
For drede of jelousynes and feyned lokynges
Woman but launcelot and he is dede
Therefore y passe of all this kyndede
Y dey nomore but in this governaille
Fete them till men to dryn vessaile
The squyre bade spices for to hye
And eke the wyne · and thus melodye
The usshers and the squyers ran gon
The spices and the wyne is com anon
They ete and drank and seysen this had an ende
Unto the tample as yedon sais they wende
The offrynge done they dryven all by fere
What nedyth to you yehecen thesis thyngis
Echo man wote well that a kynges feste
Hath plente to the moste and to the leste
And dryntes mo · than ron in myn hede
And a fyn dryn yorth this noble kynge
To drink this hoor of kynge drink all a ponte
Of ladies and of lordes kynge a ponte
Suche drondynge sais there on this hoor of kynge
That sitten the gyste dogs of there sais
There as mew sondyed on an hoor also
Wo was there suche a drondynge as was tho
Fyr finally the kynge ayen the knyght
The wynne of this conquest and the myght
And yaude hym to tell his governaunce
This hoor anon gan for to tryse and dance
Sayd that the knyght leide hande upon his reyne
And seide sy thesis is no more to seyne

HRC

And when you list to praen any where
ye moten traile aprid · stant in his eye
which y shall tell you beforen ye
ye not nempne him to what place also
or to what south · that you left to pryde
And when ye com there ye list to abide
and hym descende and tyll another pryme
for there in lieth the effecte of all the gryme
and he shall dom descende and some venye shille
and in that place he shalle abiden stille
Thought all the world the contrarie hadd sworne
he shall not thence be drawe ne be borne
or yif you list to bid hym thence gone
tyll the pryme and he shall vanyshe anone
Onte of the sight of eny manne sight
and com agayne be it day or nyght
But that you lost to clepen hym agayne
in such a gise do y shall you sayne
Betwene you and me and that shall sone
Pride when you lest there is no more to done
Enforcmed when the kynge was of the knyght
and hath conceived · in his herte aright
The manne and the forme of all this thyng
shall glad and blithe this noble lusty kyng
Repayeth to his pleasaunce as before
The bridell is into the temple y bore
and leyte among his jewels leef and dere
The hors vanyshed y not in which manere
Onte of hyne sight ye gete no more of me
But thus y let in lust and solace

Explicit prima pars
Et incipit pars secunda

This kambustan his lordis feasting
Till well nygh the day began to springe
The noises of digestion the floys
Gan on them sprinke and bade them take keye
That mochell drynke and lavenye sholde hane left
And sith it glideyng mouth them all he left
And said it was time to lie a doun
For blood was in his dominacioun
Thoughtfull blood · nature offende wil he

They thanked hym gallyngly by ij by thyse
And eny Sygnyf gan yede to hym to his jest
As seyd thym bado they toke it for the best
Theyse yemen shall not be tolde for me
Sthe seyd theyse hedes of flymosite
That ranysth yemen of which they is no rhage
They seyde till it was prime lange
Ye moste parte fyrst yf it seyd ffelicite
She was stiff mesyrable as sommoun be
For of hyse fadey she had tilson lebe
To gone to jest sone aft it was ebe
Hyse lustnot apellen for to be
Ze on the morowe on lustlich for to be
And seyde hyse feyst seyd and then a wake
For suche a loye she in hyse harte toke
Bothe of hyse meryte Ryngs and hyse mesyngs
That xx wyne the chaunges hyse colonyse
And in hyse sleye sight for the impression
Of hyse mesyngs she had a vision
Wherfore ey that the sonne gan up glide
She clepid upon hyse wasshesse hyse bisyde
And bade that hyse left for to jise
Thise wolde sommen that ben gladly wise
Ado hyse wasshesse and amysedyanon
And bade madame whyde wolt ye gon
Whyne eyely for the folke ben all in jest
Wolt ye the aryse for me left
Ze lengey for to slepe and walke a bonte
Hyse wasshesse depyth sommen a gyete jonte
And up they arysen wel a x or twolve
Up arysyth fleshe tanado hyse colve
As joye and bright as doth the yonge sonne
That in the ram xv my degrees up jonne
Mone highe is was he when the sodey was
And fluyth the walkyth easly a pas
Ayaind alle my the lusty season bote
Lightly for to pley and walke a fote
Not but wyth v or vj of hyse meyne
And in a trenche fluyth in the water gothe the
The swanne which that flo the cytte glide
Wade the sonne to sonne sodey and bloo
Yet nathyles it was a force a sight
That it made all hyse harte for to light
Which for the reason and the morowenyng

What for the fonles that he hade sungen
For right anon the knyst what it ment
Right by hym songe. And knewe all the entent
The knot why that any talo is tolde
Yif it be tiped. tile the knyst be wolde
Of them that asny it hane herkened there
The ordonne passith ane lenger the more
For fulfyllnesse of his notiynte
And in the same season turnethyme
Fonlle into the knot considerinde
And makyn of the walkyng an ende
A mydd a the fyll hye as white as chalk
As cristal was pleyng in hys walk
The ye cate a ffaucon one hys hed fill hye
That with a vytous voice so gan to cye
That all the wode resounde of hys cye
Leton had the hys calf so vytonsche
With bothe hys wyngis till the lede blood
Ran ouerlong the ye there he stood
And ane mon alway he cried and fyght
And with hys bekk hys fedis the to tight
That they nyo tryde ne none quiett lefte
That wellith either in wode or in forest
That nolde hane wepte yif that it weye conde
For ordre of hys the fyght alway so londe
For there was none yet no man on live
Yif that y conde a ffaucon well discrive
That hade of mete another of fayrnesse
As well of plumage. as of gentilnesse
Of fyght and of all that mysyt yokened be
A. ffaucon peregryne then coumed he
Of fleynedd londe and ane there he stode
The ordonned nedde and nedde for lak of blode
Till Sedwyth fallen is he from the ye
This fayre kyngis knyght tunder
That on hys fynger bare that vnoynte kyng
Wyth which he understode well any thyng
That any fowle may in his ledne seyne
And conde answere hym in his ledne agayne
He hath understonde what this faucon ded
And Sedwyth for yre almost he ded
And to the ye he goth full hastely

Kodak Color Control Patches © Kodak 2007 TM: Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

Squyer

And on this fashion lokith pitously
And hilde hym lappe a blode for drede the drift
The fashion most fallen from the theist
Than that the sermon nexte for lacke of blood
Alonge ewinde to dantern hym the stood
Till at the last the spake in this manye
Unto the bachelers. ye shall affiny hoye
What is the cause. yif that it be to test
That ye ben in this finale perile of hell
Quod tandro. unto this hanke a lorde
Is this for dredde of deth. or lesse of lorde
For as y trowe this ben the cause tweie
That causen moste a gentill hirte to
Off other hynne it needith not to spoke
For ye youre self upon youre self to spoke
Which yneith dreff that either ye or thede
Wotte ben enchesen of youre quell dede
Syn that ye none other bright yon chace
For lorde of god as doth youre celiern grace
Or what may be youre helpe for east north south or est
Ne saugh y none or noise no bid nothey best
That feyde with hym self so pitously
Ye pe me with youre sorrow beyde
Y haue of you so grete compassion
For godis love tom fro the the a doun
And as y am a kingis knight trewe
Yif that y beyeily the cause knowe
Of youre disease. yif it lay in my myght
I wolde amende it ey that it were myght
As christ helpe me the grete god of hynde
And hereto shall y right y noste hynde
To hold with youre hurtis hastily
Tho spright this fashion. yit more pitously
Than ere he did and fell to grounde anon
And lith a swoun as dede as lith a stone
Till tandro hath in hyne lappe hyne take
Into that tyme the gard of swonnyng a wake
And astiny that the of swonnyng gan a breide
Right in hyne hankis lodne this the seide
That pite yennetth one in gentill harte
Folyng in this multitude in werrioes sharte
To yne bide all day as meen moste on it do

no bene

Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM: Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

Accoll by Cupido as by ancto.rite
For gentill hate broth gentilnesse
y & Cecill ye hane of my sikkesse
Commission my seyn canace
Of Cupay Commanly bewynte
That natiye in yonye pyrnopho hath sette
Cynt for nowe & hope for to fayle the lette
Cynt for to obeie unto yonye hayte fye
And for to make other be ettaye by me
As by the Cupido · is thaccy the kon
Right for that cause · and for that conclusion
Cuhile that y hane a leisy · and a quaco
Upon hayne y Cecill confession or y pace
And Cuhile that on · hye orders to fye
That other Cuayte as fye to Cuhe Cecill
Till that the fyrkon bade hye to be full
And Cuith a sigh · right thus he bade hye tille
Thaye y Cecil hed allas that ilke day
And sighed in a roche of wyte gray
So wendyly that nothyng eyled me
I wyst not Cuhat Cecil adwite
Till y wonde fro full high under the Cio
Cuho Cecilled a Cayrellot · me fast bio
That ranced Cecill of all gentilnesse
Allo Cecil he full of treason and falsnesse
It Cecil so Cayard under umble cheye
And under hedde of trowth in suche maneye
Under pleasance and under lusio vayne
That no Cuight Cecille hane Cecinde he conde cayne
So deye in grene he died his colayne
Right as a Cayrant hidith hym under fleye
Till he unto cene his tyme for to bie
Right so this god of loues yvoyte
Cuith his cynomis and ordinances
And ropth in umbilmite all his ordynances
That cecinetth unto gentilnesse of loue
And on a Cynnbo is till the faye a loue
And under is the corpus suche as ye Cecil
Suche Cecil this yvoyte bothe colde and hote
And in this Cuise he Cecidi his intent
That ende the fende none Cecil Cecilat he meint
Till he longe had Cecipid and compliynced
And mete a yeye his seisio to me fayned
Till that yvoyte hate to pitius and to ryed

Squyer

All innocent of his commendmattes
So feyde of his seith as thought me
Upon his othes and on his sicyte
Gramtid hym lord on this condicion
That ende more myn honour and jeniom
Seye ottrid lothe price and peyte
This is to seyne that aftyn his deseyte
I raf hym all myn hayte and all my thought
God wote and he that other wise nought
And told his seyte in chamnygrigi of myn fe ly
But odthe is wide gon with many a day
A tyme wright and a thefe thynkid not on
And wheyn he caught the thyngi so fey y gon
That y had gramtid hym fully my lord
In sicche agise as y hane wide a word
And reborn hym my tyme hayte as he
As he wrote that he raf his hayte to me
Anon this seyge fulle of doubleness
Fell on his knees with as doubtis humbleness
With as high jenence and by his seyte
So like a gentill lordy of manyse
So yabisth as it semed for the pr
That nene gaspin or paysis of seyr
Gaspin certis ne none other man
Hym lameth wate that at thy first begin
To lowen · ij · as wemen folde biforn
Ne nune with the first man was born
Ne conde man · by · xx · th · payte
Comitefote the sopyrmes of his ayte
Ne wrye worthy to unden his patche
Thyse doubleness or forynyg thulde it pyche
Ne so coude thanke it wright as he did me
His mane wate an helpen for to se
So any wommen · wrye this nene so wise
So peynten he and wemyte it poynte devise
As well his wordes as his countenance
And so y leed hym for his obeisance
And for the tynyth y demed in his hayte
That yif so wrye that any thyng hym knyte
All wrye it nene so lite and y it wist
Ne thought y fole with myn hart trust
And shortly so fessinyth this thyngi it wrout

Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak 2007 TM: Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

myego

That my Will was his Will to fulfyllyne
This is to seyne my Will clerly his Will
Inall thyng as fer as resyn fill
Lappyng the bounds of my Wordyes ende
Yet nevertheless · I thyng so lef me lene
As hym god wote · he neve shall no mo
This last langer · then a yere or tevo
What I conjecture of hym nought but good
But finally · thus at the last it stood
That fortune wolde that he moste determine
Onte of that place which that I was gyne
Where me was so that is no question
I cannot make of his disposition
For on thyng dar I tellen boldely
I knowe what is the reyne of deth thirdly
Knyghtly hatrede I felle for he myght not bide
So on a day of me he took his leve
So sorowfulle also that I wende sevely
That he had felle as mochel harme as I
Which that I hadde hym spoke and sadde his fyne
But nathless I thought he was so tyne
And eke that he yerlye shulde agayne
Within a litle tyme the sooth to seyne
And resyn wolde eke that he moste go
For his honoure · as hath ofte tyme so
That I made reyne of necessite
And told it wele sith that it moste be
As I best myght I had hem hym my wordes
And told hym by the honde devyt resyn to lordes
And wide hym thus I am yours alle
Seth sithe as I to you have ben and shalle
But he answered it nedith not ye
Who can say ber then he · who can don wyse
Resyn he hath alle wele wide · then hath he don
Thesfaces · bihold hym a full longe spon
That shulde ete sithe the fende this hadde I seie
So at the last he must finith his weie
And finith he shalle tile he come there hym lest
When it came hym to purpos for to rest
I trowe that he had thilke texte in mynde
That alle thyng reperyng to his kynde

Gladeth hym self thus derne men as y gesse
men lesen of ayre kynde ne departyngelesse
As bryddes doth that men in cyges fade
for thought thou wyst and day take of hym hede
And fladde hym cyge as fayre and wyse as olde
And yeve them cyge hony hedde and milke
yet yight anon as that the doze is ypye
he sitth his fete sodde opynne doun his mye
And to the erde he sodde and formerete
So nedefulle ben they of thayre mete
And lesen nobelyes of ayre kynde
No gentilles of blood ne may hym bynde
So fayre this tyme lost alas that day
thought he sayde gentle bozn and fleshe and gay
And goodelich for to seen and humble and fre
he cleve upon thyne a knte fle
And sodenly he lowed this knte so
that all his loue from me is thenne ago
And hath his youth y filthed in this dise
thus hath the knte my loue in hym reyse
And y am lozn sittyng in peynede
And sith that erde this flaunkon gan to gide
And stomed also in cauaces hyne
Fleyes eke the bozdes for the hunkis hayne
that cauaces and all hyne sympnen made
they wyst hedde they wyght the flaunkon glide
But cauaces home reyeth hyne in hyne lappe
And stay in plasyes gan hyne sprappe
where as the sitth hyne lakes had hynte hyne also
Rede ain not cauace · but herbes delce
Onto of the grounde and makes salves nedde
Of herbes precious and fyne of hedde
To helen sitth this hanke from day till wyght
She doth hyne bysynes · sitth all hyne wyght
And by hyne leddis had she made a medde
And conyed it sitth salues bledde
In signe of trwyth that is in sommedi ene
And all sitthonte the medde is peynted grene
In which ebis peynted all thise fale fowles
As ben thise tiffes teycallettis and owles

Squyer

Right for disporte & pleye pryuyed hym besyde
And pleye on vsyed for to rye and ryde
Sonne let y cauncle hym blanke lappyng
I shall no more to noche spake of hym lyng
Till it cam eche to pass for to come
Hoede that this ffrelyche gate hym lode agayne
Pryuyamente to the stone tallent to
Pryuedycon of cambalus
The kynges sonne of Sethim that yon tolde
But yhere fyrst y shall my processe holde
To speke of a ladyes and of battailles
That were yn Sarra hardy to geve mayntaylles
ffyrst y shall yowtell of cambuskan
That in his tyme many a grete man
And after shall I speke of algarsife
Hoede that he slain cayrydyn to his wife
For Sarrasyn fyll ofte mycche pyll he was
Ne had he be beryed by the grace of god
And after shall I speke of cambalo
That fought in lystes with the bryedeyn tero
For canace or that he mycht hym wyne
And thyse y leyve y shall agayne begynne

Here endeth the Squyers tale. And bygynneth the prologe of the ffranklyns

Yn feyth Squyer ye have yow well y quyte
And gentylly y prise your wyse witte
Quod the franklyn consyderyng your yowthe
So fayrynglyy ye speke sir y at lathe
As to my dome there is none that is here
Of eloquence that shall be your peere
Yf that ye lyve god yeve yow good chance
And in vertue sende yow contynuance
For of your speche y have good deynte
I have at home and by the squyre
I hadde lefer than ·xx· li· worth of land
Though it myght neche. there fadyr in my hand
He lyves yet of ryche dysposycon
As that ye ben fy on possessyon
But yet vertue & gentylnesse bothe alle

Shame my lowne myn blood: and yet shall
For he to lewtyns bistrith not to entende
But for to play at the dice and dispende
And lese all that he hath. is this ryght
And he hath lands tallyn with a page
Which to commen with any gentill knight
Where he myght lerne gentilnes a ryght
Grace for thy gentilnes yf ryche hosts
Which franklaynes prise where thou chosts
Which echo of you. not tellen at the leste
A tale or. ij. or syxtyn his lyfe
That thow be yclept ly. ryd the franklaynes
I pray you hanyth me not in disdeyne
Though to this man y speke a word or two
Call on thy tale continuen thorder mow
Gladly sir host qd he y wolle obeie
Sith ye wolle that I tell a tale
I will not gainsaye your commaundyng
As fer as I can my witte is sufficyng
I pray to god that it may plesen you all
Then wote y well that it is good y wolde

Here endeth the franklaynes prologe
and here begynneth his tale.

Thise olde gentill britons in these dayes
Of diverse aventures maden layes
Rymyng in their first britons tongue
Which layes with hym musyk in songe
And one of them have y in mynde yrhamed
Which y shall seyne with good will as y can
But first I pray you of your curtesyes
At my begynnyng first y you beseche
Have me excused of my rude speche
I learned never rethorik certeyne
Thyng that I speke it must be bare and playne
I slepte never on the mownte of parnaso
Ne learned never rymes dulcyne sithe
Colours ne knowe y none withouten drede
But cursyly colours as growen in the mede

Or elles feden them for their plesance

Or elles such as men dye or peynte
Colours of Retorik ben to me unpeynte
My spirit feleth noght of such matere
But and you list my tale shall ye here
In Armorik that calle is Britaigne
There was a knyght that loved and did his peine
To serve a lady in his best wise
And many a labour and many a grete emprise
He for his lady wroght er she was won
For she was one the fayrest under the son
And eke therto come of so high kynrede
That wel semed hyr this knyght for hyr mede
Lest hyre his lif his peine and his travaile
But at the last she for his worthynesse
And namely for his meke obeysshynce
Hath such pyte and ruthe of his penance
That pryvely she fest of his accordance
To take hym for hyre husbonde and hyre lord
Of such lordshyp as men have over hyre wyf
And for to lede the more in blisse hyre lyf
Of his syde wyll he swore hyre as a knyght
That never in all his lif by day ne nyght
He wolde upon hym take no maystrye
Agayne hyre wyll ne kythe hyre jalousye
But hyre obeye and folde to hyre wyll in all
As any lover to his lady shall
Save that the name of soveraynete
That wolde he have for shame of his degre
She thanked hym and with full grete humblenesse
She sayde sy sith of your gentylnesse
Ye profre me to have so large a peyne
I wolde never god betwene us tweyne
As in my gilt were entyr wedde or stryf
Sy y wyll be your humble true wyf
Have here my trouth til that myn herte brest
Thus ben they bothe in quiete and in rest
For one thyng syre sauffly dare y seye
That frendes everyche to other must obeye
If they wolle longe holde companye
Love wyll not be constreyned by mastrye
When maystrye comth the god of love anon

Franklyn

Petrus his dynges and saye what he is yon
Lode is a thynge as any erthe so
Summer of hyde desyred libe
And not to be mysteynes as a thyng
And a woman yf yt doth seyne that
Loke who is moste patyent in loke
He is at his advantage all a loke
Patience is an high vertue certayne
For it conquysseth as thys ryches seyne
Thynge that poore shall neyd atteyne
For any worde men moche not chide or playne
Desyreth to gyde or elles a not yon
Ye shall it seyne whether ye will or non
For in this worlde certayne there no knyghtes
That he ne doth or doth wantyne a myes
Ne ydonesse or constellacion
Syn. ete. or charmyng of complexion
Causeth fyll ofte to vyn amys or ekeryn
Onlyke dynges a man may not be sykeryn
Afyn the tyme moste be temperance
To every knyght that gyn on governance
And therfore hath thys worthy knyght
To lyve in ease suffysance to hym be knyght
And the to hym fyll wysely gan to speke
That neyd shulde be faynte in heyre
Hope moche men rych and hymble wise ancyte
Thys hath the take hys sydaynt and hys lorde
Sydaynt in loke and lorde in maystre
Then state he lethe in lordyng and in sydeyne
Sydeyne nay but lordyng a doke
With he hath lethe hys study and hys lewe
Hys study reyne and hys wyf also
To which that lette of loke accordyth so
And when he was in hys prosperite
Home with hys wyf he yeth to hys contre
Not seyne he remyke there hys dwellyng state
Where as he labyth in blysse and glad
Ego ondo tell but he hadde wedyd be
The joy tho also and the prosperite
That is betwene an hym frendes and hys wyf
A yere and more labyth thys blyssyll lyf
Tyll that the knyght of which y speke of thyne

That of thynne was devyd hynnyngne
Whose hym to gon and called dreye or twyne
In Engeland that devyd was the chyfteyne
To whom dymes therthe and renowne
For all his lyst he dette in ryche labowre
And welde the ye-ij. yere the bolde with thyne
Ze the whole v shyre of this hynnyngne
And yette v whole of Wezyon his kyn
That lowth hym kystonde as hym hertes lyst
For his absence the pyth the and dighyt
As zone thise noble knyghte vnto them likyth
The mozyneth takyth courlyth fastyth and pleynyth
Ysse of his presence hym so distreynyth
That all this world the set it nought
Hym hynde which that knewe hym hey thought
Comfortyn hym in all that ende the wey
They pyttyn hym they tellen hym nyght and day
That cunsele the stretth hym left alle
And any comfort possible in this alle
They don to hym with all hyre besynesse
All for to make hym to leve hym holynesse
Zhy processe as ye knowe enyrchon
Wyn made a longe prayen in a stoun
Till on hym the pin appeyned be
So longe hane they comforted hym till the
Restyred with by hope and by reason
The emperyntyng of hym consideracion
Thynkyth which hym yete oftyne hym hatte stryne
Hym hynde hym oftyne gaynne
And prayden hym on knees for godis sake
To com and pynen hym in comptynne
Ledy to dyrne hym dozke fantasye
And frendly the prayntyth that pegnest
For well the thynkyth it were the best
Ze stode hym ryghtt fast by the kne
And oftyn with hym frendes called the
Hym to disporte upon the banke on right
Where as the many a pynne and bayne of right
Dallyng they comyn wyth hym them list to go
But than was that a peste of hym so
For to hym left fyll into alle with the
So there no ship of so many as y see

Still bryngs home my lorde then cayse my harte
All cadyshyd of his bitt peynes smarte
Another tyme sholde the sitte and thynke
And cast hym yeen downe sayd/ so the bynke
But when she sawgh the gryse jackes blake
For wyll yee sholde hym harte make
That on hym fate she myght hym not sustene
Then sholde she sitte a down upon the grene
And pronsly into the see beholde
And ever syghte thus with sorowfull syghes colde
Seyne god that thyngs thym prysoneymes
Lest the worlde by seyne gondymes
Sy yell women ere ye nothyng make
But lorde these grysly fendly jackes blake
That seyth yatt a fenke contynsion
Of seyke then ey fere reasion
Of sucke a parfite wise god and a stable
Why have ye wrought these seykes unnesytable
For by this seyke. south. north. west. and este
There my fryed no man bynd no beste
It dyd no gud to my sytte but anoyeth
Ye not lorde hon mankynde hyt destroyeth
An hundred thousand bodyes of mankynde
Have jackes slayne all be they not in my mynde
Which mankynde is fayne a payne of thy seyke
That thou it made to thym of thy meyke
Then semed it ye had a grete rayne
Gode kyd mankynde but hon then may it be
That ye suche nedynes make it to destroyen
Which medes do no gud but ever noyen
Note well seykes well syn as they lasto
By ayrymente that all is for the lost
Thought y no man the cause not knowe
But thylke god that made syrnde to blowe
Dere my lorde this is my conclusion
To seykes lete y shall disentulsion
But sholde god that all these jackes blake
Seye sunkyn in to hylle for his sake
These jackes slayn myn harte for the seye

Thus the ende with mery a pryuoisteye
Hye fleandes ende so that it ende no disporte
To jomen by the ende but disconforte
And prayen for to preson ome eyght elles
They leaden hyme by bryge and by ende
And ete into other places delectables
They almoen and they pleyn atte chesse and at tables
So on a day right in the morde so tide
Into a gayden that ende there biside
The which they had made there erdynance
Of victuale and of other purveyance
They gon to pley them all the longe day
And this ende on the oxt morende of mey
Which had pryntes with his atte fresyes
This gayden full of leves and of floryes
And quite of wydowe hynde ocupyed
Applyed ende this gayden truly
That no ende this they gayden of ouche a prise
Fulfyllyng there the wyer paradise
The songe of floryes and the freshe sight
Bolde hane made any harte light
That ende ende lorn but rest to gyete ebrynesse
Or to gyete sorowe helde it in distresse
So fulle it ende of loante with pleasance
And after dyne go they to dance
And syngen also ende Origen atone
Which made all day hyme complayne and hyme mone
For the daunsh lyen on the dance go
That ende hyme grynde and hyme loke also
Fyrst nauyelaos the moste atyne a bide
And with good hope lette hyme orde stide
Upon this dance amonge other men
Dancede a gypsey before Origen
That fresshe ende and jolye of array
Lote my sone than is the mouth of a jay
He syngith and dancith passyng any man
That is or ende with the sorde began
Therewith he ende rich men shulde distrid
On of the best fayrynge maide on lide
Yonge strange right vertuous rich and wise
And schedenede and holden in gyete prise
And therfor rest y the other toff shalle

his seruyng of this Origen at allo
this lusty squyer / he cannot to demo
which that y depyd / was Angelino
had lord / hym last of eny creatyno
wo wyf and more / as was his contyno
but nere must he tellen hym his gyddynno
without cuppe drank / but his penaunno
he was disparyd / nothyng / wolde he sye
save in his denges / but wolde he dyere
his wo as in a pentyll complaynyng
he wyde he lowed / and was bilowed / nothyng
of such mataye made he many lades
songes complaynted / poynyddes / ballades
how that he must not his wyde be telle
but langwy / sleth as fyr doth in hellc
and dye he moste / he wyde as did / sekc
for ryalysing that must not tell his wo
quo they made than ye heye me sye
he must he not to hym his wo bewrye
save that pacyently contynue at ease
thys yonge folke kepyn thy obseruance
it may excelle he loked on hym face
on whiche desyre as man that asketh grace
but nothyng wist he of his entente
nathless it happyd / that they thus wente
by ryne that he was hym neyghbourye
and was a man of worthyp and honoure
and y whose hadde the thyn of tyme yore
they fell in speche and fryth more and more
into that wyse dyouth angelino
and when he caught thys tyme he wyde thus
wadyno / and he bygan that thus wolde made
yf that y wist it my gift yonge hate glade
y wolde that day that yonge angelagno
unto one the see thill y angelino
hadde sent thyn yerde y shulde have comen agyno
for well y wote my wyse is in woyno
my gyftes is but bestyng of myn hate
wadyno / myth upon my yonge sinnate
for with on wrede yo mocke me sho or sabe

here it yourse fete god holde y here grace
I me hane do yo be no lyeyf more to cry
hane mercy here or ye stoll to me dey
Then began to loke upon Angelino
yo this yonge knit and she and cid yo this
lady ayst qd she knit y what yo meint
by thilke god that make me onle and lift
Ye shall y nede be dis wit ye do knit
fit bezde ne keyes do fayre do y hane knit
I knit be hie to wisom that y dim knit
take this for a friant anne beyo do of me
knit dispy that in play this cid yo she
Angelis qd she by lyght god a bowe
yit holde y gramme you to be yonge lees
Sith y you de o pitously complayne
loke what dy that wendinge shiteyne
ye jurnedy all the yerdes ston by stone
that they lette shipe ne bote to gone
I cry when yo hane made the yeste of dene
Of torkis that theyo nyo no stone dene
when knoll y lees you lost of any man
hane heyo my youth in all that end y can
yo they nond other yate qd he
Ze by that lorde qd she that made me
lette ginge folies ho yonge hatte fli yo
ffor shall y knote it shall nede botide
that dryne shilde man hane in his lift
ffor to yo lone it nothy manno knit
that hath hyo lodr when of that hym lithy
Angelino fiffore ofte cighity
Ye cris Angelino when that he this hayde
And kitty it ozo shill hayte this dim stayde
Madame qd he this keys an impossible
when not y die on dyem dith possible
And dith that lorde he trymed hym anon
the com hime other fiendes mdiry on
And in the alone jomed up and down
And nothyng knit of this conclusiom
knit ostenly began to jockell nedo
ffor the orisonn gath lost the comme light
Ye yo clo mocyo to dye that it knto nyght

And home they gon

and home they gon in goos and in alas
Sithe only Sycamyd Angelus allas
he to his hous is gon Sithe ore Sprit hatte
he saith he may not go his seth a stayte
Brim dames that he sayte his hatte cakes
to hewen his stryes gein he holde
also on his knees bayne he sette a tynn
and in his yonge side his orisonn
forgeyyer to onte of his sit his bende
he nyst sight he spake but thus he seide
Sithe prouis hatte his pilgrynte hath he begon
into the gates and first to the son
the side Apollo god and gon nonye
Of ony pilliot. herbe. tye. and flonye
what christ art thy destynation
to cake of thand his trine and his orison
Alsyn herbere the thanyngth lat ao or hye
Lorde phebus art thy mesynteble ye
On Sycamyd Angelus Sithe that ann but lazn
To lorde my lady hath my seth forzn
Sythe onte gilte but thy teynynte
upon myn sadly hatte hand coun ente
for Sycamyd lorde phebus yif yon lest
ye make me hetyo office my lady best
make bonche dast that y may yon sesise
hen that y may be holyen and in Sthitt Sise
Yonge bliffull Sustly litma. the shens
that of the see is chief of goddess and quens
though saturnus hane sette in the see
yet knyppise a loken hym is shee
ye kuede Sycamyd lorde that right at hyne sesyne
yet to lo yurkod and ligted of yonge fye
for Sithe sho folderth yon fulle bisilye
right as the see desyeth natyallye
to folderen hyne as she that is goddes
sothe in the see and tydes more and less
Sithe for lorde phebus this is my jeynest
to this mynde or do myne hest
that nolde nexte atte this opposition
Sithe in the signe shall be of the lion
Alsyn hyne as gyete affaced to hynge
that. v. fithjom atte the left it ond oppynge
the highest torke in aymorik Plutaynge

And late this fiend ennyne yeres tweyne
Then came to my lady mary y say
Howlyth wonye hafte the jocke ben away
Lorde x pheme to this wynnde for me
Why wyne to go no fastey comes then we
Quod pyeth wonye onfty that she go
To fastey comes then we thise yeres two
Then what she be even at the fille the day
And oppynge flood lastynge bothe nyght and day
And blew the bouche off in ouche maneye
To glamme me my conseyne lady deye
Playe hym onto yme my jocke a dum
Into thoye ceuid deyed regiom
Under the ground thoye plete dwellyth yme
Or nene mo shall y my lady ceyme
Her temple in dulfyer ecolt y desire also
Lorde pheme & the teyes on my cheke
And of my peyne have on compassion
And sith that ceyed in ordre to fill he dum
And longe tyme he lay sighe in a studie
His brother which that knewe of his penance
Wh aught hym and to bed hath bronght
Disposed in this sinent and in this thought
Lette y this crofiff nottyne his
Chest he for me whether he dede lieve or die
Amadagio sith hole and gete honoure
As he that ceide of chivalrie the flowre
To comyn home and other worthy men
O blissfull arte thou noble bretyon
Whilt hast thyn lustr hystonde in thyn armes
The fayre knyght the worthy man of armes
That loveth the as his hertes lif
Nothyng lust hym to be ymaginatif
Yif ony knight hadde spoken wh hyde he was unto
To hyne of love he hadde of it no wonte
He nought entendith to no ouche mateye
But amoreth onfitth makith hyne good aleye
And thus in joie and blis y lette thom dwell
And of the olde amylyne y wolle you tell
In langoure and in turment pynone
Nete yeye and more lay wepynge amylione

Or any foto he myght on erthe gon
Comfort in this tyme had he non
Save of his prouvy Sobrich that was a clerke
Rahnedo of all this Sor and all this Sayes
For to none other creature coryne
Of this matter he dyst no word to seyne
Vnday his best he bare it more sage
Than any of his philosophiers for hardyage
His best was hole Corthonto for to seyne
Fyn this tyme was ay the dyede reyne
And Sekyr kyede that of Cuche a ordynance
Comyng is yldno to tryse
But ryche myght tourchen the dyede or wyn they by
His Sorthy Sexpte and Sentilly prydely
Till tyme last hym fell in remembrance
That Sybiles he Sees at Orlyance in France
Ye yonge ete he that ben likyng
To seen ayes that ben comyng
Seen in any halle and any heyne
Particular sciences for to leyne
He hym remembred that ryvyd a day
At Orlyance in studie a boke he lay
Of magik naturell which his fadre
That was that tyme a Bachelay of lawe
All wrye he therto leyne a noble tratte
Had prively hit upon his desire lasse
Which boke spake moche of the equinoce
Concerning the xx dyn natyrelle
That longeth to the mone and Cuche folie
As mone dues is not worth a flie
For holy church derth mone bisides
Ne suffeth none illusion to grow
And when this boke was in remembrance
Anon for joy his harte gan to dance
And to hym self he said prively
My hoffey shalle be purchased hastely
For yf any oftey that they ben sciences
By which men maken diuse apparences
Cuche as thise subtell magetonys play
For ofte at festes hauve y hard say
That magetonys writh in an halle large
Have made corn in a barley and a large

And in the halle sodeyn up did doun
Comyng with knyghtes to me a knyght
And entryng fleyes springyng to a mete
Countynd downe. And gapes sighte and sede
Countyne a castell of lynne did stone
And sudeyn hym lifte wide it dwone
Thus semyd it to eyn mans sight
Yede he then considre y thus my sight
Atte sodeynne dim dyde fallen be fyrste
That had thus upon mansions in myrude
Or other magik natyrell a lowe
Be fyrste shall make my brothyr hane his lowe
For sith thus jeyne a fleyte may make
To mannys sight that all the jeyne blake
Of fruttigne seye y wyste eny whone
And shipes by the bynke comen and gone
And in sicke forme eydyne a day or two
Then seyd my brothyr sayd of his so
Then mete the nedes holdyng hym by left
Or elles he shall shamyd hym at the lost
Right fyrste y make a lenger tulle then this
Into his brothyrs bed he comyn is
And sicke comfort his rede hym for to gon
To oxlamnes that he vyl fleyne than
And on his tey forsaydd then is he fye
Yn hope for to ben lassed of his eye
Sigen they seye com almost to the cite
But ryf it seye a ·ij· forlonge or thye
A yonge fleyte pynyng by hym self they mette
Which that in listen thyfty they hym gette
And asky that he sede a stonyd tyryng
Knowe yd he the cause of yonge comyng
And ey they fyrthy any fote sayne
He tolde them all that sede in they entrayne
This fruton fleyte hym asked of falsed bor
The which that he had knowen in olde sedor
And he answerd hym that they yede stoye
For which he stayne fill ofte many tiye
Sum of his gyre angelyne light dwon
And with this magicion fryth is he gon
Home to his house did made them stell at ease
Them lacked no vitaille that myght them plesse
So stell applied house as they stad one
Angelyne in his lift atte nene none

Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM: Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

ffranklyne

He thought hym of he wente to wowe
Forestes wyfe fulle of childe was
Here wette he hartis with thy hornes highte
The grettest that wite wie wyne with ye
He wette of them xiij · x · starne with hownes
And wom with roses blood of bitty wommes
He wette wham worldly were the childe was
Thise stinkeness upon a fers wilde
That with thy hartis hane hane the heyson styne
The wette he thrystis unsten in a pittyne
And aftyr this he did hym wette ploddymes
Then he hym thought his lady on a dammes
On which hym selfe he dammed as hym thought
And wham this master had this magik wrought
Wette it was tyme · he stayte his hounder to
And fare wellt ome jowell wate go
And jumped they wend onto of the house
While they wette this sight merrelonse
Put in his study there as his bokes be
There sitten still · but no wright but they thre
To hym this master called his squyre
And bade hym thus · is jedy ony squyre
Almost an hour it is y undertake
Thy you bade ony squyre for to make
Wham that this worthy man writ with me
Into my study there as my bokis be
Syr qd he this squyre · wham it likith yowe
It is ill jedy thought yo shill right nowe
To wo then wayte qd he for the bost
Thise dandyns folke wim tyme more hane there jest
Wite aftyr wompes fall they in rotes
What wim shulde this master gwyson be
To jenerken ill the folkes of ffrantyne
And eke from wyomde to the mounte of sayne
He made it shamme and swore to god hym wate
Passe then a · iij · li · he wolde not hane
As gladly for that wim he wolde not gon
Anyelmes with blissfull hayte anon
Answered hym · fy · on a · iij · li · pounde
This bade wordes which that man writ jounde
I shill it yowe · yf that y wayte lorde of it
This bargayne is fulle dyrye for wo wim wint

ye shall be paide truly by my trouth
Fyrst lorde make for no negligence or slouth
ye thyne to haye no lenger tyme to morowe
Ay wyll thyse clerkes hathe haye my faith to borowe
to bed is gon Angelmo whan hym left
And slept wyll all the nyght he had his rest
What for his labowre and his hope of blysse
his busyne hapte of pendymen had a lysse
Upon the morowe whan it was day
to Pytaugne rode they the yyll Ray
Angelmo and this magicien bysyde
And ban descendyd thyse they bode a tyde
b the colde frosty season of decembre
d And this bad as thyse bokes me remembre
Phebus was olde and hyed hym lawn
Whit in his hore ordynacion
Shone as the burnyd golde with shadowes bright
Fyrst nowe in aryyes adown his light
Whyche as he shone fyll pale y day bell ryse
the bitte frostes with the force of reyne
destroyed hath the grene in every reyne
Flame sittyng by the fyre with ronde bydde
And drynkyng of his bugle horn the wynde
Before hym standyng hadwine of the trusted reyne
And nedell qyeth every lusty man
Angelmo in all that dide he can
Doth to this maistre ryse and reuerence
And prayd hym to doo his diligence
to bryngen hym onto of his pryuee mayte
Or elles a sayde he wolde fluite his gaste
this subtile clerke whche knew hed of this man
that wyll and sey ho speed that he can
to bauen a tyme of his conclusion
this is to seyne to make illusion
By whche appayrence or gogelerie
I can no thyng of astrologie
that ye and every wyght shulde shone and see
that of Pytaugne the turrets reye a bee
Or elles they seyn vnder grounde
So atte the last ho hath his tyme found
to make his cure and his busyednesse

Franklelyns

Of sucho a gystynes: crystynesse
his tibles possessynes fyrsth he bought
full well corrected ne they lacked nought
no they his collects no his expans yeres
no his notes ne his other geres
As bon his sentences and his argumentes
and his proxions commentes
and his equations many thynge
and by his eight sphere in his exercynge
he knewe full well. bon fere alnath was stone
fro the hed of arcto. fix. ayes a bone
full subtilly he called all this
Sythen he had fonnden his first mansion
according to his operacion
and knewe the ayrynge of the mone well
and in which place and tyme any dell
and knewe all his other observaunces
and suche visions and suche mysthaunces
As heathen folke vseden in thilke dayes
for which no longe maketh. he delaies
But thynke his magyk for a space or tyme
it semed that all the folkes saye a slepe
angelus which that disputyed so
whether he shall have his life or fye amo
a certain nyght and day on this mystake
and sayde he knewe that there was none obstacle
that could saye thise folkes on rychone
than to this matyns fete he fell anone
and cryde y crystyll speche angelus
thanke yon lorde. and lady myn venus
that me have holpen from my cayes colde
and to the temple his way fryth hath he holde
where as he knewe he shulde his lady see
and sayde he cryde his trone anon right he
with sadfull herte and with humble chere
falne hath his coniugue lady dere
my right full lady quoth this clerk full mete
whom y most dede and love as best can
and lothest were of all this world displeasance
rather it that y for yon have suche disease
that y most dye it were me fete have anon
rather than y take yon in this case be gon

But certes entre y wote y wen or playn
Ye se me giltles for wyll yeryn
But of my dethe · thynk that ye haue no mynde
Besyde yon ey that ye broke yowe tynde
Repentyth yon · for thyll goes it lowe
Or ye me slone · by ansse that y wyll lowe
For wyddynge shall ye broke shall ye haue sight
Not that y chalenge eny tryng of fight
Of yowr my dedyne lady but yowe gyde
But in a gyfyn yowde yt suche a place
Ye broke hit shall · shall ye lo hight me
And in myn honde yowe tynde plight ye
To lowe me lost gof shrewe ye dede
All lo that y cuerthy dim the to
Wyddynge y broke it for the honoure of yowe
Wore than to dede myn hat tro lyf nyght noe
I haue yon do · do ye commandyd yowe
And yf ye couchesafe ye may go
Forth as yon lest · haue y yowe bythyst in myynde
For ynk or dede · yfyt there ye shall me fynde
In yon lyeth all to do me lyue or deye
But shall y broke the tolkes lon it shreye
Ho taketh his lowe and the astonyed stode
In all hine fate was a drope of blode
The shende nere to haue com in suche a chaye
Allas yf the · that ever this thynk do haye
For shende y none by possibilite
That suche a monstre or monsoile myght be
Hit is agayne the processe of natyre
And howe the gotth a dyd shall gotyne
For wyll fere vnneth may the go
The shryth shrikth all a day or tro
And shrieth that it is myth shame for to do
But shrye it shall to no knyght tolde the
For onte of tryn shall gon fynd dyne
But to hine alle shall and wide thine
In hine complayne do ye shall rem here
Allas yf the on the fortune y wayle
That suche a dyd shall me in my chayne
For which to make broke y wo shrynde
Shall only dethe or elles drye wonde
One of thise · ij · behoue me or shende
But nathyless · that haue y lady to lose

ffranko leyne

my life then of my body to have a pyne
or kyll to my offen fyld. or lose my name
and with my doth y may to quite y wise
hath they not mayn a noble wyf or thise
and mayn a wyd to tayne hyre coff a lyse
then with hyre body to passe
vicytayne. lo thise stories beyn wynnesse
Chap. xxx. Tyrannes fyll of cryssednesse
had sayne Phydon in a tyme at the feste
they commandyd his doughtyr for to a feste
and bryngen them before them in dysprite
all nakyd to fulfill their foule delyte
and in their fyre blood they made them dance
Cyrus the vakowent god rewe them my chance
for whiche thise wofull wydrynes fyll of deede
that they then they wolde lose their wydrynhede
they pyrely bryn stoyt into a wolle
and desyrd them coff as the lord doth be telle
they of messene. lot ouynes and wolle
of lacedomie. lyn lad rebelle
on which they wolde sone their lothes
that was their none of all the compome
for she was farme. and with a good entente
those ladyes for to die their assente
to ben oppressed of their wydrynhede
their fyldr than to die ben in drede
lo old the tyrannie. aristocydes
that loved a wydow. tyght strymphydes
whan that hyre fyldr slayn was vpon a nyght
into dymes comple with the knyght
and hente the vmage in hyre handes two
from which vmage wolde the wende go
no wyght no wyght hyre handes of hit a lete
fyll the was slayne wyght in the same place
wolde with wydrynes had such dysprite
to ben defowlyd with mammes foule delite
wolde ought a wyf than ladyes my offen sle
than to be defowlyd as it thynkith me
what shall y dyne. of hystyn baldus wyf
that at thystage. bryost hyre offe hyre lyf
for whan she wete. that romayne wan the town
she told hyre chyldren all and shrypte a down

unto the fire and chase pathey to die
then my Romayne did hym rescue
hath not liceasse y stayne hym self alias
at Rome Ethan oppresse he was
Of pilgrym for hym right it was a pyne
to lieen Ethan he had lostt hym name
the. vij. maidens of noble kind
have stayne them self for worry sake and
rather then fall of Sarsis sinne them oppresse
two then a. vij. forde as y gesse
conde y neede tells to writing the matter
Ethan has made was leyne his self to dye
hym self slew and late hym blood to gyde
in hab made Romans dye and ende
and do my body at the lesse Ester
there shall no Knight defenden yf y may
Ethat shulde y no enstaunyles held of Rome
Sith that to many have them self slayne
Seek pathey than they should defenden bet
Stoll conclude that it is best for me
to slee my self then be defended thus
Sith be thus unto dynadynis
or pathey slee my self in oni maniere
Ad sis Romanis Knight seye
Bi ainse that she nolde defenden be
D. Ecclesis. it is full goto unto
to pede con thy knightys kieden alias
that slaeden them self for Christe made was
A gyete pite Ethat it. or Ethat more
the Ethean maiden. that for Christ more
hym self slough right for Christe made Ethe
A mother Ethean maiden did right to
for of understayne had hym oppressed
Sho Ethat hym sith hym maidenhede possessed
Ethat shall y Rome of Christes Ethis
that for Christe was biost hym self hym self
hold this sed Ethat. alexandrin
his lord that pathey for to dien chose
then for to chuse his lady subjected be
Ethat alsoch Ethat alexandr. and sho
Ethat sith Ouneye of good reniolyne
All Ester bieseth of hym christe
yd to of Ladonnit is Ethean thus

Hadrianus

That Sybill the Queene & the prince Jerusalem
No longer wold she liue after his day
The sonne of noble Jesus to my
Without spirituall could she not liue
To whom she had all holy hyre hauyng redde
The prefit & dignitie of Jesus
Honouryd is through all the world
O. Queene thy Sibill chastite
To all Christen mary a mysyonye be
Thus pleynly Virgyll a day or tweye
Purposyng one that she shuld seye
But nathless vpon the. xij. night
Bowmans Adrian the Emperour
And tyed hym & say that she kepte ad dere
And she gan kepen one longer the more
Alas sayd she that one was of heyn
Thus hanis y seide vnto the. thus hane y seyen
And told hym all. as ye hanis hayde before
It needith not to rehyerse it more no more
This husband with glad eyen and friendly wise
Answyerd and sayd as y shall you devise
Yet they ought alles beryen but this
Day day. sayd she god helpe me to do this
This is to mache. and it seyes goddis wille
Ye sirl sayd he let stepe i that is stille
It may be well paydworthye yet to day
Ye shall vonde worth holden by my fay
For god & Christ hathe mercye vpon me
Had lady y seyd for to
For certayne idee sayd that y to yon hane
But yif ye shulde vonde worth seyen and sane
Worth is the highest thyng that mith may seye
But sith that sayd he right onto anon to seye
And sayd y yon for bede vpon yowne of dethe
That none while yon lifyng this bethe
Do no sight yowne to of this wonynge
Ley may lost & sith my sayd ordyne
To make no countenaunce of hardynesse
That folk of yon more dowen sayne or gesse
And fyth he tarryd a sonnyr and a wyth
Forth flyth anon sith Virgyll he abide
And bryng hym to chirche a place anon

They tolyn thayr lede and on they ryde they gon
But thay ne wist wyr the thydy wante
He nolde no knight to lon his entente
This Emyre wyth right knyght Angelino
On Origen that was a Amazone
Of Alexandre hyrnedyng to mote
Amyd the Rom yght in the quickest hote
As the Sarazyn to go the way fynly yght
Tho sawe the Sarazyn thayr ate the knyght
And he was to sleyn the Sarazyn alle
The Sarazyn be ryned wyth the Soldan
Out of hyre hous to any mans yldo
But thus they met of a Sarazyn or gate
And he ataynd hym wyth grete entente
And a spar of hym wyth hym the same
And the amyrayl staff to the ways mad
Unto the Sarazyn as myn hyrtenade bad
My yonth for to holde alle as alle
Angelino gan wonder on this ate
And in his hart had grete compassion
Of hym and hyre lamentacion
And of Amyrayl the worthy knyght
That bade hym holden all that he had wyght
So loth he was his wyf shulde yelde hym yonth
And in his hart he thought of this grete yonth
Considerynge the best on every side
That he his lyst. yet lend wyre hym bide
Than sayd he right thus lyke wyrthynesse
A gyrne Fraunchise and all gentilnesse
For which in fere to wordes aryse he thus
Madame sey ye to your lord Amyrayl
That only y do his grete gentilnesse
To you and also y wil wyre dyscrysse
That hym wolde lend hym shame and that wyre pryse
Than ye to me shulde yelde thus your yonth
I hand wyll lend and to grysse wo
Then y do pay to the lord be wone yon ate
Y you release madame into your hond
Out of any oblyment and any bond
That ye hane made to me as here yfere
Only thy lyke trowe wyth that ye wyl here
My yonth y plyght y that you here yelde

Thanksgyne

Of no bisyst and heye y trete my lord
Ie of the tryyst and best Crist
Ryat ever yet y knew in alle my lif
But only Crist the heye of hym bisyste
On Origen remembrith alle the lerte
This and dyuerse other a poetrie
Ase well as ony a kyng in Cristyanten
Ye thanked hym upon hym knees alle days
And home unto hym kneelinde is ye fayre
And wolde hym alle as ye haue hadde me
Ryat it seyd impossible me to write
Ryat yf I wolde y longe y of the ate endite
Ryuerse and Origen his Crist
Indeyne bis leden fynde the lif
Wolde ete necessite they drigoy hym to drawe
So the yf hym right as the seyd a Queene
And the seyd to hym time for ensuere
Of this. ij. folke ye gete of me no more
Anydeins that his ost hath alle for lorn
Cryfed the time that onto he seyd lorn
Alle ydyn alle tyght y knyght
Of pyne gold a. vj. of weight
Into this philosophye. how shall y do
I ne no more but that y am onto
Myn heritage not y nedis wille
And ben a lady hers may y not stille
And statmen alle my hynde in this place
But y of hym might gete lerty grace
But nathelere y stoll of hym assise
At captyns dryve reye by reys to prise
And thanke hym of his grete curtesie
My hoorthe stoll y kepe y shall not lie
But hit to lere he goth to his coffe
And bought gold into this philosophye
The sattle of. G. ii. to y gosse
And hym kepe thith of his gentilnesse
To gadrine hyst days of the amendinte
And wide nightes y day shall made a comite
I fulle wone of my hoorthe do yte
For ablyn my dit shalle write
To dayte you how that y end fine
To gan a kegyrip in my hytide bye
But stolle ye concede fait upon one to

ij. yere or iij. for to jeopardyn me
then ye yere well. for all not yet all
wym he mage there is no more to tell
this philosophye lordyn answerd
and right thus. Sythen he this Sordor hade
hede y not holden commandment unto the
yis certyn well and truly yf he
hast then not had thy lady to the lordy
so no yf he. and dredefully sayth
Sythe ye to the abbe tell me yif thou can
Anselmus his tale anon began
and tolde hym all as he hym hede before
it needyth not to you yf ye it more
he wide dynadagns of faythfulness
had to me yo in dredde and distresse
then that his wife ye of yere twelfe
the dredde of dragen he tolde hym also
how loth hym was to kill a sicke wife
and that the lost had lorde that day he lefe
and that ony thought the feere of sinnerlie
the nerie yet hade sycke of penance
that made hym have do yere pre
and right so holy as he sent hym to me
so holy sent y hym to hym agayne
this is all and sen there is no more to seyne
this philosophye answerd lef brother
Fryth of you yis jeopardy to other
thou ayte a purpose and he is a knyght
but god for bede for his bliffull mycht
but yif a thyng could yow a jeopardye
not well to any of you it is no hede
sy y yelde the of my. iij. pounde
as thou wyll not to days come onte of the grounde
ne neyd or nede. ne hurtyd bye you me
for sy y will not take a penny of the
for all my sayte we nought for my travaile
you hast prise well for my counsaile
it is y nought fare well and have good day
he toke his hore and fryth go yere his way
Lordynges this matter then well y tye to
Sythe so do the moste fre as thy fryth yede
tell me ye feythey wende
I can no more my tale is all ende

Here endeth the ffrankeleyns tale

Physician

Here And here begynneth the Physicians tale Entitled Prologue

Here was a Physicyan as ye shall here
A knyght that called was Virginius
Fulfilled of honour and of Worthynesse
And stronge of frendes and of gyse noble
This knyght a knyght had by his wife
No chyldren had he mo but hym self
But one doughter and she was excellent fayre
Also wyll every knyght that man may
For nature hath wrought hir curiously
And formed it in hir gyse excellent
Alle thynges that pertyne unto a maydyn
Thus can I form hir yong tender age
Soothly that me lyst not to rehearse
Hir visaige nought thought he hir forme and hir
Or gyse or peynte for I am not worthy
Apelles Zeuxis shuldes wrought in hir
Unkyndly to gyse or peynte or forme or hir
Yf they presumed on me to compyle
For he that is formed yonge and gyde
Hath made me his clerke and ordeyned
To forme and peynten erthly creatures
Right as me lyst and ever thynge in me ryse is
Under the mone that may stande or stye
And for my lore so right nothynge I dote I pye
Wyll lerne and I can full of on accord
I made myne to the worship of my lorde
So do I all myne erthly creatures
What colour that they shuld of what figures
Thus semeth me that nature wolde hir
This maide of age xv. yere was and ther
In which that nature gladly would werke
For right as she can peynte a lily white
And red a rose right swych craft werkynge
Also peynted hath this noble werkynge
By the sweye lorn upon hir lymmes fre
Where as by right swych colour shuldes be
And phebus dyed hath hym tresses gyle
Right to the freshnes of hir bryghtnes
And yf that excellent was hym wrought
Ful ofte more gladder was he
In hym no lacked no condicion
That is to prise as by discrecion

A Christ in goste & bodye christ bidde the
for christ the prophet in sygnifie
christ the humylite and abstinence
christ the attempyance and patience
christ mesyne the of beyyng and aye
visyte the bide in amyspheyyng the day
thought the deye christ zachee. thy day deyne
hym fulcomme the fulle consideryng and plesyne
to commyssaten times had the
to come christ bin dysyr hym seyne
the gate and the hym bordes more and lesse
sekyng in verrie and in gentilnesse
thanke fist the bide in mydenes shamefastnesse
constant in gate and eno in besynesse
to dyde hym onto of christ thoughtynes
zachee had of hym mouth right no mastye
for ryche and youth doth commendes
to men in syde bidde aftern oyle or gyes
and of hym bynde dayne vnconsideryned
the hath fulle often tymes bide hym fayned
for that the bolde fleen the company
bryghtly bide to hatten of folye
to is at fayres tydes and at mynstres
that ben occasions of dallyances
suche thynges maken chyldren for to be
to dance dye and bolde to men mydes
which is fulle pylons and hath ben yore
for the to dance mydren they leyne lore
of boldnes when the is bexen a bryde
and ye mastresses in youre olde lyde
that lordes doughtes haten ingoldynes
to takyng of my bardes in displaysynes
thynkyng that ye ben at ingoldynges
of lordes doughtes only for .ij. thynges
o thyng for ye hane kepte youre honeste
or elles ye hane fallen in fraylte
and mydren bide ye nought the olde dance
for ane more therfore for cystis bide
a christ of conysyon that hate for lafte

hochke ponsnes and all his other gast
and kepe a feast best of any mann
Wodes kepinge shall for yf yone bolt ye can
Also shall that ye to no vice assent
lest ye be dampned for yonge children entent
For Esho & Jacob a gyatonge is certayne
and tabith kepe of that y shall sayne
Of all thayr wordyngne pestilence
so Esaw & Jacob betayleth innocence
the fathers and the moders also also
thoughe ye have children bett on or mo
yonge to the charge of yonge ignorance
while that they bell under yonge governance
yett & the by ensamples of yonge lewyngs
or by yonge negligence in chaffe yng
that they be wrysche for ay shall ay
yf that they done we shall it dere & lay
under a reckynge de costo and neglygent
the sorrow hath many a shepe and lambe to lent
Suffiseth on ensamples here to have
For y not tynne a geyne to my matyre
this matte of which y shall this tale expresse
Ye kepte hym alle hym nedith no matter
For in hym lewyngs matydenes might lerne
dom a lord any good worke or dede
that longeth to a maydon vertuous
the wyse & prudent and ye bonnyteous
For which the fame onte spronge on any ore
Bothe of hym beame and hym bownte wide
that thynge that londe they prysed hym emyche
that lokede vertuous onte entre alle
that ory is of other memory wele
and glad is of his worke and his vnwele
The doctor nidith this distynyon
this maide upon a day went in the town
Wende a temple with hym modyr dere
as is of yonge maydenes the maniere
Wode wyse there a justise in that town
that governyd wyse of that regyon
and ye bifale this yonge hys yeen he cast
upon this maide a bysyng hym fast
as she come forth by there as this yonge stood
anon his hert to changed and his mood

Augustinus

So Esdras he taught with the heart of this wyde
And to hym self full priuely he did
This wyde shrede myn for my mein
Anon the feende in to his hayre fell
And taught hym openly how that he by sleight
The wydew to his prayers myght
For ryches by no force no by no meede
Hym thought he Esdras not able for to spede
For the Esdras stronge of frendes and eke he
Confeyned Esdras in such wordes bownte
Yet Esdras he Crist he myght hym neue esyn
As for to make hym with hym body syn
For which by greete deliberacion
He wente aftyr a clerke Esdras in the town
Which that he knewe full subtell and full bolde
This yonge wyte this clerke his tale hath tolde
Yn secrete Esdras and made hym to ensure
He shulde tell it to no creature
And yf he did he shulde lose his hede
Which assented Esdras this mysseryede
Glad Esdras this yonge and made hym greete cheere
And yaue hym rytis precious and deere
Ayen shewed Esdras all this conspyracie
From poynte to poynte how that his lechery
Deyfoyned shulde ben full subtellie
As ye shall here it aft[er] openly
Home goth this clerke that hight standing
This false yonge that hight Aymyng
So Esdras his name · for this is no fable
But knowen for historiall thyng notable
The sentence of the oth is cite of Rome
This false yonge goth noche fast a bowne
To hasten his delite all that he may
And so bifell one aftyr on a day
This false yonge as telleth vs the storie
As he Esdras sowne sitte in his consistorie
And yaue his doomes vpon wydwe case
This false clerke come fryth a full greete pace
And cryde lorde yf that it be your wille
As doth me right vpon this ryches bille
Yn which vpleynes vpon wydwe
And yf that the Esdras yuue it is not thus
I shall it prouve and fynde good witnesse

that oath is that my bill & scroll expresse
the iuge amisse of this in his absence
I may not yete diffinite sentence
let to hym call and y scroll ghadly heye
then shalte hane all right and no sponge heye
Virginius come to sete the iuges scrift
And right anon. Ewas ye we this cursed bill
the sentence was of hit as ye shall heye
to you my lorde sir Aymes od seye
whereith yong wyse sergeante standing
hon that a knyght called Virginius
A gerne the lawe a gerne all equite
holdeth expresse a gerne the bill of me
my sergeant which that is my thall by right
which from myn house was stole upon a night
while that the was fill yonge this knit y prede
by testimesse lorde od that it not you gede
the wyf not this knight what dede he dede
therfore to you my lorde the iuge y prede
yelde me my thall yif that it be your bill
to this was all the sentence of his bill
Virginius gan upon this clerke biholde
but hardy or he his tale tolde
he wolde hane previd it as shulde a knyght
and also by testimessyng of many a knyght
that all was false that dede his adversaye
this cursed iuge wolde nothyng taye
as heye a barde more of Virginius
but yaf his iugement and sede thus
I deme anon this clerke his sergeante hane
then shalte no longer in this house dwelle
to bryng hye fyth and put hye more wayde
the clerke shall gyne his thall this y wayde
and with an this worthy knyght Virginius
thynkyng sentence of this justise Aymes
woste by force his doughter yelden
unto the justise in lecherie to liden
he goth hym home and attirth hym in his hall
and let anon his doughter call
and with a face dede as asshen colde
upon hye humble face he gan biholde
with sadeis yete stikyng thynkyng his heyte
all wolde he from his purpose not conseyte

Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM: Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

Doughtr q. he Sygynna by thy name
There ben .ij. Kyngs cittes / Deth or shame
What yon most chuse alias that r Kyngs bore
For none then dye / but Kyng therefore
To dien and dyede or Deth a knyght
O. dere doughtr ende of my lyfe
Which r thane fosted. vp Deth suche pleasance
That re Kyng nend onto of my remembrance
O. doughtr Deth that. a to my last Ego
And in my lyf my last ior dis
O. Femme of chastite in patience
Take thou thy deth for this is my sentence
For love dis not for hate thou most be dede
my prtons hande not chuse of thym hede
Alias that ende dynne the day
Thus hath he fulfilly quyted the to day
And tolde hym all the cause as re before
Thane hade. not needith it to talk it no more
O. mayre dere fadey. qd. this maide
And Deth that Kyng the kette hym dymes laide
A knife his neke. do the Kyng Kynte to do
The reyes hast onto of hym veen tho
And Kide good fadey shall r die
If they no grace is they no remedie
Ho certis dere doughtr myn qd. he
Then rele me lefe fadey myn qd. she
My deth for to complayne a little space
For pitide gente rele his doughtr grace
For to complayne ey he hym stode alias
And god it Kote no tarrynge Kyng his reyes
But for the jan hym fadey first to do
To Kelcome hym Deth grace Kolo mynte
And Deth that Kyng the fell in Kyng a nou
And aft Deth hym reconnynge Kyng a gou
Che justis vp and to hym fadey Kide
Blessed be god that r shall die a maide
Rele me my deth ey that r hane a shame
Deth Deth rome shulde rome Deth on godis name
And Deth that Kyng the plaide hym fill este
That Deth a Kyng do he shulde smite este
And Deth that Kyng a reconni dome the fille
hym fadey Deth or dyne grete and Deth
hym hede of smote and by the tresse it hente
And to the cyte he gan it to presente

Ye sire yet in some in countrie
And ensure the yere it ende as with the frere
He bide to take hym and all hange hym fast
But anon a·ij· yeyle in thy cast
To slye the knyght for pryde and for yre
For he wen ende this fiele in quite
The yeyle anon had espied in this thyng
By mide of the ende this chaldengyng
That it was by the assent of alpine
They sisten ende that he ende lete pine
For which they unto this alpine they gon
And cast hym in prison right anon
Ellys to be slende hym self · and standing
Yet it ende advanced unto this alpine
That demed to be hanged upon a tree
But that engyning of his wife
To praide for hym that he ende exiled
And ellis certis had he ben beguiled
The penenance ende the hanged more and less
That ende consentyng of this cruelnesse
Here make men ode yon gyme hath his meyte
The we ende for no man ende ende than god ende omite
In no deye ne which mane ende
The ende of conscience may agree
Of ende right thought it to price be
That no man ende therof but god and he
For be he lered man or ellis lerned
He not yon one that he shall ben a fayed
Therfore y rede you this counsaile take
For sakyng gyme or gyme yon forsake

Here endith the Physicians tale
And begynneth the prologe of the Pardoner

Oure ost begynneth to swere as he were wode
Harow by nailes and by blode
This was a false cheyre and a false justise
As thame that dede he hath can devise
Som on this gyngyr and these relikes
Allis this ely maide is swyne relikes
Allis to deye bought she hyr lemyne
Therfore y rede all day that man mete
That ystis of fortune and of natyre

Men arise of deth to many a creatyne
Of lothe visis that I spek of noche
Men hane first ofte more hayne then yoche
Hys beauite dede hys deth I say ewell ayne
Alle & prouyde the dede sleyne
But truly mynde ane mydday deye
This is a prouerbe tale for to seye
But nethele wyse one thayes is no fere
I pray to god do hane thy pertail ere
And dele thyn goodes and thy prydenes
Thyn rewerdes and dele thy gadlones
And ey wise first of thy lordynes
God blesse them and our lady Marye mayde
Se not I then thyn arte it was inadn
And lete it zelane by Marye Pouradn
Sey I not dede I armed I spete in thine
But dede I dede then dye mynd hayes to dyne
That I at noche hane aright a cayd
By cryne bones but I hane tydde
Or elle a drynke of moiste cozny ale
Or but I haye anon anoyy tale
Myn hayte it is lost for pite of this wyne
Then dede a my then pardoneye he cryde
Dede ye on myth of gayes yeste a non
It shall be don yche by god and by Marye pyn
But first yche haye at this ale stake
I dede both drynke and ete of a cake
But yeste a non thise gentile gon to ete
Nay let hym not tell ye of no yblandyse
Dede ye on mozdde tyrnyn that ete make leye
Com dede and then dede de yldde I haye
I yanne to I this yche but I moste tyrnke
Upon on honest tyrnyn dede that I drynke

Tobulitey Fidix omni medicor est cupiditas. ad ephesios. 5.

Lordynges yche in chartes I ayan I preche
I pryne me to hane dis hatynneyd speche
And yrnge onte de pomme de gotte a belle
Sere I dis dede by yete that I telle
First I pronounce I seyne that I am
And then myn ostis I pulle yete I dede and am
Omyn liege lordes dede upon my patent
I shede first my body to entyent
That no man be a bolde prest no clerke

ow to historyes of crystes holy chyrche
and ayny that then tell y fryth my tales
of popes prestes and of cardynales
of patryarches and of bysshopes y shyche
and in latyn speche y cardes fache
to stablysh erth my predycacyon
spechy vallage and in every comun
this is my tyme and shall and ever dure
Fadry ovinn indeley · est circumdatus
then shyche y fryth my longe crystall stones
gammed full of adornes and of bones
relyques ben they do chyrchen they echone
then have y in a tabernacle a shrylle bone
which that dyd of an holy jewes shepe
good men y cry tales of my swordes kepe
yf that this bone be chaffyed in any chelle
yf cocke or calf or oye or shepe shelle
that any chrysme hath eto or chrysme y stonge
take water of that chelle and chaffe his tonge
and it shall be hole anon and fryth moreover
of pokes and of scabbes and ely more
shall ely shepe be hole that of this chell
drynkyth a draught take kepe eke what y tell
yf that the good man that the bestes chrysth
chell ely chelle ey that the cocke lyvyn gadreth
sittyng drynkyn of this chell a draught
he thylke holy jewe onye eldye nought
his bestes and his store shall multyplie
and ey also it helyth pestylence
for though a man be fulle in pelonse pyce
lette wasch erth this water his pottage
and meate shall he more his mystyst
though he the dothe of hym defaute christ
all had he taken pestylence · or thye
here is it mytayne eke that ye may se
he that his hondes chelle put in this mytayne
he shall have multyplying of his yayne
when he hyth sowen be it whete or otes
so that he offye penys or ellys notes
good men and commen etynge chynd y you
yf any knyght be in this chyche inoke
that have dyd aymes or yvelle that he
dyth not for shame of it y shyven be

Dear Brethren & sisters yonge or olde
that hath made bye bretheren & sisters
Which folke shall have no power ne grace
to assoile in my Religion in this place
And who so findeth him out of such blame
they shall come vnto and offer in gooddes name
And I assoile them by the auctoritee
which that by bulle I graunted was to me
By this bulle have I bye bye bye
an. c. mayle out I was pardoneye
And stode like a clerke in my pulpit
And then the lewede people romed yett
I preche & do ye have hard beforee
And rede an. c. tales or more
And eft anon vpon the people I leet
Thin pryde I mo to preche fleth my net
As wolf a wolf a fox stryng on a lyne
wyll hen fox and my tongue goon as pyne
That it is joy to see my busynesse
Of avarice and of such cursednesse
Is all my preching for to make them fre
To yeve their pence and nauncle vnto me
For myn entente is not but for to winne
And nothing for correccion of synne
I care nought when that they be buried
Though their soules gone a blackburied
For many a masse I predicacion
Commith out of hell out of mahoun
To ben delivered by my preyere
Yong for plesaunce of folke and flatterye
And yong for vayne glorie and yong for hate
For whan I may I stynge hym with my tongue sharpe
In preching so that he shall not aspye
That I ben falsly yif that he
have done vnto myne bretheren or to me
For though I tell not his vyle name
yet shall they know he is the same
By signes and by other acquaintances
I mine myne I folke that ben vnsoldefastnesses
Thus spare I nor my conyn gyldyne
Of holynesse to conyn holy and true

But sooth myn entente ye shall wete
I preche of nothyng but of trewthe
Tho fore my tyme is yet and che stad
Ridy onto malow aft cupidute
Thus am I preche ageyne that same vice
Which that I vse and that is aduyce
But though that my self be gilty in that crime
Yet am I made other folke to shrime
From vice and do the them repente
But that is not myn principall entente
I preche nothyng but for trewthe
Of this matere it ought I nough suffise
Then tell I them ensamples many on
Of olde stories longe tyme agon
For lewde peple loven tales olde
Such thynge to mele they shall repete and holde
What shoulde we studies that I may preche
And shrine gold and siluer for I teche
That I shall live in poure chirchally
Ray ilchy I thought it nedes truly
For I shall preche and teche mendyly londes
I shall not do no lubonye with myn hondes
Ne make baskets and live therby
By cause I shall not begge I telly
I shall none of the apostales counterfete
I shall have money chest and chete
At chepe it peven of the poorest page
Or of the poorest widowe in a village
Al though hire children shulde starve for hunger
Ray I shall drynke the licoure of the vyne
And have a gay wenche in every toun
But herkeneth lordynges in conclusioun
Your likynge is that I shall tell a tale
Now hane I nought a mery word of ryme
By god I hope I shall you tell a thynge
That shall by resoun lend at your likynge
For though my self be a full vicious man
A moral tale yet I you tell can
Which I am wonte to preche for to shrime
Now holde your peace my tale I shall begynne

Here endith the prologge of the pardoneye
And begynneth his tale &c

HRC

In Hierusalem Christ had a companie
of yonge folke that hantedyn folie
to riot · hasyd · dicers and taberners
where as with harpes · lutes and tabrides
they dance · and playen at dice both day and nyght
and ete also and drinken onto theye myght
thynke which they don they don the devill servisse
with in that devil temple mensed with
by synnes abhominable
theye offes ben so grete and so demynable
that it is grisly for to heye them deye
onye blessed lordes dere they to leye
them thynkyt that we ben into hym not y nough
and ache of them of other onlyne longe
and right anon then comen cymbisteres
fiddle and nacke and yonge fluteyeres
syngeyes with harpes · lutes and citeyeres
which ben the veyry devil officeyes
to kindell and blow the fyre of lecherie
that is amoyed unto glotenye
the holy scrytte takes y to my witnesse
that lecherie is mere wrie and drunkennesse
to hem that drunken · lethy unkyndly
lay by his doughtrys · ij · sustrynly
as dones he was he myst what he wrought
herode the wicke the storie cunnyng
when he of wyne was replete at his fest
right at his wine table he reft his hest
to slo john the baptiste that gilteless
wher with a good wordes doutelesse
he with he can no difference fynde
betwen wyf amen that is onto of his mynde
and amen which that is drunk alle
but that wordynesse y fallen in a rhyme
rejoiseth longes then doth drunkennesse
O · glotenye fulle of cursednesse
O · cause first of oure confusion
O · origynalle of oure damnacion
till crist had bought us with his blode a gayne
to hem deye shortly for to sayne
a bought was that ilke cursed vylanye
for purte was gite this worlde for glotenye
adam our fadyr and his wife also
fro paradyse to labour and to wo

Sayne Jerome for

Matte mebriari vino in quo est luxuria

Here ye wen for that ywce it is no dede
For Eyhile that Adam falsed ay yede
he Eyad in paradise and Eyhan that the
Ire of the fruto defended on the tre
Anon he Eyad onto eft to Eyo and poyne
O. glotonye on the onight Eyele ye complayne
O. Eyst Adam. hon miserable
Folkeken of excess and of glotonyes
he Eyolde bene the more miserable
Of his diet sittyng atte his table
Alas the shorte thyote. the tendey mouth
maketh that Eyst and Eyest sorte and Eyouth
qu Eythe in Eyre in Eyatey man to sleyynto
Ro gete a glotoon deyinto meto and dyynto
Of this matere o ponlo Eyeff canst thon tyote
gete onto Eyomb and Eyombe Eyo ynto mete
Eyhat god destroien both to panle Eyith
Alas a fonle thyng is it by my feith
To ey this Eyord and foleyey is the
Eyhat man so dyynkith oft the Eyhite and the yede
Eyhat of his thyote he maketh his pyibe
Eyhyngh thilke cuyed onpfliyto
The dwelle Eyith Eyeyyng fiff ytonyth
Eyhye Eyulkon mdiry of Eyhich yon tolde hane y
Eyey it Eyeyyng noche Eyith ytonis Eyoite
Eyhey ben enemyes of cristes cyoite
Of Eyhich the ende is doth Eyombe is theye god
O. Eyombe. o. zelly. o. stynkyng cod
Fulfilled of zongo and of corruption
At eythey ende of the fonle is the bonn
Bongete latrine and soft is the to frynde
Thise tolen hon they stampe fleyne or gryndo
To turnen substance in to accident
To fulfill all thy likorous talent
Onto of the hyde bones knocke they
The mans for they cast not a Eyey
Eyhat may go thyngh thyngh the golot Eyofte and Eyote
Of spicye. of leef. of. bryde. of rote
Eyhat ben his sauce y made by delite
To makyn hym hane a neeyey appetite
But certis he that hanntith such delites
Is dede Eyhile that he liveth in the vices
A lecherous thyng is Eyyne and drynkenesse
Is fiff of thieyyng and of Eyoerhidnesse
O. drynkyn man disfigured is thy face

HRC

Sonne is thy beauty sonne ate thou to cambrace
And thyne thy honeyed lose cometh thy sonne
As thouge thou oldest ay Samyson Samysonne
And yet god sente Samysson neme honeye bynde
Thou fallest as it seye a stekes bynde
Thy tonge is lost and all thyn gonest wyte
For honeymesse is werre bynetynge
Of manyes witte and his discrecion
In whom that drynke hath dominacion
He can none counsaille kepe it is no secre
Lordes kepe you from wyne and fro sede
And namely from the white wyne of lepe
That is to sell in ffrisshefleete or in chepe
This wyne of Spayne creepeth subtilly
And other wynes growing fast by
Of which there ryseth swich fumositee
That wyne a man hath honeye drynke the
And wenyeth that he be at home in chepe
He is in Spayne right at the toun of lepe
Not at the bordell ne at wynynge toun
And thyn wife he ley Samysson Samysonne
But he wenyeth lordynges outhynge y you pray
That all the olde aunciene dayes day y ley
Of victories through the olde testamente
Through werre god that is omnipotente
Seye dede in abstynence and in preye
Loketh the bible and ye mowe it leye
Lo Attila the grete conquerour
Died in his slepe with shame and dishonour
Bledynge at his nose in drunkennesse
A commyndyne shulde lete in wrathfulnesse
And one atte thine a bisshop you right wolde
That wyne commandynge vnto kynnes olde
Not sammon but kynnes ley y
Lodeth the bible and fynde it expresly
Of wyne yevynge to them that hane vertue
No more of this for it may wolde suffise
And mowe that y have spoken of glotonye
Mowe stille y you defende hardynesse
Hardynesse is werre moder of lecherynes
And of distroie and of murdre fro secrynes
Blasfemye of christe manslaughte and wastelnes
Of childe and of tyme and hatredynes
Of werre parte and contrarie of honoure

Nota vnum vnde

ffor to bere holde a tourny hastydone
And ende the highey he is of estate
The more is he holden disolate
Yif that a prynce ysitt hastydie
In all gouernaunce and policie
He is to by commune opynion
I holde this lasse in reputacion
Sithone that sadd a seise embassatours
Sadd sent to tozynthe in fulle gyete honoure
The lacedomye to tuckon theye affiance
And eyeth he come eyen hetynd pacyfiance
That all the gyettist that seeye of the lande
Pleyng at the hastydie he them fonde
ffor which ad ond · ad it mygyt be
He wad eyen home agayne to his contre
And sidd theye seoll y not lose my name
Ne y seill not take on me to gyete defame
Yit for to allie yuite nome hastydonse
Sendith other seise embassatorys
ffor by my thorith me seeye lorde he
Gran y you thinkke to hastydonse alle
ffor ye that ton so glozions in honoures
Shill not allie yon with hastydonses
And by my seill no ad be my thete
This seise philosophie thus sidd he
Lokk ad that the kynge sennetynne
The kynge of zeadorke ad the lokk with yes
Sent eyen a peyre of dice of golde in stozn
ffor he had yseed hastydie theye bifozn
ffor which he hilde his glozie and his nome
At no allie or reputacion
Pardes mode fynde other made pley
Honest y nought for to dyen the day a sey
Zedde seill y speke of other fale and gyete
A sozde or · ij · ad olde lokkes thete
Gyete steeynge is a thynge abhommiable
And fale steeynge is yit more reprehensable
The right god forbidde steeynge at alle
Stinge on matthede bit in escrilt
Of steeynge with the holy gozeinne
Yon shalle seeye ethe thyn other and not lie
And seeye in deme · and ad in right esinesse
But yede steeynge is crustinesse

Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM: Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

Bishop and so that in the first table
Of high godis hestis honorable
Hon that the · ij · hesto of hym is this
Take not myn name in yelor a mis
To jabbey he forbedith such seyng
Then he myndis or many a mysdon thyng
I sey that as by ordre · this it sewith
Wis chesen they that his hestis vndestandith
Hon that the · ij · hesto of god is that
And finthey one y scrolle the tolle all pluit
Wat creatures shall not vsyten hom his hous
That of his other is to onnejaynis
By godis precious sist and by his nayles
And by the blod of christ that is in hayles
Wij · is my christis · and thym christis and there
By godis ajnes yif then faithy pleye
This day shall ajnis thym hayte go
This sunt commyth of the hatyd bonds · tello
For sleyng · ye · ffalsness · hommide
Lokie for the loue of christ that for vs dide
Lette yonge other bothe gleto and smale
Bit nedis his scroll y tolle finthy my tale
Christ victorious ij · of which y tolle
Yonge cyst or pryme yonge of my belle
Seyd set them in tabeyne to drynke
And as they sato ther hard a belle clynke
Before it dore. Seto cajed to his gesto
That one of them gan callon his kindo
So let yd and axe jedily
What dore is that · that passeth finth by
And loke that you jowrte his name sele
Sij yd this boy it nedith nane a dole
Hit sato me tolde or ye came hoje · ij · houses
He sato pajde an olde folkes of yonges
And sodenly he sato stayne to wrgist
For drinke as he otte vpon his kourte wrygist
Seyd com a price thes men clepen · l · dotis
That in the fourte all the people flotis
And with his speje he smote his hart a tide
And seynte his eyen with sorrow mo
He hathe a ij · stayne this pestilence
And wasted or ys com in his presence
Ye thynkith that it seyd nedessaye

Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

For to be Estate of riche an Aduisage
With pedy for to mete hym enmere
Thus taught me my Dame y cry no more
By Spirit anoye Rido the Fabelnere
Thus childe with oth for he hath seyne thus yere
Hensforth a mylle With in it grete Village
With mani kind Commodi thilke hym in page
Prosede his habitation there
So to be aduised grete Wisdom it Were
Et that he did kindly a Disponere
Yt goddis armes yd this Victorye
Fore riche report. With hym to mete
Shall hym Wele by Wey or by stete
Mette Wele to goddes dignis bones
Herkneth felawes Wo ben in all ones
Lette eche of vs holde vp his hande till other
And eche of vs become other bye bothey
And Wo Wilt flone this fals traitorye doth
He shall be starue. ho that Wo many sloth
By goddis dignite or it be myght
To gadere hane thise. m. hole yliyght
To live and to die echo of them for other
Notwithstanding he Wore his Wedne bore bothey
And vp they stete all drunken in this age
And forth they gone to ridis that village
Of which the abbayne had grete bifore
And many a gisty echo then hane they Wore
And gistes blessed body they to rente
Wote shall be Wo vis that they Wele hym hente
And Wheen they hane gon not fully half a myle
Right as they Wolde hane taken into a stile
An olde man and a pore With them mette
This olde man fill meekly them gette
And Wide thus. Wele lordes god yen Wo
The prendest of this victorye. they
Amiseyde ignorne Wheit thile With Wery gate
Why into then all for Wappied Wate they sitte
Why lieest then longe in Wo grete hete
This olde man gan loke in his visage
And Wide thus for y ne can not fynde
A man thoughy y Walked in to the ynde
Nor they in citee ne in no village

That wolde change my youth for myn age
And therfore not y have myn age still
As longe tyme as it is godes wille
Ne dethe alias wolde not have my life
Thus walke y like a pedyler pitifull
And on the grounde which is myn moder gate
I knocke with my staff both cold and late
A cry lete moder lette me in
Lo hon y am my flesh blode and skinne
Alias when shall my bones be at rest
Moder with yon wolde y change my chest
That in my chamber longe tyme hath be
Yet for all these wente to chaffer in me
But yet to me she wolde not do that grace
For which full pale and wel worth is my face
But sith to you it is no cry to sie
Ye speken to an olde man villanie
But he trespased in word or elles in deed
In holy writ ye moder youre self wolde yede
Against an olde man hore upon his hede
Ye should arise. wherefore y you rede
Ne doth unto an olde man non harme nor dede
Ne more than ye wolde a man do unto you
In age yif that ye do longe abide
And god be with you where ye go or ride
I not go thider as y came to go
Nay olde thinke by god thou shalte not do
Quod the other hastily anon
Thou partest not so lightly by seint johan
Thou spake right now of thilke matteres two
But in this place all one foundes stode
Came loye my youth thou chete his spede
Well where he is or thou shalte it abide
By god and by the holy sacramente
For otherwise thou arte one of those assente
To slen ye yonge folke thou false theef
Now sey where he yf that ye be so lef
To finde dethe tryne up this wolde shaw
For in the wood y leave by my fay
Under a tree and there he wolde abide
Not for youre boste he wolde him not hide

Se ye that old wight there ye shall hym fynde
God save you sytt wrought a gerne mankynde
And you amende thus sayd the olde man
And entyrche of thise Pelatrons yan
Till they come to that tyme and there they fownde
Of florenys fyne of golde ye coyned pownde
Eche wyght an. C. bussheles to them thought
No lenger then abyde dyd they ought
But echo of them so glad ebed of the sight
For that the florens kem so fayre and bright
Sodenly they ete them by the precious horde
The eldest of them spake the first word
Brethren we be take kepe what y say
Our sute is gete thought that y sorde and pley
This tresure hath fortune vnto vs yeld
In myrth and solace ons lyf to lyven
And lightly as it commyth so ebb the goyng
By godis precious dignite who wonde
To aly that the shulde hane so fayre a gyfte
But wyght this golde so cayed from this place
Home to myn hous or else vnto yours
For ebell vs ebete that all this golde is ours
Then bede we be in hight felicite
But truly by day it nedyth not so
Mon bedde wynne that we be thefes thonge
And for ons ebyne tresure dan we gonge
Wherefore y pede that that amonge vs alle
We sladde and let no ebhyde the crit ebell falle
And he that hath the crit ebrith hayte blithe
Shall renne to town and that full sebrithe
And bynge vs bede and ebynne full publyly
And. if. of vs that kepe full cybtolly
This tresure ebold. and yif he ebill not thus
Then it is wyght ebe ebill this tresure ayse
By on assent ebhere is vs thynkith best
That on of them the crit bought in his fest
And bade them sladde and lete ebhere it ebill falle
And it fele on the yongest of them alle
And fustly toebayd the town he ebent anon
And also ane is that he ebate gon
That old them spake thus vnto that other
Then knowest ebell then arte my sebrend brother
Why profite ebill y the tell anon
Then ebotist ebell that ons fellowe is gon

And here is yolde and that shall gete yloute
That shulde be departed amonge yor thre
But nathelesse yif y can shape it so
That it departed betye amonge yor tho
Had not y done it sandes tyme to the
What other amyse betye y not hou that may be
He seyd that all the golde is betyn yo tey
What shulde yo don what shulde sho to hym say
Shall it be counsaile quod the first shepherd
And y shall tell it in ewr dor feede
What sho shall do and bynge it sell alone
I yldunte yd that they sinte of donte
That by my mynde y shall the not be betyay
Quod the the first then betyst shall be to tey
And. ij. of yo shall stynge to than on
Loke when he is set. that night it non
Also to then bolde betyn hym play
And y shall lie hym thynge the bydde tey
While that then stynge betyn hym to mi game
And betyn thy bigge loke then to the same
And then all this golde departed be
My dere frende bite bene nie and the
Then made ere bothe one finger all fifftt
And play at the dice night at one bene shift
And thus dage do it bon thise shepherd tey
To sle the. iij. to yo hane hade me bryne
This yongest which that bente to the tom
Full ofte in hete he yolloth yp and down
The bottne of this fferyns neede and bright
O. lorde yd he yif to bete that y might
Hane all this tresone to my self a lone
There is no man that lieth vnder the trone
Of god that shulde lie to mete to y
And at the last the fonde one ondiny
But in his thought that he shulde poysen bete
Betyn which he might lone his felawes tesone
For why the fonde fonde hym in such living
That he had lore hym to greede bynge
For this bad ythily his entente
To slene then both and none to repente
And sithe he goth no longer bolde he take
Into the tom onto the potecaire

Daydonesse

And prayde hym that he hym sholde sell
Some poysoun that he myght his rattes quell
And lete there ones a pott fulle in his hede
That as he wolde his rattes hadde he fulle
And forne he sholde sheede hym yif he myght
On condicion that destroie hym by myght
The potiaryes amiseboyde and then shalle hanne
A thyng that alle ther my god canne
In all this worlde there nys no creature
That ete or drynke hath of this constiture
Not but the mortalitee of a corn of whete
That he ne shall his life anon forlete
That fleshe he shall and that in lesse while
Then thou sholde go a pace not fyve a mile
The poysoun is so strongge and violente
This cursed man hath in his handes y hente
This poysoun in a box and with he yaf
Unto the boy to stete unto a man
And bezoed hym lithe go totalle the
And in the .ij. his poysoun put he
The .iij. kepte clene for his drynke
For all the myght he there hym for to drynke
Marynyr of the gold onte of that place
And when this Pottiaryes with ory grace
Had filled with wyne his grete botelle the
To his fellowes agayne yede hyme he
What nedith it to sayne of hit more
For right as they have eft his doth before
Right so they have stayne hym and anon
And when that this wolde dow time quake that on
Rose lete go out and drynke and make gre noyse
And almerayde so sodeyn his body bynde
And with that word it happed hym pitaile
To take the botell there the poysoun was
And drank and his fellowes drynke also
For which anon they storven bothe two
But certeyn on poysoun that dyd son
Upon hym in no dauger ne in resoun
No sonnyge signes of anoysynnyge
Shewed this seyntes .ij. at their endynge
Thus ended bothe these homycides two
And eke the false envyrolyes also
O cursed envye of all cursednesse

Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak 2007 TM Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

Daydness

O · thou tonge homicide · o · Sickidness
O · Glotonye · lyxurye · and hastydye
Thou blasphemour of christ Sweet name
And other geete of vsyes and of pryde
Alle manerye hon may it betide
Thyll to thy reckenyng Which that the bought
And Sweet his precious hert blode the bought
Then ayte ad fulle and ad vnkynde alle
Wherfore good men for yeme yon yonge tyme
And Sayde yon from the ryme of Adam
Wyth holy pardon may yon all Sayne
So that ye offe nobles or freylynge
Or elles fryen brethes Sowes or syster
Wherfore yon hide vnder this holy Stole
Com yn ye Sybis and offe of yonge Smale
Yonge nonnes y entre here in my Sotle anon
Into the blisse of heven Synt ye gon
I yon assoile by my hight power
Ye that Sweet offe ad dane and ad to tore
As ye Sayde here and lo Synes thynge y yerke
And then crisse that sonne conles lerke
So graunte yon his pardon to yesterne
For that is best y shall yon not disteine
But Synes ad to ye forgate y in my tale
Have fette and pardon in my mytle
Assyse to ery man in Kyngtonne
Which Sayde me yeven by the popes bonde
Vnto ery of yon Stalle of Salysbyrn
Offeren and have myn absolucion
Com finth anon and kneleth here a down
And meekely yesteiseth ye my pardoun
Or elles take pardon ad ye Sweete
All neere and fesse at ery goodes cuide
So that ye offe alle day neere and neere
Nobles or pens Which that ben good and pure
It is an honoure to ery che that is here
That ye neere have a Sufficiaunte pardoune
To assoile yon in contre as ye ride
For a Sewrtynes Which that may betide
Paradeunture there nede on falle on or two
Dom of his hore and bete his merke ad to
Lete Which a Sriette it is to yon alle
That y am in yonge felaschip y falle
That may assoile yon bothe more and lasse

Sodeyn that the wife shall from the body passe
Yede that oure ost shall be gynne
For he most enbolnyed is in synne
Yond fiftie syre ost and offre first anon
And ye shull kisse the relikes everichon
Yet for it grote vnbaste anoyd thy purse
Ray nay qd he then haue I cristes curse
Let be qd he it shall not be thecho
Thou sholdest make me kisse thyn olde breche
And swere it were a relike of a seynte
Thought it were euen thy foule arse in peynte
But by that cope whiche that myne eyne shende
I wolde I had thy coilons in myne hende
In stede of relikes or of seynte
Let cut them and I wolde the helpe in taye
They shull be shrined in an hogges tarde
This pardoneye ansuerd not a word
Whyche he was no word ne wolde he say
Vnder gronyng ost I wolde no longer pley
With the ne with noun other angry man
But anon a noun the worthy knyght began
After the sonne ate the poyle longe
Nomore of this for it is nyght I nonge
The pardoneye he wide be glad and merye of theye
And ye syre host that be to me so doye
I pray yon that ye kisse the pardoneye
And pardoneye I pray the yaddes neye
And ate ye wyfes let we langh and pley
Anon they kisten and riden forth theye way

Here endeth the pardoneyes tale
And begynneth the Sompnours tale

Vnto ye ryche ate whiche Orphoun dwelled at Cynte Denys
That yche ate for whiche men he so hyn wise
A wife he had of excellent beaute
And companable and yeveloue ate the
Whiche is a thyng that causeth more dispence
Than worth is all the chere and yeveynce
That men them dus at festes and at dances
Oniche visitacions and contenances
Passeth as doth a shadowe upon the walle

Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak 2007 TM: Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

Hymnus

Christ was wroth that paid not for alle
The day ordeynedde that he not pay
He not wrotho and he not wrayay
All for his wrowe worship rightly
The which day he dawnceth wrily
And yif that he note may paydwithe
Or elles lift not suche diffence endure
But thrivinge it is wrayed and y lost
Than not anothey paid for onye cost
Or lene wrowe gold and that is wrisone
This noble marchaunte hight a worthy lyone
For christ he had all day grete wrayne
For his largesse and for his wrisdome fayne
That wonde is. but he lettethe to my tale
Among all thise festis grete and smale
There was a monke a fayre man and a bolde
I trowe a. xxx. winter he was olde
That any monke. was hawynge to that place
This yonge monke that was of fayre face
Acquaynted was with the good man
With that they first knowledge began
That in his house as familiey was he
As it is possible any frende to be
And for as moche as this good man
And also this monke of which that y began
They both y bowe in on village
This monke hym ordyneth as for wrayage
And he agayne with not onee may
But was as glad therof as fowle of the day
For to his hatte it was the grete pleasance
This hym they kyn with ertyne alliance
For echo of them gan other for to assiege
Of brotherhed while that they lift may dure
The was sumd yche and nemely of diffence
As in that hous and full of diligence
To dyn pleasance and als grete costage
He not for yete to rekeyn to the lesse wage
In all that hous. but ayen they dede
He yaf the lorde and wrayen all his meyne
Agayn that he com on mand honest thynge
For which they were as glad of his comynge
As fowle is fliynge agayn that the day wrynsche

No more of this to make it short it suffisith
¶ But as befell this marchaunt on a day
Shope hym to make redy his iourney
Forth to the town of Brugges for to fare
To bien there a porcion of Spare
For which he hath to payed unto anon
A messenger and yeldeth that Seint John
That he shulde come to Seynte Denys and pley
With hym and his Sist a day or tey
Ere he to Brugges went in alle Speed
This noble monke of which I you devise
Hath of his Abbot as hym lest licence
By cause he was a man of grete prudence
And eke an office unto for to guide
To kepe there Grange and there beyndes side
And unto Seynte Denys he cometh anon
Saluedde ed Excelsior to my lorde Seint John
One day tosyn fruit of chyvalrie
With hym brought he a Gnibbe of wylnesse
Indele knotted full of fyne Seynage
And wolatile as ay was his vsage
And thus let there ete and drynke and pley
This marchaunte and this monke a day or tey
The thyde day this marchaunte up arisith
And on his nedes ouer hym avisith
And up into his countyng hous goth he
To pelen with hym alle Sheet mete be
Of thilke rye hon that it with hym stood
And hon that he dispended had his good
And yif that he enchased were or non
His bokes and his bagges mighty on
He lette before hym on his countyng bordes
Full riche with his treasure and his hordes
Full fast for which his countrymen dore he shette
And eke he wolde that no man shulde hym lette
Of his accounte for the mene tyme
And thus he sate till it was passed prime
Seint John was ryse on the morwe to kepe
And in the gardyn walked to and fro
And hath his thynges ay do full curiously
This good wif came walkyng priuely
Into the gardyns there he walked also

And hym sittyng to the hath don so
A maide childe come in hym comyng
Which do the lyst the may gomme and go
For yet yn day the yede the wynde
Q. The cosyn myn Jamy John the childe
Which cylleth yon ad patho for to chyse
Were yll the it ought y neede chyse
Q. Hondes for to sleyse yyon a nyght
Sit ye dede for dul of the a pattled syght
Ye ken thise bedredmen that lien and daye
Ye m a forme sittyng a dayy haye
Daye all for straught sitth hondes gete and chalde
But daye here sthy be ye ad pale
Thede ceytis that thise good man
Hath yon labored sith the myght began
That yon daye nede to yesten hastely
And sitth that sorde be longe shall my dy
And of his deme thought he sitty all yede
This faye sirf gan for to shake hise hede
And sede this ye godes sote all yf yho
Hay y not tell how that it stond sith sith ino
Therfore y thynke onte of this londe to wynde
Or elles of my self to make an ende
So full y am of hede and eke of ayse
This wonke bigan yyon this sirf to staye
And sede Ales my dere god for bede
That ye for ony sedes or hede
For to yonge self but tell me yonge graf
Hardenyng y may in yonge mysthef
Comistell or holye and therfore tellyth ino
All yonge a word for it shall be seye
For on my pordes y make an othe
That nere in my lif. for lech ne lothe
Ne shall y of no consaille yon bewrey
The dunne dayne yyt yho to yon y sey
By god and by this gordes y pleye
Though men me sold all in peces teye
Ne shall y nere for to yon to telle
Neyher the sedes of thyng that ye me telle
Not for no dosynnes no adramice
But wyll hy for lone and affiance
This ben they sayd and therypon they lift
And eche of them told other what them lift

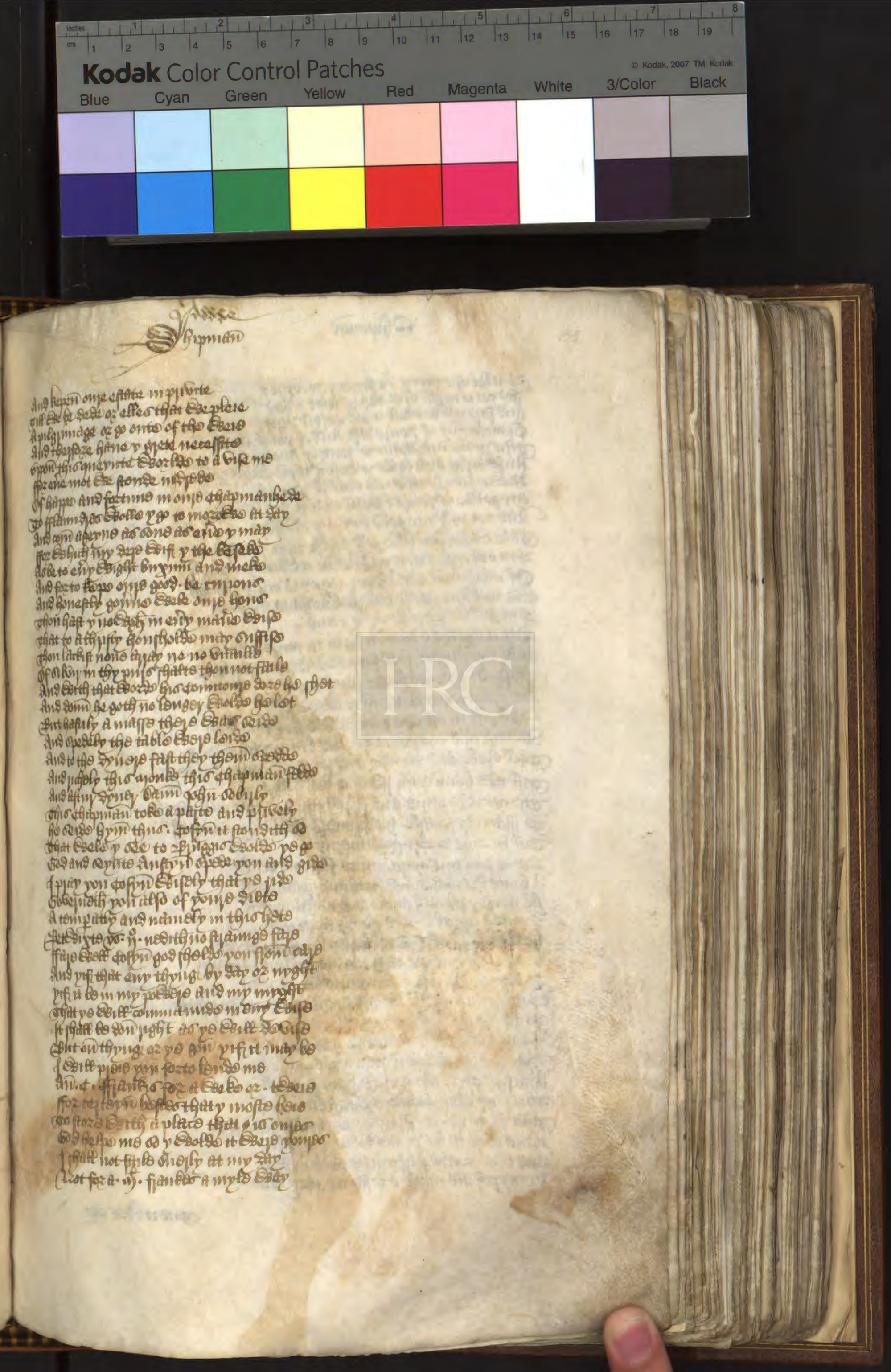
Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM: Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

Shipman

dohyn yd the yf that y had it quite
do y hane noie and infinite in this place
then sholde y tell a legende of my life
Sithe I hane offended with y sais a wife
with my husbonde · all be he wyll dohyn
Nay yet this ayenst bigod and seyit mighyn
he is no more dohyn vnto me
then is the leef that hangeth on the tre
I trow hym as by seyinte de my of ffaynes
to hane the more ease of aquieyntances
of yon which y hane loued especially
I wen all seyinnen sikirly
this seyd y yon on my profession
telleth yours yef lest that he wyll wyn
and hastith yon and goth a way anon
yy so lord yf the · o · ayni saim john
yfill lef seyd me this consistis for to hide
but onto it not y may no longer abide
myn husbonde is to me the worst man
that euer was with the world bigan
but with that pain seyf it sittith not me
to tellen no sight of oure priuete
verily abed ne in none other place
God shilde y shulde it tello of his grace
a wif ne shulle not seyn of hyr husbonde
but all honour as y am bidyn fonde
sithe vnto yon this made y tellen shulle
as helpe me god he is not worth at all
yn no regle the value of a flie
but yet me greuith moste his mydwife
and seell ye wote that seyinnen naturally
desyen thynges · by · as well as y
they wolden that their husbondes shulde be
hardy and wise and riche and therto fre
and bynnym vnto his wif and fresshe a bedde
but by that ilke lord that for vs bledde
for his honour my self for to a day
a wifly wayte y not ne dor pay
an · c · ffankes or elles y am lorn
yet seyd me lere that y seyd vnborn
then wil seyd yon a strumpe or villanye
and yif myn husbonde eke wyst it a dye
I seyd but lest and therfore y yon pray
lende me this oni oure elles wot y why
saim y dey · lende me · c · ffankis
Parde y seyll not failed yon my thankis

yif thyll you lost to don thyll y you say
For it a couayne day y shall you pay
And do vnto you so hyll pleasyngs and seyngs
Thyll y may don yyll do you lost desyngs
And fyll y to god takes on me Cyrtaynce
As fonla to end had Gancelon of ffrance
This gentill ayonke answeyd in this maneyr
Madame tyll myn sowre lady dayes
I hane of the in you so grete ayonty
Thyll y you seye and plyght you my tonty
Thyll shall you hynson do is into flaundres fare
I spyll dayns you onto of this ayre
For y shall bryng you ann. c. ffranks
And with that sprong the aunyll hyns by the flanks
And hyns embrasyth hym do and kyst hyns ofte
Both nolde yonge sey yll ho all fyll and ostes
And lat vs fone do this as thyll ye may
And by my thylmydy it is pynne of the day
Both nolde and both as tyll do y shall do
Madame alles god forbede oyll yll the
And fryth sho gotth as ply as it pie
And bade the knyghtes that they shulde them hie
So that men mygyll drue and what it non
Ys to hyne hynsbonde is this berd y gon
And ryell with at this townyll dyd boldly
Also is thys yll ho. yetty it ann y
Yll the what sye hon longe wyll ye fast
Yes longe tyme wyll ye lokon and ast
Yonge wymmes and yonge knyghtes and yonge thynges
Tho dyll hane parte of sylche jolenynges
Ye hane y nought of godes conde
Yon dyn to day and lat yonge bagges fonde
Yes ho ye not a shamed thyll dann yoyn
Shall fastyng all this day elonge goin
Thyll let ye hoye a nyasse and go the drue
Berd yll this man lytte amyst then dryne
The onyons bysynesse that ye hane
For of ye chapmen also yes me same
And or that lorde that clard is comyne yes
Satyll a monge. xij. x. shyll thyll
Continually fastyng to onye dye
So mete shall make chere and yes visage
And dyll fryth the world as it may be

And kepen onye



Chapman

And keepe onye estate in priuite
Lest ye be dede or elles that ye pleie
A pilgrimage or go onto of the Reie
And therfore hane y yette necessite
Upon this maryte Therfore to a vise me
Spere ere not ye stonde nisfede
Of hedpe and fortune in onye chapmanhede
To ffaine yes Stelle y go to morrow at day
And com agayne to done as ere y may
For which my dede Lerni y the besede
Abete ere Right bryni and mete
And for to kepe onye good be trynone
And honestly gouerne Euer onye hone
Upon hast y rise day in erly mete Ewise
That to a thrifty Houshelde mete onffise
Upon lacrist none thay no no vitaille
Of ffoy in thy purse shalte then not faile
And Erth that Worde his commonye dore he shot
And dinn he goth no longer Ewelle he lot
But hastily a mappe there Euer wide
And orderly the table Ewere lorde
And to the Dinere first they them aredde
And iuedly this ayonde this chapman fedde
And thing Dinery Dann ychn Debyle
This chapman toke a pipe and priuely
He wide gyn thus. Lorin it stondeth so
That Ewele y ere to pilgrigge Ewelde ye go
God and Ryche Auster you Ewere you and gide
I pray you Lorin Ewisely that ye ride
Beweyeth you also of youre Riete
A temptatiu and nauiely in this hete
Ffet ye to yo. ñ. nedith no stamme fay
Ffay Ewell Lorin god sholde you sone ay
And yf that ony thing by day or nyght
Yf it be in my power and my mynyt
That ye Ewill commaunde in dine Ewise
It shall be don right as ye Ewill Devise
But on thing or ye go yf it may be
I Ewill pree you for to lende me
An. c. ffranke for it Ewele or. te Reie
For certeyn lesse that y moste leie
Ye store Ewith a vlace that is onye
Lo Ewelle me or y Ewolde it Ewye gonye
I shall not fayle Ewisely at my day
Not for a. ñ. franke a myld Eway

But let this thing be secret y you pray
For yet to myght thise bestes not y say
And fine me to dwell in mind cosyn dayes
Hanne pity of youre cost and of youre wayes
This noble marchaunte gentily anon
Answeryd and seyd. o. cosyn myn dam John
Ne be ablyd this is a cruell jeynest
My gold is youre than that it you lost
And notonly my gold but my chaffare
Take what you like god wyld that ye care
But o thyng is this ye shrewe it sore y nought
Of thewynen that thyre money is thyre plought
Ye wolde ryse ellis shuld ye hane it nume
But goddes for to be it is hane
Nay it agyne than it lieth in youre eyes
Alby my myght full fayne wold y you playse
Quod. J. ffranke he det sighth anon
And priely he tok them to dam John
Ne right in all this world ne dyst of this lone
During this marchaunte and dam John allone
They spake and spynne and jome a while or they
Till that dam John yedeth to his abbey
The morowe came and flyeth this marchaunte yedeth
To ffranke for seche his pyenes sweet hym yedeth
Till he come to thynges meyde
Ne be goth this marchaunte fast and besily
A boute his nedis and bieth and qaynceth
He notfey pleieth at the dice ne dannceth
But as a marchaunte sherth for to wete
He ledith his lif and thus y let hym rete
The sonday neyte that the marchaunt slaw yon
To seynte Denyse y cowyn is dam John
Ertis come and leyde all sleyghe and nedes shuldes
In all the hous thyre nas so litle a kindes
Ne no sighte ellis that he nas full fayne
That my lorde dam John slaw com agayne
And sherth to the prynte yght for to wit
This fiyn erst dayes sith dam John
Yhat for this. J. ffranke he shulde all myght
Hane dwe in his armes bot to yn yght
And this daynes yfyfyn nes slaw in sede
In myrth all myght a besie lif they lede

Wil ye doo my that Dame John Crom hir day
And bide the merye fere & fest and have good my
For none of them ne no knight in the town
Hath of Dame John right no mysfortune
And with he rideth home to his house
Or ever thider hym left no more of hym y rede
This merchant to Chan ended also the fere
To Cryste devyse he gan for to prayse
And with his wife he maketh feste and cheere
And telleth hym that chaffare is good
What ne how moste he make a chevisance
For he also hym made in a certain chance
To pay · XX · li · sterlyng anon
For which this merchant is to prison gon
To borowe of certayne frendes that he hadde
A certayne of ffrankes and can with hym he ladde
And when that he was comyn into the town
For grete chere and grete affection
Unto Dame John he goth first hym to pleye
Not for to aye or borowe of hym money
But for to wete and know of his welfare
And for to tellen hym of his chaffare
As frendes doon when they con met in fere
Dame John hym maketh feste and mery cheere
And he hym tolde agayne full specially
How he had wel y bought and gracously
Thankyd be god all hole his wyf and chattes
Save that he moste in all manye wise
Make a chevisance · as for his best
And then he thought he wolde merye and rest
Dame John anon answerde certeyn y am fayne
That ye in hele the comyn home agayne
And yf that y myght yeche to hym y blisse
Of · XX · li · ffranke thoulde ye not mysse
For ye so kyndely this other day
Lente me golde and doo y can or may
Thanke you god and by seynte Jame
But nathless y toke it unto one dame
Your wife at home the same golde agayne
Upon your lonche she wote it well certayne
By cotterye tokenes that y can you telle
Ye ne by your lore y may no longer dwelle
One word wolde ye of this town anon
And in his compenye ne dere not y gon
Grete well one dame myn ocune nece swete

And fare well sey to syn till ye mete
¶ This marchante that was full glad and blyse
Remembrith · And prido ale in paris
To cayne limbaydes redy in their hondes
The sum of gold and gate of them his bondes
And home he goth mery as a popynay
For wold he nede he stode in riche array
That nedis moste he syne in that viage
A · m · ffranks a loos all his costage
His wif full redy met hym at the gate + As he was wont of olde vsage algate
+ And all that nyght in mirth and ale poly onte of sute
¶ Whan it was day this marchante gan embate
His wif all nede and eft hym fare
And up he goth and makith it full tongh
Ho mere qd he the by god ye have y nough
And wanton wily sith hym the pleied
Till at the last the marchante seid
By god qd he y am a litle wrothe
With yon my wif all thought it be me lothe
And wote ye why by god do that y gesse
That ye have made a maide shamfastnesse
Predyct me and my syn dam John
Ye shuld have wayned me or y had gon
That he yon · dn · c · ffranks had paide
By redy tolen and bid hym well a paide
For that y to hym spake of chevisance
Ye wenyd do by his countenance
But nathelesse by god one hoten kynge
I thought to axe of hym no thynge
I pray the wif no more do
Tell me alway or that y fro the go
Yif my dettors have in myn absence
Y paide the lette through their negligence
I mysyt hym axe a thynge that he had paide
This wif was not affrayd ne afraide
But boldly she sayd and that anon
Wil ye y tell the fald nyonkes dam John
I trow not of his toknes nere a dole
He toke me certyn gold that y knowe wele
That will thedom on this nyonkes snoute
For god it shall y shewe wythouten doute
That he had payd it me · by cause of pride
To don thy wife and myn honour and my pride
For drynkyng and the for loate thy
That he hath had full ofte tyme hoy

But with y wo y

Sirr sith y am y stonde in this disseyt
I wolde ther amisse seye shortly to the poynt
Ye hane no stickay settinge ther and y
For y wille pine yon well and sorely
Ho say to thy and yfi do lo y faile
I am yonge wifi sore it ypon my taile
And y shall pine do one as ene y indy
For by my trouth y hane on myn thigy
And not on wast by stockede wiy sole
And for y hane bi stockede it so wele
For yonge honome for godhis sake y sey
And be not wroth but let yo laugh and play
Yo shall my poly body hane to wedde
Thy body y wille not pine yon but on bedde
For gode it me myn owne spouse dere
Myne hithay yard and maketh merry chere
This mirchaunte ouche there was no remedie
And for to chide it were but folie
Sith that the thynge may not amended be
Wode wife sire do and y for yeven it the
But by thy life be no more so wrogge
Kepe fast thy gold this yeven y the in chepe
This endeth my tale and god yo sende
Tidynge y wolde yn to onye lyues ende

Here endeth the Shipmanne tale
And begynneth the prologe of the Prioresse

Well sire by corpus dis prome heste
Ye belonge not yon chide by the weste
Oye partlik master. partlik mayrie
God yeve the monke a yf. last mudeye
A hit foldeles hath wife of couche a yave
The monke put in the mitre bode an lape
And in his wife sire by crist auseyn
Hath no monkes me in to yonge yn
But not to passe and let yo lewd wite
We shall wolde tell first of all this ponte
Another tale. Sith that wordes so wide
As entirely as it hath been it ayeide
My lady Prioresse by yonge lewe
So that y wist y shulde yon not greve
I wolde assayen that yo tellen shulde

A tale nexte yf ye haue that ye shalle
Rede & hold considerd my lady dere
Gladly yf ye and wilt do ye shall here

Here begynneth the 7 processe hym prologe

Domine dominus noster quam

O lorde our lorde thy name is merueylous
In this large erthe y ordeyned yf ye
For not only thy lande precious
Deffoymed is by man of dignyte
Not by the mouth o children thy comite
Deffoymed is for on the breste sukyng
Sometyme shal sen thee then he yng
Therefore and to y left and or rudy
Of the and of the rychte syde fledye
Which that the baye and is auntide alway
To tell a storie y shall do my lauoure
Not that y may encrese hym honoure
For fro hym alle is honoure and the vote
Of comite nexte hym is mine and onlee bote
O modey midde o midde modey fye
O kynde rubyent brennyng in worse sight
Thy lauysshedest vnd from the dethe
Thyngh then humblenesse the gost that in the light
Of ethoo vertue ethen he then kept light
Conceyued ethoo with fadyes sapyence
Helpe me to tell it in thy presence
Lady thy comite thy magnificence
Thy vertue and thy grete humylite
Thee may no tonge expresse in no science
For on trynes lady or that mid pray to the
Thou goest before of thy kongnyte
And goest to the light of thy presence
To gyden vs vnto thy ordynance
Thy commyng is so ethete o blissfull queene
For to deliuere thy grete ethe thy nesse
Thett y no may the ethaught onte ouistone
Spit to a childe of xy wynter olde expresse
Thett y alle vnnethe any harde expresse
Right ye fuye y and therfore y you pyere
Giddith my dingo that y shall of you dere

Here begynneth the processe hym tilte

There was also a nonne
Amonges cristen folke a goddes
Sustyrnes by a lorde of that contre
That fonded yshe and hues of relaine
Hatafull to christe and to his companie
And thought thise ebrewes wicked mysfit pide or ebrewde
For it was fre and open at either ende
A little stole of cristen folke there stode
Fast at the forthere ende in which there were
Children an hepe y come of cristen blode
That learned in that stole there by yere
Such manne doctrine as men vsed there
This is to seyne to synge and rede
As smale children doth in these childehede
Amonges thise children was a widowes sonne
A little clergion sevyn yere of age
That day by day to stole was his wonne
And eke also where he goth ridde the ymage
Of cristis modere had he in vsage
And hym was taught to knele adown and say
His ave maria as he gothe by the way
Thus hath the widowe hire litle son taught
Our blissfull lady cristis modere dere
To worship ay and forgete it nought
For ally child was wel at ease yere
But ay was he than y remembrid on this matere
Seynte nicholas standith evir in my presence
For he was yonge to christ did reverence
This litle child his litle bokes lernyng
As he sate in the stole at his primere
Alma redemptoris hath he sung
As children there aintyphonere
And as he dust he dredde hym more and more
And he knowith ay the ebrewes and the note
Till he the first verse wiste all by rote
Not dust he what this latyn was to say
For he was yonge and tendre ebrew of age
But on a day his felawes gan he prayde
To expyrmen hym this songe in his language
Or tell hym why this songe was in vsage
This prayde he hym to construe and declare
Full ofte tyme upon his knees bare
His felawes which that elder were than he
Answerede hym this songe y have herde say

Was made of one bliffull ladie fie
hyde to attire and also hyre for to prey
to loud one holye and comyse vpon the day
¶ and is more expynne in this matere
¶ Lequis songe y am but small gramere
¶ And is this songe made in jenorice
of qistes modye & ide this innocent
made certis y shall do my diligence
to conne it all ey cristmas be bent
thought that y for my vynnere shall be shent
and shall be beten thyse in an honye
¶ Bisiff it conne. one lady for to honoure
¶ his folide be taught hym honestlyd. y sey
ffro day to day till he conde it by note
and there he songe it full shrode and loude
ffro shrode anoyrhing. with the note
¶ Herise a day it passed thynge his thote
to stole aide and home ward he went
On qistes avoy at esse his entent
¶ Ay y have ide thynge into the goddye
¶ this litle child as he come to and fie
full merely shrode he sing and qie
O. Alma Redemptoris. mater
¶ The sacrisse his hart procede a
O. qistes avoye that to hyre to prey
he cannot stynte of syngyng by the way
¶ One first fo. the sappeint saynte
¶ that hath in gedes hart his dwelynge nest
of jesuit and ide. o. ebriate people attace
¶ to this to you a thyng that is honest
¶ that riche a boy shall be bitten do hym lost
¶ in yonge disputes and syng of riche sentence
¶ which is a gerus one ladies jenence
¶ ffro thence finth the gedes have consyeth
¶ this innocent out of this worlde to chace
an homicide. they have they hyeth
¶ that in an aler hid a pyte place
and to the child gan for by forto pace
¶ this cursed gedes hym hente and hilde hym fast
and kit his thote and in a pite hym cast
¶ Ay that in a bay hove they hym thyeth
¶ Where to this gedes pyngen there dwelle
O. cursed folke of herodes all nedes
¶ that may yonge child entent you dwelle
¶ wor they shall onto certayne it shall not falle

And namly thyse

And mainly there as the honour of god shall grade
The blode onto riotly · on oure cristes dede
O · maytyr fondede to vyquite
Rede maist thou syngen and folowe ende mono
The white lambe celestiall wd the
Of which the greto Evangelist Seint Johne
In pathmos wrote · which seith that they that gone
Before the lambe and syngen a songe all nedde
That nene fleshely syymmen they no hedde
This yonge children a seiteth all that myght
Astiny hure little children but he come nonght
For which to come as it was dide light
With sterre pride of yede and bestie thought
She hath at the stede and ellde which hym sought
Till finally · she gan to fayre chere
That to last ben was in the pedere
With mydes pite in hure hart onclosed
She pitie as the wrete onte of hure mynde
To every place where she hath onposed
Thy lieth hede hure little children to fynde
And ende on cristes anedey mode and kynde
She qued and at the last thus she wrought
Amonges the cristen gedes the hym sought
Che hameth and the pieth priously
To every gedes that dwelled in that place
To lett hure yif hure children wante onghte for by
They wedden nay but ghin of his grace
Yif hure thought within a little space
That in that place astiny hure con the qued
Where to he was aslein in a pitie bided
O · greto god · that preserved thy lande
Thy mouth of innocentes to hete thy myght
Thy gomme of charite · thy kindedande
And ded of meytydom the ruby bright
Thus he with thyne a cerem lay upright
He alma to ministrie gent to syngen
So loude that all the place gan to ryngen
The cristen folke that thyngh the greto dent
Incomen for to wonder on this thyngh
And hastly · they for the worldest sent
He come anon enthronen thy kyngh
And hoieth cristes · that is of hetten kyngh
And ded his modre honour of mikel kynde
And astiny that the gedes to the he bynde
This child with pitous lamentation
Upraken was syngyng his songe alway
And with the honour of greto procession

They alled hym unto the nexte abbey
his mother sorowyng by his bedes syde
Whereby wyght the people that was there
The nexte daieth bryngen from his bedes
With tryne mynt and with chamefull deth echone
This Monoyst dyd thyse wordes forth fuyles
Tydt of this worthey Christ and that anon
he nolde no suche rysednesse obtayne
Sell shall he hane · that ewill chil desayne
Therfore Christ childe hors he did them bydde
And after that he honged them by the sydes
Upon this bedes ay lyeth this innocent
Tyfore the highest auter while the masse last
And after that the abbot with his convent
hym sed them to bry hym fyll fast
And when they holywater on hym cast
yet quake this childe when hym was the holywater
And bonge · o · alma redemptoris mater
This abbot which that was an holy man
As mordes bey · or elles enghsteen to be
This yonge childe to commyn he begyn
And cride · o · dere childe y hatson the
Inspyrynge of the holy spirite
Tell me what is thy cause for to syngi
With that thy throte is cutte to my demyngi
My throte is cutte unto my neckes bone
Cride this childe and as by way of kynde
I shulde hane died yet longe tyme agon
But gyn crist as ye in bokes fynde
Well that his glorie · last and be in mynde
And for the worshyp of his modey dere
yet mote y syngo · o · alma · londe and clere
This well of mercye cristes moder swete
I lowe alway as after my commyngi
And when that y shulde my lyf for lete
To me she come and bade me for to syngi
This antime carefully in my syngi
As ye hane hadde · and when that y had songe
Me thought she bade agayne upon my tonge
Lete for y syngi and syngi y not cotynue
In honoure of this blyssfull maiden fre
But fro my tonge of taken is the gravne
And after that this cride she to me
My litle childe neere wile y fecche the
Upon that the gravne is from thy tonge y take
Do not a gast y shall the not forsake
This holy monke this abbot hym mene y

his tonge onte

his tonge onte caught and told a sered the gayne
And he yaf yis the gest fill estily
And sayd this ilche had this sonday ayne
his outto tayor trilled down as rayne
And gyfi he fals all yfilt upon the gronnde
And fill he lay as he had layne y bounde
The entent eso lay on the pavement
Sayenge and sayenge cryes mydy dyd
And alyn that they yse and fryth be sonnt
And told a sey this mayty from his kyd
And in a tomb of marbyll stonge clyd
Enclosen they this litto body secrete
Thys ho is nit be god lede yo for to meete
Q. thon yonge hyne of lincolnd stayne also
Cryst crised yesus to it is notable
ffor it is but a litto solyn age
Dyey cto for yo se syrfill folke unstable
Ryst of his mercye yes so mercable
On yo his grete mercye multyplie
ffor the jeneno of his wody wytyes
Here endeth the Prioress hyne tald. And
Begynneth the prologge thaunsey of Sy thopaes

Sythen ayd seyes this mynstrele ewy man
Ho sobe seyes that sonder seyes to be
Crist that onye hosto ayrein bigan
And then at eyst he lokedi opon me
And sayd thyne schalt man ayte thon ys he
Thon lokist so thon sholdest fynde an hare
ffor ello opon the gronnde y se the stare
A prethe nere and lete yo merily
Abete sayle yon gyes and let this man hane pace
he m the sayle is stayne as well a y
this seyes a poyet in an tyme to embrace
for cry sonman smalt and fayre of face
he dyneth elyssto by his comte namice
ffor yn to no sayght sotil ho dallance
Cry thon noble comschalt syn other folke hane said
Tell yo a tale of mynstrelsy and that anon
hoost yd y. ne lethe not sthill a pedo
ffor other tale seytis ann y non
But of yyme y leynd longe agon
yet that is good yd he that schill sey hoye
Sonn seynto thyne me thynkyth by his thoye

Here begynneth the tald of Sy thopaes

Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM: Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

A frieth lordes in good entent
And y shall tell yow verament — Of myth and of solace
All of a knight was there and yong
That from the time that he first began — His name was Cyrus Thyrmaco
To ryden out he loved chivalrie
Trouthe and honour fredom and curtesie — At Tewkesbury in the place
Was his fader slain Cyrus Amadin fight he
And lorde he was of that contre — As was his goodly father
Syrophon he loved a doughter fayre
White was her face a payne de maine — Her lippes two rose red
Her yen two hawkes sharpe in greyne
And y yow tell in good certeyne — Her hed a crispe nose
Her hair was like a raven
Of a knight was there a sonne — Her thewes of corporalitie
Of stature was he well donne
Her yelow was of curtesie — Short was he and manly of a pace
He could ride on horse aye
And wel can he singe and pleye — With spear and targe
Of jousting was there none his peye — Thrise was he prisoner pardie
Full many a maide bright in bowre
They wisten for his paramour — Whom thou shalt hear to speke
But he was chaste and no lecheroure
And sithen as is the knightes speche — That he with the yelow hair
And so it befell upon a day
Forth as y yow tell may — Cyrus Tamelane into yede
He mounted upon his steede gay
And in his hand a launce gay — A longe sword by his side
He pricketh thurgh a fayre forest
Therein was many a wilde best — Yet both bukke and hare
And as he pricketh northe and est
I tell it you hym had almest — Vnto a park wall
There springen herbes yete and smale
The licorice and the satwale — And many a clove gilofre
And nutmegge to put in ale
Whether it be moste or smale — Or for to lay in coffre
The fruites springen it is no nay
You spekyn of hem nyght and day — That grow within that
The birdes made eke hym lay
Upon a spray — Syrus fast ronde and rideth
Cyrus stopped at an herbe longe
And Syrus he hadde the vyolette springe — With pryde
His fayre stede in the pryckynge
So fresche that men might hym synge — [illegible]

Chaucer

On chaucers day a knyght was
for prechyng on the day gone } So fayr was his corage
that dwell he lade hym in that place
to make his stede dwell alle } And yet hym gat forage
Q. Quyntus curcius beryd
Sayd alle this lond it is } So bende me a bere
ye demed all this mysse pryde
an elfe queene shulde my commandment be } And stepe under my gere
an elf queene shall ryde ye
for in this world no commandment } Therfore to do my mayde in game
all stery commyn ye forsake
and to an elfe queene ye me take } By nyght and day by dame
into his cabyne he comyn anon
and prechyng stood and stan } An elfe queene for sothe
yet he a long yere yede and gon
that he fonde in a place bon } The contre of ffrynge a bende
for in that contre dwelle ne non
that to hym dyst yede or gon } Therfore dyst no chylde
yet that there found a place ordeynte
his name was cy. Oldfamate } A poysons man of age
he was chylde by ye imagynate
but yet than yede out of myn hamte } And ye sye thy fode with mete
bye is the chone of ffrynge
with harpe pipe and symphone } Dwellyng in this place
the chylde ride do not ye the
to morrow shall ye mete the } When ye come myn dymone
and ye ye have pacynce
that thou shalte with this damoysel } A bren it shall come thy mate
of shall pyce yet ye may
or it be fully ye time of day } For go thou shalte to place
cy. chaucer he bete a barell full fast
this damyse at hym stonde aft } Onto of fell staf rynge
but fayr estrypes chylde chaucer
and at it with thynge godes grace } And thynge his fayr bayrynge
yet departyd lordes to my table
thynge then the wyll yng tle } Dwell yon joun
yon cy. chaucer dwell a day or tale
thurynge and gyll and dale } Ye come a gayne to town
his mayr men commanded he go
to make hym for the game and gle } For nedes not go fight
and a damyse shall gadre the
for paramour and solace } Of one that shone full bright
he wyll go and my mynstralles
and jestours to tell tales } And in mynd dynynge
of roundys that bon roundes
of ropes and of chydynales } And dyd of lone longynge

Chaunce

They set hym fyrth ffrete Esyres
And methede and wathnesynes } And forth spryng
Of Syngers that Esay & fyne
And Kownsyes and ete comyne } Forth sings that is the
he And nexte his Esquire. Ryse
A clothe of lynne fyne and clene } A bycche and eke a pyece
And nexte his mayste a Esquyr
And one that ay ffaboyon } For wysyng of hordeyr
And one that a fyne gauntlete
Esay all v Esyrgyll of pelles Esqyre } Fyrth stronge rt Esme of yllyne
And one that his cote armyne
As Esyne as is a lyne stone } Qui Esmat he Esyde Esebes
his mayste Esay all of pelle & lowe
There in Esay a bares hede } A chyldes on his side
hon that the Esynnes gaffe ayde
And there he stoyd on ale and bryde } Betide Esyr betide
his yamkers Esay of myrthly
his stayde mete of sayr } his hedyne of lauon bryght
his sadyll Esay of pelle lone
his bydyll as the sonne Esyone } Or as the mone lyght
his ryne Esay of fyne Sayder
That boyth Esayse and nothyng pyse } The hed fyll shappe y grounde
his stede Esay of Aprill Gyldy
he gots on amyttle mytte Esay } Fyll swyft and yonde in londe
To lordynges wyn hoyse is a fyrte
Rifi ye Esyll cry mete of Gytte } To tell it y Esyll fonde
Mete holde wyne mouth my chayne
Sothe knyght and lady fre } And he lowetth to my spell
Of pytaylle and of thrydayne
And of ladyes lone synne } A now y Esyll you tell
Wyn Esyeson of Tomannes of pyne
Of hozn childe and of wyrtyse } Of bewyse and of Esy Esy
And of Esy lybens and ylen damayse
Fyrt Esy Thoyse he kyrtyth the stonye } Of yonne Esynnesly
his good stede all he bestrode
And fryth wyn his Esay he yode } As quyke ones of kynge
Wyn his hest he bade a Esonne
And thym fylled alyle stonye } God shalle his store from shonde
And for he Esaw a knyght amytyons
he rolle steyn in his hons
his bright helme Esaw his Esongeyse
And by hym hurth his destreye } Of he yes hyne and gyd
hym dell dynke Esaw of the Esolle
As did the knyght of yxeynolle } So Esoyly yunder Esaw all on a day
To more of this for godis sygnyte
Knoyl one hosts for thou makyt me
So Esey of thy yeyer lekedness

Yet also sweetly god my soule blesse
Lyn eyes alyn of thy daffy eyesse
Lady ye wide a lyme the rebelle y be tarsse
Whe may be daffe lyme degyelle yll go
Why ye wyll y. Why shuffe ye let me
Wate of my tale. thou a nothey man
Syn that it is the lest lyme y can
Why god wyll ye. for pleynly at a word
Thy daffy lyme is not worth a turd
Thou dyst not elles but dispendest tyme
Sye at ou word thou shalte no longey lyme
Lete be whether thou canst tell ought in gest
Or elles in prose something at the lest
The whiche thy lo coin mytch or coin rect lyne
Wherby wyll y by gettis lewde lyne
Well wyll tell a little thyngs in prose
That ought to like you ley in prose
Or elles certayne ye be to lytyngs ponse
It is a worthy title rethorisse
All be it coin lyme tolde in rudy wise
Of rudy y folke y shall you devise
And this ye wote that ony evangelist
That telleth as the lyme of jesu crist
Ye with a thyng as his fellawe doth
Put nathyless his sentence is all oth
And all accordyn as in thyse sentence
All be thyse in thyse tellyng difference
For ony of them sey more and ony sey lesse
Than they his pytyis passion expresse
I mene of matte. matthew. lukes. and john
Yet writte thyse sentence is all on
Therfore lordyngs all y you beseche
Yf you thynke y sayd ye in my speche
Ne thynk thought that y telle ony what more
Of prophetes that ye have hard before
Comprehended in this little tretise here
To enforce with the effecte of my matere
And thought y not the same words also
As ye have hard yet to you all y pyse
Displeasyth me not. for as in my sentence
Shall ye fynde no sthyse difference
For the sentence of this tretyse lite
Is fyll the whiche this mey tale y write
And therfore hey beneth what that y shall sey
And let me tellen all my tale y pray

Here endyth Chaucers tale of Sir Thopas, and the
Prologe of Melibeus. and beginneth the tale of Melibeus

henry by the grace of god
king of englond and of
france and lord of ireland

Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

A yonge man called melibeus mighty and riche · begate upon his wif that
called was prudence · A doughter which that called was Sophie · upon a day
befell that he for his disporte · is wente into the feldes him to pleye · his wif
and eke his doughter hath he left within his hous · of which the doores
were faste yshette · iij · of his olde foes have it espied · and sette wel hedes
to the walles of his hous · and by wyndowes han entered · and beten his
doughter · and wounded his doughter · with · v · mortal wounds in · v · sondry places ·
This is to seyne · in hire fete · in hire hondes · in hire eres · in hire nose and
in hire mouthe · and left hire for dede · and wente his way · When melibeus returned was
to his hous · and sawe all this mischief · he like a mad man
and rendyng his clothes · gan to wepe and crie · Prudence his wif · as ferforth
as she dorste bisought him of his weping for to stinte · But not for that he
gan to weepen and crie ever the lenger the more · This noble wif prudence remem=
bered hire upon the sentence of · Ouido in his book · that clepid is the remedie
of love · Wepe thou he seith · he is a fole that priseth the mochel to weepe
in the deth of hire child · till he have wepe his fille · as for a certayne tyme ·
and then shal man doon his diligence · With amyable wordes hire to amoeste
and pryse hire of hire weping to stinte · For which reson · this noble wif
Prudence suffered hire husbonde for to weepe and crie · as for a certayne space ·
and wheen he saw his time · she spake unto him in this wise · Alas my lord
quoth she · Why make ye your self for to be lik a fole · For sothe it appertieneth not
to a wise man to make suche sorwe · your doughter · which the grace of god shalle
wayssche and save · and all weye it is · that the right noble wise · ye ne ought
not · as for your self · to depryve · Senec · saith the wise man shal not take to
grete disposicion for the deth of his children · But certes he shulde suffren it in
patience · as wel as he abideth of his owne proper persone · This melibeus
answerede · and sayde · What man quoth he shulde of his weping stinte
that hath so grete a cause for to weepe · Hir is no doute · hym self weepe
for the deth of Lazarus his frende · Prudence answerede · Certes · weepyng
for the weping is no thyng defended · to hym that sorwefull is · A mayne folke in
sorwe · but it is ther by graunted · hym to weepe · The apostle Paule unto
the Tessalonicens writeth · man shal pryvely with hym that maketh yore · and
weepe with hym suche folke as weepen · But though attempre weping be
graunted · outrageous weping certes is defended · Mesure of weping
shulde be considered · after the lore that teacheth us Senec · When that thy frende
is dede quoth he · let not thyn yen to morsel be of teres · ne to mochel sighe · All thyng
that teres com to thyn yen · let them not falle · And when thou hast forgoten
thy frende · Do diligence to gete agayne another frende · and this is more wisdom
than for to weepe for thy frende · which thou hast lorn · for ther is no lore · And
therfore yif ye gladine you by sapience put a way sorwe out of your
herte · Remembre you that Jesus Sirak · saith · A man that is joyous in his
and glad · hit him conserveth florescyng in his age · but certeinly sorwe
maketh sterve many a man · Salomon · saith that right as moughthes in
the shepes fleece annoyen to the clothes · And the worme to the tree ·
right so · anoyeth sorwe to the herte · Ecclesiastes · also saith in the

Quidius de remedio amoris

Senecca

Quaffe yhe fleen that hath so grete a cause for to weepe · Christ gave one lesson hym self weepe
for the deth of Lazarus his frende · Prudence answerede · Certes · weepyng attempre
weping is no thyng defended · to hym that sorwefull is · A mayne folke in
sorwe · but it is ther by graunted · hym to weepe · The apostle Paule unto
the Tessalonicens writeth · man shal pryvely with hym that maketh yore · and
weepe with hym suche folke as weepen · But though attempre weping be
graunted · outrageous weping certes is defended · Mesure of weping
shulde be considered · after the lore that teacheth us Senec · When that thy frende
is dede quoth he · let not thyn yen to morsel be of teres · ne to mochel sighe · All thyng
that teres com to thyn yen · let them not falle · And when thou hast forgoten
thy frende · Do diligence to gete agayne another frende · and this is more wisdom
than for to weepe for thy frende · which thou hast lorn · for ther is no lore · And
therfore yif ye gladine you by sapience put a way sorwe out of your
herte · Remembre you that Jesus Sirak · saith · A man that is joyous in his
and glad · hit him conserveth florescyng in his age · but certeinly sorwe
maketh sterve many a man · Salomon · saith that right as moughthes in
the shepes fleece annoyen to the clothes · And the worme to the tree ·
right so · anoyeth sorwe to the herte · Ecclesiastes · also saith in the

Paulus ad Tessalonicenses primo

Ecclesiastes primo

Chaunce

sorrie of our children · so in the loss of our goods temporalle here ought we
remembre vnto vpon the patient · Job · when he had lost his children and his
temporalle substance · and in his body enduyed · and possessed · full many a
grevous tribulacion · yet sayde he thus · our lorde hath yeven it me · our lorde
hath bereft it me · right as our lorde hath wolde · right so it is don · ye · blessed be
the name of our lorde · so thise forsaide thynges · amysedede · melibeus en-
to his enfortunance · all thy sorrowes yet he kan sothe · and thereto profitable ·
but thy myn hart is troubled · and this sorrowe so grevously that ye notte
what to don · lette calle the fysyciens · thy true frendes alle · and thy lynage
which that ben wise · wellethe vnto also · and herkenethe what they sayne
in counsellynge · and governe vou after their sentence · Salomon sayth
all thynges by counsaile · and then shalle none repente · then by the counsaile
of his wise fyn denes · this melibeus · lette calle a great congregacion of folke
as · surgeyns · fysiciens · olde folke and yonge · and some of his olde enemies
reconsiled · as by thayre semblaunce · to his lorde and to his grace · and thayre
all thayre comfort of his straightness · that fedeth hym · yenence · more for feare
then for lone · as it happeth ofte · thayre come also many outward flatereys and
wise advocates learned in the lawe · and when thise folke to gedre assembled
were · this melibeus more wise than his wife · shewed them his case · and by the mouth
of his sergeyn it showed · that in hatte a quell yee yedre for to do vengeance vpon his
foes · and wolde lye · that thayre should begynne · but nathelesse yet
asked he his counsaile · upon this matere · the surgeyn by licence and assent
of others · that were yen thise wise folke · and vnto melibeus sayde · as ye mayen
see · my lorde · as to this thise surgeyns · yeveneth · that thay do to ensy thy right
the best that thay kan · thayre as thay ben wise folke · and to ayne physicines
that thay do no damage thayfore it happeth many tyme and ofte · that thayen
ye · more harme and yvyle dooinge · other · o · same surgeyn holdeth them bothe
therefore unto one ende · it is not pryvyment to norisshe thayre ne parties to greve ·
but ayne as to thayrsshynge wyse knyghtes · albe it so · they prudently be demed
thayrsshull do so entente · by fynesse from day to nyght · that with the grace of god
the shall be holde and sounde · as one as possible · almost right in the same
wise · the physicions amsweren also that they sayden · a fewe wordes more ·
that right as maladies ben cured · by their contraries · right so shall man thayrsshe
thayre · by vengeance hys straightness full of envie · his feynted frendes that
semed reconsiled · his flatereys · maden semblaunce of thayrsshynge and empyred
and apayed · mochell of this matere · impyrshynge · greth · mellee of nyght
of weyes of theves and of ffrendes · signifynge the weyes of his adversaries ·
and sayde vttrely · that he auen shulde thayrsshe hym on his foes and begynne
thayre · vp a rose then an advocate that thayre wise · by lawe and by counsaile of
many that thayre wise · and sayde lordynges the nede for the which we ben
assembled · in this place is full hevy thynge and an high matere · by cause of
the wrongs and of the vnrightwisnesse · that hath been done and eke by reason of the
great damages · that in time comynge ben possible to fallen · for the same cause
and eke by reason of the great feares and peryle of the lettie parties · ffor the
which reason it thayre a full great payne to ayen in this matere · thayrfore

ffor cum - consilio

Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM: Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

Chaunsey

[illegible] this one sentence. Ye counsell you a lowe all thyngs. [illegible]
it non than to thy diligence in keepyng of thy [illegible] [illegible]
that than ne semed none apparell ne no [illegible] thy body for to cause. And thy
that ye counsell that in thyn house than set sufficiaunte gyrdyrs so that thy
mother and thy lady do thyn house dyscrete. But certis for to mene doyng
ne [illegible] for to do remyssaunce ye made not dome in a litle tyme that it shold
profitable. Wherefore ye aye lorsey and ought to have deliberacion in this case to
dene. For the commune proverbe saith thus. he that sone demeth. sone shall repente.
I dede men sayn that thy the yonge is wise. that sone vnderstondeth a matere.
And suggeth by lorsey. for all be it so. that taryeng be noyfull. Algates it is not
to lerne in weyng of suggement ne in no sentaunce takyng. Than it is sufficiaunte
and resonable and that shal sone lorde thin erise. by his ensample
For than that the sommen that was taken in Aventure was dongen in
his wisance. to knowen what shuldde be son saith hime persone. All be it
that he saist sele gyn aff. Saint that he solde amise doyn. yet solde he not
amisseyn alonly. but he solde have deliberacion and in the gyrnals he shote
ter is. And by this cause ye aye deliberacion. and ye shull then by the grace
of god counsell the thyngs that shall be profitable. Up stayt then the yonge folke
at ones and the most part of that compayne have sworen. thise olde wise
men. And began to make noyse and cryen that right as children that yon is bore
men shulden dayte. Right as men shulde so exclaim. they yonge children
that they ben fiesche and nesche. And with lowde voice they gaden eyre
eyre. Up a rose tho on of thise olde wisemen and with his honde made
countenaunce that men shulde holde them still and rede hym diuerses
lorryngs. as he thes is full many a man. that quoth Esayes Esayes. that
saith full litle what Esayes amomtith. Esayes at his begynnyng hath
a grete dissentyng and so large that any wight may entre when hym
liketh and lightly fynde Esayes. but certis to what avail. that shall thes
of bifall it is light to knowe. For certely than that Esayes is ones by
gone thes is full many a thyng in bozn of his body that shall stay hym
yonge. by cause of that Esayes. or elles lived in sorowe and die mesyrly. Wherefore
And therfore ey that any Esayes be bigonne men most have counsell and
grete deliberacion. And when this olde man ceased to enforce his tale
with jesus. Ekelyngh aff at ones bigon they to rise for to bryen his tale
and beten hym full ofte his eyrdes to a bryggs. For soth he that yeneth
to thom that left not to hoyen his eyrdes his sermon them amoleth
For jesus sayde with. that musik in sleepyng is a noyous thyng. what
is to say as mache a vailoth to spesen before folke. to which his speche a
noyeth. no it is to synge before hym. that sleepyth. And when this
wise man sawe. that hym wanted audience. All shamefast he set hym
down agayne. For shamen with. thes ayrdes than might have none in
fluence. enforce the not to speke y se well. for this wise man that the
commune proverbe is soth. that good counsell wanteth when it is more

Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

Thamar

nede. yet had this. Assuerus in his counsaile many folke. that priuely in his
eere counsailed him certayne thynge. and counsailed him the contrarie
in the generall audience. Whan Assuerus had herde that his greatest pryce of
his counsaile were accorded that he ryuldre make Esthyr anon he consentyd to
theyre counsaillyng. and fully affyrmed theyre sentence. Wherfore Sarra prudence
Esthyr that she dyde. sen that thys hystorie showd him for to Ester hym on
his knees and to beggyng Esthyr the in full humble wise Esthyr the ouldre thys
tyme. Cast hym thus therfore. my lorde. as the y pon lorde do hatyth do y
thy and dyd ne hast pon not to fast. And for all grieffyng. do pere me dilibrance
fro pryes Alfonse. Ceth. Who so that seth to the onthey good or harme. hast
the lot to ryme it. ffor in this wise. thy fyende shall a bide. and thym enemy
shall the lengyr lyue in peace. the profayte seth. he hafyth shold. that
wisely dyd a bide. and in wicked hast. is no profite. Thus mylde am=
bassade onto his sarf prudence. I. ryuldre not. dare to reffuse by thy
counsaile for many cause and reson. ffor certis any wight shold holde
me than a fole. this is to seyne. yif y for thy counsaillyng shold change
thynges that bin ordayned and affyrmed by so many wise. Secondly y dy
that all thymmen bon wicked and none good of them also. ffor of a hatyth
Salamon. y fonde on good man. but certis of all thymmen. good woman
fonde y none. and also certis. yif y gouns me by thy counsaille. hit ryulde
seme that y hatd pere the. onle mayde maydyn and god for lede. that it were
to. ffor ysai. Sarah seth. yif the wife hatyn maydyn she is conpaynyons to
hyre hysbondes. and Salamon seth none in thy life. to thy wife ne to thy
childe. ne to thy fyende pere no pere. ne thy wife. ffor berthe it were
that thy childyn ayen of thy pursyne. thynge that them nedyth. then
then to thy wife be in the handes of thy childyn. and also yif y shold
ewyte by thy counsaillyng. certis my counsaille most contrynes be dyd
till it were tyme. that it maste be kyedde. and this may not be. Whan
Dame prudence fuit sebouyeyly and with grete patience had herde all
that thys hystorie lifed for to say. then axed she of hym licence for to
speke. and also in this wise. my lorde. as the to pryse first pardon it
may lightly be amisseyde. ffor y say it is no folie for to chanige counsaille
Esthyr the thynge is changed. or elles Esthyr the thynge semyth other wise
than it was before. And more over y say. that thynge that thay have pere
and thought to parfyrme pryes empryse. but natheless ye were to pfyrme
thilke same empryse. by gyst cause. yen ryulde not say therfore that ye
have ariere. ne forfeyte: ffor the lake seth. the wise man makyth no
lesynge. Whan he tynneth arige into the kette. and all be it so. that
pryes empryse be astablyssed and ordayned by grete multitude of folke
yet sey pon not due mysse. thilke ordynance but pon like for the yonth
of thy ryger and the profite is lattyd found in feete folke that ben
wise and full of yedyn: then by grete multitude of folke. yeyes any
man quoth and cuteyeth that that hym likeyth. Cotholy cuche

Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

wyllynge is not honest. And to the .ij. reason they ye say all Commen be
Wicked. Sane yonge gate cetro ye dispise all Commen in this case. And thus
dispise all. Ad dicit the fole. And Auer. dicit Ego & Deus sumus
solus yo mein dispeise. but he shall ghedly teche the sie ioo that he cal. Ewy
bitte presumption of pride. And suche thynges as he vse cal. he shall not
Ashamed to leyne them and enquere of lusse sotte than hym self. Inde
one that they haue lein. suche many a good Commedi. but may lightly be
preuid. ffor cetro ane one lorde Jhu christ Ewe yeue sune seyen to the
lorde of Commedi. yif all Commen had be Wicked. And yt that for the
grete bonnte that Ego in Commedio onys lorde Jhu christ. Eghen he
risen from deth to lifo appeyed. pattes to a Commedi then to his apostles
And thought that Salamon say that he fonde yeme Commedi good. Ye
folde sith not therfore. that all Commen be Wicked. ffor thongh that he fonde
yeme good Commedi. cetro many a nothe mein. but fonde many a Commedi
full good and trewe. Dr elles pilentrye. the entente of Salamon Ecclesia
that dom Coniugio bonnte he fonde not Commedi. this is to seyne. there
is no Knight. that hath Coniugie bonnte but allone. ne he yn differeynce
in his Chaunghe. ffor thye myn in getting to good that hym ye Chaunge
Comes hit of the ordinance of god. that is his mekeye. Conse. ij. reason is
this that yif ye gonne you by my consele. it shall seme. that ye shal
me the maistre and the lordship. one yonge persone. Oye ding yonge gye
hit is not. ffor yif I seye that no man shulde be consellee. but only grete
that had lordship and maistre of his persone. men shulde not be consellee
ete. ffor ethely. that yifin that ayeth consele of a yonge. yet hath he so thone
thye to ye seyne. that the Cangelye of Commen can hide thynges that they
Seete not. ne Sho seith that a Commedi cannot hide thyngs that they
Seeten but yindyswise of Commen that ben Cangelye and Wicked. of
which Commedi men seyne. that .ij. thynges ye seel amen. one of the
that is to seyne. Smoke Stoppyng of reyne and Wicked Wife. of which
Sayng a Commedi that is poisonous. And sye by yonge lade that sin not. ffor
hon seek that y can hide and hele thynges that men don and ought seyth
to hide. And ethely to to yonge. Dr person. Seiye to ye seyne. that in
Wicked consele. Commen Cangyssen men. God Sho thille person
Longeth hede in no stede. ffor vnderstonde no Sho. ne dye consele to do
Wickednesse. and rede ye Wille Seiye to Speche nere. and yonge Ewy
yestayneth. thilke Wicked. good and ouercom yuil by peace and by god
consele. cetro yonge Ewy. ought ethely to be praised. than y blame. thus
thinke ye bilyeynde the philosophye. what seyth. In Wicked consele
Commen yenmyssen the ye hurtyeden. And thus seyn blame all Com
men and thye ye seyne. y think yeme by existimacio. that many a Com
medi hath be full good and yit ben. And thye consele good and profitable
Ete one man seyne that the consele of Commedi is circed to thye. or
hide of yiso. But all ben to that full many a Commedi is bad and hye
consele yiso and not Sooth. yet hene men fonde full many a good

inches 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
cm 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19
Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM: Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

January

Commun full discrete and wise in counsellyng. To sawb by good counsell
of his moody Rebecca Isaac the benyson of Israel his fadey and the lordes
ship. and all his Kyndrede. Judith by hyre good counsellis delyuered
the cyte of Bethylie in Ethiche the Assiriens. onto of the hittes of
Olifernes that had it besegede and Sodde it desyred. A bigirlle delyuered
rabbit hyre husbonde from Daniel the kynge that Sodde have slayne
hym. and appeased. The wyf of the kynge. by hyre Sweto
and by hyre good counsellyng. Hester by hyre counsellis enhanced
gethe the peple of god in the reigne of Assuerus the kynge. and the
Sonne in counsellyng of many a good Sommun may mow
tell. And more one Ethan that one lorde. had formed Adam one
formey fadey. he sede in this Ecclesi. it is not good to be a man alone
made Se to hym an helpe convenable to hym self. here mekes
se that yf no Sommun Seye god. and hyre counsell good and
profitable. one lorde god of heaven. Sodde nerthe hane thought
them ne alle them helpe of man. but yatheyr confusion of man
and there sede once a thayle. m. h. wysse. Sehat is better then
golde. Sehat is better then yatheyr. Sehisdom. and Sehat
is better then Sehisdom. Sommun. and Sehat is better then good
Sommun. ne thyng. and by many other resons mo here sone
that many Sommun ben good albeyt sumtyme they Sinse
can them. yatheyr ~~should~~ to speke pleasaunt Sayndes enchynyng to
the lordes hyr. then Sodde that ben good and profitable. and therefore men
seyne that the yonge man hatth Sette good counsell. but yf he hane it of hym self
and elsy that thou shalte consyde thy frendes and thyn enemyes. and de
tenchyngs thy frendes. then shalte consyde. Sehiche of them is moste sothfyll
and moste Sesse. and moste ellyt and approved in counsellyng. and of hym
shalte then dye thy counsell do thy thas yeqmyeth. ye dey first ye shalle
dere to yonge counsellis. yonge frendes that ben tyne. for Salomon sayth.
for yeth to the hayte of a man sekynth in a comyn that is sore. Right so
the counsell of tyne frendes. yeldyth sekenesse to the soule. he sayth
also. there may no thyngs be likened to the tyne frendes. for sayth golde
ne silver ~~no golde~~ ben not so moche Sorth. as the good Sille of a tyne frende.
and also he sayth that a tyne frende is a thyngs difference. Sehe so that a frende hatth
a gete tasyng ~~do~~ then shalle ye eke consyde yf that yonge frendes ben ri=
gete and Sesse. for the lord sayth. ye all Sayt thy counsellis of them
that ben Sesse. and by the same reason. shalle ye clepe to yonge counsellis
of yonge frendes that ben of age. Sehiche as hatte seyne and ben expyte
in many thyngs. and ben approved in counsellyng. for the lord sayth.
In olde men is all the Sapience and in longe tyme the prudence. and
sayth sayth. that gete thyngs ne be not by armyssed by strength
ne by delynesse of body. but by good counsellis. by auctorite of phisiens
and by science. the Sehiche. in. thyngs. ben not fabled by age. but
ratio they encrese and forth in day by day and then shalle ye have
this for a gentill Proff. Ffyrst ye shalle clepe to yonge counsellis. a.

Jung and many
gaspis. and
gaspido sensis
sed consi
nikey and
unkey insul

Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM: Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

fede of yowe fiendes that ben greatt. For Salamon seith. many fiendes
hane yon. but amongeis a. M. these the on to be thy counsaillour. For but
that thou first ne telle thy counsaille but to a fede. thou maist telle it afterward
to. no folke yif it be nede. But alway that thy counsaillours thane thilke. M.
condiacions that y hane seide before. That is to sey. that they be trewe. Esise and
of olde experience. and seyde not alway meny rede by on counsaillour alone
For somtyme he doeth it to be counsailled by many. For Salamon seith
Salvacion of thynges is where there be many counsaillours. Note be cothe that
y hane tolde yon. which folke ye shulde be counsailled. Note still y tache
yon which counsaille ye oughte to eschue. First ye shalle eschue the counsaile of
foles. For Salamon seith take no counsaille of a fole. For he ne cannot counsaille
but after his owne lust and his affection. The lord seith the prayere of a fole is
this. he doeth lightly hayne of any wight. and lightly forgeth all komme
in hym self. then shalle ek eschue the counsaillyng of all flatereys. suche
as enforcen them. yathey to please yowe persone by flatrie. then for to telle
yon the cothefulnesse of a thyng. wherefore Tullius seith amonge all pesti=
lences that ben in frenship. the grettest is flatrie. and therfore it more nede
that thou eschue and drede flatereys. then any other peple. The lord seith. then
shalte yathey drede and flee from the secrete bordes of flatteryng. preise. then
the egle bordes of thy fiende that seith the thy cothes. Salamon seith that
Crueltee to his fiende bordes of secretesse and of pleasance. he seith also that he that
his fete to make hym. and therfore seith Tullius. ne take no counsaille of bordes of flatrie. and Caton seith a wise
flatereys. ne take no counsaille of bordes of secretesse and of pleasance. and ek then
the bell and eschue the bordes of secretesse and of pleasance. and ek then
shalte eschue the counsaillyng of thyn enemyes. that ben consilede. The lord
seith. that no wight yeve credit oftly in to the state of his olde enemy. and
Isothe. seith. ne trust not to them. to which thou hast had somtyme debate or ene=
myte seith. ne telle not them thy counsaile. and Seneck telleth the cause why hit
may not be. seith he where that a grete fire hatth longe tyme endured. that there
ne dwelleth ne remayne of hay nones. and therfore seith Salamon. in thyn olde
foo trust thou nane. for oftyly though thyn enemyes be reconsilede and make the
peace of hymselfe and lowteth to the which thou hede. ne trust hym nane
For certes he maketh thilke feyned hymselfe. more for his profite. then for any
lone of thy persone. by cause that he demeth. to hane victorye of thy persone by
suche feyned countenaunce. The which victorie. he myght not have by strifte or
of batte. and Petrarcha affirmeth. make no fellawship with thyn olde enemyes. For
yif thou do them comfte they doth rewerten it into wickedness. and ek then must
eschue the counsaillyng of them. that ben thy servantes. and leyen the grete jeldinge
For paiacentise they drive it more for drede then for lowe. and therfore seith a
philosophie in this wise there is no wight perfitly true to hym that he to drede
drede. and Tullius seith. there is no myght do grete of any emprise. that

Thomas

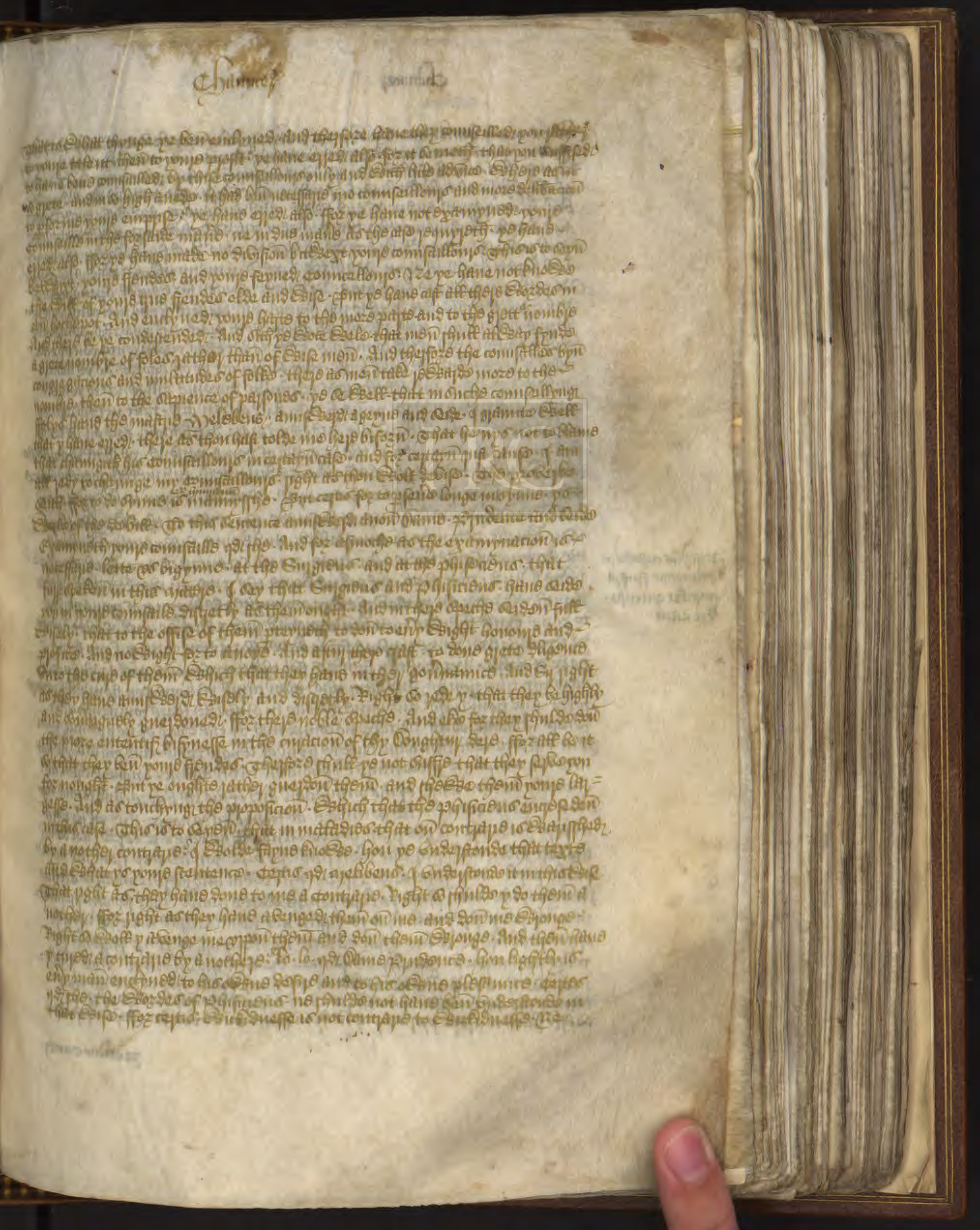
longe may endure but yif he have more loue of the people thei hede · then shall
also ethne the counsellyng of folke that ben foonkeldede · for they no and no
counsille hide · for Salomon seith there is no profite · there is reigneth
foonhesse · ye shall also have in desperte the counsellyng of riche folke · for
counsille yon a thyng priuely · and counsill yon the contrarie openly · for
passidere seith · that it is a mide sleight to hyde · Schind he shewith to
some a thyng openly · and seyde priuely the contrarie · then shalte also have
in desperte the counsellyng of seiled folke · for they counsille is alle day
full of fraudes · and Salomon seith · blissfull is that man · that hath not followed
the counsellyng of shedes · then shalte also ethne the counsellyng of yuge
folke · for their counsille is not pure · Note ye seith y have shewed you of which
folke ye shull folowe the counsille · Note ye wolle y tell you how ye shalle examyne
your counsille after the doctrine of Tullyne in the examinyng · then of poure
counsellors ye shalle considre many thyngis · Atte first then shalte considre what
in thilke thyngis that then purposist · and upon what thyng then seiste have
counsille · that yeyey trouthe seide · and conseyed · this is to seyne tellen truly
thy tale · for he that seith false · may not well be counsilled in that ate · of which
he lieth · and ayen this · then shalte considre the thyngis that ben to that then
purposist for to do by thy counsellors · yif reason acorde therto · and also yif thy
myght may attayne therto · and yif the more parte · and the best parte of thy
counsellors acorde therto or no · then shalte then considre which thyng shalle
folowe of that counsellyng · as hate · peace · grace · wrathe profite or hindre ·
and many other thyngis · and mall other thyngis · then shalte chese the best
and eschewen alle other thyngis · then shalte then considre of which rote is
engendred the matere of thy counsille · and which fronte it may conceiue
and engendre · then shalte also considre alle thise causes · from which they
ben sprongen · and which ye have examyned your counsille · as y have
seide · and which parte is the better · and more profitable · and have approued
it by many wise folke and olde · then shalt then considre · yif then may
performe it and make of it a good ende · for certis reason will it not that
any man shulde begynne a thyng but yif he myght performe it · as hym
ought · ne no knight shulde take on hym a heavie charge · that he myght not
leyen it · for the proverbe seith he that to moche embraceth lesse maketh
litte · and litton seith · a day to do riche thyngis as then hast purposed
to don · lest that the wrathe oppresse the lord · that the behoveth to eschewe
thyngis that then hast begynne · and yif so be then be in doute · whether
then maist performe a thyng or no · chese rather to cesse · then begynne
and seith alfonse seith yif then have myght to do a thyng · of which
then moste repente · hit is better nay than ye · this is to seyne · that this is
better to holde thy tonge stille than for to speke · then moste ye understonde
by sharpe reasons · that yif then have purposed to performe a werke of
which then shalte repente · then is the better that then cesse then begynne

Thanney

Sith cryne they that defenden any knight to affaite a thynge of which they bee in
doune whether he may preue it or no. And aftir that ye haue examined youre
counsaille do y[e] hanne [illegible] bresen. And knowen [illegible] that ye may preuyne youre
purpose: consyrme it after them. till it be at an ende. Take to it reason and
time. that y[e] [illegible] youre [illegible] and therefore that ye make changes youre counsaillinge
without reprof: Sothely anoon may chaunge his purpose. And his counsaille
yif the case desith. or yif a nede cas bardeth. For the lakke doth ypon thynge
that nedely betydeth. behoueth nedes counsaile. And Lauer-doth. yif thy
counsaille be comen to the eares of thyn enemye. chaunge thy counsaille. thou
must also chaunge thy counsaill. yif so be that thou fynde that by aqueyne or by
other aduise hayne or damage may be tyde. Also yif thy counsaille be dishonest.
or elles commeth of dishonest aduise. chaunge thy counsaille. For the lakkes
[illegible] that the bihestes. that ben dishonest. ben of none vertue. And eke yif
it be. that it be impossible or may not goodly be preformed or kepte. And also
this for a generall rule. that euery counsaille that is affermed so strongly. that
it may not be changed for no occasion. that may betide. I say that illes counsaill
is [illegible]. This wellbeloue. [illegible] hath hayne the doctrine of the [illegible]
[illegible] prudence amisedyn in this [illegible]. Sithe ye also do yet in this tyme. ye
haue [illegible] and coueitably taught me. to [illegible] of my counsaillinge.
that nede [illegible] y[e] fayne that ye [illegible] consistende in [illegible] and tell me
hede. likith you. or [illegible] anoeth you. by oure counsaillinge. that [illegible] haue
[illegible] in oure [illegible] nede. my lorde [illegible] the. y [illegible] you in [illegible] humilitee.
that ye [illegible] not [illegible] y[e] [illegible] my [illegible] ne [illegible] youre
hayte. thoughty [illegible] thynge. that you displeasith. For god [illegible] in myn
entente. y [illegible] it for youre [illegible]. For youre honoure and for youre profite
also. And [illegible] y[e] haue that youre [illegible] [illegible] taken it in patience.
[illegible] me [illegible] ye [illegible]. that youre counsaille. do in this case ne [illegible] not
do to [illegible] priuy. be called a counsaillyng. but a mocion or a mouyng of folie.
In which counsaille ye haue [illegible] in many [illegible] [illegible]. [illegible] and [illegible] do
ye haue [illegible] in the assembling of youre counsaillinge. For ye [illegible] [illegible]
haue [illegible] [illegible] folke to youre counsaille. And [illegible] ye might haue
[illegible] it. to mo folke yif it had be nede. But [illegible] ye haue [illegible] [illegible]
to youre counsaille a grete multitude of people full chaperonnite and full
[illegible] to haye. Also ye haue [illegible] [illegible] do ye [illegible] only. haue [illegible] to
youre counsaille youre [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible]. ye hatte [illegible] [illegible]
folke youre folke. [illegible] [illegible] and enemyes [illegible] and folke that
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. And also also ye haue [illegible]. For ye
haue [illegible] [illegible] to youre counsaille. [illegible]. [illegible] and [illegible]
[illegible] which. iij. thynges ye haue not [illegible] or [illegible]. neither youre
[illegible] ne in youre counsaillinge as ye ought. ye haue [illegible] also for ye
haue [illegible] to youre counsaillinge the talent of youre affection to [illegible]
[illegible] and for to don [illegible] they haue [illegible] youre [illegible]

[illegible] to [illegible]

Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak 2007 TM Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black



Semblaunce to semblaunce · The Chauncelle to Chauncelle · but they bee semblably · And therfore my Semblaunce is not Chauncelle by mouthe semblaunce · ne my Chauncelle by mouthe Semblaunce · but eyther of them engaseth and aggreyeth other · But after that Chauncelle of the Physicians shulle be ordeyned in this Chase · For good and Sickenesse · bee · yf contrayes and peace and Chauncelle · and Semblaunce · and Sufficiaunce · Speede and dawrde · And many other thynges · But after Sickenesse · shalle Chauncelle Sith godnesse · Dispordo by dawrde · Chauncelle by peace · And finally of other thynges · And here to dawrdith Christ David the Apostle in many places · Chauncelle he cantheth · The psalmist not hymne for hymne · The Sicke speede · for Sicke speede · But Sorth Christ to hym that sorth to you hymne · And blessith hym that Christ you hymne · And in many other places · he admonesteth peace and concorde · But now Christ speeke to you of the counsaille · Which that Christ reveal unto you by the mouth of Lucke · And the Chase follo · that ordeyn all by on dawrde · As ye hide hayde before · That one all thynges ye shulle do your diligence to your passion and to Christ restore your house · And ordeyn also · that in this also ye ought for to Christ fulle a Sisely and Sith greete deliberacion · And by the forthe first worde · that touchith to the keepyng of your passione · ye shalle understande that · he that hath Christ · shalle aldmore quicknesse and meekly prayed before all thyng · that thin Christe of his mercie · Shell hane hym in his protecion and by his continue keepyng at his nede · For certes in this Christe there is no Sight · that may be counsailled · and keepte sufficiently · Without the keepyng of one lorde thin Christe · To this sentence dawrdith the prophete David · that saith · yif god no keepe the Citee · qui dolet Vacat te qui custodit · Wherfore by ye shall ye commytte the keepyng of your passione to your Eyne · Fiendes that ben approved and ye knowe · And of them shulle ye thyn hatte · your passione for to kepe · For Caton saith · yif you hane a nede of hatte · Axe it of thy fiendes · For there wyll non do good a Physiaen · As is thy true fiendes · And atyn this · then shulle ye keepe you from all flattyng folke · And from liers · And hane alway in disprete theyr compaine · For Diego Alfonse saith · ne take no compeyne by the Way of no stranger · But yif so be that thou hane knowe hym of lengte tyme · And yif so be · he fall into thy compaine pitewnyge Christ thyn assent · Anyeye then directly the thou aust · of his counsaiol and of his life before · And fayne thy way · By that thou Christe go thidde · do thou Christe not so · And yif he bee a Christe holde the on the right hande · And yif he bee a Christe · holde on his left side · And atyn this then shulle ye keepe you Christe from all mouth Sicke people · As ye hane hide before · And then and there counsaille aftine And atyn this · then shulle ye keepe you in Christe mouth · that for any presumpcion of your spirite · that ye despise not · ne attempte not the mysse of your advisaie to lite · that ye lette the keepyng of your passione for your presumpcion · For any Christe mith Sparith his enemye · And Christ saith · Christe is · That of all hath spede · For certes he that trusith the hardynesse · of his hate · and trynth the hardynesse of hym Christ · hath to spete presumpcion hym shall Christe bende · Than shulle

Nisi dns custodierit civitatem frustra vigilat qui custodit eam

ye ordine contrary

[illegible] Ecce ambiguitates [illegible] ffor [illegible] with that
[illegible] with haynes. Eschewth haynes. Ye he fallith gladly into
[illegible] pelles aphyth. And all be it as that thou dine. that thou be
in [illegible] pelles. yet shalte thou alway be thy diligence in keppyng of thy persone.
[illegible] is to seyne. Ye be not neciligent to kepe thy persone. not only from thy gratist
enemyes. but fro thy lasse enemyes. Seneca seith. A man that is wise and ful
[illegible] his lasse enemye. Onde seith. that the lite wesselle shall slo the gyre
[illegible] and the wilde hate. And the lord seith a lite thorn shall prick a thynge
[illegible] ffyll eyes. And an hounde shall hold the wilde bere. But nathelees thou shalte
be no coward. that thou doute Esaye as is no nede or drede. The lord seith. that
[illegible] folke have gyte lyst to destroye. But yet they dedeyn than to be destroyed.
yet shalte thou drede to be emprysoned. And kepe the from the componys of Ce-
[illegible] ffor the lord seith. Seith stones make no componys. but fle thee [illegible]
as [illegible] Ye be as to the seyne poynte. Esaye the poynte consideryng
[illegible] you to Esaynestere. poynte hous seith gyte distance. of [illegible]
[illegible] that ye understonde this [illegible] and [illegible] is poynte entente
[illegible] Ezechias. understonde and wite. ye. ye understonde it in this wise. [illegible]
[illegible] myn hous. seith. poynte sicche as [illegible] castelle. and [illegible]
made edifices. and [illegible] and archies. by which thynge [illegible]
and my [illegible] kepen and defenden. that myn enemyes shulle be [illegible]
[illegible] made myn hous to approche. to this entente [illegible]
[illegible] Esaynestere [illegible] of high towres. and [illegible] edifices [illegible]
gyte [illegible] and seith gyte [illegible] and [illegible] that they be [illegible]
yet be they not seyth a space. But yf they be defended seith true [illegible] that
[illegible] and wise. And understonde wele that the strengest and the gryttest
gayneson. that a riche man may have. as well to kepe his persone fro his
[illegible] so that he be bilened seith his subiectis and seith his neyghbors
ffor this seith trulline. that there is a mane of gayneson. that [illegible]
[illegible] ne disconfite. And that ye a lette to be bilened of his [illegible] and
of his people. Ye be ye as to poynte. in poynte. Esaye as poynte olde and [illegible]
consilleyng. Eden. that ye ne ought not wedenly ne hastily procedeyn in this
nede. But that ye ought [illegible] and a [illegible] you in this case seith gyte diligence
and gyte deliberacion. Ye ye. ye wete that they eden right wisely and
right seth. ffor trulline seith. gyte ay ye nede. or than begynne it. [illegible] the
seith gyte diligence. then ay ye that in comencing talkyng in [illegible] in
bataille. and in esaynestoryng or than begynne. ye wete the that than [illegible]
the thy to. And dwell seith gyte deliberacion. ffor trulline seith. that longe
[illegible] bifore the bataill. maketh short victorie. and [illegible] doune. seith
[illegible] gayneson is strenger. when it is longe tyme [illegible]
But nedes let us [illegible] of the consille. that [illegible] by poynte [illegible] sicche as
[illegible] poynte seith [illegible] poynte olde enemyes [illegible] poynte
[illegible] that consilleden you eyterne thynges [illegible] and [illegible]
consilleden you the contrarie. [illegible] poynte [illegible] that consilleden
you to a wynge you and made [illegible] anon. And eyther ay as ye [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] Which compellyng hem fully to [illegible] by reason there [illegible]
latte vs nowe descende to the [illegible] ye right first [illegible] [illegible]
of — Guillyne. certes the youth of this [illegible] or of this [illegible]
youth to hem enemyed. for it is [illegible] Which they ben. that hane [illegible]
this lordship and velanye. And hon many lordes? And in what maner they
hane don to you all this Change. and all this Guillyne. and after this [illegible]
ye examyne. the. ij. condicion. Which that the same Guillyne Adeth [illegible]
for Guillyne. vnthrift a thyng. Which that he clepth consentyng. this is to sey
Who ben they. And consailled in thy Evilfulness. to do hasty Vengeance.
And lat vs consyde also: Who ben they. and how many ben they. and which
ben they. that consenten to youre Adversaries. And certes as to the first poynte.
hit is full Evident Which folke ben they that consenten to youre Evilfulness
for truly all the that consailleden you to make vengeyne Change. ne be not your
frendes: lette ye nowe consyde. Which ben they that ye holde so gretly your
frendes as to youre welfare. for all be it so that ye be mygthy and riche: certes
ye ne be but allone. for certes ye ne hane no child but a doughter. ye ne hane
not [illegible] thyn. ne cosyns germayns. ne none other mygth kynrede. Wherefore
ye stande enemyed. for there shulde stynte to plaide with you. or desyre your
[illegible] ye sey also that your riches not be disyuided in diuerse partes
And what that only Knight hath his parte. they ne holde take but litle
[illegible] to your thy doth. But thyn enemyes ben. iij. And they hane
many children cosyns. and other mygth kynrede. And though as they
more and stedfast. then the kyn of your adversaries. yet nathelesse your
kynrede is but a feble kynrede. they ben but a little Noble to you. And the
kynne of your enemyes ben mygth Noble to them. And certes in that
these condicion is let. then is your. Then latte vs consyde also. yif the
counsellyng of them that counsilleden you. to take vengeyne Change
Whether it accorde to reason. And certes ye knowe well nay. for do ry-
ght and reason. these may no man take vengeyne on no Knight but
the Juge that hath the Jurisdiction of hit. Which it is graunted them
to take thilke vengeyne hatefly or attempritly as the lawe requyreth.
And yit more ouer. of thilke Ordre. that Guillyne. Clepth consentyng
reson thatte consyde. yif thy mygth and thy poweye may consent
and assise to thy Evilfulness. and to thy counsellyng: And certes
then nutise Ech other that nay. for Ech ye do for to speke properly.
Ne made to notoryete but only Ouerte thyngs. do Ech made to right
fully. And certes rightfully ne made Ech take no vengeyne. as of your
[illegible] Ouerte. Wherfore made ye Ech. that your poweye ne consentith
yet. ne accordeth not to your Evilfulness. lete vs [illegible] made to the
[illegible] that Guillyne clepeth consentyng. Ech ye thatte vndestande
that the vengeyne that then yn yeldeth for to take. is the consequent

and thy doth

inches 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
cm 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19
Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM: Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

Chaunsey

and therof fold and riotes bendinge pepell and Kepe. and ther Mundes
Sinnerte worrnth of Christ Ye dere not Edye do at this tyme. And do touchyng
the first poynte of the crullnes that is engendryng. thoughtfulle consyde. that this
Spirite he shall give to hell to the no engendred of hate of thyn enemyes. And of
the Sensuale the ryg repent thine Erthly engendre a riotes bendinge and mache
dredle and Esaphrigi of Riches to y ordre. Redde on do to the iiij. poynte
that crullnes depth and spere Which that is the last poynte. then shalte vnderstonde
the hatt ensyne cause Which that styrde repent. ezenes. and Sufficiens.
and cause longinquia. and cause propinqua. this is to seyne. the fayre cause
and the nygh cause. the fayre cause is almyghty god. that is cause of all
thynge. the nygh cause is by the iij. enemyes. the cause accidentall
Ede hate. the cause materiall. by the v. Sekinnes of thy Longhyng. the
cause formall is the mane of Sekyng. that thoughtes ladyes and
Sensuales and thy Spirites. the cause finall Ede for to fle thy dwyghte
for lette not in do mochte. to in them Ede. But for to quake of fayre cause
to to Ede ande. they shulle cum. or Ede shalle fruttly bende of them in
the ase. ne and not dyne. but by conectynge. and by conpynge. for Ede
shulle supse that they shulle cum to a Ecke Ede. by cause that the lawe of
Degaes Ede Ellen or Erth gyte pynne. ben cause y bronghte to good ende
Ehan ther ben Ellen bigonne. Redde on ye mon Ede dye me. Ebly that
godlyffyeth man to don yon this pilame. Sayes y cannot Ede a mis Ede
do to no fathfulnesse. for the Apostle Seith that the sentes and the dyge=
nesis of one lorde god almyghty. ben full dyre. Ede nay no mon conpyle
ne Ede then sufficiente. Nathelees by externe pesinynyonis and
y holde and bilede. that god Which that is full of trifis. And of the
hath sufficiente bende by mit cause possible. Ede nume is
to seyne man that Ede riche hony. thon hast Ede to mode
mynyt richesse and delites and honoure of this Erthly
Ede. and hast forgeten thin dyfes the gettynge. the
Ede honoure and jendrne to the ought ne then ha
the Ecordes of Ende. that with ynde the hony. a
is his the venym. that slayth the Ende. and ty
halis hony. ete of hit that sufficiethe. for yif y
then ete Ede and be nedy and pore. A
the mysfyte and hath mynyed a Ede hond
in the mode. And aff he hath sufficid that
the mede that thon hast y trespased. the
cause lorde yhu crist. for ayes the iij. d
to drive the flesche. the fende and the E
and to ryen hitte Ebiefully. by the E
not dyd wed thy aff sufficiente. ag
tempiniens. So that thoy hadne Ebonn
to seyn the Ebedly synnes that ben

Chanucy

Cantic. And in the same manye wyse ye christ hath chosen and offered. with thy
ny. enemyes ben comed into thy hone by the commandes. and have commanded thy daughter
the forsaide mynde. dayes qd. melibe of the dede shall ye enforce your machell. by chosen and
commune. in such mynde as y shall not gynge me of myn enemyes. checkyng me the
yelles and the evils that myghten falle of this yeuaunce. yhu sayd ye holde consyle with
yeuaunce the yelles and evilles that myghten ye of yeuaunce talkyng. and holde
nede take yeuaunce. And that sayd yayme. for by the yeuaunce talkyng. hyd the sacke
men. desyred. for the good men. and thay that have sick. to dou sickeness yeffyrmed
thayr sicked. prynce. Sythen they be the prynceyng. and the chefe of the
And yet by y more. that yeth as it onyde yayone dymeth in talkyng yeuaunce of
notthy men. yeth to dymeth the gyggs yef he have dou them no yeuaunce. of
that it have desyred. for Amer. dith thus. y that mythy dim. he dith it is yeth
y yayone chedes. And dissyrie dith. dimen yedyng to be ones yayone. Sythen he
sayd dith. that dispensyth to the gyggas and soldiyne. And mythy dith
the gyggs that yedyth to yo yeth mythy men to be chedes. And saynt paule the
apostle dith in his yestyle. Sythen he sayeth to the romayne. that the gyggas dayd
not the sayd sutsonten cause. but they be yen it to prynceyng the chedes and
mynsteys. And for to defende the good men. yef ye sick then take yeuaunce of your
enemyes. ye shall yet send. or have yone yeome to the gyggs. that hath the yysdic
cion upon them. And he shall prynceyng them as the lawe dayth. and yeuyth
A. qd. melibe this yeuaunce likyth me nothyng. q. be thynke me nowe and ye
hon sortune hath nozisshed me. from my childhode. and hath holyen me to
passe many a strange pacto. Wele sick y assaien hyde yeebrye. sick yedde
hetes. for the shall helpe me my thyme to a longe. cayte. qd. prudence. yef
sick sayd by my counsaille. ye shall not assaie fortune by no sayne. neye
ot lawe ne lokkyn unto hyde. afyn the sayd of sider. for thynge
dou. And the tyme hold dou in helpe of fortune. shall nolde and
ne sayne sayer. dith. the more sayde and the more yeyng
the more hyotell. and the dymey holde yes y. thystes not
not stadfast ne stable. for sythen thou yebryst to be
of hyde helpe. the sick fitle and dispeise the. and
fortune hath nozisshed yon the yonge childhode.
asse tusten hyde and in hyde sitte. for sayer
isshed by fortune. the makyth hyme a yeue
and asse yeuaunce. that is dou afyn the
ith yon not. And the yeuaunce that is dou
d encoysten. sythen have ye none other ye
nye unto the soldiyne hyde. that yeuyth
he shall yenge yon afyn that hym dith
be the yeuaunce to me. and y shall dou it
longe me not of the yeuaunce that men
yayne them that have dou to me yeuy
for it is sayten. yef thou take no yeuaunce

Of the olde yeuaunce

Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM: Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

And gyeuing yn mouche cometh hyo perno the highley and the easyly
Also yo eden to endure and leere yonge hym to take the sufferance of wyo
cristes cross with oure lyne yey mighte ensyrstellyng of his cristes cross
ffor and yeuen cristenwyld to any man to folde his hyde
Wyne ne noule drive a colerne barbe onto of his mouth
yo suffer not. And ehere mon leten hym yo suffer not. Also yhata pacence
Which wynnes that be in paradise hane hill in tribulacione that they hane
Sufficiente thayr desyre or grace. Knight mochyll to stye yon to pacence
more yo shulde endure yon to hane pacence. Considerynge that the tribulacione
this ever the hit lytle while endureth and one passed lost and a yone. And
yeye that a man oblyth for to hane by pacence and tribulacione to yeyldyle
ayen that the apostle oblyth in his epistle. The yey of god he oblyth to yeyldyle
that is to wyne the lastynge. Also yo oblyth and leseuyth yo ffaste. And
not sold y mortyfyed. ye sold y tanght. that cannot hane pacence or ell
yeyrdo patient. ffor salamon oblyth the dotynge and sotte of man is that
by pacience. And in another place he oblyth. that he that is patient yo
hym by yeat yndence. And the same salamon oblyth. the angry man. and
in the wrathe. and the patient man attempryth hym. and stilleth hym yo
also. yt is no more sotte to be patient. when it is to be right stronge. And he
may hane the lordeship of his owne hayte. is more to prise. when he that by his
force or strenyth. take the yete citee. And therfore oblyth wynte same in his
epistle that pacience is yete wytne of yeffacion. Certes yf we wilde. y graunte yn
same yndence. that pacience is yeyete yeytne of yeffacion. But ony man may
not hane the yeffacion. that ye sayen. ne y. and not of the nombre of the yeyll
men. ffor men hayte mighty not leen in peace. but to the trone that it be conqu
And all be it be. that it sold yete grille. to men enemyes to do his willing
takyng vengeance upon me. yet taken they none hede of the yeyll. but fulfille
Sedes. Sell and these corage. And therfore the thrightly men oughten not yeyldo
me. trengly put me in lite yeyle. ffor that is to wyne that y a wynge one outrage
by a nothey. A. yf same yndence yo wyne yonge Sell and as yon lifeth
in no acte of the sortte. a man shulde to none outrage. As he that doutrie
outrage ne excesse. for to wenge hym. ffor dissorte oblyth. As one that
that wengeth hym by outrage. as he that doth the outrage. And therfore ye
shulle wynge yon by the lawe. and not by excesse. ne by outrage. And also yf
ye Sell wynge yon of the outrage of wyne enemyes in order within that
commandeth. ye wyne. And therfore oblyth wynte. thyle a man shulle
wynge yhe sedness. And yf ye wyl that yeyle a man to defende
by violence. And fightynge by fightynge. Certes ye wyl oblyth. defence
defence is don. a non sittynge mayl. or sandwich any weyng
or sittynge dolde. for to defende hym. And not for to wynge hym. And
it bihoblyth that a man mate ouche ayde and yndance in his defence. that men
shulle no clyse ne mettyre to yeyrce hym that defendeth hym. of excesse
and outrage. ffor alle thyse it has one reason. and yf ye kne do
that ye made no defence as ye ought to. ffor to defende yon. but for ye yete yone

And as oblyth it

inches 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
cm 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19
Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM: Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

Chancery

And so saith it, that ye have no skill to do your deds attempteth. And therfore
methynketh that patience is good. For Salamon saith that he that is not patient shall
have great hynrance. Justice is ye welle of grauntes yn deede. that shall amend is impati-
ent and sloth of that that to which hym not. And that appertayneth not to hym
thought it hym hym it is no skondre. For the lake saith that he is a nobelle. that
amendeth or medleth with riche thynge. as appertayneth not yn to hym. And
Salamon saith that he that sytheneth hym of noyse or strife of another man. doth like
to hym that takes and hounds by the eares. For right as he that takith a straunge hounde
by the eares is ofte bitten with the hounde. Right so in the same cause is
to deme that he hath hym. that by his impatience medleth hym of the noyse
of a nothey man. Ensample as it appertayneth not to hym. Sith ye knowe skelle.
that this dede. that is come my greef and my disease toucheth me right nygh. And
therfore thoughe y be sloth and impatient. yet is no nedelle. And sithe myght yowe
gyde. I am. not so. that it myght hayne me thought y to do wandance. For y am
yuge and more myghtier then myn enemyes bee. And skelle knowe ye. that
by slowe and gadyng of greta possessions. bee all the thynges of this worlde
yomen. And Salamon saith. that all thynges obeysen to money. Sithen ye nedes
hae gadyne hysbondes abanned hym of his nechesse and of his money. Dispersyng
the possesse of his adversaries. Sythe ye make and ordre in this case. ye to do sly
I gramme that ye be riche. and mighty. and that the riches. bee good to hym
that have skell geten them. and that skelle can vse them. For right as the
body of a man may not liven sustyneth the world. nomore may it liven with
out temporell goodes. And by riches may a man geten hym greta frendes. And
therfore saith Damphilles. yif a mygtyes wyghtly. he saith be riche. Sythe may
chase of a. ly. man which the shall take to hym hysbonde. For of a. ly. man ye
shall not fe stake hym. he defiseth hym. And this Damphilles saith also. yif
thou be right happy. that is to seyne. yif that thou be right riche. thou shalte
fynden a grete nombre of felawes and frendes. And yif thy fortune change
that thou shaye pore. flyed shall frendeshyp and felawshyp. For thou shalte
be a lone. sythe outen company. But yif it be the company of pore folke
and yet saith this Damphilles more ouer. that they that con tyllyn. and bonde
of hyde shalle made shorthy and noble by the richesse. And right so a by riches
they commyn many goodes. Right so by wyttes comen many grynnes and ebile
For greta wyte constrayneth a man to do many ebile. And therfore redyth
Cassiodre wyte the moder of Tryne. that is to sey the moder of one thyng
or fallyng down. And therfore saith Piers Alfonso. on of the gretest aduersyes
of this worlde is. when a man by kynde of bitte to constrayneth by wyte
to aten the alnesse of his enemye. And the same saith Innocent in on of his bokes
he saith that ofte shall and unhappy is the condicion of a pure beggar. For yif
he sys not his note. he dieth for hungey. And yif he sys he dieth for shame
and abaned nessie constrayneth hym to sye. And therfore saith Salamon.
that better it is to die. than for to have such wyte. And as the same Sala-
mon saith. better it is to die of bitte deth. than for to liven in such ebile
aby thise resons that y have said unto you. and by many other resons that

Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM: Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

y wonde die · y gramite yon thyne riches be goes to them that getten them Ryght · and to
them that dell vsen the Purchasses · And therfore y Christ tyche yon · yon yaynge
bye yon in Marriages of yonge Purchasse · And in Christ name ye shall also hyre
sfyst ye shall getten them Christenyngen gete desire by good layser · Wrongly · and
not one hastely · for a man that is desyrous to gete Riche · taketh mouch hym fyst
to thesse · And to all other evil · And therfore saith Salomon · he that hasteth hym
to lasily · to Ryche · shall be none innocent · he saith also · that the Riche so
that hasteth commyth to a man · Ryne and lightly wasseth · And yonge hym a
man · But that Riche that commeth litte and litte · Ryche with litte and
multiplieth · And Sy ye shall gete Richesse · by yonge Christe · and by yonge
travaile · vnto yonge profite · and that Christenmen Change or hatynge wrongly to
ewr other vsyne · for the lacke saith · Sayre no man hym self Riche · yfyth
hatynge to a nothey Knight · that is to Ryne · that nature dosen saith he ryght
by right · that no man make hym self riche · into the hatynge of a nothey
And sullyne saith · that no Ryche no dede of Rette no no tryngit that may
falle vnto a man · is so mochell agynst nature · As a man to angere his Ryne
profite to the hatynge of a nothey man · And thongh the gete men and the mighty
men getten riches more lightly than thyn · yet shall thyn not be gelle ne envy
to thy vsyne · for thyn shalte in all Christ the Richesse · For Salomon saith that
Sechiesse tacheth a man to many Synnes · For Salomon saith that Richesse
techeth a man to do many evils · And the Same Salomon saith · that he that
travaileth · and hasteth hym to thyen his Ryne · shall ete hede · But he that
is gelle · and asteth hym to no Rasynes no compacion · shall fall in poute
and ne for hynger · And he that is gelle and ete hede · can make hym wonderly
tyme for to do his profite · For thyn is a Revelacyon that saith thus · that the
gelle man exercyseth hym in Synnes by cause of the gete coldes · And in the
Sonne · by enchesoun of the gete hete · For thysse causes saith Salomon · Ryne
and endyneth yon not one mochel to Ryche · For one mochel yeft nazyshell and
causeth many Sicke · And therfore be ryte Sonne · Sotly Sonne good redes
that the Devell Satyre that is one enemye · ne hynde yon not yon amanyth
For the Devell ne taketh not lightly yon to his Ryche ne he hynde
amanyth in good Rayses · Than thus in getyng Richesse · ye mosten the gelle
and astyne hardy ye shall vsen Richesse · Sythe ye have gaten by yonge Christe
and by yonge travaille in Riche mane · that men holde yon not to sinye · yete
spatyrige · ne fulle large · that is to Sayn one large a Spendyne · For yefyt the
man Rette the man · in a Resyonne man by cause of his trayste and Synnes
in the same Sinne · Riche to blame that Spendyth one large · And therfore Sayth
Salomon · Ofte he saith thy Richesse · that thyn hast gaten in Riche a man · that
man hane nethey mattere ne cause to calle the nethey Richesse ne thynche
For it is a foule thynne for a man to have yonge hayte · And a Riche prise · So
saith also the goodes that thyn hast · vse them by mesure · that is to Sayne
Spende mesurably · For they that folly Spende and Spende the goodes that
they have · Shall they have no more grete of thyne Sinne · they shalen spend
to take the goodes of a nothey man · Of this that ye shall fle a Wicked · Synne
yonge Richesse in Riche mane · that men say not yonge Richesse be yt hyne

Sonne yngrite semy na compno dedicy esto

Sete · mesure makes ed Synnyng good mesure

that ye

Thursday

but they ye have them in your my[ght] and in your delyng. for a dyse-
man gedereth the riches and kepyth them. And seith thus. iii. xv. chap.
Delyte and delyt seith a man his godes. by his grete riches. and knoweth well that
nedis moste he die for seith is the end of every man as in this present life. and
for ellyn aist or enchesyn yorieth he hym or knytteth he hym so fast unto
his godes. that all his kynnes moste not desyse hym. or departe hym fro his
godes. and he knoweth well ryght or anyght to knowe. that ellyn he is dede. he
ryght nothing here with hym onto of this worlde. And therfore seith dayne
austyn thus the riche man is likened unto hell. that the more it
ete[th] the more desire it hath to ete and drynke. And so hell
is ye chest afrayd to be ryche. an riche man or a thynche. he shall
ye have yon and gonne yon. in riche a dyse that man all yon not fill
hym. therfore seith. I will wyne the godes of thy house ne shulde not bem
ne dyne. to close. but that they mygh[t] be opened by prie and dolonay to
the to dyne to yive the poure to that have grete nede. Ne thy godes shulde
not be open to be every mannys godes wanty[ng] in getyng of yonge richesse
ne in keping of them ye shulden alle[ye] have. iii. thynges in yonge lyfe
that is to seyne onne lorde god. conscience and good name. first ye shul have
in yonge lyfe and for no richesse ye shulde do no thynge. Sir richard in
his boke disposed god that is yonge goodnes and nedes. for dyny
of salmon. hit is better to have a little good with the lowe of
god than have more good. and lose the lorde of his lorde god. And the yonge
man that hath hit is to be a good man and have little good and despise
all tho holden a thyf to that have grete richesse. And yet every fythynges
that ye shulden alle day do yonge busynesse to gete yon richesse. So that ye geten
thing with good conscience. And the apostle seith that they mythynges in
the worlde of which the shulden have so grete joy. as seith dayne austyn
testyth on good witnesse. And the wise man seith the substance of a man
is fyll good. Than dayne is not in a mannys conscience. Alle thy in
getyng of yonge riches. and in usyng of them. ye moste have grete busynesse
and grete diligence. that yonge good name be alle day kept or conserved
for salmon seith. that better it is. and more it abyth lath to a man to
have a good name. than for to have grete richesse. And therfore he seith
in another place. do ye grete diligence with salmon in keping of
yonge friendes and of yonge good name. for it shall longer abide with the
than any treasure. for it more is precious. And therfore ye shulde not be
afraid to perish man. that after god and good conscience all thynges
lath. ne seith his diligence and busynesse to keye his good name. And
therfore seith. that it is the signe of a gentyll hate. Than a man
loseth and despyth a good name. and therfore seith dayne austyn. that
thy be iii. thynge that a man ne ought to and nedefull. And that is good con-
science and good loue. and to dey for conscience to thym dane yet some
thynge. and good loue for thy is christenyng onte christ. And he that trusteth
in god. and his good conscience trusteth wele he disdeyneth and setteth
nought his good name or loseth yet nothing. though he have not his
good name. yet that a good dayne. Dy moste spille y pat seth your

how ye shall be gyltyng iudysse. And how ye shall be seen therin. And be
sure. that for by hurt then ye hane in your Iudysse. ye shall more slayn
and battaille. I counsaille you that ye begynne no battaille ne slayne in
hurt of your Iudysse. for they suffyse not. Slayne to maintayne. And
therfore saith a philosopher. that man that desyrth and shall of gates
hane slayne. shall neue hane sufficiaunce. for the ryches that hane
gyetne diseuse not he made yf he shall hane victorie and
Salamon saith. that the gyetne riches that a man hath. the more disposyng
he hath. And yet by ther it is. that for your Iudysse ye make hane
more folke. yet in hoorth it not. ne it is not good to begynne slayne
as yenty in other nation hane yets onto your profite. for the victorie
of battaille. that lies in the Lorde lieth not in gyete nombre or mul-
titude of people ne in the cuttyng of men. But it lieth in the Lord
in the hande of oure lorde god almyghty. And therfore gyete multitude
which Cyrus knyght Darius he shulde fight against his adversaire
that had gyetne nombre and gyetne multitude of folke and strength
of the people. yet he comforted his litle company. And also
yet in this Cyrus. he lightly may god almyghty yeue victorie to fewe
folke as to many folke. for the victorie of a battaille commyth not by
the gyete nombre of people. But it commyth from oure lorde god of
heuen. And yet by for as mycke as there is no man certayne yf he
shorthy that god yeue to hym victorie or nayght. Ryghty that Salamon
saith therfore. why man shulde gyetne hede Slayne to be gynne. And
by ginse that in battaille falleth many people. And it happyth oftyme
that one of the gyete man flyne as the litle man. And as it is wryten
in the v. bok of kynges. the hede of battaille lies aunterous and
thynge certayne. for as lightly is on hurte with a spere as another
And therfore is gyete pylle in Slayne. therfore shulde a man flee and shune
Slayne. in as mycke as a man may godly. for Salamon saith he that loue
pyll shall fall in pyll. Ryghty that same Iudysse hath spoken in this maner
Hyelike aunsweyde and said. I se Sele Dame your force. that by your
fayne speches. And by your reasons that ye hane spoken me. that the
Slayne liketh you nothyng. But yet I hane not hed to your counsaille
how y shall be in this made. except yf that y counsaille you. that ye make
with your Adversaries. and that ye hane peis with them. for christe
sayne saith in his Scripture. that by concord and peis. the auaill Iudysse
Seyzen gyete. And be discorde and debate the gyete riches fallen
And ye kyng shall hert on of the gyettest and most ordynyd thynge
that is with the worlde is peis and peis. And therfore write oure lorde
his epistle to his Apostle in this wise. Blessed be the peis makers
and yrcyll son peis. for they hed called the children of god. A godly
like hedde. I pray shall. that ye lodge not your honour. ne my worthy
Iudysse shall. that your adversaries hane be gouldy this debate.
dyge by hate outrage. And ye se shall that they ne yeuyn ne yet

Beati pacifici &c.

Chapitre

me of peace. na they listen not to bee reconciled. Sooth ye then that I go and make
me and obeie me to them and give them mercie. For sorie sede. meaning that they
not my lordship. For right as men seen. that one giete humblenesse encreeseth. despi
singe. So filyetth it by giete humylite and meekenesse. when bigen sinne prudence
to make ramblaunte of Esyath. And sede ceytes Sye Esau yonge giete. I lone yonge
honoure. and yonge profite to y be myn Esyne. and ere hane dun. nede ye na none
other. Esbenende the contraie. And yif y had sede that ye shulde hane prysyssed
the peace and the reconsiliacion. I ne had not mystiks made me ne sede a mys
for the Esyne. with Esyth the distencion begynneth by a nothey man. And the recon=
siling begynneth by the Esyf. And the prynt saith. Ho shee Esbenesse and the
godnesse. Esbo peace and folete it. As mache as in the 16. yat sede y not that ye
shulde zeiney. prysine to yonge Esonsaies for peace. than they shulde to you. For y hadde
sede that ye be. & hayde hayted. that ye sede to nothing for me. And Esalmon seith
that he that seith one hayde an hayte. at the last he shall mystrye and mysfortune
Esgain. wilde had hayde sinne prudence make ramblaunte of Esyath. he sede
in this Esnso. Sinne y pray you. that ye be not displeased of thyngs that y sede
for y knowe Esself. that y am angry and Esyoth. and that is no songe. And ther
that kan Esyoth. Esteen not Esold Esyat they don. ne Esyat they do vnd. ganysee
the yeat seith. yonkled yaen hane no eteye sight. Spit seith he. and com=
sailleth me hyth to you. For y am redy to be right as ye Esolle desye. And
yif ye yeyde me of my folye I am the more holden to loke you. For Esalmon
seith. that he that yeyeeth hym that doth folie. he shall fynde gretye giete. and
he that desteeth hym by secrete Esordes. ensyne sede sinne prudence. I
make no ramblaunte of Esyath ne of angre. but of yonge giete profite. For
Esalmon seith he is more Esyeth that yeyeeth and chideth a fole for his folie.
pitesyng hym ramblaunte of Esyath. Esgen he that disyoreth hym. and
yeyeth hym in his mysdoyng. and langhyth atte his folie. And this sinne
Esalmon seith affyrmyd. that by the Esreesfull mysage of a man. that is to
seyne by the Esry and gesy countenaunce of a man. the fole caracteth. and
amendyth hym Esif. than sede againe. I shall not come sinne Esoye you
to a many fayre yesone. As ye written to me. and therein. Seye ye shortly yonge
Esulle and yonge consailles. And y am all redy to fulfille and performe it.
Esand sinne prudence discreyed all thyne Esuff. And sede y consaille you
Esrise. a hedd all thyngs that ye make yeue bete Esyat god and you. And be
ye reconsilled to hym and to his giete. For as y hanne sede you hane before
god giete suffrid you to hane this tribulacion and dise dee for yonge Esynnes
and yif ye to do y Esay you. god Esolle sende yonge adversitee to you. And
make them fulle atte yonge fore yesche to do yonge Esuff and yonge commun=
sauntes. For Esalmon seith Esgain the conversacion of a man is yeyeement
and likyng to god. he chastyseth the hatres of the mennes a diversites
and colthe yuerth them to leesse hym of peace and of giete. I pray you
lette me speke Esuth yonge adversites in prise yllice. For they shall not

Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM: Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

Thynney

knowe · that it be of yowe skill · or of yowe assent · And then shall y knowe
there skill or of yowe assent · And then shall y knowe there skill And stye
certeine · I may comisile you the more sheyly · Dame prudence with
yowe skill And yowe likyng · ffor y pryt me holye in yowe disposicion
And ordynance · Then dame prudence sheyn she caught the good sell
of hyre hushode · Blessed unto hyre · And told advise in hyre wyf · thynkyng
hon she myght bryng the nede · unto a good ende · And sheyn she called hyre
tyme she dyt for thise ladyes to com unto hym unto a pryve place · And
then sheyd sheyly unto them the grete goodes · that come of peace · And the grete
harmes and pelles · that ben in warre · And ofte to them in gaydly mynde · how
that them oughten have grete pacyence of the jurnyes and sporyngs
that they had don to wedde hyre lorde · And to hyre doughtes · And sheyn they
kyndyd the gaydly wordes of dame prudence · they sheyn so surprysed and
ravysshed · And hadden so grete joy of hyre · that sonnedy sheyd to hyre · A lady
wyttey · ye have the sedd unto yo the blessyng of sekernesse after the lawe
of David the prophet · ffor the jeconsilyng · which sye be not sekerly to have
in nomyne · but sye oughten jeqryed it with grete contrycion and humy-
lite ye of yowe grete goodnesse · have presented unto yo · And made so sye
sell that the conscience and the wynnyng of Salamon is full true · ffor he sayd
that sekera sherdes multiplien and encresen frendes · And wicked frendes
ben dedonaryes and mete · ceytes yf they sye pryten onye dedes · And all onyenthe
and chyse all only in yowe skill · And ben redy to obey to the counsyle and commande-
ment of my lorde myldee · And therfore sye and lovyngus lady sye pray you
and besechye you as meekly as sye come and medeen that it like unto yowe
grete goodnesse to fulfille in dedes yowe goodly sherdes ffor sye wysshye · And
knowledge that sye have offended and greeved my lorde myldee onte of mesyse
So suffyrth · that sye be not of power to makeen his amendes · And therfore sye
obleye yo · And bynde yo and onye frendes for to do all his skill and his
commandementes · but pacyence he hath shewe sye lath and shewe kyndnesse
to yo sayd · by cause of onye offence · that he skall entrete to yo shewe a pryve
that sye made not sent no chyerne · And therfore wolde lady · sye besechye yowe
noble pryce to take shewe discrecion in this nede · that sye nye onye frendes be
not disherited ne destroyed thyngh onye folye · ceytes yf prudence is ful
gayde thyng · and yght prudence that a man pryte kyng all certeyn in wise rich-
tacion and suggesyon and in the myght and power of his enemyes ·
ffor Salamon seith · leaveth and yeveth me obedience to that that y shall sayd
yowe · ye folke yoqenyde and ye governyrs of holy chyerche to thy comes to
thy skill to thy frende ne to thy kynsmen ne yeve thou nede myght ne wynne
of thy body · While thou lyest · Wacke seith that he dedendeth that man
shall not yeve to his kynsmen ne to his frende the myght of his body · by a
frenge · joapen he dedendeth and forbedeth dayn unto yowe grym and
enemyes · And nethelesse y comisile you that ye myght ufte not my lorde · ffor
of Eurd skill and knowe ye yyssely that he is dedonaryes and mete

Thynney

trayers and nothyng desyrous ne coveytous of good ne richesse. For there was nothyng
in this world that he desyred only worship and honoure. Fynally more y[ou] ye
shall. and that yeyr there that he yeldyt nothynge to in this wede. Withoute my counsaylle
ye shall go forth in this cause. that by the grace of oure lorde god ye shall be yeconsyled
to yor. when certeyn they with oure worthyfull lady. the yutten to and oure
goddes fully in youre wyll and disposicion. And he yedy to com thyder. that is also
to yuse nobylesse to hymmte yor or assyne yor. for to make oure obligacions and bondes
as pronge as it liketh unto youre goodnesse. that he mode fulfill the wyll of your
and of my lorde mylle. When dame prudence had herde the amyrayes of thyse
men. she bade them go a gyne quickly. and she yeturned to hyre lorde mylles.
and tolde hym how she found his ministres full yeyent unto his desyryng full
lovely thyse hymmes. and yeprises. And how they were yedy to ryffe all the yoyne
regnyng pyarng hym of wyve and pro. when dide mylles. he is well worthy to
have pardon. And for yeverence of his hymme. that exyseth not his hymme. Fynally
his delegate and yeperentyth hym a yeyng indulgence. for ever. and there is the
yemission and for yeverence. where as the confession is for confession. as naught
longe to yuorance. And therfore y consent and assyenyng to hym yates. but it is
good that he do it not withoute the assyne and wyll of oure fonder. when dame
prudence yeyst glad and yeyfull. And dide cryce yd. ye ye have well and yudy
amyrayd. for yeyst as by the counsylle assent and yedye of oure fyendes ye
have be yayed to wange yon and make wayne. Right as withouten thyse counsylle
shall ye not awrde yon. ne have peas with youre adversyes. for the lade saith
thyse is no thyng as good by wayes of kynde. as at thyngs to wen yuhomide by hym
that it wes comide. And then dame prudence withoute delay or tarryng. sent
anon hys messyngers for hys kynd. and for hys olde fyendes. which that they
tyed and wyse. and tolde them by oths in the presence of mylles all this ma=
tyes. as it is above expressed and recyted. And prayde them that they wolde
yeve their advice and counsylle. what they ought to do in this wede. And
when mylles fyendes had take their advice and deliberacion of this yesyade
matye. and had examined it by yeyte leysnesse and yeyte diligence. they
yeven that counsyle for to have yuid. and yest. And that mylles shulde
yeyarde with yeyt hyde his adversyes to for yeverence and mercy. And
when dame prudence had have the assent of hys lorde mylles. And
the counsylle of his fyendes accorde. with their will and their entencion.
she was wonde glad in hys hayte. and dide. Sythe is all of do
probyle. yd she. with that the goodnesse that thou maist this day. do it
ne abide not. ne delaie it not till to morowe. And therfore y counsyle
yon that ye dide youre messangers onche as bed dispyed and wyse unto
youre adversyes. tellyng them of youre behalf. that yif they wolle
yeve of peas and awrde that they shulde them withoute delay or ta=
yeyng to com unto yon. which tryng was yfoynnest in dede. And
when thyse yesyaysing and yeperentyng folke of thyse folkes. that is to
when thyse yesyaysing and yeperentyng folke of thyse folkes. that is to
say the adversyes of mylles. he had hayd what that messyngers dide

hadde seide unto them. they seyden right glad and ryghtfull. and answeyden suff-
ficiently and benygnely yeldynge graces and thankynges to their lorde ayellis and
to all his compayne. and showed them withinne Rothy to go with the messangers
and obeye to the commandement of their lorde ayellis. And right anon they
token their leve to the counte of ayellis. and tolden with them xiii of their tyne
officers to make pith for them. and for to kene their bordes. And when they
were come into the presence of ayellis. he seide to them thus. Sirrys. it sitteth
thus yf. ayellis. And for it is that ye chaseles and withsomen ayellis and yeldyng
hane done grete grynnes to me and to my seyntyrynce. And to my doughter
also. for ye hane entred into my hous by violence. and hane done sicche
outrages. that all men knowen well that ye hane reseyved the deth. And
therfore well y write and knowe of you. wherthy ye shull wit the punyshyng
and chastesyng and the vengeance of this outrage in the shull of me or of my
sustyr. or ye shull not. Then xii of the wisest of them they answeyden for them
all and seide. Sy yf he. We knowe well that we ben worthy to come to the
counte of so grete a lorde and so worthy a lorde. for we hane so greth mysrulen
ys and hane offended and gilt in sicche wise against yours high lordship that
truly we hane reseyved the deth. But wit for the grete gracis and vertuis
that all the world witnesseth of yours persone we submitten us to the
excellence and benygnete of yours gracious lordship. and ben redy to obeye
to all yours commandements. Besechyng you that of yours vertuis pite
ye wolde consyde our grete repentance and lowe submission and graunte
us for yeberness of our outragious trespas and offence. for sure we knowe
that yours lightly grace and mercy shewen them firstly in forgeuesse
than doth our outragious gilles and trespasses to wickedness. Alle right
wysely and vertuously he gaue a gilte against yours high lordship
then ayellis tolde them up fro the ground full benygnely. and reporyd
their obligacions and their lowtes. by their otheis and yrwid their pleggis
and borchis. and assigned them a certayne day to yeldyng to gistonge
for to accepte and resceue the counte and guggement that ayellis shulde
commaunde to be don on them by the tenure it fordsaid. Whiche thyng
ordeyned. every man retorned to his hous. And when that same yeu-
dence called ayellis time. he sheyned and a yed hym lorde ayellis. What
wondrynes he thought to take on his adversaries. to whom ayellis answeyd and
seide. Sirrys. I thynke and purpose me fully to quyte me them of all that
ande they hane done. and for to punite them into exyle for ever. certes of same
yeudence. this seyd a quiet sentence and noche agenes reason. for ye be
noche y noche high and hane none neede of other. me myne good. And ye might
lightly in this wise gete you an vertuous name. Sicrys a vertuous thyng
and right to be ordyned of every good man. for after the lawes of the counte
of the apostle. Coveytise is rote of all evyl. And therfore it shuld better to you
to lese good of yours owne. than to take good in this manere. for better it is
to lose good with worship. than it is to wynne good with vilanye and
shame. And every man aught to do his diligence and his busynesse to gete
hym a good name. and yit shall he not only losse hym in keepyng his good
name. But he shall also enforce hym to do and thynge by the whiche

Rudy and matter of inpidnes

Th

hemly peronele his gode name. for it is seyned. that the olde good loos or good name
of man is done gone and passed. Ellis it is not nedy. And as touchyng to yo Ayris
yo shulle evyll yonge advisyng. that thynkith me most ligeyne reason. and onne of
inesyn considyd. the wrecke that they hane yeno yon. upon thein selff. and it is
seyned that ye ye shulle thy to lose his privilage. that mye yfoth the mygth and the
redeye that is yeno hynne. And y set aide yo mygth enjoyne them that yenne by right
and by lacke. Ellisull y not to yo mede not do y cone yo mygth not put it to exercise
parcenyne. and thenne hope it lidely to yeue and to the hope to it was bryen. And
ingyed vis yo shull that mend do yon obeysance yo maste dene more curtesly. this
is to say yo maste yeue more easy sentence and jugement. for it is seyned. that
he that maste commandyth. to hynne mon maste obeye. And therfore y pray yon
that in this necessite. and in this nede yo aist yon for to ordeyne yonye hate. for
Senec saith that he that ordeynith his hate. ordeynith to hise. And
ensiyne saith. there is nothyng commendable in a greete lorde as Ellsen he is
abondye and mete and apersith hynne lightly. and yede yon that no shull
forbeye nede to do yon ensence medicine medid that yonye gode name may be
kepte and conseyved. and that mend nede hane alnse and nede to yeue yon
of yus and mercie. And that yo hane yo alnse to jeuene of lyeyng. that yo yon
for Senec saith. he ordeynith in a gode mende. that repentith hym not of his
ordeyne. Ellis for y pray yon let mey go in yonye hate to the effect and entent
that god almygthy hane mey on yon in his last jugement Ellsonne mye shulle to
hynne that hath no mode of a noble knight. Ellsen malice hab hade the grete childe
and keepyng of dam prisone. and hane misremanye and tenyng of his hate gan
ordeyne to the shulle of his childe. considyng. hane true entente. enforced hynne anon
and assayed. fully to shrede agyn these consulle. and thanked god of Ellsen pro-
vedyn all coynne and all goodnesse. that hynne sente a shulle of od gode discresion. And
Ellsen the day come that his adversaries shulle in dyede in his presence he spake unto
them full goodly. and said in this Ellse. Alle it be that of yonye pride. and high
presumpcion and folie and of yonye negligence and grucchyng. ye hane mysdeyd
yon and trespased onto me. yet for ensuyde dey ye and believe yonye hymselfe. and
hate to bene dey and repentaunce of yonye gilte. but constreynyth me to do yon gode
and ye. Ellesfor y restore yon to my grace. and for yeue yuntyly all the
cere injuryes and wronges that ye hane done against me and mynne to this
effect and to this ende that god of his high ordeyne may shull at the tyme of onye
dyng. for yeue yo onye gilte that ye hane trespased onto hynne in this
erthly lyfe. for sentle gyl Ellsen ye dey and repentaunce of the hyn-
nes and gilte Ellsen ye hane trespased in the sight of onye lorde god. he
is so hye and so mynde. that he shulle forgeve yo onye gilte. and bynge
yo to the blisse. that neyd shulle have amen. Amen.

Here endyth the marchaunte tale of wyche
and begynneth the prologe of the monke

In prose eke been endytyd many on
And eke in metre yn many sondry wyse
So this declarynge ought y nolde sufferse
A fool heykenyth yff yt lyke you to hore
But firste y you be seche in this matere
Pouyth y be ordre tell not alle thes thynges
Be hyt off popys. Emperoure or kynges
Aftir here ages. as men wyttyly fynd
To telle hem som be fore and some be hynd
As it nolde comyth to my remembrance
Have me excusyd of myn ignorance
Ye endyth the prologe and be gynnyth the monkys tale
I wolle be wayle in manner of tragedye
The hayme of hem that stondyth in hygh degre
And fyllen so ther was no remedye
To bryng hem out of here adversyte
For certeyne eche pat fortune lysta to fle
Ther may no man the course of hey' estate hold
Let no man tryste on blynde prosperyte
Be wage of thes ensamplis tekke yr olde

ffabula ayo natu

Lucifer

At lucyfere pouyth he an angel were
And not a man. at hym y wylle be gynne
For pouyth fortune may non angyll dere
Fro hygh degre yt fylle he for his synne
Downe yn to hell ther he yt ys yynne
O lucifer brynghtyst off angelys all
Now art pon sathanas pon mayst not the ryne
In to mischye in wych pon arte falle

Samyson

To Adam yn the ffelde of Damyssene
Et godys owne fynger wrought was he
And not be getyne et manys spyrme unclene
And weldye all paradys sadyng on tre
Hadde neu woyle man so hygh degre
As Adam tylle he for myssgoueryng
Was drybyn out of his hegh pryde
To labour to hell and to myschaunce
To Sampson which that was annunciate
Be the angell long or hys natynyte
And was to god all mygtty consecrate

And stode in nobolos While he myght se
Was non such a nother as was he
To speke of strenght and ther ys hardynes
But to hys Wydis tolde he hys secre
Wich Which he slowgh hy syll for Wrothydnes
Sampson thre mighty & nobyll champyon
Wt out Weppyn safe hys handys Wey
He slowgh and all to rent the lyon
Toward hys Weddyng Walkyng by the way
Hys ffate Wyll wolde hym so plesse & pray
Wyll she hys counsell knew & she untrew
Unto hys foes hys counsell same be Wrey
And hym forsoke & tolde a nother new
Ccc. ffoxys tolde Sampson for sro
And all Were taylys he to gedyr bownde
And set the ffoxys taylys all at on fyre
ffor he on ery taille had knyt a brownde
And they brent all the corns in the lond
And all Were olydys. and vynys eke
A dy men eke he slowgh Wt hys hond
And had no Weppyn but an asse chekke
When they Wer slayne so thynkyd hy yt he
Was Well nygh lorne ffor Which he gan to pray
Yt god Wolde of hys payne have some pyte
To send hym drynke or ellys not he deye
And off his assys chekys yat Were dreye
Out of a Wang toth a non ther spraung a well
Off Which he drank y nowgh shortely for to say
Thus halpe hym god as Iudicum doth tell
Bo bore ffore at Gazan on a nyght
Ayaynst the philistians of that cyte
The gattys of the towne he hath up plyght
And on hys back y carryd hem hath he
Yerly up on an hylle Wher men myght hem se
O nobyle. o mygthy Sampson lefe and dere
Haddyst pon not tolde to Women thy sege
In all this World had non be in pere
Thys Sampson nen Wydr drank no Wyne
Ne on his hedd come rasour non no chyre

The poynte of the messangere Dybyne
ffor all his strengthe in his hoyre there
And ffully . xx^ti wynter yer he yere
he hadde of yere the gouernance
But son schalle he wepe many a tere
ffor wymen schalle hym bryng to mischaunce
Yn to his leman Dalyda he tolde
that in his heye all his strenthe lay
And falsly to his fomen she hym solde
And slepyng upon here barme upon a day
She made to clyppe & schere his here a way
And made his ffomen all his gaste aspryn
And when they hym found in this aray
they bounde hym fast & put out his eyen
But eye his here there dynde or shade
Ther was no bonde ne which mene mysgte hym bynde
But nowe ye he in prysone in a trade
Oder as they made hym at the queyne gynde
O nobyle Sampson strengyst of man kynde
O whilome Juge in slone and in wyttes
Nowe mayst you wepe ^that^ yn eyen blynde
Sythe you fro wole art fallyn in to wyttednes
The and off this catyff was as y schalle say
hys ffomen made a feste upon a day
And made hym as here fole to fon hem pley
And this was in a temple off gyet a jay
But at the laste he made a fonle affray
ffor he two pylere schoke and made hem fall
that downe fell tompille and all & ther it lay
And slongh hym self. & also hys ffomen all
This ys to say the pryncis enchon
And . m . of bodyes ther ther slayn
^that^ fallyng of the yzet tompyll of stone
Off Sampson wolle y nowe na more sayn
Be bare of this Ensample olde and playne
that noman telle hys counsell to hys wyff
Off which thyng he wolde have sore fayne
yet ^y^ yet touche hys lymys or hys lyff
Off Hercules the Souerayn Conqueror
Solymon hys wyzhe and & heyzh renown
ffor in hys tyme in strenghte he wan the flame
he slough and caste the skyn fro the lyon

He of fontanyes layd the hoste a doun
He appyes slough. He quell Zeydes foll
The Goldyn apple Rafte of the dragon
He drowgh out corbons the hound of hell
He slough the quell tyrant Zeyfrus
And mad his hore to fret hy flesh & boon
He slough the fyry serpents venomus
Off Achilles tho hoppys he brake ond
And he slough Cacus in a cave of stone
He slough the Centaur Anthonius the strong
He slough the Cyprly Zeow and that a noon
And bare the hed on his mylle long
Was nowt Eyght sith the worldyll he gan
Pt slough so many monstrys as dyd he
Porth outs pro Eyd World his name zano
That for hys strength & for hys hoysh bonnto
And ony realme Went he for to soo
He was so strongo pt noman mysht hy leto
At bothe the Worldes ende as seyth throple
In stede of bondys he a pyller sete
A lemman hade this noble Champyon
That hight Deanyre as ffresh as may
And as this Clerkys makyth mencyon
Sho hade hym sent a shirte ffresh & gay
Alas pe shirte alas and Wollaway
Envenomyd was so suptely Wt all
That or pt he had Worn it half a day
Hyt made hys ffleshe from the bonys fall
But natheles some clerkys hore excusyn
Pe on pt hight Nessus pt it makyd
Pe as he may y Wolle hore not acusyn
But on hys Pake the shirte he Wor all nakyd
Tyll pt hys ffleshe was fro the Genynus blakyd
And when he sawgh non other remedye
In hote Colys he had hym selfe Rakyd
For Wt no Wonym desiryd hym to dye
Thus staffe thus mysty Worthy Ercules
Loo who may tryste on fortune a mry throlle
For hym pat folowyth all this Worldle for pres
Of he Wore Wer yo ofte was leyd ffull lowe
ffull Wyse yo he pt can hy selfe knowe.

The Kaze for Shame ye ffortune lyst to glose
Than Kaytyth sche hore man to oney thro les
The such a Kay as he Wold lest suppose
The mysty trone. the precyous tresour (Nabugodonosor
The glorious sceptur. the yalle magestie
ye hadde the kyng. Nabugodonosor
Wt tunge may Smothe dysqryde be
he Wys Wan Jerusale the cyte
The Cessell of the tempyll he Wt hym ladde
At Babylonye Was hys Sonesyon soe
In Which his stone & his dolyte he hadde
The ffayrest chyldyon of all the blood Yall
Off israel he dede gylde a non
& made ocie of hom to be his thrall
Amongs othyr Danyell Was on
That Was the Wysyste chylde of enychon
ffor he the dromys of the kyng expomed
Wher as yn Caldre. clerke Was ther non
ye Wyst to What ffyne hys dromys sommyth
This prondo kyng let make a statue of gold
lx Cubytes long. & xij. in brode
To Which ymage he both yonge & olde
Comanndyth to lowte & hane in drede
Or in a fiurnes full of flamys rede
he shall be brente ye Wolle not obeye
But neu Wold assent to that rede
Danyell no hys fellawes Wreye
This kyng off kyngys prondo Was & elate
he Wende ye god yat sytte in magestie
The mysyt hym not be rede of hys estate
But sodenly he lostte hys dysnyte
And lyke a beest hym semyd for to be
And ete hay as an oxe & laye yonte
In Rayns Wt Wylde bestys Walkyd he
Tylle a certeyn tyme Was comen a bonte
And lyke an Eglys fethers Wayyd his heyrs
hys nayles lyke a bryddys clawes Wore
Tylle god relesyd hym a certayn yere
And yafe hym Wyt & then Wt many a tore
he thankyd god. And on hys lyf in ffere

Was he to done a wys or more trespas
And alle that tyme he leyd was on hys bore
he knew ye godd was full of wyght and grace
his sone which ye knyght Balthasar
that held the regne aftr hys fadrys day
he be his fader wrth not be war
for prowde he was off hort & of a ray
And eke an idolastre was he ay
his heyght estat assuyd hym in pryde
But fortune caste hym down & ye he lay
And sodenly his regne came downe
A fest he made vnto his lordis alle
Upon a tyme and made hem blythe be
And then his offyceris came he calle
Go bryng forthe the vesselis quod he
which ye my fader yn hys pstyte
Out of the temple of jerusalem he caste
And to our heyght goddys yaue we
Off honour ye our eldrys wt go lasto
hys wyff hys lordys & his concubine
Ay drunkyn whylys here appetitis lasto
Out of hys noble vesselys sondry wynes
And on a walle the kyng hys eyen caste
And sawe an hande armeles ye wrote full fasto
for fere of which he quoke & fyghyd sore
This hande ye made Balthasar so a gaste
Wrote. mane. techel. ffares. & no more
In all ye londe. magicien was ther non
That wolde expounde what this lett ment
But daniell expownyd hyt a non
And sayd kyng. god thy fader sent
Glorye & honour regne tresour & rent
And he was prowde & no pryng god drad
And ye for god sent wrecche vpon hym sent
And hym be caste the regne that he hade
he was out caste of mannys compayne
wt asses was hys habitacion
And ete hay as bestis in wete and drye
Tylle ye he knew by grace & be reson
That godd of heyen hade dominacion

Off my regne and my creature
And the lade god of hym compassyon
And hym restorid his regne & his figure
Eke yon ye arte his sone arte prouide also
And knowyst all pes pynsys secrely
And art rebell to god and art his ffo
ye sranke of his desseys boldely
ye byff eke and thy wenchis synfully
Sranke of this same desseis sondry wyrys
And horyst false goddys trwsydly
Ther for to the shape. ffull sycr payne ys
This hand was sent fro god. ye on the walle
Wrote. mane techel. fares. tynfe to me
Thy regne ys doon. you wost not at all
Dydydys thy regne and it schall be
To medys and pers yeryn dr he
And yelle same nyght the kyng was slawe
In dayns ocupyd hys desyre
Yangh he ther to hadde nothyr rysyt no lawe
Lordyngis ensamplis here may ye take
Holde ye yn lordshipe ys no sykyrnes
ffor whe fortune veille a man forsake
She beryth away his regne and his ryches
And eke his ffiendys both more & les
ffor what man hath fiendys porwrst fortune
Anys hap wylle make hem enemyes as y gess
This proverbe ys full sothe & full tonduno
Tenobia off palymorie Queno
As rhyttyn pacus of here nobles
So worthy was yn armys & so kene
ye no wyght passyd hure in hardynes
Nom lynage no in other gentylnes
Off kyngys blood of pers is she discendyd
I say ye she hadde not mosle ffaynes
But of here shape she myght not be amendyd
ffrom here childehode y fynd yat she flede
Offyce of women & to wood she went
And many a wylde herth blood she shedde
Yt aylle ys blood yat she to hem sent
She was so stryfte. ye she a non hym hent
And when she was oldyre she wolde wylle
Kyng lybardys and zeppys all to rent
And in here armys wolde hem at here wylle

Tenobia

Sho Dryfte

She duzste chylde bostyo domnyo soko
And zomo yn to mount ayno att the nyght
And slape vnde' the bushys & she coldeth oke
Vejastle be wory sozo & be wory nyght
Ot ony yongman cheye he neuer so bysyt
+ To noman deynyde hope foz to be bounde
+ ther mygsst no pms m hoy' aynyo stonde
+ She kept hey' maydynhode ho onoy wyght
+ But at the laste hore ffzendyo hano hym' mayzede
To onodake a gozynce of that contre
Att cheye hyt so ' she hym longe tayzede
And ye shall vndurstande hoze that he
Haddo suche ffantasyes as hade she
But nathelee when they cheye knytte m fezo
They lyvyde m joy and m ffelicite
ffor yet of hom haddo other loso and dezo
+ Safe cond pryke ' she wolde now assent
Bo no wey pat he shulde bo hoye lyo
But onyo ffoz hit was hey' playno entent
To haue a childe the worlde to multiplye
And also sone as she mygsst aspye
That she was not wt childe wt that dede
pon wolde she suffe hy to do hyo fantasie
Ofte some. & not but onyo out of drede
+ And yff she wer wt childe at thilke caste
No moze shulde he play pylke same
Tylle xl.th dayes weyn paste
Then wolde she onyo suffe hy do the same
Alle thezo thio Onodake wylde oz tame
He sato no move of hym for thus she seyde
Hyt was to wykyd lechoryo & shame
Mn other cas yff ' mon wt them playde
+ Tho sonnyo bo thio Onodake sade she
The which she kepte m dezte and lectuze
But nowe cm to your talk tuzne we
I say so worchypfull a creature
And wyse ' wyth & large wt mesure
So penyble m the weye & curteo eke
No moze labour mygsst m weye endure
Was non pongh att the worlde mon shulde seke
+ Hoye pych ayay ne mygsst not bo tolde
As well m wessell. as yn hoze clothyng
She was att ease m peyy and m solde
And eke she lefte not ffoz non hmutyng
To haue of fmdyy tmoyo ffull knowyng
When ' she lefme haddo & foz to entende
To lezne bokys was att hoze lykyng
Holl she m wezte hoze hyff mygsst expende

And shortly of thyr story for to yet
So sonsyty was hyr hysbond & eke sho
That they conquerd many zenrys yet
In the Orysnt wt many a ffayre fyte
Apteuent vn to magestie
Off Rome & wt strang hand shelde hem fast
Nenner mysty hyr fomen dons hem flo
Ay whylle that Onedakys dayys lasto
Hyr batayllys who so hist hem for to yed
Ay Tayne Sapor the kyng & other moo
And hows att pre presso fylle in dede
Why the conquerd and what tytyll hadde ther to
And aftr off hure mysheff and hyr woo
How she was be sechid and take
Let hym to my mastr Detake soo
That wytyth y nows of this y vndtake
When Onedake was ded sho mysteely
The jewes holde. And wt hyr pur hande
A sayns hyr foes she ffaught ffull fynolly
Y nas kynge ne prynce in alle that londe
That ho was not gladde. yff ho y sees fonnde
That she ne wold vp on hys londe wenyeye
To hyr they mad alyance be bonde
To bene in pees & lot hyr pyde & pley
The Emperour of Rome. Clandius
Ne hym be forne the romayne Galyon
No Dryste nener be so oragius
No non emyry no non Egypcien
No surryns no non arrabyen
Wt in the feldys y drysto wt hyr fyght
Leste y she wold hem wt hyr handys slayn
Or wt hyr mayn put hem to flyght
In kyngys abyte went hyr sonys two
Ao eyrys of hyr ffadeys jewes all
And hermanno and thymalao
Hyr name wen hyr ao prieno hem calle
But ay ffortune hadde in hord hony galle
This mysty queno may no whylle endyr
ffortune onto of hyr jewe made hyr fall
To wretchydnes & to mysaventyr
Anzelyan when that the gonnance
Off Rome came in to hys handys two
The shope vp on this queno to do vengeance

And at hys legyons he tolde his wey
Towardes Tenobya & shortly for to sey
He made hym fle & at the laste hore hym
And ffoteyde hore. & eke hore chyldren they
And wanne the londe & home to rome he went
¶ Amonge other pynges pat he wanne
Hey chare p at solde wrought was & pesse
This grete romayne pro dryolyan
Hath at hy lade. ffor men schulde at se
The fore hys triumphe walkyde she
At sylke hangynge on hym nyghte hangyng
Crowned was she as aft hym doge
And ffull of pesse chaysyde hore clothyng
¶ Alas ffortune she p wheylome was
Redfull to kynges and to emperyes
Rolle sadyyn all the peyll on hym alas
And she p holdyde was in stayke shonyes
And be ffore wanne towne shone & tonyes
Schall on hym hede wey a wytynyt
And she p bare the sept ffull of ffloweres
Schall bey a dystaff hym costes ffor to q wyte
¶ All ponght p neyo wey wycons
As any ffende pat lyeth fill lade a dame
Yit he as tellyth vs Sybetonens
This wyde worlde hade in fubrecayon
Bothe east & west. North & septentryon
Off rubyes. safeyes & off perlys white
Wey all hys clothes brotheyde up and down
ffor he in temmyes grete saw delyte
¶ More delycate. more prompes of aray
More pronde was nen emperony yen he
That pylle clothe that he hade weyde on day
Aft pat tyme he wolde hyt nevey see
Sotte of folde throde hadde he gret plente
To ffysshe at yn tybyre whe hym lyst to play
Hys lustes were as lade in hys dere
ffor fortune as fronde hym wolde obey
¶ He come brout for hys delycate
The senatorys he slouth vpon a day

De Neyone

To hey holle ꝑ men tholde wepe and cryde
And slowgh hys brother and by hys sytte laye
hys moder made he in pryvoun a day
For he hey wombe shyte to be holde
Wher he concebyde was so wela way
ꝑ he so bytyle of his moder tolde
Ro tore out of hys eyen for that syth
He came. but sayde a fayre woman was the
Yet wonde his holle ꝑ he cowthe or mysyt
The dommo man of hey dede beldte
The kyng for to bryng hy comamdyde he
And drank a noon non other moon he made
Then nyght ye joynyde hu to quelte
Alas to depe wolle the kowyn wade
In youthe a maste hade this Empour
To tech hym lecture and kuztesy
For of nor alite he was the flowy
As yn hys tyme but yff bokys bee
And whylle thyo master hadi of hym mastery
He made hym so kommyng & so sowple
That long tyme hyt was or pat tyrammye
Or any kyn dusste on hym in couple
Thio Senecca of which pat y dedyce
By cause ꝑ Nero hadi of hym such drede
For hym fro dyed. holdi hym ay chastyse
Dysqotly as he worde and not he dedi
Ryr holdi he say an Empour not nede
Be vertuous & hate tyrammy
For which in a bathe he made hym to blede
On bothe hys armys tyl he moste dye
This Nero hade ele of customamce
In youthe a gayns hys maste for to pyse
Which aftyrward hym pongh a gyst grommce
Thyr for he madi hym deye in this wyse
But nathelos this Senecca the wyse
Chose in a Bathe to deye in thio manyr
Rather then to have a nothir tormenty
And this hath Nero slayne hys maste dere
Robbe ffyll hyt so ꝑ fortune lyste no longe
The heyst prydi of Nero to thenke
For pongh he wer strong yet was he strongi
The pongh thio be gode y am to wrye
To sot a man pat ys fulfyllydi of ryce
In heyst degre an Empour hym calle

The yod out of hys fet y wolt hym tyed
When he left wemoth sonyst shall he falle
¶ The people rose up on hym on a nyght
For hys defaute & wha he hta hyed
Out at hys dore a noon he hath hym dyght
A loone and thor as he wend to be a hyed
He knokyd faste and ay the more he cryed
The fast shutte they hye dore alle
The wyst he welle he hadde hym self myscyde
And went hys way no lengyre dwelle he calle
¶ The people rysen and zombelyd up and down
That ⁊ hys cryes herde he what they sayde
Where ys thys fals traytour and falowe
For fere he all mosto out of hys wytte brayde
And to hys goddys pyteously he prayd
For socour but hyt myght not be tyde
For dred of thys hym pought ⁊ he dyed
And ranne yn to a chapelle hym to hyde
¶ And in thys chapelle fownd he clerkys wey
That satt be a fyre. grot and pede
And to the clerkys ranne he to pray
To slee hym and kyrde of hys hede
That to his body when ⁊ he were ded
Were no dyspyte done. For hys defaute
Hym self he slouth he wolde no bote pede
Off wych fortune longe and hed a raute
¶ Was nenez capetayn dud a kyng
That regnys no put in subiection
Ne stenger was yn felde off all thyng
As in hys tyme no stengere of zenon
Ne more pompous in heyght ⁊ sumpcon
Then olyfernes which fortune ay kyste
So lykeyously and lad hym up and down
Tylle ⁊ his hede was of eye pat he wyste
¶ Not only ⁊ ⁊ worlde had hym in alle
For lessynge of pryses or liberte
But made eney man zelde hys lalle
Nabugodonosor was god seyd he
Non other god sholde honorlyyd be
A yenste. hys hefte no wyght daze tespas

De olyfernes

Saffe in zethulya a strongo cyte
Whey elyachym a preest was of ye place
¶ Yit take kepe of the deth of Olyferne — De Olyferno
A mydyes hys hooste he drunke lay a nyght
Wt yn his tente as large as ye a bayne
And yit for all his pomp and all his myght
Yndrith a woman as he lay vp pyght
Slepyns his hed of smot & from hys tont
Full prenely she stall from ony wyght
And wt his hed yn to hey tomd she wont
¶ What nedyth yit of kyng Antiochus — Antiochus
To tell his yott magestie
Hys heyth pryde his werkys venemus
For such a nother was ther non as he
Rede which that he was in machabe
And yede the prende wordys yt he seyde
& why he fell from heyth ffyrste
¶ And yn a hylle hole wrathedly he deyde
¶ Fortune hath so onhadwsyd hym yn pryde
Yt verely he wend he myght attayne
Vn to the skyes on ony syde
And yn balance wey eche mountayne
& all the floddys of the se zestrayne
And goddys people hade he most in hate
Hem wold he sle in torment & in payne
Wenyng yt god ne myght his pryde abate
¶ And for yt Zychanor and Thymothe
Wt folkys wer vengmsith myghtely
Vn to the jewes such and hatte hade he
That he bade greyth his chare full hastely
And swere & seyd full dyspytously
Vnto jestus he wold eft sone
To wroke his yre on hyt full quolly
But of his purposse he was lot full sone
¶ God for his manace hym so sore smote
Wt mysyhyll wounde ay vnayabill
That yn his guttys yt tazse so & bote
That his payns. wer vnportabill

And certaynly the wrech was vnreconabill
for many a mayns gutte dyd his payne
But fro his foos cursyd and dampnabyll
for all his smoke. he wold hym not restrayn
¶ but bade a non appayell his offe
And sodenly or he were of hit ware
God damnyd all his pryd and boste
for he so sore fyll out of his chare
that hit his lymys and his skynne to tare
so ye he nothyng myght go no syde
But in a chay men a bowth hym bare
all for brosyd both bake & syde
¶ the wrech of god smot hym sorynolly
pat rosse his body wrecked wormys gepte
And thor wall he stanke so horybyly
that non of all his meyne ye hym kept
whethyr ye he wolde or all slepte
So myght not the stynke of hym endure
in this myschef he wayled and ofte wepte
And knelle god was lord of cry creature
¶ to all his offe & to hym self also
sutt lothesom was the stynke of hys cayerne
Soman no myght bere hym too no fforo
And yn this stynke & this oryybyll payne
he stayde sutt wrechydly in a mountayne
pis hath this robbere and this o mosyde
ye many a man made to wepe and playne
Onche gnerdon ay be holdyth vn to pryde
¶ The story of Alexandre ys so comune
that every wyght that hath dyscresyon
hath herd some what of hys fortune
This wylde worlde as yn conclusyon
he wan be strenght or for his heyght renom
they wer glad for pes vn to hym sonde
The pryd of man & beste he leyd adown
Whor so he came vn to the worldes ende
¶ compayson myght he now be makyd
To thyr hym and a nother conquerour
for all this worlde for drede of hym hath quakyd

De Rege Alexandri

He was of knyghthod & of fordame flome
Fortune made hym the heyre of hor honour
Saffe Vrye and Veymon no thyng myght a swage
His hegh entent in Armys and labour
So was he ffirst of Leonyd Torage
¶ What prys wor lyt to hym pongh y you tolde
Off Zayne and off a dy & moo
Of kyngys prynces. Dukys & Erlys bolde
Which he conquerydd & brought hom in to Woo
I say as fore as man may rydd or go
The worlde was his what shuldd I more devyse
For pongh y tell you & wrot euer mo
Off his knyghthod it myght not suffice
¶ Cy yet he zesindas seyth ayachabe
Philippus son of ayatedome he was
That first was kyng of Grece the Gentle
O nobill and worthy alexandre alas
That cu shuldd fall such a Case
Emposonydd of thyn owne folke ỹ were
Thy. syre. fortune hath tornydd in to ras
And for the wepte she newyd a tey
¶ Who shall yeue me teres to complayne
The deth of Gentylles or of ffrannchysse
That all the world weldyd in hys demeyne
And yt hym pought it myght not suffise
So full was hys Corage of hegh emprysse
Allas who schall me helpe to endite
ffalse fortune & poyson to despyse
The which the of all this woo y wyte
¶ Zee wysdome manhodd & grete labour
ffrom lymblehodd to royall magestie
Vp pon he yulius the conquerour
That wan all the occident be lond & see
Zee strenght of honde or ellys be tyte
And vn to rome made hom tributary
And syth of rome emperour was he
Tyll pat fortune wayte his aduersaryes
¶ O myghty Cesar. pat vn Tessalie
Ayens pompeus pyn fadyr in lalbe

Do pulio Cesar

That of the Orient hadde all the chenalye
As fere as pat the day be gane to dawe
Thon popow thy knyth hode hafte hy tale & ſlaw
Saffe a ffolwe ffolke ye ye pompyus flode
popole which ye puttyft all the Orient in Awe
panke fortune pat ſo chell the ſpede
But nolle a hythell which y chull be wayllo
Thio pompeus thio nobyll conquerore
At rome the which ye flodn at hio Bataylle
Lay on of his men a fall to thaytowre
Hio hode of ſmot to vryne hym ffanowre
Off julius and to hym the hode he holdeth
Allas pompeus of Oryent conquerowre
That fortune bu to ſuch a ffyne the bronghte
So rome a gayne repayrydn julius
Wt hio triumphe lanceate full hye
But on a tyme Brutus Cassius
That ow hade of hio hoyth eſtat enby
ffull prewely hadn made conſpyracy
A yenſt thio julius in Sotell chyſſe
Indn caſte the place in which he ſchuldn dey
Wt Botelyus as y ſchall you devyſe
Thio julius in to the Capitolie went
Upon a day as he was wont to done
Indn in the Capitolens a non hym hent
Thio ffals Brutus andn hio other foone
Andn ſtykyde hym cte Bottyus a non
Wt many a wonnde & thus they let hym lye
But new gronnedyde he. at no ſtrokes but on
Or ellyo at tlio. but yff hio ſtrokes lyde
So manly was thio julius at hert
And ſo well lonedn hio ſtately honeſte
That ponghte hio dedly wonnde ſo ſore ſmert
Hio mantell ow hio thies caſte he
ffor noman ſhuldn ſe hys paynete
Andn as he lay in dyynge in a trance
And cryſt wyſely pat dedn ſhuldn he be
Off honeſte yit yadn he remembrance
Lucan to the pro ſtoyr y recommende

And to Albeton. And to valoyns also
That of the story Wryton Worde and ende
Holl ꝑ to this grete Conquerorys the
Fortune was first ffrend & then a ffoe
So man tryste Upon fortune fange long
Ent hane hoꝑ in a Wayte ffor ow moo
Wytnesse of att thyse conquerors strong
The Eyth Troyns Philome kyng of lyde
Off Which Tyrns. Tyrns sore hym drade
Yt was he Taught a mydys att his pryde
And to be brent. men to the fyre hym lade
Ent sith a zayne Doven. from the Colkyn shadde
ꝑ hit quenchyd the fyre. And made hym to escape
Ent to be Ware no grate. yet hade he
Tylle fortune on the galowys made hym sape
When he scapyd Wat. he gan not stente
ffor to be syne a new Wey a zayne
He Wend Well for ꝑ fortune hym sent
Such happe ꝑ he scapyd porow sth the zayne
That of his ffoes mysht not be slayne
And ete a sybelyn. Upon a mysht he met
Off Which he was so prowde & ete so ffayne
That in Vengeance. he att his hert set
Upon ate he was as pat hym ponsht
Wher Jubiter hym Wasshe Both bate & fyde
And phebus a ffayre to Well hym brought
To dye hym Wyth. & heyshey ffor Way his pryde
And to his doughter ꝑ stode hym by syde
Which that he knew in heyse sowne habounde
And bad hoꝑ tell hym What hit signyfyde
And she pysht thus his dome gane exponnde
Fye to dy sye. the Falowys ys to mon
And Jubiter betokenyth snow & rayne
And phebus Wt his to Well tone
Thy be the sonne shynys for to seyne
Thou shalt be an hansyd fadyr ceztayne
Rayn shalt the wash & sonne shalt the dry
Thus wamyd sye hym full plat & full playne
His doughter which ꝑ callyd was ffayne

and hangyd was crowne the prowd kyng
so heyght tyme myght hym not a vayle
Cragyrus ne non other thyng
Se can in Cynsyus yy ne be vayle
But for yt fortune att day wyll assayle
Vt Dulzaze stoke. po regnus yt both prowde
For whon mon trusto hor pon whuto sho fayllo
and conor hor bryght face wt a cloth
O nobill owrthy poetyr Clowe of spayne
whom fortune holde so heyght in magoste
Well ought we thy pytoone doth complayne
Out of thy londe thy brother made the flo
& after at a sogr by Sotolte
Thou wozo bo trayd & lad to hys tent
Whor as he wt his own hond slow the
Sundyng in thy regne & in thy zent
The feldo of Sudr. wt the Cste of blade yn
Caught wt the lyme rodo. colomyd as p fledo
So bedrythly his entrydnos and all his syme
The wykyd nest. was wayter of this nodo
Longyt Charles olyn p tole ay hode
Off trouth & honour but off azmoryke
Consolum olin corrupto for nodo
Zyonghtyn pis worthy knyzth in such a pryke
O worthy poetr kyng of Cyp also
p tolysamido was bo hy mastery
Full many a hothyn. wrongfuyst p woo
Off which thyn owne lyge hadde envy
and for no thyng but for thy chydalyr
Por in yy bedo hane slayne the be the morow
Pus can fortune hor whole sonne and sy
and out of joy bryng mon to sorowe
Off ayelyn syr zbarnabo & vyscount
God of dolyte and scourge of lumbardy
Why sholdi not pyn unfortune acount
Syth yn estate pon tombyn wor so hoy
Thy zbothyrs sone p was thy dowbytt aly
For ho thy zowod was & son yn lawo

De petro christino

De petro tyrrp

De Barnabo

Wt yn his prysoun made the to dey
But why ne holde not I pat yon thoz stalk
¶ Off the Erle Rugelyn of pyse the langour
They may no tonge tellyn for pyte
But lytyll out of pyse stondyt a towe
In which towe in prysone put was he
And wt hym were. iiij lytyll children thre
The eldyst. scarsly. xv. yer of age
Allas fortune it was gret outrage
Such bryddys to put in such a cage
¶ Dampnyd was he to dey in that prysoun
For roger which pat Bysshope was of pyse
Had on hym made a false suggestyon
Popolle which the people gan up on hym rise
And puttyn hym yn prysoun in such wyse
As ye hane herde not and drynke he hade
So smalle pat smoth wt myth suffyse
And ther wt all wt was fulle powr. and bade
¶ And on a day by fell. ye in that owre
When that his mot. court was to be bedwth
The Gaylers Shot the dorrys of the towe
He heyd wt well. but he spake yrsyt nowsyt
And yn hys hert a now ther fylle a pongyt
That they for hungre wolde do hom deyen
Allas quod he allas pat I was wrongyt
Ther wyth the teres fell from his eyen
¶ His yongyst son. ye. iij. yer was of age
Un to hym seyd. fader fader. why do ye wepe
When wrill the Gayler bryng yow potage
Ye ther no mesell bredde pat ye do kepe
I am so hungry I may not slepe
Nolde wolde to god I myght slepe ow
Yon shulde no hunger in my body depe
Ther ys no thyng but bredde. ye me ther lerye
¶ This day be day this childe he gan to crye
Tylle yn his fader lape a downe he lay
And seyd fadyr. well fadyr we mot dey
And kyst hys fadyr. and deyd the same day
And wyth the wofull fadr dede hyt say
For woo his armys two he gan to bytte

off the Erle of pyse

and seyd allas fortune and wolaway
thy false wheel my woo all may y wyte
hys childeryn wonde yat hit for himself was
that he his dymys gryly & not for woo
and seyd fadyr do not so allas
but yathyr ette the flesshe upon vs two
our flesshe ye yaffe vs take hit vs fro
and or y nowgh wyght thyn to hym they seyde
and aftur yat wyth yn a day or two
and leyd hym in his layre and deyd
hym self dyspayryd eke for himself stayd
thus endyth this mysyty kyng of pyse
from hoysh estate fortune a way hym cayse
off this tragedye it aught y nough suffyce
who so wult hose hit in a longer wyse
redyth the sxt boke of trayle
that hight Dante for he can hit well devyse
fro poynte to poynte not oo word wylle he fayle
Here endyth the monkys talle . Dicit Dnor illustrium and
begynnyth the prologe of the nonnys prest
hoo quod the knyght good fyre na more of this
that ye hane seyd ye wyst y nowgh y wys
and mychell more ffor lytyll hedynes
ye wyst y nough ffor mochell folke y gesse
I say for me it ye a gret dysese
where as men hane been in gret welth & ease
to hoyd of ther sodayn fall allas
and the contrary ye joy & gret solas
and when a man hath be in poner estate
and dynbyth up & wayth fortunat
and ther abydith yn prosperyte
such pynsys gladsom as thynkyth me
and of such thynsys were goodly for to telle
yea quod our oste be seynt pollys belle
ye say soth this monke hath clappyd loude
he spake hole fortune conceyd was wt a cloude
not neuer what . and also tragedye
Rysht now ye herde . and pde no remedye
It ye for to be waylyn and complayne
At pat ye don . and eke yt ye a payne
as ye hane seyd to hoppyn of hownes

Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

Prologus

Syre yonke na more of pis gest yol bloo
Yonre tale a noyeth att this Companye
Such pryngyr not worth a buttin ffye
ffor per m no yr. there. Disport no Game
Wher for syr yonke. o dame pepis be thy name
I pray yon hertely tell do some what ellis
ffor Sykerly nere thynkyng of your bellis
p'on your bryddyll hongs on eiry syde
Ze holyn kyng pat for do att deyd
I sholde or this fallyn dodne for slepe
att yonth the slonght had nord be so depe
yon had your tale al be tolde yn veyn
for Trotteynly as p' pis clerkis seyn
Wher as men may hetre nō anderstond
Not holpyth hit to tellen hys sentend
And Wolt ys wot pe substance yr yn me
yff any thyng shall wolle reportyd be
Syre say some what of hunting y yon pray
Nay quod this yonke y hane no lusse to play
Nolle let a nothir tell as y hane tolde
pō spake our hoste w' pride spech and bolde
And sayd to the nonnys prestis a non
Come hydyr yon prestis. come hedyr yon sir John
Tell vs such thing as may our hertis glade
Be blyth yongh p' ryde vp on a Jade
What yongh thy hors be bothe fowle & lene
yff he wolle serne the pelle not a bene
lete pat pyne herte be mery on moo
yis syr quod he. yis hostis so mote y goo
But y be mery y wys y wille be blamyd
And rysht a non his tale he hath a tamyd
And pus he sayde to vs everichon
this good prestis this goodly man syre John
He begynnyth the Nonnys prestis tale
Off the cok & off the henne
A powr widowe some dell stopyn yn age
Was whilome dwellyng in a narowe cotage
Be syde a grove standyng yn a dalle
This widewe of which y tell yon my talle

Prioryes prayse

Synne pylle day ye sho was lasse a veysse
In poryento ladde a sympyll lyff
For hytyll was hoyr ~~tatell~~ and hoyr zente
By husbondyr of such as godd hose sente
She fonnde hoyr sylfe and oke hoyr dowthoyrs two
Thre lasse folkys hadd she and no mo
Thre kene & oke a shope pat hyght malle
Full foote was hoyr bowze & oke hoyr halle
In which she otte fyll many a stoundes mylle
Of poynaunt salse knowe she new a dole
So dayntye mossylle passyd poydrysh hoyr throte
Hoyr dyet was a cordynge to hoyr cote
Repleccion ne made hoyr new soke
A tempre diete was all hoyr physyke
And excessyve and hertely suffysaunce
The gowte ne lettyd hyr for to dance
Ne apoplexie shent not hoyr hede
So wyne drank she none whyte ne rede
Her borde was mostly sewyd w^t whyte & blake
Mylke & bronne hede in which she fonnde no lake
Salt bacon & some tyme an egge or two
For she was as it were a maner deye
Ayazde she hade clothyd all a bowte
W^t stykkys and w^t dryes dyche w^t owte
In which she hade a cloke hight chamlocloye
In all that countre of crowyng was not hir pere
Hir voyce was merryer then the mery organ
In chirche on massedayes that goon
Well syngyr was hir crowynge in hyr logge
Thow ys a cloke or in an abbey an orloggye
Be natyre he knew eche ascencion
Of the equynoxiall in that town
For when dercon yll were ascendyde
Pen knew he it mysht not be amendyd
Hyr comb was redder then the fyne coral
And batelyd as it were a castell wall
Hyr bylle was blake as the jet it shone
Lyke asure were hir legges & hir toon
Hir naylis whyte as the lyly flowre
And lyke the burnyd goolde was hir colowre
This gentylle cok hade in hir gouernaunce

Vn. hommys for to doon all his plesance
Which were his suttoryes and his paramonys
And wondyr like hym as of colonyes
Off which the ffayrest hedyd on her throte
Was clepyd ffayre damysell pertelote
He ffedyd her a tymys on a day
And sho hym plesyth all ye ow sho may
Entreys sho was desyre and debonayre
And compenable. And bare hym sylf so fayre
Sith pilke day ye sho was seyvennyght olde
Ye trowly sho hath the hert in holde
Off chantecler lokyn yn hydy lyght
He lovyd her so ye wel was hym therwyth
But sich a joy it was to here synge
And so he fell yat yn a dalmyng
As chantecler among his wyvys all
Sat on his perche ye was in the hall
And mydte hym sate this ffayre pertelote
This chantecler gan gronyn in his throte
As a man ye in his dreme drechyth sore
And wyte hym sate this ffayre pertelote
She was a gaste and seyd herte dere
What aylyth yon to grone in this manyr
Ye bone a wyf sleper ffy for shame
And he answerd yus & seyd madame
I pray yon yat ye take it not a greff
Be gode me mette y was in such myschyeff
Right nowe yat yet myn hert ye sore a ffrayd
Now gode qd he myne swevyn dressyn a right
And kepe my body out off foule prysyn
Ye mette how yat I fonyd vp and down
Ye yn oure yarde where as I sawe a beste
Was like an hounde and wolde hane made a reste
Upon my body. And hadde hade me dede
His colour was by twixe yellow and rede
And typyd was his tayle & both his eyes
Ye blake Unlyke the remenant of his heres
His snoute was smale. ye glowyn eyen weye
Yit for his loke for sere almoste I deye
This caused me my swevyn dredeles
Alas qd she ffor be ye gode a bode
Nowe hane ye lefte myn herte & all my lode
I can not lode a cowardes be my feyth
ffor certes what ye a woman seyth
Be alle desyrys yff yt myght be

To hane

To hane an husbonde hardy wys and ffro
And seqe & no myrapde nr no ffolo
Ze hym pat ys a gaste of snew tolo
Ze non a bannto^r bo pat godr a bobe
Yolbe Dnzste ys for schame say to ye lobe
pat ony thyng nyght make you a fordo
hane ye no manys hoot and hane a bordo
Allas ye can be a gaste of schodon ys
So thyne but bawyte godr thote in schodyn ys
Schodyns boon engendryd of zoplecions
And ofte of fumes & off complexions
Also humoris ben habundant in a wyghte
Ceris pro dreme which ye hane met to nyght
Comyth of the gret supfluyte
Of yow pedo coleza pdo
Which causith folke to dreme yn his dreme
Off dylbys and of ffyre pt pedo comyd
Of pedr bostys pt they cbylle hem byto
Of contoke & of caspys gret and lyto
Wyght as the humour of malencolys
Causith many a man yn slepe to crys
For fere of Dollys or of Bonyes blake
Or elles blake dedolys pt wolde hem take
And other humorys can y tell also
That workyn many a man in slepe myche woo
But I wull passe as lyghtly as I can
Lo Caton which pt was so wyse a man
Seyd he not thus. Do no forse of dreme
Ffor qd he when the fle fro thy bonys
For goddys lobe ac take some layatyf
Of papoll of my sorble and of my lyf
I connsell yon the best y wolt not lye
pt bothe of coleze and of malencolye
Ye poynge yon and for ye schalt not tarye
Yongh yn thy todin be non apotecarye
I schall my lyfe to herbis tochye yon
pt schall be for your ease & for yonr pedye
And in oure yarde the herb schall y fynde
Ase which hane of hure gr nyte be kynde
To purgyn yon be nyth and eke a bade
Eyre for gr not thus for goddys lobe
Ye be full of colerykes of complexion
Ze ware pt the somne yn his ascencion

Somnium ne cures

So fynde you not zeplete of hymnyng hote
And yf yt be y dare wellelere a grete
That ye schalle hane a fedre to clean
Of an a gelde which p̄ may be your bem
Day & nyte ye schalle hane dysportynge
Of cormyte sere ye take your lavatyffe
Off lauzeole. Centrope and ffumetyre
Of ellis of elebon that grobbyth there
Of tatapuce of of Earthyne bepyre
Of herbe yee grobbyng in your yarde p̄ ye
pyle hem up as they grobe And et hem fynne
zee mery husbonde for your ffadyr kynne
Trodyth no dreme y can say you no more
a yadame qd he grant mey of your lore
zBut nathelee as touchyng pat Caton
p̄ hath of wisdome suche grete renown
yousth p̄ he bade no dremyng for to drede
zee gode men mette in olde bokkes lede
Of many a man more of auctorite
ye onyr Caton that so mote y the
That all the yonge seyn of pis sentence
And habe well fonden be experience
That dremys been significacione
As well of joy as off tribulacione
That folke endure in this lyff presente
p̄ nedyth not to make of this non argumente
Tullius Tho bere ypse sheweth it yn dede
On of the grettyst auctore pat men lede
Sayth pus yat thylome tebe folowe were
On pylgrymage in a ffull good entent
And happed so pat they cam yn a tewn
Wher as ther was such a Congregacon
Of people and eke so fraytee of herbergage
That they no fonnde as mechyll as a cotage
In which they myght y loggyd be
Wherfore the mynste of necessite
As for p̄ nyght departe companye
And ech of hem goyth to his ostelye
And take his loggyng as it wolde falle
p̄ oon of hem was loggyd in a stalle
ffere in the yarde wt oxen of the plowe
That oon man was loggyd well y nough

inches 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
cm 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19
Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM: Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

As was his aventure of his fortune
That so gorrnyth as in commune
And so he fellé long or it were day
pis man mette in his bedde ther as he lay
hole pt his folawe gan vpon hym call
And seyd alas ffere in an oxen stall
pis nyght schall be murdrid as y lye
Nowe help me dere brothir or y dye
In all haste come to me he sayde
pis man out of his slepe for fere a brayde
But when he was wakyd of his slepe
he tynyd hym and tolde of pis no kepe
he pought his drome but a vanite
This thrie in slepe dremyd he
And yit at the. iij. tyme his felawe
came as hym pought & seyd y am now slawe
Se hold my bloody wounds depe and wide
Rise vp erely in the morowe tide
And at the westgate of the town ye shall
A cartfull of dunge ther schall p̃se
In which my body ye hyd full prively
pon pilke carte a zestyn boldely
my wife cansyd my mordre soth to sayne
And tolde hym eiry poynt howe he was slayne
With a full pytyous face palle of hewe
And trusty well his drome he foundé full trewe
For on the morowe as sone as lyt was day
To his felawes inne he tok his way
And when he come to this oxis stall
After his felawe he be gan to call
The ostelayn answerd hym a non
And sayde syrs your felawe ys a gon
As sone as day he went outé of the town
This man gan fall in false suspecion
Remembryng on his dremys pat he met
And forth he goth no lengar wold he let
On to the westgate of the towne e founde
A dung cart went to dung the londe
pat was a payde in the same wyse
As ye have herde the yed man dedyde
And wt an hayde hert he gan to crye
Vengeaunce and justyce of this felonye

HRC

About the time
A tempest happeneth.

And here is the
tempest stated
by the Chaunce

ay folowe mynyd yo this same nyght
And in this tare he lyeth gapyng vp right
Lay out of the aymfyre qd he
Y shold leps and into yt tyte
Hayrole alas hep lyeth my folowe slayne
What shold y more bu to this tale sayne
The people vp stort & caste the tayt to yrounde
And in the mydyll of the dunge they founde
The lord man yt mynyd was of nolle
O blisfull god that art so iuste and tolle
Lo holde yon be thrayll murdre all day
Murdre cullt out yat so the day be day
Murdre yo so lothsome and so abhomynabyll
To god yat yo so iuste and resonabyll
That he nu wylle not suffre it holyd be
Yonght yt a byd a yere two or thre
Murdre cullt onte yis yo my conclusion
And syght a non yo myuystyre of the town
Hane lent the tarter & so sore pynyde
And eke the ostelere so sore enpryned
Yat they be knowe here wykedness a non
And for an hangyd by the nekbone
Hep molle mon so yat dremyst be to drede
And tertes in the same boke y rede
Right in the next chapte aft yis
Gabnot so have I joye or blys
Two mon yat wold a passyd on the see
For certayne causis in to fere contre
Yff yt the wynde nu hade be contrayr
That made them in a cite for to tayre
Yat stod fulle mery upon an hayn syde
But on a day a gayn the eten tyde
The wynde gane change and blewe as hym lyst
Joye and glade they went to hep reste
And caste them fulle ly for to sayle
But yat oo man fylle a grete mayrbayle
That on of them in slepyng as he lay
He met a wonde drome a gane the day
Hym thought a man stode by the bedys syde
And hym comanded yt he sholde a byde
And seyd hym thus yff yon to morow wonde
Thou schalte be drowned my talle yo at an ende
He woke and tolde his felowe what he mete
And prayd hym his vyage for to lete

do for ye day he prayd hym to a bydde
his fellaw ye lay be his beddys syde
Gan for to laughe and scornyd hym full faste
So dreme yd he may so myn hert a gaste
yat I wolde lette for to do my thynge
I set not a strawe be thy dremyngys
ffor. sweuenys be but vanytes and jappys
yow dreme all day of ffolwhys and of apis
And eke of many a mase thow wt all
yen dreme of thyng yat nord schall fall
But sithe y se you wolde hep a bydde
and yus forsolwyn wylfully thy tydde
Gode wote it sewyth me r hane goodi day
And yus he toke his lebe r went his way
But or that he had half his course sayled
Not y nat why no what no what my schanne it ayled
But casuelly the schippe bottom yorne
And schippe and mane vnd the that went
In syght of other schippys at be fyde
yat wt hem sayled at the same tyde
And yet for fayre ptolote so dere
The suche ensamplys olde. may ye lere
That no man shall be to pechelos
a off dremys for y say you dentelos
· yat many a dreme full sore ys for to drede
Lo in the kyff of seynt kenelme y rede
That was kenulphus sone the nobyll kyng
Off mercyalyke hold kenelme not a thyng
A lytyll or he was mydred on the day
his mordre yn his a vysyon he say
his sorys hym expownyd eny dele
his wolyn r bade hym for to kepe hy well
ffrom treson but he was but ly. yer olde
And yf for lytyll tall hath he holde
Of any dreme so holy was his herte
The gode yhade lenor then my sherte
yt ye had herde hys legende as hade I
Dame ptolote y say you trowly
yacobus yat wrote the a vyaon
In affryke of the wurthy emperon
Afferuyd dremys and syth y they ben
Warnyng of pryns y they after seen
And ffirthermore y pry you lebyth well
In the olde testament of dauyd

Hymnes

Hymnes

yff he holde dremyd any dawte
lede ete of joseph & per shall ye se
Whyd dremyd be som tyme I sey not alle
Wonnyng of thyngis ꝑ shall afte fall
lete of Egypte pe kyng pat pharao
his Bakere and his Botelere also
Whey they ne felte non effecte in dremyd
Who so wolle sete atte of sondry jennyd
May lede of dremyd many a wondyd thyng
loo Ezechie which ꝑ was of lyde the kyng
yet he not pat he sat on a the
Which signyfied he schulde an hangyd be
lo hey Andromacha Ectorye wyf
ꝑ day ꝑ Ector shulde lose his lyff
she dremyd on the same nyght be forne
how ꝑ the lyff off Ector shulde be lorne
yff he thylle day wont in to Bataylle
she dawnyd hym but lyt myght not a dayle
he wont forth to fyght nathelee
But he was slayn a non of Achilles
But ylle tale ye alle to long to telle
And eke it ye nyght nyght I may not dwelle
Shortly I say as for conclusion
That I shall have of this a bysyon
Adiecte, and shall say fyrthermore
That I ne telle of layatyff ne flore
ffor they be Commune I wot yt well
I hem defye I lede hem nowyr a dele
Zolk lett ye spete of myzth & lede alle ꝑ
Madame ptolote so hane I joy or blys
of oo pnce god hath send me large grace
ffor why I se the beauyte of yowr face
ye be so fayre lede a bolde the eyen
It makyth alle my drede for to dyen
ffor as tolde as ye the Rosspell yn prynapio
Junior est hominis confusio
Madame the sentence of pis lady ye
Woman ye manye joy & his blys
ffor whyn I felle a nyght yowr soffte syde
alle be it ꝑ I may not on yolk ryde
ffor ꝑ owre peych ye made so nayle allas
I am so ffull of joye and of solas
ꝑ I defye both sleepyn and drome
And wt ꝑ worde he fell down the bome

Nonnys preste

For yt was day and eke his honnys all
And at a chuke he gan hom for to call
For he had fownde a cozne lay in the yerde
Yall he was ē was na more a fezde
He ffedeyd pertelote more pen ye tyme
And trade hey eke as ofte or yt was pryme
He lokyd as it were a grym lyon
And on his toyes he jonyd vp ē down
Hym deynyd not to set his ffote to ground
And chuggyd whē he had a cozne ffound
And to hym jonnyn his wyfes all
Pis yall as a prynce yn his hall
Lede y pis chāntecleye in his pastyne
And aft wolde y tell his a lenteyn
When pt the monyth in which the worlde be gan
Pt ligt march when god fyrst makyd man
Was complete. And y passyd were also
Eyth march be gan. xxte dayes and two
Ze ffylle pt chauntecleye in all his prydes
His wydyes. by. walkyng hym be syde
Caste vp his eyen to the bryght sonne
Pt in the signe of taurus hadi y ronne
xxti degrees and oon. And some what more
He knew be kynd and be non other lore
Pt it was prime and crew wt blyssfull stevyn
The sonne he sayde yn clombyn vp on hevyn
Xl degrees and oon ē sonne what more y wys
Madame partelote my worldly blis
Herkenyth pis blyssfull bryddes how they syng
And se the ffrech ffloure how they spryng.
Ffull yn my hert of pavoll ē solas
But sodenly hym fylle a sorofull case
Salamon ffor on the latere end of joy yn woo
God wote pt worldly joy yn sone a goo
And yff a rethore colde ffayre endyte
Hom a cronicle might yt sadly write
As for a sovereyn notabilite
Wold ony wyse man let hym herkyn me
This storye yn as trewe y vndr take
As yn the boke of lancelote the lake

That woman hadde in ffull grat pordence
Sodde wull y tyme a gayne to my sentence
& I tole ffore ffull of sleyght mignte
That in the grobe hade bonyd yepe the
Be heyght magnacon be for. cafte
The same nyght pylle onto the hegge he brafte
In to the yarde there chanticlere the fayre
Was bonte and ete hyr wyfe to repayre
And yn a bedde of wortis fyll he lay
Tylle yt was passyd hudepn of the day
& waytyng hir tyme on chanticler to fall
As gladely do pro homeydis all
That in a wayte legyn to mynde men
O ffals mynderere lyggyng in thy den
O nedde serpente o nedde demylion
ffals dissemylour o gre synon
That wrongfull drove all trewly to sepelle
O chanticler a cursyd be the mopelle
Pat you in to the yarde flangh frome the bemyd
you were full well wayned be thy dremyd
That yll day was pylone yn to the
But pat y gode be fore wete moste nedys be
After the opynyon of ozeyn clerkis
Tytus of hym p^t ony pfyte clerke ys
That yn scole ys grat altercacon
In this mater ys grat disputacon
And hath be of a ay^e men
But y can not bulte hyt to the bren
As can the holy doctour augustyne
Or Boyce or the bysshop bradwardyn
Whether pat godde wetyng for wetyng
Stayntyth me nedely for to do a thyng
Fredly stere y symple necessyte
Or elles yf ffre choyse be graunted me
To do p^t same pnis or do hyt nought
Though god for wet yt or pat it was wrought
Or yff his wetyng stoynyth nedd a dele
But be necessite endyrnedd
I will not hane do ng in such matere
ay tell ys of the tele as ye may here
That tele his counsell of his wyff & sorrowe
Do walkon yn the yarde vp on the morowe
Afte pat he had mete the dreme p^t y you telde
Symons counsell be full ofte colde
Romans counsell brought to fyrst to woo

And made Adame fro paradys to goo
Ther as he was full merry and wolde it also
But for pat I not whome I myght displese
Iff I commette of woman wolde blame
passe on for I seyde yt yn my game
Rede auctoris per they trot of such matere
And what pey sey of wymmen ye may hey
Thoo bene the wikkys wordys I not mynne
I can no harme of no woman Doubtyne
Hare in the sonde to batt merely
Wyth paxelote and hope sikeris by
A gayn the sonne and chaunte clere so fre
Sange my prere ye pe ayermayd in the se
For fforsiolynis sayth sykerly
Wolde pat pey syng wolde and merely
And so be folde as pat he afte his eye
Among the wortis on a buttyfley
He was ware of the fforn pt lay fulle lowe
To pus luste hym the for to trowe
But qyed a non cok cok I wp he stere
As a man pt was affrayed yn his herte
For natyrally a beste desyryth to flee
From his contrey yf he may hym see
Yonge he non ayft hadi yt seen wt his eye
This chaunte clere when he gan hym espye
He wold hane fled but pat ye fforn a non
Seyd gentylle syre allas whether wolle ye gon
Be ye affrayde of me pat am your frende
Nolde ertys I wey wosse yen affende
Yf I to yon wolde hayne ony wolanye
I am not com your counsell for to spye
But verily the cause of my comyng
Was only for to herken how that ye syngye
For verily ye hane as merry a stevyn
As ony aungell pat ys in heven
Ther wt ye hane in musyke more feling
Yen hade boyes or any pt colle the syng
My lord your fade gode his soule blys
And eke your moder of hir gentylnes
Hane in my hode bene to my gret ease
And certis syr fulle fayne wolde I yon plese
But for mon spekon of syngyng I wolde sey
So wolde not I broke myn eyen tway

Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

Thomas Wentell

Nonnys preste

Sabe ye hayde y nowe man so yung
As dyd your fadyr onys in a morwyng
Certes it was of hort al yat he song
And for to make his voyce the more strange
He wolde so payne hym . yt wt both his eyen
He muste wynke so loude wolde he cryen
And stond on his typtone ther wt all
And stretche forth his neke long and small
And eke he wa of such discrecion
yt yt was no man in no contrey
That hym yn songe or wysdome myght passe
I hane wolle pode in dame Emylie the asse
Among hys wyfe holde yt yer was a lake
yat fox a prestys sone yafe hym a knake
Upon his logge whyle he was yung & nyce
He made hym fox to lose hys benefyce
But certes yt ye no compaynyon
Shyne the wysdome and discrecion
of your fader & his subtylyte
Now syngyth on yt for seynt Thayne
Let se can ye your fader counterfete
This chanonde hys wynge stunte bet
As man yt counthe his reson . not aspye
So was he ravesshed wt his flatery
Allas ye lordys many a false flatoure
ye in your courte & many a losyngeour
yt plesyn yow wolle more be feyth
yan he yt sothfastnes to you seyth
Rodyth oftetyme of flatery
Ye wayte ye lordys of hoye degree
This chanonde stode hedyr upon his toyes
Stretchyng his neke and holde hys eyen cloyes
And gane to crowe lowde for the nonys
And then lyssette the fox fetyr up at onys
And by the kaysate hent chanonde
On his bake in to the woode hym bore
For yet was yt nonman yt hym sawyth
O destiny yat may not be eschewyd
Allas yt chanonde flewyth fro the bowys
Allas yt his wyff yaught not of his drowys
And on a fryday fyll all the myschance
O venus yat arte goddes of plesance
Seyth yt yy frynt was this chanonde
And in thy seruyce dyde all his pownde
More for delyt yen the worde to multiplie

Romys prestes

Why woldest ye suffre hym on this day to dye
O Sanfordy dere master sonderayn
Then whan the worthy kyng was slayne
At shote complaynyst his doth so sore
Why ne hade I nold thy sawe and thy lore
The ffryday for to shryven as dyde ye
ffor on a ffryday sothly slayn was he
Yen wold I shewe hore that I wolde complayne
Of Thamtedeppe dede & of his payne
Ferto such grye and lamentacion
Was nevir of lady ye wise ye ffyron
Was wonne & pryne at his fayre sworde
When he hadi hent kyng priamus by ye bordi
And slayn hym as sayd Eneydos
Do madyn all the kennys in the doos
When they hadi seen of Thamtedere the syghte
But sonderaynly dame ptolot shryghte
fful lusdny yen dedi hatynbaldys wyff
When yat hey husbondi lostin hade hey lyff
And ye the romayns brent hadi Taztage
Sho was so fulle of turment and of rage
That wylfully in to the ffyre sho flere
And brent hey self at a stedfast here
O woofulle kennys yeghte so gydyn ye
Do when yat Rere brent the tyte
off romes. tyrdyn Denatonys wydys
ffor yat hey husbondys lostin all hey lydys
Wyth outen gylte yis Rere hath hem slayne
Rede wolde I tyme to my tale a seyn
This sely widowe and ole here doughtyrs two
Herdyn yis kennys cry and make woo
And obte of yedoryr flyrtyn they a now
And sawe the ffore towarde the grove gon
And zaye upon his bake the fok a way
And gydyn out hayrys and wollaway
Cay hay the foxe and afte hym they rane
And ole at staffys many a nothir man
Ran Colle our doggis. and talbot and taylondi
And malkyn at a dystaffe in hey hondi
Ran fotes and talfe. and ole the wey hoggys
So a foyde for baykyng of the doggys
And shoutyng of the men. and women ole
Hey rennyn so hem ought hey here brole
Hey yollodyn as ffendys doon in hell

The doggis gaden as mon wolde hem quelle
The cocs for fere flowen ouer the trees
Onto of the hybe came the fleome of bees
So hydeous was the noyse benedycite
Certys jake fraklin ne his mayne
Ne made neuer shouting half so shille
When pt they wolden any flemyng hille
As pilke day was made upon the fox
Of brass they brought yn horses & of box
Off horne & of boon in which they blew & pedyden
And therwt att they shrykyd and they hownyd
It semyd as pat hewen schalle falle
Wolle goodmen I pray you herkenyth all
Loo how pt fortune tumyth sodenly
The hope & pe pryde eke of his enemy
Pis cok pt lay vp on the floris bake
In all his dredd un to the fox he spake
And sayd fye and y wer as ye
Yit wold I say as wysly god help me
Tumyth a stayne ye prowde foryes all
A boy pestelence upon yow fall
Nolle y am comyn un to the woodys syde
Ayaynst your hoddys pt cok shall hey a bide
I will hym ete in fayth and pat a now
The fox answeryd in fayth it shall be dow
And as he spake pat word all sodenly
The cok brake from his mouth dolyndly
An heyeh upon a tre he flowgh a now
And wyse the fox sayd the cok was a fow
Allas qd he. O chauntecler allas
I hane qd he to you y doon trespas
In as mych as y hane made you a fered
When y you hent & brought onto of yo yerd
But syth y dyde hyt in no wykkyd entent
Come down & y shall tell you what y ment
I shall sey soth to you god helpe me so
Ray then qd he y shrewe yo bothe two
And ffyste y shrewe my selfe bothe blode & bonys
Yff pou be gylle me oftyr tymes pou onys
You shalt na more pursewe thy flatoryy
To me to synke & wynke at myne eye
For he pt wynkyth when he sholde see
All wylfully god let hym nem the

Ray qd he for but god yff hy myschauncc
That yo so vndisqete of gouernauncc
That ganstyth thyr he sholde holde his pes
to which it is to be pechelos
And neglygent and trust on flatery
But yo yat holde pis tale of ffoly
As of a ffoy or of a tok and an hew
Taketh the mor ahte good mew
ffor seynt paule seyth all pt wrytten yo
To our doctrine it yo wrytten y wys
Takyth the ffruyte & let yo chaffe be stylle
Sobe good god yf yat hit be thy wylle
Off yr grace mate vs all goodmen
And bryng vs to thy blysse amen

2 yeba hosyth

Yre sonnys preest our hoste sayda non
Blessyd be thy broche and our stone
This was a mery tale of thamitrere
But be my youth yff you wolde sere
Thow wolddyst be a tredffowle a fyght
ffor yff you hane courage as you haste myght
Thou were off hommys acy wone
Yea more pound by tymes sobyrtone
So which bradnys hath pis gentyll preest
So grot a nobbe and so large a breest
He lokyth as a sparehawke wt his eyyn
Syn nedyth not his colour for to dyen
Wt brasile ne wt grayne of portyngale
Sobe syre fayre falle you for your tale
And he after pt wt ffull mery chere
Sayd vn to the sonne as y shall here
Madame and y durst y wold you pray
To telle vs a talle y fulthorynge of our way
You myght ye do vn to vs grot ease
Gladly qd he so yat y myght you please
You and this wythy company
And be gan his tale ryght pis full sobyrly

Here endyth the tall of the sonnys preest and begynnyth the second sonnys tale of the lyf of seynt Cecile

Sonnys tale

+ Ho mynstre & the sorce of all wise
Which yat men clepe yn englisshe ydlnes

the porter of the gate ye of delytye
To oschorbyn. And be the contrary hey oppres
that ye to sayn be lessyll besynes
well ought we to do all our entent
lesto ꝑ the fende perle ydylnes be hent
for he pat wt hir dr cordye slye
Contynually vs wayttyth to be dape
who he may man yn ydulnes espye
he can so lythly cache hym in hys trape
Lyll pat a man be hent ryght be the lappe
he nye not wayt. the fende hath hy in honde
wel ought vs wyche. And ydylnes wt hondes
And ponyth pat men dyadyn. neuer for to dye
yit so men well be resoñ doute loe
pat sudulnes ye rotyn slogardye
Off which yer comyth nother good ouges
and synne ꝑ slouttyth here holdyth yn a loe
only for to slepe and ette & drynke
And to debonayn all ꝑ oper wynke
And for to put vs frome such sydylnes
the cause ye of so grete confusion
I hane here done my saythfull besynes
aft the legende. as yn translacon
Ryght of the glorynus lyffe and passyon
pon wt thy Gaylane wrought of roes and lilie
the meyn y mayde & martyr seynt cecilie
And pon pat flowr of virgins art all
Off whom ꝑ Bernadyn lusto so well to wryte
to the at my begynyng I first calle
pon comforte of vs wyche do me endite
yr maydens doth. ꝑ wanne perle her meyte
the eterne lyff And on the fende victorye
As man may after redyn in her storye
Thon mayd and moder dongthyr of thy son
pon well of mercy synfull sonlye tune
yn whom ꝑ god of Bonnte chose to wone
pon humble and lyght on ony creature
pon nobelyste so forforth on nature
that no dysdayne thy maker had of kynde
his son in blode and flesh to clothe & wynde
wt yn the blyssfull cloystre of yr sydye
Lyke manye shape to the etymale lode of roes
that of the hole compas lord & gyd ye

Whome erth. & see. & heryn out off yolce
dy hyryn. And ye ryseyne Commolce
Thare of thy body and Wheldyste mayde pure
ye creatour of euery creature
¶ Assemblyd yo in thy magnificence
Wt mercy. Goodnes and such pyte
yt yn yt are the some of excellence
Not only holpyst hem yt prayen the
But oftyn tyme of thy benygnite
Full frely of mon thyn helpe be cache
yon goyste be forne And art hed hyre leche
¶ Nolle helpe ye mete And blyssfull fayr mayde
ye flemyd Wrecche in thio desere of Wall
Thynke on the Woman of Canane yt seyde
That Wolpe otten some of the comyn smalle
That from hes lordys table ben a falle
And yongh yt I Wurdeyth son of Ede
Be synfull yet accepte my be lede
¶ And for yt fayth yo dedy art onto Wrethe
So for to Wrethyn yf me Wyt and space
yt y be yWyt fro yt place yt moste deyde ye
O yon yt art so fayre & full of grace
To myne advocatyce in pat heyghe place
yt as Wt outen ende ye song osanne
yon cryste moder & doughter dey of Anne
¶ And of thy lyght my soule in presoun a lyghte
That hollbolyde yo be the cogitacon
Off my body And also be thy Wysyt
Off erthly luste and falf affeccion
O hadon of refute. O sanacion
Of hem yt been in sorowe & in distrece
Nolle helpe for to my Wayle y Wylle me dree
¶ yet pray y yow yt yedyn yt y Wynte
Foy yolle me. yt y be no dylyscence
Thro ylle stoy subtilly to endyte
For both hans, the Wordys & the sentence
Of hym yt of. the seynty penyence
ye stoy Wrote And folowe hes legende

And pr. you ye wott my wyfe a mende
¶ ffyrst wott y you the name of seynt Cecilie
Corporeno as men may in her storye se
It yt to sayne in englyssh Sodenyd lilie
ffor pryd chastnes of virgynyte
Or for she wytnesse had off honeste
And Czeyne of conscience & of good fame
The wyt sawryd lilye was her name
¶ Or cecilie yt to say the way to blynde
ffor she ensample was be good techyng
Or ellys Cecilie as y wyttyn fynde
yt poynyd be a man crowynyng
Of sodon and lilis and yere yn ffyrstyng
The yerien yt set ffor pouchte of holynesse
And lylis ffor her lastyng besynes
¶ Cecilie may ele be sayd in this manere
Wantyng of blynednes ffor her sytt lyche
Off sapyence and for here thorlyt clere.
Or ellys loo pis maydenys name bryght
Off yerien & leos comyth of whyth be ryght
ayen mysyt her wott the yerien of people catt
Ensample of good & wyse worlys att
¶ ffor leos people in englyssh yt for to say
And ryght as men molle nt yerien see
Ts se some and none & steryes ony way
Ryght so softly men in this maydyn fre
So of ffeyth the magnammite
And ele the clerness hole of sapience
And sondry werkys bryght of excellence
¶ And ryght so as this philosophrie wyttt
Pt sodon yt ffryste yonde & ele bynyng
Ryght so was ffayre Cecilie the whyte
ffrutt ffryste & bely on in good weyeyng
And zonde and hole in gude perceveyng
And bynnyng in chayte ffrutt bryght
Lolb ganed you declayrd what she hyght
This maydyn bryght Cecilie as here self seyth
Was com of romayns & off noble kynde
And ffrome her Czadyr y ffrustyd in the feyth
Off crist and bar he gospell in her mynde
She nowt sofyd as y wyttyn fynde
Off her prayer god to lone and drede

Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM: Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

Zonne

To sekyng hym to kepe her maydynhed
And when this maydyn schold vn to a man
And Coddyd he pat was stiff yong of age
Whych pt doppyd was valeryan
And say was tonyn of her mazyage
Sche fill downe and humble in corage
And her robe off golde pat sate fill fayre
Had noyte her flessh y clade her cpt heyre
And whille pt pe organys maden melody
To god a loone in here hert pus sange sche
O lorde my sowle and my body kyd
Vnkomunyd lest y confowndyd be
And for his lode pt deyde vpon a tre
Thy sowne and thyde day sche fasse
Ay bydyng in her orysone fill fasse
The nyght cam and to bede sche muste gone
Ct here husbande as ofte yt the maner
And prednely to hym sche sayd a non
O sebet and wellebelowyd sponse dere
Ther yt a tomitell and yt wull it her
Which pt nyght sayne y wolde to you sey
So pat ye sewere ye shall it not be wyey
Alexian gan fasse vn to her swere
Pat for no casse ne pyng pat myght be
He sholde nevr mor be wyen here
And pen at the erst to hym sayd sche
Shane an angel whych pat lodyth me
That wt gret lode whether pt y wake or slepe
Ye pedy ay my body for to kepe
And yff he may ffecyn out of drede
That ye me touche or lode in velanye
He pyght a non wolt sley you wt pat dede
And in your yonth pus schalt ye deye
And yff pt ye in dede ~~yff~~ lode me aye
He wolt yod lode at me for yong flamed
And schewe to you his joy and his brystnesse
This valeryan connectyd as god wolde
Answyd a sayn. yff y shall trustyn the
Let me pt angell se and hym be holde
And yff hit a dey angell be
Then wolt y dou as pou haste prayd me
And yf you lode a nother man forsothe
Pyght wt a swerd. y wolt sley yod bothe
Cecilie answerde a non pyght in this wyse

falere falente non est
fratis.

Rome

yff ye yon the amygett shall ye so
So ye yole on Cryste and yon baptyse
Go forth to dia apia yer syo
that syo thys town stondyth but mylys iij
and to the power folkys pat p dwellyn
Say to them ryght pus as y shall yon tellyn
Tol hem pat y coche yon to hem sent
To shewe yon good sybaw the olde
for sekyte nedys and for good entent
and when he seynt sybane hath beholde
Tell hym the wordys which I hane yon tolde
and when he hath pryed you fro synne
Tho schall ye se that amygett or ye wlyn
Thys daloyan ye to the place gon
and ryght as he taught be hoy lesynyng
he fond thys holy sybane a non
Amonge the Seynys Boyvelle lorstyng
and he a non wt out tarryng
dyde hys message and when p he hit told
Zybane hys handys for joy gan vp holde
The teres fro hys eyen lot he falle
Att mysfyty god o jhu Cryste quod he
Sowr of chaste Tomicett herd of so att
The frayte of pylke sede of chastite
That yon haste sorbe in scale take to the
loo lyke a bery be wt oldryn eyle
The seynyth ay thy oln thzatt scale
for pylke spouse p the toke but nolde
ffull lyke a fforse lyon she sendyth hoy
to mete as on wt was any lambe to yon
and wt p thorde a non per gan apey
An olde man clade in wyte clothis clere
That had a booke wt lettrys of gold in hande
and gan be for daloyan to stande
Daloyan do dede fell downe for drede
When he hym sawgh he hent hym vp tho
and on hys booke ryght thus he gan to rede
On lorde of ffeyth. on god wt onto mo
On cryste undow. and ffader of att also
A bobyn att and on att eny wtyer
Thes wordys att wt golde wryttyn were
Whyn pis was rede pen sayde pis olde man
Lobyste yon pis pryng or no. sey ye. or nay
I lone att pis pryng quod daloyan
ffor sothe pryng pon pis y dar well say

Zonne

Thomas gylles

Thys indentyng made

Vnto the hedew no wyght pynk may
yo Damyshyd the olde man he ne wyst where
And pope zyzban hym qystenyd yyght thor
¶ Valeyan goth home and fyndyth Cecile
wt yn his chamb wt an amgell stonde
The amgel had of Rosys. and of lylys
Coronnys two the which he bar in honde
And fyrste to Cecile ac y bud stonde
he yaff pat on & aft gane hym take
The other to Valeyan hey make
¶ wt body clene and wt bulwemyd pongyt
Kepyth ay well qd he yis coronnys qd he
ffro padis to yon y hane ham brought
Ze never more zotyn shal they be
Ze lose hor sote sabour tryfyth me
Ze nevd wyght shall se hem wt his eye
But he be chaste and late vclanys
¶ And pon Valeyan for pon so son
Assentyst to good counsell also
Say what pon lyst pon shall hane thi bon
Shane a Brodyr qd Valeyan tho
yt in this world y lone no man so
I pray yon yt my broder may hane grace
To knowe the youth ac I do in this place
Thoumgell seyde. god lykyth thy zeynest
And both wt the palme of martyrdome
ye shall come vn to hys blissfull zeyst
And wt yt word tybrzo his brodyr come
And when he the Sanour vnd nome
Which yt the Rosis And the lilys caste
wt in his hert he be gan to wonder faste
¶ And seyd y wonder this tyme of the yere
Whennys pat sabour cometh so
Off Rossys & lylys yt y smell her
For pough y hade hem in my handys two
The sabour in me mysyt no deppin go
The swete smel yt yn my hert y fynde
Hath chamigyd me all in to a nothyr kynde
¶ Valeyan sayd in Cronnys hane we
Knowe what & pos yede pat chynyn clepe
Which yt yy eyen hane no mysyt to se
And as pon smellyste hem popoll my prayer
So shall pon see hem my leff brother dere

Fo the lyght
Wyllyam

yff it so be pon wolte wt outen slouthe
Zo lowe a ryght and knowe your trouthe
¶ Tyburce answerde seyst pon pis to me
In sothnes or in dremes shewyn this
Syn dremys ad valeryan hane wo be
In to this tyme brothyr myn y wys
But nowe at erst our trouthe our dwellyng ys
Hold wost pon pis ad tyburce wythat wyse
Ad valerian pt shalt y the sewe
¶ The amyrell of god hath no trouth talkyng
Which y shalt se yf pon wylt lowe
Pyn idolys, and be clene and ellis nought
And of the ayyracle of pis torollmys wroy
Seynt ambrose in his pface lyst to sey
Solempnly this noble doctour dere
Tomendyth lyt and seyth in this manes
¶ The palme of martyrdome for to resceyve
Seynt Cecilie fulfillyd of goddis yfte
The worlde & ok her chambre gan she weyde
Witnesse tyburce and Cecilie sherfte
To which god of his bounte wolde shyfte
Frolwnys two of flowerys wol smellyng
And made his amyrell hem the tocodnys brynge
¶ The mayde hath bronght hem to blys a bone
The worlde hath wyst what it ys worth crayne
Devocion of thaftyte to lode
The shewyde hym Cecilie att eryn and playne
That att idolys nys but a thyng in vayne
For they be dedme and pto they be dessf
And thazryd hym his idolys for to lede
¶ Who so pt trowyth not this a beest he ys
Quod the tyburce & y shalt not lie
And she gan kyse his breste yat heyde this
And was fill glade he wolde trowth a spy
This day y take the for myn alys
Sayde pis blyffull mayde fayr & dere
And aft pat she sayde as ye may here
¶ Lo ryght so as the lede of trysto quod she
Made me thy brotheryes wyff ryght in that wyse
A non for myne aly here take y the
Syth y pon wolte pyn idolys despyse
To wt thy brodyr nolt and the baptyse
And make the clene so pat pon mow be holde

¶ The angelys face which yf yy brodyr the tolde
Tyburce answerde and sayd brodyr dere
¶ ffynsto tell me whythir and to what man
To whome quod he comfortyd ye yisse good chere
I wolt the lede on to the pope vrbane
To vrban brother my valeryan
Qd yo tyburce thou wolt pon me dithir lede
aye pinkyth pat wer a wonde dede
¶ So monyst pon not vrban quod he tho
pat yo so ofte dampnyd to be dede
And wonyth in halkys all day to e fro
And day not onys put forthe hys hode
yen schold hym bren in a fyre so rode
yf he wer fonnde or yff men mysyt hym spys
And we also to bey hym company
¶ And whil we sekon thilke dminute
That yo hyd in heuen pryuete
all gat brent in thio wordle sholde we be
To whome tecalis answerde boldely
yen mysyt drodyn wolt and skylfully
Thio lyfe to lose myn dwyn dey brodyr
yf pio wer lybyng only e non other
¶ But p yo bett lyff in an other place
That neid shall be lost ne dred the nought
Which goddys sone vs tolde poyll his grace
That ffadeyys sone pat all pynsf wrought
And all pat wrought yo wyth a skylful ponth
Tho gost pat frome the ffader gan procd
hath sodlyde hem wt out any dred
¶ Be word and be myracle hysh goddys sone
whē he was in pio wordle declayyd here
That ther was other lyffe ther men may wone
To whom answeryd tybuyce o sustyr dere
So sayyst pon pysyt noll in thio manere
Ther was but oo gode lorde in soth fastnes
And noll of .m. holl mayst pon bere wytnesse
De trinitate That shall I tell yd sye or y go
Pysyt as a man hath sapiens . m .
memoryes . ingeniē and intellecte also
So m̄ beyng off dmynyte
Thio psonys may ther pysyt wel be
Tho gan sye hym ffull besyly to preych
Of crystys son e off his peynys teche

And many poynttys off hys passyon
Holl goddys son in this worlde was wt holde
To do man kynde playn remyssyon
That was bownde in synne and cayre colde
Att pis pynt she cu to ty bynde tolde
And aft pis tybynde in goode entente
Wt valerian cu to the pope orban went
w That thankyd god & wt glade hert and lyght
He trystowyd hym. and mad hym in pat place
payfyt in hys lydyng. goddys knyght
And aft this tybynde sat such grace
That euy day he sangh in tyme and space
The aungell of god and euery maner bone
Pat he god ayrd. it was spedy ffull sone
w It were ffull hard be ordre for to sayne
Holl many wondrys yhn for hem wrought
But at the laste to tell you shortely & playne
Pe seyrgeantis of pe town of rome ham sought
And be for almache the prefette hem brought
Which hem apposyd & knew all her entent
And to the ymage of jupiter ham sent
w And sayde who pat wold not do sacrifyce
Smyt of his hedy pis ye my sentente hey
Anon this martyris pat y you devyse
On ayaxmus pat was an officey
off the prefettis and his tromentey
Hem hent & when he forth the sayntis ladde
Hym selfe he gan wepe for pyte pat he hade
w When ayaxmus hadyd the seyntis lore
He gate hem of the tymentoys lode
And hadyd hem to hys hous wt o wtyn more
And wt hes prechyng az p^t it were edo
They sommyn fro the tymentoys to rede
And ffro maxmus & fro his folke echon
The ffalse fayth to holde in god alon
w Tecle came when it wax nyght
Wt prestys p^t hem trystonyd all in fere
And aft when day was wrayn lyght
Tecle hem sayde wt a ffull stedefaste chere
Holl tryfty olde knyghtys leff and dere
Lafts all a way the werkys of deylnes
And aryyth you in aryys of bryghtnes
w Ye have for soth done a gyt batayll

your Comys ye done your feyth ye hane conferwyd
Coth Cofodmys of lyf pat may not fayle
The wyght mse which p ye hane fwyd
Chatt yone yt you as ye hane defeywyd
And when this thyng was fayd as y dedyte
yon ladde hem forth to don the facrifyce
But when they were to the place bronght
To tell fhortely the Conclufyon
They nolde encenfe. no facrifyce wyght nought
But on her knes they fettyn hem a dedn
Wt humble hert and good devocyon
And lefte both her bodys in the place
Her foffly wentyn to the kyng of grace
The maximus pat fawe this thyng be tyde
Wt pytoons teres tolde it a non wyght
That he her foffis fave to hemyn glyde
Wt amuscelys full of tegnes & of lyght
And wt his wordys comfyrd many a wyght
For which almachius dyd hym fo to bete
Wt whyppys of lede tylle he his lyff gan lete
Tealle hym tolde And hepyd hym a non
To tybyce and valeryan foftely
Wt in her bryyng place vnde the fone
And aft pis almachius hastely
Bade his mynyftrys fecche her opynly
Tealle fo pt fhe myght in his pfence
To facrifie and fubtiff encense
But they contyd at her wyfe lere
Wepyde full fere & yaven full gedere
Vn to her Crede and gyden more and more
Cryfte godys fone wt onten dyfference
Ye bery god pis ye all one fentence
Pat hath fo good a fmyt hym to feyne
Pys wt on boys We tolbyn ponsh the feyde
Almachius pt herd of this doyng
Bad ffet Tealle pt he myght her fe
And althofh ferft to this was hys askyng
What manor woman art pon quod he
Am a gentyl woman borne qd fhe
Ays po quod he pongh yt the grede
Off thy jolyfyon & of thy be lede

Why then be ban ye your questyon folily
Quod sho pat wolde tho answerd conclude
In on demande he ayed lowdly
Almacho answerde vn to pat fmiylitude
Off whomys comyth thyn answeryng so rude
Off whom qd' sho whō shold as freynd
Of conscaens and good feyth vnfoyned
Almachus seyd ne takyst pon nō hede
Of my power and sho answeryd hym pro
your myght qd sho full lytell ye to drede
For ony mortall manys power mys
But lyke a blodd full off wynde y wys
For wt a nedelis poynt when it ye blow
May all the hosto of hyt be leyd full low
Full wonderfully be ban pon qd he
And yt m wrong ye all thy pronoyāns
Wost thou not how ony mygthy prynce fro
hane thus commandyd & mad ordynans
That euery cristen wyght shall hane penans
But yf p̄ he his crystendome wt sey
And so all cristo yf he hit will obey
Your prynce cryn as your noble lay doth
Quod tho cecile and wt a mygthy sentence
Ye make vs gylty and ye not soth
For ye p̄ knowyn well ony innocence
For as mych as we don a penyteno
To cryste and for we bere a cristen name
Ye put on vs a syn and ofte a blame
But we pat know p̄ ryche name so
For ony worthynes we wow yt not wt sey
Almacho answeryd chose of this two
Do sacryfyce or crystendome obey
P̄ pon may nowt escapyn by pat way
At whom this holy blyssfull maydo
Can for to laugh & to pe jugge sayde
O jugge confuse in thy mycete
Wult pon pat y obey innocence
To make me allyklyd wyght qd sho
So he dyssmylyd hym in audyence
He flatyth and woodyth in hys adutens
To whom almachus seyd. vnsely wyech
Knowyst pon not how fyre my mygtt may stroche

hath not our mysty prynce to me yeven
ye both power and eke auctorite
to make folke to lyve and to dren
Why spekyst yon so proudely tu to me
I speke not but stedefastly qd she
Not proudely ffor y sey as for my syde
We hatyn deedly pilke tyre of pryde
And yf yon drede not of soth for to hey
yon wult y show att opynly be yysyte
yt yon haste made a shulde spet lesyng hope
yon sayste yy prynce hane the yeven mysyte
Bothe for to sley and to quyken a wyghte
yon yat ne mayst but only lyffe be yeve
yon hast no nothyr power ne no leve
But yon mayst sey yy prynce hane the makyd
a ymyghte of deth for yf yon speke of me
yo lyyste for thy power yo hult makyd
do wey thy boldenes sayd almachine and he
and do sacrifice to our goddys or yt so
I yeche not what wrong yat yon me yfyre
ffor y can suffyng it yo a philosofyre
But pylke wrongf may I not endure
yt yon spekyst of our goddys hyer qnoth he
Coalie answeryd o myre creature
yon saydyst no worde sythe yt spake to me
yat y ne knelle ther wyth thy wycote
and yat yon wer in att manyr wyse
A lewyd offyceyr. A deyn justice
Ther lakyth no thing of yyn bite eyen
yat yon naste blynde. ffor yng yt we se att
yat yo a stone yat men mote wel a spyen
yat yilke stou a god yon wolt hyt call
I yede let yyn honde vpon hyt fall
and taste yt wolt & a stone yon schalt it fynde
Syth yat yon seyste not wyt thyn eyen blynd
It yo a shame yat the people shalt
so skorne the and laugh at thy folye
ffor comenly men wot yt ouer att
That mysty god yo in hebyn hey
and yis ymagyd yon mayst wel a spye
To the ne to hem self may not profyte
ffor in effecte they be not worth a myte
Thus and such other wordys sayd she
and so way wroth. & bad men shold hym lede

home tyl hoye hodo And in hoye hodo qdh he
Zyon hoye in a bath of flamyo pose
And as he bade wyght so was done the dede
And yn a bath they sow hoye faste shottyn
And nyght and day spot fyre yer bud the lettyn
the long nyght and ede a day also
ffor alle the fyre and ede the bathyo hot
she sat alle colde and folde no sho
It made hoy not oo dropp to shet
But in y bath hoy lyff the moste lote
ffor he almachino wt a fulle wykyd entent
to slo hoy in the bath hyr sonde sent
Ayre strokyd in the note he smote hoy tho
the tymeritony but for no man chamce
he wyght not smyt all hoy note a tho
And for they was pat tyme an ordynance
That no man sholde do to no such penance
the my stroke to smytin softe or sore
to his tymeritony no dust do no more
But half dell wt hoy note ordryn thor
he left hoye by on his wey yo went
pe cristen folke which y a bowte hoy wey
wt shotty hand the blode fulle fayre y hent
my days lydyd she in this torment
And new cessyd hem she sau to y tho
y she had fuste pyd the soth to tech
hem she yaf hoy mobabyls seyn hoy thyng
And to the pope vrbane he tole hem tho
And seyd y ayyd thys of hemyn kyng
to hane respyte my days and no mo
to recomand to you or pat y go
this sodlyo lo y y myght do wnto
hoy of my hodo perpetuelly a chyrche
Seynt vrban wt hys dekynys prenely
pe body fet and beryyd hit be nyght
a mouse other seynt honestely
hoy hono the chyrch of seynt cecile hyght

Seynt Dyane halowyd hit at he wolde myght
In which to this day in noble wyse
yen don to Dryste & to hys seynt seynte Amen

Here endyth the seconde Sonnys tale and he synnyth the prologe
of the chanons yeman

Sen ye told wat the hyff of seynt Edalie
Of he hadyn ydyn ffully. C myle
At Bongylton vnd the Bele he gan a take
A man ye clothyd wat in clothis blake
And vnd neth he weryd a sypplys
Hys hakeney which yat was all pomelgrys
So schot hit wat ye wondyr for to se
Hit sonyd as he hadyn y pryckyd myles. iij.
A bove the paytrell stod the ffome full hye
He was off ffome ffloklyd as a pye
The hakney eke yat his yemon rodyn on
So schot yat wnoth myght yt gon
A male wlysolde vpon the Croppe lay
It sonyd he cappyd lytyll aray
All lyght for somer rode yis wrythy man
And in myn hope to wonder y be gan
What ye he was tyll ye y wndyrstode
Holy ye hys cloke was solwyd to hys hode
For which wlyon I had long a bysyd me
I demyd hym some chanon for to be
Hys hatt hong at his bake down be a lase
For he hade ydryn more then yotte of pas
He had ay pryckyd lyke as he wer wood
A cloke weff he had vnd hys hood
For schot and for to kepe hys hed from hot
But yt was joy for to se hym schot
Hys forhed dewyd as a stylatory
Wer full of planton and off peryttory
And which yat he was comyn he be gan to cry
God sane qd he this jolly company
Fast hane pryckyd qd he for your sake
But cause yat I wold you a take

To ryden yn the same mery compaw
his yeman was ete ffull of Curtesy
And seyd sorys nolle in this morolle tydes
Out of your hostery y salle yon ryde
And wayward hey my lord & my sondayn
Which that to ryde with yon ys full fayn
ffor his disporte he lovyth dalyance
ffrend for thy wayrwyng. god yeue the good chance
Sayd oure hoste for certayne yt wolle seme
Thy lord wey wys. & sey may wolle deme
he ys ffull prudent also day y say
Can he ought telle a mery tale or tway
Ct which he stad may this compaw
Wlo syr my lorde ya ya Ct ontyu ly
he can of myrth and eke of solyte
Not but y nolle thy also trustyth me
And ys hym knowe as well as do y
ye wold wonde how well and rastely
he courth werke and put in sondry wyse
he hath talyn on hym many a spet emprise
which were full hard for any pat ys here
To bryng a bodte but they of hym lere
as hombly as he ryddyth a mouse you
yff ye hym knew it wold be for your prow
ye wolde not for gow his a queyntance
ffor mych good. I day lay in balance
all y I shane in my possessyon
he ys a man of herth dyscecion
I wayne yon wolle he ys a passyng man
well yt oure host. I pray yon telle me than
ys he a clerke or non. telle me what he ys
Nay he ys spette pen a clerke y wys
Seyd pis yeman. and in wordys fewe
hoste of his craft some what schalle y shewe
I say my lorde can such sotelte
But all hys craftte ye mote not wyt of me
And som what he lys y yet to his wrychyng
That all this spornyd on which we be ryddyng
Tyll yt we come to Canterbury town
he conth all clene to tryne vp so down
And pade hyr all ct sylver and ct golde
And wlo his yeman hadd pis tale tolde
Un to our hoste he seyd benedycite
This ryng ys wonder meryelous to me

Syth ye yr lordes ye of so heyghe prudence
Be cause of which men shulde hym obeyssence
pat of his worschip he yeldyth so lyte
his oncle sloppe ye not worth a myte
As yu effecte to hym so mych ye so
pt ye all bashed and to tome also
Why ye thy lordes so shrittysh y the pray
And ye of poweyr bothe clothe to be
yff pat his dede acordyng wt hys speche
Tol me pat as I the beseche
Why quoth this yeman wher to aske ye me
Godes holp me so for he schal non the
But y wol not a bolde p. yt y do say
And yet for lep it sege y yon pray
He ys to wyse in fayth. as I be lone
That pt ye ondone yt wolle ofyll prede
And yet ryght as clerkes sayne yt ys a tyme
Wher for in that I holde hym lessyd and nyce.
ffor who a man hath on spot a wyt
ffull ofte hym happyth to mysse wyn yt
So doth my lordes pat me spenyth sore
Godes yt amende y can say no more
Thow of no force good yeman sayd our hoste
Syth of the comyng of yy lordes thou woste
Tell holde he doth I pray the hartely
Syth pt he ys so gafty and so sly
Why wolle ye yf yt to tell be
In the ombbaybys of a town qd he
Lykyng in homys in lanmys blynde
Wher thes robbowrys ethes thevys be be kynde
Holdyn here prevy and secyfull resydence
As they pt day not schow in presence
So fare we and y shalle sey the so
yet qd our hoste let me tell the to
Why art pou so dyscolonyd of thy face
Petur. qd he god yeve yt hayd grace
I am so vsyd. in the ffyr to blow
pat yt hath y chaungyd my colour y trowe
I am wont in no glasse to pry
But wynke fore in lome to multiply
We blunderyn ouer and powre in the fyre
And for al pat. the fayl of our desyre

ffor euere the lake oure Contynuyng
To mochel folke the don illusyon
And bycause solde be yt a pound or tho
Or x. or xv. or many summe no
And make hym be leve in this best way
Pat of a pound the can make tway
Yet it is ffals. but ay the haue good hope
Yt ffor to do and after the it stope
But p^t sciente yf so fell^ be be fyn
The mell not ~~att~~ yonge the had yt stoyn
Yt oncle^ take. it ffliteth a way so faste
Yt tholl be make. begrapis at the laste
Whill this yeman was this in his talkyng
This chanon drow hym nyr & hed att pyng
Whith pat his yeman spake for suspecion
Off mony speche had this chanon
For caton sayth he p^t sitty yf
Demyth att pug. of hym be spoke, thys
That was the cause he gan so my hym dralle
To his yeman to hyrkyn att his salle
And thus he sayd vnto his yeman tho
Holde pon yy pes & speke no wordes mo
For yf pon do pon shalt it sore a by
Thon scandeyst me. her in this company
And eke discoueryst p^t pon sholdyst hyde
Yea qd on^ hoste tell on what so be tyde
Off all his threthyng. yeke ys not a myte
In feyth qd he. no mor^ y do but lyte
And whe this chanon salle sth yt wolde not be
But his yeman wold tell his prodyte
He flled a way for drey sorowe and schame
A qd the yeman her^ shall ryse a game
All pat I can a non y wolle you telle
Sythe he ys gon the fowll fende hym qwelle
For nomer^ her^ aft^ wolle I tell hym mor
For peny no pound y you wolle be hor
He p^t me bydeth forst in to pat same
Or p^t he dy sorowe gane he and schame
For yt ys ownyste to me be my fayth
So shall he fynde for sothe. p^t it assayth
And yet for all my smert & all my grye

for all my sorow. labour and myschyff
I could neber leue it in no wyse
Lord wolde god. my wyt myght suffyse
to tell all pat longyth to that arte
But nathelee I wolle you tell a pte
Syth pat my lorde yo gow I wott not spare
Such pingis as I can I wott declare

Here endyth the prologe of the chanons yeman
and he sywyth hie tale of multyplycacion

With this chanon dwellyd I. xv. yer
And of his scyence am I now the ner
All pat I had I lane lost ther by
And god wote so lane many mo then I
Ther I was wont to be ryght hessy and gay
Off clothyng and of other good aray
Lord may I wer an hose upon myn hede
And wher my colour was both fresshe & rede
Lord yt yo wan and of ledyn hole
Who so lit wyth sore shall hym pole
And of my sweting bleyd yo my up
Lo such a vantage it yo to multyply
pat sly sconne hath me made so bare
pat I lane no good wher so I fare
And yet I am in det so ther by
of gold pat I lane I borowyd trewly
pt while I lyue. I nyte shall I never
let ony man be ware by me for ow
What man man pt castyth hym ther to
If he contynue I holde his thryfte I do
For so helpe me God ther he shall he not wyne
But empty hys purse and make his wittys thyne
And when he perceyue his madnes of foly
Lyth lost hys alyn good poyse anbaydy
Yen wott he excyte other men ther to
To lose hyr good as he hym self hath do
For vn schrewdys joy it yo aide ese
To lane hyr fellaw in payne and dyse
pus was I onys lernyd of a clerke
Off pat no charge. I wott speke of yone werke
When we be ther. as we shall exercyse
Our alyssh craft. we semyn wonder wyse
Our termyn be so clergyall and queynt

I blowe the fyre tyl pt myn horse ys fayrte
that shall y tell more of proporcion
of pmys which pt the werch up and downe
As on .ℓ. of .ℓ. ounces may wolle be
of syluer or of some other quantite
And bely it ys, to tell yon the namys
off ozpement brent bonys pyn sal[illegible]amys
that m to powd[illegible] gromedyn be ffull smalle
And m an ozthen pote shall put ys alle
And salt y put m and also papere
be fore yes powdeys pt I spake of hey
As well I tobeyd pt a lampe of glas
And mych other pmys which pt there was
And of the potte and glassys enlutyng
pat off eyre mysht passe out no pmys
And of the ely ffyre. And smazt also
which pat was made of the cayre of the
pat we had m our matere sublymyng
And m alcamyyng And salrebyvyng
And off qwyke syluer allyd many qnde
ffor all sleyghtys we can not conclude
Our ozpement And sublymyd ayercuyr
Our gromedyn lytarge ole on the pmysnyr
Of ych of thes omits a certayn
Lot helpyth vs our labour ys yn vayn
Lo ole our spryrytys ascencion
Lo our matere pt lyen all fyxyd adown
ayay m. our wolkyng no pmys vs a vayll
ffor loste ys all our labour and trauayle
And all the coste a xx[illegible] dobil way
Is lost also which we upon hyt lay
Ther ys also ffull many a nother thyng
That ys vn to our craft a ptoynyng
Though y be ordyr. hem not to hersyn can
The cause of pat I am a lewde man
yt wol I tell hem as they com to mynde
yonch I no can not set hem m hey kynde
As vyolt. armomake. verdegres And borax
And sundry vessellys made of erth & glas
Our vynallys and our descensoryes
Cyolys. Coslotth. And sublymatoryes
Encybrit and alum bykes ole
And other sych not dep y nought a lele

Not nedyth it to zeheze all
Waters infusyng and zullys gall
Azmyk. Salazmomak z zepymston
And Eybe cuth I tell manyow
As cyzomyu. Saleppan and kynapo
And other such yf me lust to tapo
Our labmpys bren both nyght and day
To bryng a bowte ome pos yff we may
Our ffynnes oke of calcinacion
And off Waters albification
Muslek hyme. chalke. And Eleyze of an eye
Powdere dynere. assyd. Donge pysse & clay
Eyyd pottys. salt pet Vrynole
And dynere ffyre mad of wood & cole
Salt tartre. alkaly. And salt prepazat
And combuste matere And coagulat
Clay mad wt hoze dong. manys hoze & oyle
Of tartre. Alum. glas. zeyme. Wozte. & azzoyle
Ysalgay and other materys emboylyng
And eke of our materys encorporyng
And of onys silicys cytynacion
And of Sementyng and ffermentacion
Onys insottis testes & many mo
I Wille yon tell as I was taught tho
The. my. Spyrytis. And the bodys. vij.
Be ordur as ofte. I herd my lord nevon
The fyrst spyzyt qwyke sylyr callyd ys
The. y. Orpement. pe thyrd y Wys
Sal armomake And the my. Bzymston
The vij. body eke. lo hoy hym a non
Sol. gold ys. And luna silicys eke drope
Ayas pzow. arcyany qwyke sylii the clepe
Saturnus led And Jubiter pe tyn
And venus coppys be my ffadey hyn
This cuysyd gaste who so wol exercyse
He shal no good hane yat hym may suffyce
ffor all ye good he spendyth per a bowte
He tasse schall pey of y hane no doute
Who so yat lystyth to entepryn his ffoly
Let hym come forth & leyne to multiply
And enery man yat ought hath in hys cofre
Let hym apey And Way a philosophyre
+ Ascaldus yat craftie ys so lyght to lere
Nay. nay. god wot all be he monke or fryr

preest or chanon or any other wyght
Thought he syt at his bokys day & nyght
In lernyng of this clergysy nyse lore
Att ys yn vayn & pde mochyll more
To lerne a lewde man this subtylite
Ffy speke not ther of for it wolle not be
And can he lerny or can he non
As m effecte he schall fynd bt all on
Ffor bothe two be my sadacion
Conclusyon as m multiplycacion
I lyke wel wht they haue all do
This ys to say they fayle both two
Ut forgat I to make yche sayle
Of waters corysyse & of lymayle
And of bodyes mollyfycacion
And also of hyr yndyvacion
Oylys. ablucion and metall fusibile
To tel all. wold passe any bybyle
That dwyer ys. wher for as for the beste
Of all yes namys now wolle y me reste
Ffor as y trowe I haue y tolde y nowe
To prayse a fende all loke he neyr so prowe
A nay let be the philosophyrs stone
Elixer depyde. we seekyn fast echon
Ffor had we hym. then were we syker y nough
But vn to god of heuen y make myn a vow
Ffor all our craftes wyon we haue all y do
And all our sleyght. he wolle not come vs to
He hath made vs spend mych gyll good
Ffor sowe of which almoste we weyn wood
But yat good hope. crepyth in our hert
Supposyng en ponch we sore smert
To be relevyd be hym afterward
Such supposyng and hop ys sharp & hard
I wame you well it ys to seekyn en
Yat ffuytyrtons. hath made mon dysson
In trust ther of ffrome all yat en the hade
Yit of y art yey can not wap sade
Ffor vn to hem yt ys a bytter swet
So sowyth yt. ffor had they but a shet
Which p yey myght wyap hem in at wyght
And a brate to walke in be day lyght
They wolde hem sett and spend yt on pis gafte
They can not stynt. till no thing be lafte

And ev'more wher ye ev'n they gon
men may hem know be smell of brymstow
For-sooth all the wordle they stynken as a bote
hey canony ys so zamysh & so hote
pat pongh a man a myle from hem be
the savour wolle enfecte hem tynkyth me
And pus be smell and thered bay a pay
yff pat men lyste. thio folke they knowe may
And yf a man wolle aske hym pryvely
wher they be clothyd so vnthryftely
they pyght a non wille pound my hys eyze
And say yf they aspyed wher
men wolde hym sle be cause of hey sacrer
lo pus thes folke be trayen innocente
pase oney thio I go my tale vn to
of pat ony pot be on the fyre y do
Of metallys wt a certayn quantite
my lord hem tempeyrth & no man but he
Sw he ys son y dare say boldely
For as men sayn he can do gaftely
algat I wot wolle he hath such a name
And yt full ofte he jeopyrth in a blame
And wot ye how full oft yt happyth so
the pote to brekyth & ffaye well all ys go
this metallys ben of so grete violence
Onre wallys may not make hem resystence
But yf they wer wrought of lyme & stone
they partyn so & pordwelh the wallys they gone
And some of hem stynkyn yn to the grounde
Thus have we lofte be tymys many a pound
And some ar scatteryd all the flore a bowte
Soni leppe in to the zoffe w onten doute
pongh pat the ffend not in ony syght he sholde
how he wt bs be pat ilke shrew
in hell wher p the lorde ys and syre
Ye they nl more wo ne more jancour ne ire
when pat our pot ys broken as I have seyd
Every man chidyth and holt hym evyll a payd
Some sayth yt was long on the ffyr makyng
Some sey nay. it was on the blowyng
then was I a feyd. ffor pat was my fayre
Shalwe qth the. my. ye be lowd and myte
yit was not tempyd as it ought to be
Say qth the. my. stynt & horkyn me
The cause onre fyre was not mad of bete

That ye the cause & no other so thoche
I can not tell wher on ye was long
But well I wot gret thyng ye be a monge
That quod my lord ther ye no more to don
Off pes pellys I will go wey eft sone
I am ryght sykyr pat ye pot was gasyd
Ye as he may be no pyng a mayd
As vsage ye lot swepe the flor as swyth
plyke vp yowr hertys & be ye glad & blyth
The mullok on an hepe I swepyd was
And on the flore caste a candas
And all the mullok in a fyff y throwe
And syftyd and pykkyd many a throwe
Payde quod on sum what of ouro metall
Yet ye ther hey. ponsh ye gane not all
And though yis. thynke myschappyd gane as now
A nothyr tyme it may be well y nough
Ye mosto put our good in aventyr
A mayschamit payde may not ay endyr
Trystyth wel me in hys prosperyte
Some tyme ye good ye dreynt in the se
And some tyme comyth it sasse to the lond
Yes quod my lordy the noyte tyme wyl I fonde
To bryng oure gaste all in a other plyte
And but I do let me gane the wyte
Ther was defaute in som what well I wot
A nother sayd the fyre was ou hote
But be hit hot or colde I day say this
That we conclude in eucr more a mys
The fayle of pat which pat we wolde gane
And in our madnes euer more we pane
And whe we be to gedr on ychon
Euery man somyth a salamon
But eny thyng which p shynyth as golde
Nys not goolde as I gane hyde tolde
Ye euery appyll pat ye fayre at eye
Ne ye not good what ou we dappe or qye
Ryght so lo hit happyth it a monge ve
He that semyth the wyst be ynne
Is moste fole. the it comyth to the prefe
And he that semyth holyest ye a theff
That shalt ye know of I I ho yon wende
Be that I of my tale hafe made an ende
Ther was a chanon of Rolygion
Amonge ve wolde entrete all a town
Though it as gret wey as ye knowe

Rome.

Rome. Alyfandre Troy and other thre
Hys slyghtis and his infinyte falsenes
Ther cought no man wrytt as I gesse
Yongh yat he lyff myght. a wy yey
In all this wordle of ffalsnes nas his pey
ffor in his tezmys so he Cold hym wynde
And spekes his wordys in sloygh a kynde
Whē he cōmen shulde w̄ony wyght
yt he wolde make hym doto a non syght
Zent hit a ffonde be as hym solfe yd
fful many a man hath he be sylyd ap this
And wott yf yt he hyte may a whilo
And yit men syde. And so ful many a mylle
Hym for to soke. And hane his aqwoyntaunce
Not knowyng of his falfe gonezniaunce
And yff ye hyfte to yeve me audience
I wott it tolt hoy in yow presence
But wnyhyffull thanous zeligyous
Ze demyth that I slaundr yow hous
Alt yongh my tale of a thanow be
Off ony order some shrewē ye payde
And god for bede yat alt a companye
Sholde folow a syngular mamys folye
To slaundyre yow ye no thyng nyn entent
But to correcyn yat ye nys y ment
This tall was not only tolde for you
But eke for other mo ye wot wott how
That among cristys apostelys ey
Ter was no thaytour but judas hym selfe
Then wly shold the zemenaunt hane a blame
That gylteles wer. be you say I the same
Sane only this. yff ye wott heytyn me
Yf ony judas in yow tenent be
Remeve yon hym be tymys I do yon rede
yff shame or losse may cansyn on drede
And be no thyng displesyd I yon pray
but in this tas heytenyth what I say
In london was a preste annuley
yat yer in dwellyd had many a yey
Which was so plesaunt. and so seynysable
Vn to the wyff ther he was at table
That she wolde suffre hy no thyng for to pay

ffor borde ne dothyng went he nen so say
and spendyng finey hade he syght I nolyst
ther ffor no fforte y wolde proved as nolo
and tell my tale fforth of the chanon
that bronght this preest to confusion
This ffals chanon come vpon a day
vnto the prestes chamb^a where^d ye he lay
be rechyng hym to lone hym a captayn
Of golde and he wolde ^unto^ it hym a ye sayn
lone me a marke qd he but days thre
and at my day y wolle it qwyte the
and yff so be pat pon fynde me false
A nothr day hang me be the halse
pis preest hym toke a marke and p^t as swyth
and thus chanon hym thankyd many a syth
and toke his lene & went forth his way
and at the. m. day bronght hym his money
and to the preste he toke his golde a gayn
where^d of this preest was glade & fayne
Certis qd he no thyng a noyeth me
to lone a man a nobyl tlbo of^d thre
Or what pnig wer^d in my possession
when he so trewe ys of condicion
pat in no wyse breke wille his day
to such a man I can nowe^d sey nay
what quod this chanon schulde I be vntrew
Nay pat wer^d thyng ffally of a nolw
Truth ys a thyng pat I schal en kepe
in to that day. in which pat I schal depe
in to my grave. and ellys god for bede
Beleevyth pis as sykyr as your gede
God thank I. & in good tyme be it seyde
That per was nen man. yt evyll I payde
ffor golde ne sylu^r p^t he to me lent
Ze nen falshede in my hert I ment
and syre qd he now of my prevyte
Syth ye so ^et^ goodly to me hane be
and kythyd to me so gret gre gentylnes
Som what to quyte w^t your kyndnes
I wolle you shewe yff p^t ye luste to lere
I wolle you tech playnly the manere

How I can werke in philosophy
Sakyth good God ye shall wett se atey
That I wott do a mastery of y so
Yea quod the preste. fyro & wol yo so
Ayay thof of I pray you hertely
At your comandement p tuly
Quod the chanon and ellys god forbede
Lo how this theff could his fyre bede
Full soth yt yo pat such profyd sey
Stynkyth. as wytnes this olde wyffe
And pat full son I wull reprefe
In this chanon yoto of all techery
That cun more sotyle hath and sladnes
Such fondly pontyng in his hert empres
How trystys people he may to myschiff bryng
God kep vs from his fals dyssymulyng
Not wyste this preste wt whom yt he delte
No of his hayme comyng no thyng he felte
O thou coly prest o coly innocent
Wt conetyse a non yon shalt be shent
O gratelas full blynde ys thy concyt
No thing art thou way of thy dyscryte
Which yt pis fforo shappyn hath to the
His wyly wrenchis yon ne mayst fle
Wher for to go to the conclusion
That yo foryyth to thy confusion
In happy man a non I wott me hy
To tell thyn vnthryfte & thy foly
And eke the falsnes of pat other wrech
As forforth as pat my connyng wott stretch
This chanon was my lorde ye wolde wen
Eyr hoft in fayth and be hedon given
It was a nother chanon & not he
That can an. c folde more subtilite
He yt hath be tayde folkys many tyme
Off his falsnes it dullyth me to ryme
Enough who I spekе of his falshede
For shame of hym my chekys wexen rede
Al satys they be syne for to slow
For pednes hane I non. yet wol I know

In my vsage off fforyo dayes
Off metallys pat ye haue herd me sehorn
Consumyd and wastyd haue my sedyes
Sodw take hed of pys chanons cussydnes
Eyre quod this chanon let yo[u] mew son
ffor quyke sylver pt we hadr hit a non
And pat he bryng an vnce . ij . or ij
And wite he comyth as ffast shal ye se
A wonder pyng which ye sayth now of this
Eyr quod the preest it shal be don ywys
He badr his fiint . fechyn hym this thyng
And he al redy was at his byddyng
And went hym forth . & cam a non a gayn
Wt his quyke silver . shortly for to sayn
And tolde this vnces . ij . to this chanon
And he leyd hit ffayre & wett a down
And bed the fiint wys for to bryng
That he a non myght goo to his weryng
The holys pyght a non weryn ⁊ fette
And pis chanon a non tok out a croslet
Of his bosome . & showyd hit to the preest
yre instrumenth . qdr he which pat ye coost
Take in thy hond & put thy self ther yn
Off pis quyk silver an vnce & hoy be syn
In the name of crist to way a philosophyre
per be fful wych ⁊ wott hem preyd
To showyn hem thus moch of my seyence
ffor ye shalt se hoy be experyence
That pis quyk sylver y wott now mortefy
Pyght in yony syght a non wyth outen ly
And mak hit as good silver and fyne
As yey yo ony in yone purse or myne
Or ellys wyor . and make hit mallyabyll
Or ellys holdyth me false & vn able
A mongys folke . ffor ord to a pere
⁊ hane a powder hoy pt coste me dere
Shal mak hit all good . ffor it ys cause of all
ayr comyng . which pt ⁊ show shalt
Voydyth yone man . and let hym be ther out
And syt the vre whillys we ben a bout
Owre preeyte . pat no man it a spye
Whilys we wayten in this philosophye

And as he bade ffulfyllyd was indeed
pis yll seynamnt a non yyt out yede
And his maste[r] sygnt the doze a non
And to hym labouy speedly they gon
This preest at pis chynsyd chanons byddyng
Vpon the ffyzo a non sot the thyng
And bledw the ffyzo and bosyyth hy fuett fasto
And this chanow m to the crozslet caste
A powd[er] not ⁊ other of pat hit was
⁊ made other of chalke other of glas
Oz somwhat ollys pat was not worth a fly
To blynde wt the preest. And bad hym hy
The collys for to conchyn att a bowe
The goslet yn tokenyng pat ⁊ the lowe
Quod the chanon thyn owyn handys two
Schall werke att pmg which yt shall be do
Gramcy quod the preest. and was ffull glad
And conchyd the collys as the chanon bad
And whyle he besy was pis ffendely wrech
This ffals chanon the ffoull ffende hym fech
Out of hys bosome toke a bechyn cole
In which ffull subtyly was made an hole
And ther in put was of silver mayle
An ounce. And stoppyd was wt outen fayle
pis hole wt way to kep his lymayle yn
And vnd[er]stondith yt this false syn
Was not made ther. but it was made be fore
And other thyngs yt ⁊ shal tell more
Hep[er] afterward whith pat he wt hym brought
Or he com ther to be gyle hym he pought
And so dyde or they deptyd a twynne
Tyll he had tezwd hym cowth he not blynne
It dullyd me whe ⁊ of hym speke
Off his falshed fayne wolde ⁊ me wyete
Yf pat ⁊ wyst how. but he ys hep[er] ther
He ys so vayaunt he a bydith no wher
But take ye hed now for goddys love
He toke kys of which ⁊ spake of a bove
And in his hand he baze it pronely
And whillys the preest conchyd besely
The tole as ⁊ tolde yon of az this
The chanon sayd frende ye do a mysse

Thio ys not conchid as it ought to be
ycu son I shal amend hit qd he
Now let me medyl they wt but a whiff
For of you hane I prte be seynt Cyle
ye be ryght hote I se wel how ye swet
Have hey a clothe & wype awey the hot
And while pe preest wypyth his face
The chanon tok his cole wt sorry grace
And leyd hit a bove vp on the mydward
Vp on the gesset. and blew wel afte ward
Tyl pt pe collys gane faste to brenn
Now yeve vs drynke qd the chanon ycu
And swyth al shal be well y vnd take
Sit we downe and let vs merry make
And whe pt the chanons kechyn cole
Was brent al the lymayle out of the hole
In to the crosset fyl a non a downe
And sort moste nedis be be reson
Syth pt oueymast a bove it conchyd was
But ther of wyst the preest no thyng allas
He denyd all the collys even lych good
For of pat slyghte he no thyng vnd stode
And when yis alcamiste his tyme saugh he
Ryse vp qd he syr preest. and sytteth by me
And for I wot well ingot haue we non
Go and walketh forth & get a chalkeston
For I wol make it of the same shape
pat ys an ingot yf I may haue hape
And bryngyth wt you eke a boole or a pan
Ffull of wate and ye shal se wel than
How pt ouze lesynes prydyc shal or predo
And yit for ye shal haue no myshylene
Se wrong conceyt of me in yow absence
I ne wol not be out of yow presence
But go wt yon & com wt you a gayn
The chambrere shortly for to sayn
They openyd and shytte. and went hey way
And forth wt them the capped the key
And comen a yene vs out any delay
What shalt I tapp all the long day

He toke the chalke ston and shope it yn the wysse
Off an ingot as I shall yon devyse
I say hym take out of his own sleve
A grynde of sylver wel mot he sheve
Which ye was but an once of wyght
Ye takyth hed now of his cunyng slyght
He shope his ingot in lenght & in brede
Off his teyne wt out any drede
So sleyly yat the preest it not aspyed
And in his sleve a gayn he hath it hyd
And fro the fyre he toke vp his matere
And in to the ingot put it wt mery chere
And in to the water wessotte he yt caste
Whan yat hym lusto and bad the preest as faste
Loke what ther ys put in thyn honde and scope
yon fynd shalt ther syln as I hope
He put in his honde. And toke vp a teyne
Off syln ffyne. And stad in ony veyne
Was yis preest. Whon he salw it was so
Godds blessyns. and his modeyrs also
And al halowys haue yon ye chanon
Sayde yis preest and I shey malyson
But and ye vouche a saff to techyn me
This nobill craft and this subtylyte
I wylle be your in all ye ond I may
Quod the chanon yt wolt I make a say
Ye second tyme ye ye now take hede
And ben expert in this. & in your nede
A noyr day a say in myn absence
This discipleyne and yis crafty science
Let make a notherdonce qd he tho
Off quyke sylver wt out wordys mo
And do ther wt as ye haue do oyr this
Wt yat other which ye now sylver ys
This preest hym bethyth in al ye he can
To do as this chanon this cunyng man
Comandyd hym and fast blew the fyre
Forto com to the effette of hys desyre
And the chanon yrsyt in the mon whyle
Al redy was this preest to be syle
And for a countenance in his hond he bare

an holow styke take kepe and be way
In the ende off which an dunce & no more
of syln kymayle put was as be fore
was in this colle and stoppyd wt way wolt
ffor to kepe yn his kymayle euyr dole
and while this preste was in his besynes
This chanon wt his styde gan hym dros
To hym a non. and his powdyr caste yn
as he dyde ere the dewell out of his skyne
hym to tor. ¶ fy to god for his falshede
ffor he was false in pought and in ded
and wt hys stykke a bone hys clappolet
yt was ordeynyd wt hys sal syth
he stepyd the colle tyl hit zolent gan
The way a yeyns the fyre. & cry man
But hit a ffole be. wot wol it not nede
and all yt in the styke was out it yede
and the croslet yn hastely fell
Now good sis what wolt yon bett ye wolt
Whe yt pis preest was be gylyde a gayn
Supposyng not but trouth soth to sayn
he was so glade yt ¶ can not expres
In no maney his myrthe & his gladnesse
And to the chanon he gpeyyd eft son
Body & good. pan qd the chanon son
pought ¶ podyr be. gasty yt shalt me fynde
¶ wayne the yet yt ys no more be hynde
ys ther any copp hed wt in soyth he
ya qd the preste ¶ trow wel ther be
Ellys go by vs some and pat as swyth
Sow good ¶ goo forth thy way & hyth
he went his way and wt the copp cam
And the chanon yt in his hond nam
And of pat copp ward out but an dunce
All to sympyll ys my tonge to pnounce
As aymyste of my wyt the doubylnes
Off the chanon rote of all cuysynes
he semyd frendly to hem yt knew hym nought
But he ys fendly both in hert & pought
It weryth me to tell of his falsnes
And natheles yt wolt ¶ hyt expres
To the entent yt men mow ¶ wap be yt by

And for non other cause trewly
he put the dwnce of copp^r in to the crosset
And on the ffyre as swyth he hath yt set
and caste yn powd^r and mad the prest to blow
And in his wrekyng for to stowpyn low
As he syd eye and all was but a jape
Rysyt as hym lyste the prest he made hys ape
And afterward in the pysot he it caste
and in the pan put it at the laste
wyth the wat^r. & in he put his own hande
And in his sleve. as ye be fore han
seyde me tell he had a sylver teyne
he sleyly toke hyt out yis crefyd keyne
vnwytyng yys prest of his ffals craft
And in the pannys bottome he hathyt lafte
And in the pombelyd to and fro
And wonder prevely toke vp also
The copyr teyn not knowyng yis preste
And hyd hit and hent hym by the breste
And to hym spake & yus sayd in hyd same
Stowpith down be god ye to blame
helpyth me now as I dyd you wel ere
put in your hond & loke what yt ther
This prest toke vp this silver tayne a non
And yen said this chanon let vs gon
w^t this. in teynys which y^t we hane wrongyt
to some golsmyth and wyt yf they be ongyt
ffor be my feyth y wolde for my hood
but iff they wer sylver ffyne and good
And that as swrth previd shal it be
vn to the golsmyth w^t his taynys. iij.
They went & put thes teynys in a say
To ffyr and hamyr mysyt no man say nay
But y^t they weyzyn as they ongyt to be
This sottyd prest. who was glad but he
was nener prest gladd^r a yenst the day
The nytyngale in the sesoun of may
was nener non bett^r lyst to syng
Ne lady lustyer in carolyng
or ffor to spele of love of woman hede
Ne knyght in armys to do a lusty dede

Tho stonde in grace of his lady dere
Then had his preest, this fory craftte to lere
And to this chanon pus he spak & seyde
For the love of god pat for vs all deyde
And as I may deserue it vn to you
What shal this secrete cost tel me now
Ze our lady qd his chanon yt ys dere
I warne yow wel. For faste I and a frere
In yslonde ther can no man it make
Zoo fore qnod he now p for goddys sake
What shall I pay tellyth me I you pray
Wys qd he yt ys full dere I say
Syre at oo worde. and ye lyst yt haue
ye shall pay xl li as so god me save
And nere the frendship. p ye dyd ere this
To me you shold pay more I wys
this preest the some of xl li a now
Off nobles fet and toke hem euychon
To the chanon for this ilke secrete
All this werkyng was but fraude & discrete
Syre preste he sayd I kep haue no loos
Of my craftte. For I wold haue yt kepte clos
And as ye love me kep yt fere
For and men knewen all my sotelte
Be god they wold haue so gret envy
To me by cause of philosophy
I shuld be ded ther wer no nothyr wey
Tod for ded qd the preest what ye sey
yit had I levyd spendyn all my good
Which p I haue or elles were I wood
Then ye shold fall in such myscheff
For your good wylle p haue ye yglyt good preyff
Quod ye chanon. & fare wel gnit mercy
He went his wey & nen the preest hym sey
After pe day and when the preest shulde
makyn assay. at such tyme as he wolde
Off pis secrete fare well it wolde not be
lo this be lappyd. and be sylyd was he
Thus makyth he his introduction
To bryng folke to her distruction

Conſyderyth ſyrys how in ych eſtate
Be thryp men and golde ther ys gret debate
So forſooth ꝑ Innoth per ys non
This multiplying blent ſo many on
Pat in good feyth I trow that it be
The cauſe grettyſt of ſuch ſcarſite
As men recorde may moo pen I
Philoſophis ſpeky ſo myſtely
In pis caſt ꝑ men haue now a days
Per may well thatteyn as done ſayis
Em here termys ſet ther luſte & peyne
But to her ꝓpos ſhal ther nen atteyne
A man may lyghtly lerne yf he haue dwght
To multiply and bryng his good to nowght
Lo ſuch a luc it ys in this luſty game
A manys myzth it wolt drive to grame
And empty alſo gret and hevy ꝓfis
And makyn folke for to ꝓchas enyſys
Off ſem pat haue hep good ther to lent
Fy for ſhame ther ꝑ haue be brent
Allas can they not fle the fyrys het
Ye ꝑ hit vſe I red you it let
Leſt ye lene all for bett pe nen ys late
Zenes to thryft wer to long a date
Pongh ye prolle ay ye ſhulle yt nen fynd
Ye ben as bolde as bayard the blynd
That blundryth forth & pareſt caſte non
Ne ye as bold to ren a drayn a ſton
As for to goo be ryde in the wey
Lo ſſayyn ye ꝑ multiplien I ſay
Yf pat our eyen can not ſe a pryght
Lok ꝑ your mynde lak not his ſyght
For pongh ye lok nen ſo brod & ſtare
Ye ſhalt nen wyn on ꝑ chaffare
But waſtyn all ꝑ ye mow pappe & penne
Wt drawe pe ffyre leſt yt to faſt brenne
Medyl no more wt pat art I meyn
For yff ye don yo thryft ys gone ffull dayne

And yyght as shryth I wolle yon tel her
What pat the philosophyrs sayn in this mater
Lo pus Arnolde of the new town
As his josapy makyth mencion
He sayth yyght pus wt olvtyn oun lo
They may no man meryny mortify
But it be wt his brodeyrs knowlechyng
How pat he which that first sayd this thyng
Off philosophyrs ffad was heymes
He sayth how pat the dragon dowtles
He dyeth not but yf pat yt be slayne
Wt his brodyr & pat ys for to seyn
The dragon meny and non other
He wnd stode and brymston be his brother
That oute of sol & luna wer I drawe
And ther for seyd he take hed of my sawe
Let no man besy hym pis art for to seche
But yf pat he the entencion and speche
Off philosophy vndyrstond can
And yff he do he ys a lewd man
For this science & this dymyng qd he
ys of the sege of segetis pde
Also ther was a disyple of plato
That on a tyme seyd his mast to
As his boke semor wol her witnes
And pis was his demand in soth fastness
Tel me the name of the prede ston
And plato answeryd vn to hym a non
Take the stone pat Dythanos men name
Which ys pat qd he. magnasia ys the same
Sayd plato. ye syre and ys hit thus
This ys ignotum per ignotius
What ys magnasia good syr I yon pyn
It ys a wat pat ys mad I say
Of the elementys. iij. qd plato
Tell me the note. good s qd he tho
Off that wat yf yt be your wylle
Nay. nay. qd plato certeyn y I nylle
The philosophyrs sworne wer enepychon
That they shold discover it vn to non
That in no bok wryt in no manere
For vn to crist hit ys so leyff & dere
Pat he wol not it discoveryd be
But wher hyt lykyd to his deyte

when for to enspyre & eke for to defend
whom that yt lykyth lo this ys the end
¶ then conclud I thus sith yat god of heven
Ne wolde not that ye philosophrys nemyn
how that a man schal come on to the fiou
I rede vs for the best. let it gon
for who so makyth god his adversayre
as for to werke on werke in contrayr
Off his wil certys he schal neuer thryve
pongh yat he multiply termc of his hyve
And ther a pont for endyd ys my tale
God send enepy trew man bote off hys bale

Here endyth the tale of the chanons yoman of multiplica
cion and he symmyth the plos of the manciplis tale

Wot ye not where ther stondyth a litytl town
which that ys callyd bob up and down
vnd^a the ble in tamitynbmy way
ther gan onys hoost to lappe and play
And seyd syrys when done ys in the myre
ys ther no man for prayer no for pre
That wolt a wak onr falaus att be hynde
A thyff might ffull lightly hym robe & bynde
Se how he nappyth. se for cokkys bonnys
he wolt fall fro his hors at onys
Is p^t a cook of london w^t myschance
to hym come forth he knowith his penance
ffor he schalt tell a tale be my ffay
Att pongh he be not worth a bowlle of hay
Al wak yon cooke sit up god yeve the sorow
what aylyth the to slepe this by the morow
hast yon had flen att nyght or art yon drownke
Or hast yon w^t some queyne att nyght I swonke
So that yon mayst not hold up thy hede
This cook p^t was pale and no thing rede
Sayd to onre hoost so god my soule blesse
Ther ys fanlyn on me such heynesse
That I not chly but me wer lediz slepe
yen the best gallon of wyn p^t ys in chepe
Well qd the manciplis yff p^t I may do eyse
To the syr cook. and to no wyght displeyse
Which yat here rydyth in this compayre
And onre hoost wolde of his cytayre
I wolt as now excuse the of thy tall
ffor in good feyth thy vysage ys full pale
Thyn eyen dasyn eke as me pinkyth
And wel I wot yy breth full soule stynkyth
p^t shewyth wel p^t yon art not well dysposyd

Of me certayn ye shalt not be glossyd
se how he rapyth se this drunkyn wyght
as yongth he wold swolowe vs a non pyght
hold clos thy mongth for thy fad kynne
the devyl of hell set hys foot therin
thy cursyd breth infecte wol vs all
thy stynkyng swyn fowle mot he be falle
I takyth hede fyrys of this lusty man
Vow swet fyre wylle ye ryste at pe vain
ther to me thynkyth ye be pyght wel I shape
I trow ye haue I dronken wyne ape
And yat ys wyse men play wt a straw
And wt his speche the cook wayrd angry & wraw
And on the manaple gan to nod faste
for lak of speche and downe the hors hym caste
wher as he lay tyl pt hym men vp toke
Ther was a fayre chinashe of a cooke
allas that he ne had hold hym be hys ladyll
And ere pt he were in his sadyll
ther was gret shodyng to and fro
to hyste hym vp wt mych care & wo
So vnweldy was this sorye pale goste
And pen to the mamaple pe spak ouer hoste
Be cause pt drynk hath dominacon
vpon this man be my sanacon
I trowe he lewdly wold tell his tale
for wer it wyn or strong moyst ale
that he dranke he spekyth in his nose
he snoffyth fast & ek he hath the pose
he hath also to do more the I nowght
to kep hym in his sadyll out of the slought
and he fall fro his capyll eft sone
pen shall we haue all I nowght to done
In lyftyng vp his hedy drunkyn core
tel on thy tale of hym mak I no fore
But yet mamaple in feyth pou art to wyse
pus openly to repe hym of his vyce
Another day he wott paventure
Recayne the & bring the lure
I were he spek wott of smal thynge
As for to pynchyn at thy rekenyng
that wer not honest yf pt it come to preff
Qd the mamapyl yat wer a gret mysceff
So mysght he lyghtly bryng me in the snare

yt had me lerye pay for the maze
which pat he pdrth on pt he sholde wt me stryve
I wol not wrath hym also mote I thryve
pat I spak of I spake it in my bonde
And wat ye what I have here in my gonde
A drangst of wyn of a ype grape
and pryst a non ye schal se a good jape
pis cooke shall drynk per of and I may
Vpon payne of deth he wol not say me nay
And certayn by to tellyn as it was
Of this vessell the cook drank fast allas
what nedyth it he drank I nowth be forn
And whe he had ponpyd yn his hoyne
To the maynapyl he toke the gonde a gayn
And of pat drangst the cooke was wondr fayne
And pankyd hym in such wyse as he coude
pen gan ouro hoost to langh wondr lowde
And sayd I se well it ys necessary
Whe pat we go good drynk wt us to cary
for pat well tryne pancoun and diseys
To a cord lowe & many a fryst a pes
O pon bacus blessyd be thi name
That so can tryne ernyst in to game
worship and thank be to thi deyte
Off pat mateze ye get no more of me
Tell on thy tale maunciplyl I the pray
I zow wille syr qd he herkyn what I say

Here lerynyth the maunciplys tale of the crowe

Whenphebus was dwellyng yn erth a down
As olde bokys makyth mencyon
he was the moste lustyyste bachelere
In all the world and ek the best archere
he slow pheton the serpent as he lay
Slepyng a gayn the son vpon a day
And mony an othir nobyl worthi dede
he wt his bow wrought as men mow rede
playne he coudyth on eny mynstralcy
And syngyn pat it was a melodye
To hep of his clere voys the sown

Cextes the kyng of Thebes Amphion
That w^t his synggyng wallyd the cyte
And neney^s syng so well as he
Ther to he was the comylyst man
Pat ys or was sith the worldes be gane
What nedyth it his ffetures to discryve
For in this worldd ys non so fayre a lyve
He was per w^t ffulfyllyd w^t gentylnes
Off honour and pfyt wurthynes
This phebus pat was ffloure of bachelary
As well in ffredome as in chyvalry
For his disporte in syngne eke of mytory
Off pheton. so as tellyth vs the story
Was wont to bere in his hand a bowe
Sodw had pis phebus in his hous a cow
Which in a tage he ffinsteryd many a day
And taught h^t spekke as who so techyth a jay
Whyt was pis Crowe as was a swan
And countyrfetyd the speech of eny man
He dwde when he shuld tell a tale
Ther w^t in alle this worldd no nyghtyngale
Sho dwd be a c. dy dele
Syngyn so wond^a merylye ⁊ well
Sodw had pis phebus in his hous a wyff
Which pat he lowd more then ys lyff
And nyght and day dyd en his dylygence
Kep^e for to plese ⁊ do here conpence
Salwe only the soth yf I shall seyn
Jelous he was ⁊ wolde have kepte here fayne
For hym wer loth jappyd for to be
And so ys eny wight in such degree
But all for nought. for it a vaylyth nought
A good wyff t^t ys ctere of werke ⁊ pought
Shold not be kept in non a wayte certayn
And tynly the labour ys yn veyn
To kepe a shrewe for it wolle not be
pis hold I for a very mytote
To spyll labur for to kep wyffys
This wrytyn olde clerkys in her lybrys
But now to ppos as I ffirst be gan
This worthy phebus doyth what he can
To plessyn here wenyng pat such plesance
As for his manhod and for his gouernance
Pat no man schold have put hym fro me her eyse

But god it wot

But god wot per may no man embrace
Is to discryde a pryng which that nature
Hath naturelly set in a creature
Tak ony bryd and put hym in a cage
Similitudo de auc And do al thy entent and thy corage
To fynstre it tendyly wt met and drynke
Off all deynte pat pon canst be pynke
And kep it also as clenly as pon may
Alt pongh hys cage of gold be nen so gay
Yt had this bryd be xx wt folde
Ledyr in a forest that ys pnd and colde
To etyn wormys and such wrechydnes
For ever this bryd wolt do hys besynes
To escape out of hys cage yff he may
Hys lyberte ony bryd desyreth ay
De mulcho Set tak a cate and fynstre hym wt mylke
And tendre flesh and make hys couch of sylke
And let hym se a mous go by the walle
A non he ledyth. flesh mylk and all
And ely deynte pt ys in that hous
Such an apetite hath he to ett a mous
So hey hath lust hys dominacion
And apetyte flemyth discrecion
De lupo Also the wolfe hath a delynne kynde
The lewdyst wolf pat she can fynde
Or lest off reputacion pat wolt she tak
In tym off lyst when she wolt hane a mak
Paradigma Alt thes ensamplys spek I be this men
Ideo pcon That be untydes & no pryng be women
For men hane ency a lykerous appetyte
On lodyre pryng to pforme here delyte
Pen on hey wyffys be they nen so fayre
We nenez so tedy ne nenez so debonayre
Flesh ys so nere fangyll wt myschance
That we necan in no pryng hane plesance
That solowyth in to vertu ony wyhile
This phebus which pat pought on no gyle
Discedyd was for all his polyte
For vnd hym a nothir had she
A man of lityll reputacion
Nought worth to phebus in compyson
The more harme ys it happenyth oft so

Off which yer comyth mychyl hapne & wo
And so be fel when phebus was absent
his wyff a non hath for hey leman sent
his lemman cetis pis ye a kiadyssty spech
ffor yeff it me & yat I you be cech
ye wysse plato seyth as ye mom jede
ye word most ned a word wt the dede
yff men shold tell ppmly a thyng
ye word mot todyne be to the werkyng
I am a boystous man pus say I
per ye no noyer difference tyrly
Ze thow a wiff yt ye of hy degre
yff of her body dishonest be she
And a pon wench other pen tho
yff it so be they werkyn both a mys
But yt the gentylle in estate a bove
she shal be deppyd his lady & his lowe
And for yt other ye a pon woman
she shal be deppyd his wench or his lemman
And god it wot myn own dere brother
yen leyn the on as low as yat other
Rysht so be twen a titeles tyrannt
And an outlaw or a theff cyannt
ye same I say yt ye no difference
To alisaundr told was this sentence
that for the tyrannt ye of a spett mysht
Ze force of mayn to sley down rysht
And bren hous & home & mak al playne
loo yt for he ye deppyd a tapetayn
And for the owtlawe hath but smal meyne
And may not do so spet hapne as he
Ze bryng a contre to so spet myschef
yen depe hym an outlaw or a theff
But for I am a man not textuelle
I wolle not telle of textis nenes a dell
I wol go to my tale as I be gan
when phebs wiff had sent for hey leman
A non they wrought all hey lust volage
the whit crow pat ay hang in the cage
Ze hylde here werk & seyd nen a word
And whe pat home was come phebs the lord
this crow song cukkow. cukkow. cukkow
what bryd qd phebs what song synest pow
Ne wer pow wont so merely to syng

that to my hert it was a peoryng
To hye thy voyce. allas what song ye pis
Be god qd he I sing not a mysse
Phebus qd he for all thy worthynes
ffor all thy beauyte and thy semblnes
ffor all thy song for all thy mynstralcy
ffor all thy waytyng bleyyd yd thy ney
Wt on of hytell reputacion
Not worthy to the as m dompyson
The mountenaunce of a knaue so unnt I thryve
ffor on thy bed pe wyff I salue hym swyde
What wolde ye more the crow anon hy tolde
Be sad tokenys and be wordys bolde
How pt his wyff had don hyp lechery
Hym to gret shame and to gret dulany
And told hym eft. he saugh it w his eyen
This phebus gan alwaywrd for to wryen
And pought his sorowfull hert brast a two
His bowe he bent and set per m a flo
And m his ire his wyff pe hath he slayne
pis ye theefte per ye no more to sayne
ffor sorow of which he brak his mynstralcy
Both harpe. lute. Gytezne & salwtery
And eke he brake his arbrys & his bow
And aft pt pus spak he to the crow
Traytour qd he vbt tong of scorpion
Pon haste me brought to my confusion
allas pt I was wrought wh nere I ded
O dere wyff gemme of lustyhed
pat wer to me so sad & eke so trew
Now hest pd ded w face pale of hew
ffull giltles pt trust I swere I wys
O rakell homide to do so foull a mys
O trobbyll wyt. O ye recheles
That vnavisyd smytest gylteles
O wham trust ffull of ffals suspecion
Where was ry wyt and thy discecion
O dery man be ware of rakelnes
Ne trow no thyng wit out strong wytnes
Smyt not to sone or that ye wytten why
But ben avysyd well and sobrely
Or pat ye don any execucion

upon youre ye for suspecion
Allas a ffy folk have takett ye
ffully fordon. & brought them in the myre
Allas for sorow I wull my self sle
And to the crowe O fals theff seyd he
I wolle the quyt a non thy fals tale
you sone wholome lyk an ayrensale
Now schalt you fall theff yf sone forson
And ek thy whit fetheres encrychon
Ne neuer my alle thy lyff schalt you spek
Pus shal a man on a trayton be a wreke
you and prue off sprynge schalt en be blake
Ne neuer swet noyse schalt ye make
But euer cry agayn tempest & payne
In tokenyng yat yorow ye my wyff ye slayne
And to the crowe he stert and yat a none
And pullyd his whit ffetheris of endychon
And mad hym blak and zeft hym att his song
And ek his speche & out of the doze hym slong
Vn to the denyll which I hym be tak
And for this cause be alle crowes blak
Lordyngs be yis ensample I you pray
be waze and tak kep what ye say
Ne tellith nouez noman in alle youz lyff
how yat a nother man hath wyff
he wolle you hat mortaly certayn
San Salamon. as wyse clerkes sayn
Techith a man to kep his tong well
But as I sayd I am not teytiell
But nathelee thus taught me my dame
my son pink on the crowe on goddis name
My son kep well thy tong & kep thy frend
A wykyd tong ys wuzse they a fende
my son from a fende men may hem blesse
my son god of his endeles goodnes
Wallyth a tong w̄ teth and lyppes ek
ffor man schul a wis hym what he spek
my son full oft. for to mych speche
hath manyn man ben spilt as clerkes teche
But for lytill speche a wysely
Is noman shent to spek genally
my son thy tong sholdest ye zeftrayne
at alle tymes whe you doyst thy payn
To spek of god in honour & prayer
The first vertu son yiff you wolt lere
Virtute primū esse ye to zeftrayn and kep well thy tong
prima comprescere lin
guam

pus lerned children wyse they be yong
ayr son of mochyll spekyng dyll a dysyd
ther lasse spekyng had I nought sufficyd
Comyth mock hazme pus was me tolde & taught
In mock speche . syme ne wantith nought
wast pou wher for a pakle tong serwyth
Rysyt as a swerd ffor cuttyth & for kernyth
an arme a two . my dere son pysyt so
A tong cuttyth frenschip att a tho
A jangler ys to god ab hominabyll
Red Salamon so wys and honorabill
Red dauyd in his psalmus zed Senek
ayr son spek not but w̄ thy hed pou bek
Dyssymyl as pou wer dowme yff pou her
A jangler spek of a pylous matere
The ffleummyng seyth and lerne it yff the lyst
That lytyll jangelyng causyth mych rost
my son yff pou no wytkyd word hath sayd
the dar not dred for to bene bewrayd
But he pat hath mysse sayd I dare well sayn
he may be no way deppe his word a gayn
pus pat ys sayd . ys sayd and forth it goth
pongh hym repent or be hym leeff or loth
he ys his thrall to whome that he hath sayd
A tall of which he ys now dyll a payd
ayr son be ware and be no auctor newe
Off tytyngs whethir they be ffals or trewe
wher so pou come a monge hy or lowe
Rep well thi tong . and think upon the gowe

Rumores fuge ne mempnas nomis auctor habeas

Here endyth the mannyplis tale of the trew and
be gynnyth the psonys plogge

Et pat the mannaple had his tall endyd
The son fro the south lyn was descendyd
So low pat he was not as to my syght
Degreys xxiv as of hight
Of the clokke it was tho as I gesse
ffor a xj . ffoot or lytyll more or lesse
my shadowe was as thilk tyme as ther
Off such ffet as my lenght ptyd wer
In xj . ffeet equall of proporcion
ther wyth the monys exaltacion
I meneliba all way gan descend
As we wer entepyng at the throwpys end

For which our hoost as he was wont to gye
As in this cas our joly company
Sayth in this wysse lordynes enyction
Now lakyth vs tallys no moo then on
Full fyllyd ys my sentence and my dese
I trow we have hard of yth desse
Almoost fulfyllyd ys our ordynance
I pray to god so yeve hym ryght good chance
That tellyth his tall to vs lustely.
Syre preest qd he art pon a vicary
Or art pon a pson say me soth by the fay.
Be what ye be.ne lyck pon not our play
For ony man save thou hath told his tall
Un bocle and show what ys in thy mall
For trewly me thynkyth be thy chere
Pon sholdest kyt well up a gret matey
Tell vs a fabyll a non for cokkys bonys
This pson answerd all at onys
Thow gettyst fabyll non tolde for me
For poule that wrotte vn to tymothe
Reprove hem pat wayvyth soth fastnes
And tellyn fabyll and such wrechydnes
Why schold I solve draff out of my fyste
When I may salve whet yff ye me lyst
For which I say yff ye lyst to leye
Moralite and vertuous matey
And ye wolt yff me audyence
I wolt fayne at cristys reverence
Do pon plesance lessull as I can
But trustyth well I am a sothern man
Se god wote I yme holde I but lyttyll bett
I can not sette. pom. pam. puff be lett
And ther for. yesse pon lyst y wolt not glose
I wolt pon tell a merry tale in prose
To kyt up all this fest and mak an ende
And ihū off his grace wyt me sende
To schew pon the way in this vyage
Off this glorypus pylgrymage

That hyght Jezhu celestyall
And yff ye wonde a saff a non I shall
Be syn upon my tale for which I pray
Tell yow a lite I can no bett say
But natheles this meditacion
I put it ay undyr correccion
Off clerkys for I am not textuell
I tak but the sentence trusty well
Ther for I mak a protestacion
That I will stond to correccion
Upon this word we hane asentyd son
For as it sennyth yt was for to don
To end in some vertuous sentence
And for to yff hym space and audience
And bad once hoost he schold to hym say
That all we to tell his tall we pray
Oure hoost had pe wordys for vs all
Syr prest qd he now fayre you be fall
Say what ye lyst & we wull gladly hey
And w pat word he sayd in this manere
Tellyth qd he your meditacon
But hastyth you the son wull a down
Fyth fyctions and pat in lytyll space
And to do well. god send you his grace

Here kyymnyth the prouys tall
oure swet lord of heuen yat no man wull perych but wull
y^t they come all to the knolech of hym and to the blyssfull
lyff y^t ys pduraby^ll. admonyssyth vs by ye appostle seye
nye and sayth in this wysse. Stondyth upon the weyys and seyth &
axyth of the olde pathys y^t ys to seyn of the olde sentencis which ys pe
good way and walkyth in y^t way. and ye shall fynd refrechyng for
your soulys. many ben the wayys spyrituellis. y^t leddyn folk to
our lord jhu crist. & to pe regne of glorie. Off which weyys ther
ys a ffull fayre nobyll way. And a ffull coueniabyll which may not
fayll to man ne to woman. y^t pouros hymne hane mysse son fro
the ryght way of jezhu celestyall. And this wey ys depyd pem

Mds de penitencia

tence of which man shold gladly herken & enquyren wt all his hert
to wyttyn what ys penitence & how many spyces per ben of penitence
// And whe yt ys clepyd penitence & in how many maneryes be the
actions of werkyng of penitence & which pings appertenyn and be
holdyn to penitence and which pings distomblyn penitence. Seynt
Ambrose seyth. // That penitence ys pe playng off a man. ffor the gylt
pt he hath don. & willyng no mor to do any pings. ffor which hym
ought to playne. And sum doctors sayth pt penitence ys waymentyng
of a man pt sordwyth ffor his synne. And paynyth hy self for he
hath myssdon. // penytence wt certyn circumstances ys very repen
tance off a man pt holt hym self in sordw and other peyn for his
gyltys. & for he shall be very penitent // he shall first be washt
pe synnys pt he hath don. & stedfastly prosseyn in hys hert to gene
shryft of mouth. & to do satisfaction. And no mn to do pings ffor which
hy oblyght more to be wayle or to complayn and to contynue in
good werkys or ellys his repentance may not avayll. ffor as
sayth. // Seynt Isodere. // he ys a japper and a sabber & not very re
pentant pt efte son doth thyng for which hym dwelt to repent
and not for to stynt to synne may not avayle. But natholes
men schall hoppe pt ony tyme pt man shallyth be it non so ofte
yat he may a ryse thorowgh penitence yff he have grace. but
certenly yt ys gret dowt. // ffor as seyth Seynt Gregory. whan
ryseyth he out of synne pt ys chargyd wt the charge of dwelt in
sage. // And pt for repentyng folk pt stynt for to synne & for to let
synne. or yat synne for let hem. // holy chyrch holdyth hem sure
of hym salvacion. And he pt synnyth and repentyth hym in his
last day. // holy chyrch yet hoppyth his salvacion be the gret mercy
of our lord jhu crist for his repentance. But tak the ryhte
way. // And syth I have declayrd what pyng ys penitence. // Now
schall ye understand yat ther be. iij. actions of penitence // the
ffirst ys pt a man be baptyzed aft yat he hath synnyd. // Seynt
Austen sayth but he be penitent for his olde synnyng lyff. // he
may not be gyvne the new clene lyff. // ffor certys yff he be
baptyzed wt out penitence of his olde gylte. he resseyvyth the
mark off baptym. but not the grace ne the remyssyons of his
synnys till he have very repentance. // A nother defaute
ys pis. pt men done dedly synne. aft pt poy have resseyvyd
Baptyme. // The. iij. defaute ys this pt men fallyn in dowyll

ye ffirst action off pe
mitence

Robert Burwell

synnys from day to day after hor baptym. p of sayth. Seynt Austyn p p
of good and vimble folke ys the penytence of every day. the spyrys
of penytence ben. iij. on of hem ys solempne. A nothir comune
And the iij. ys pde chylde penaunce p ys solemne ys mete n
maid as to be put out of holy chrych in lenton for slaughter of childe
And such man thyng. A nop pyng when a man hath synnyd o
pynly of which synne the fame ys opynly spokyn in the contre
And ye holychrych constraynyth hem to do oppyn penance. Comune
penance ys p prostys indyn men in certayn cause as for to don
pelgrymage naky as naky in pylgrymages as barfoot. pvde
penance ys pilk p men don all day for pde synnys of which the
schyde be pnely. and pfecte pde penance. Sadw schalt pon bnd stond
what ys behowely. And necessaryo to bepey pfyt penaunce And p
stondyth on. iij. pingl. Contrycion of hert. Confession of mouth
And Satisfaction. ffor which sayth Seynt John. Crisostome
penytence disryddyth man for to accepte benygly eny payn p to
hym ys enioynyd with contrycion of hert and shryft of mouth w satis
faction & with werkyng of all man humilyte. And this ys fruytfull
penitence a gayn. iij. thyngl. In which we wrath our lord Jhu Crist
ys to sayn be delyt in penkyng be pechelesnes in spekyng. be wyt
kyd synfull werkyng. And a gayne pis wytkyd gylty is penytens
pat may be lyekynyd in to a tre. The pote of pis tre ys contrycion
p hydyth hym in the hert. of hym p ys very repentaunt. Ryght as
the pote of a tre hydyth hym in the grounde. Off the pote of contry
cion spryngyth a stalke p heryth bramchis. And ledys of confessio
And fruit of satysfaction. ffor which. Crist sayth in his gospell
doyth dygne ffroytis of penitence. ffor be p froyte men may
know this tre. And not be the pote p ys hid in the herte of a man
ne be ye bramchys ne ye ledys off confession. And p for our
lord Jhu Crist sayth pus by p frute of hem ye schall know hem
Off pis pote ek spryngyth a seed of grace. p which seed ys mod of syk
ynes. And p seed ys egre and hoote. The gre of p seed spryngyth
of god porow the remembrance on the day of dome & on the
paynys of hell. Of pis mat seyth Salamon. p in the dred of
god man for letyth his synne. The hert of this seed ys the love
off god & the desyryng of the joy perdurable. This hoot

De tribz speciz penitencie

penitencie solenne

Comune penitencie

pvde penitencie

drawyth the hert of a man to god. And doyth hym hat his synne. // For soth
ly ꝑ ys no pyne ꝑ sadonyth so well to a chylde. As the mylke of his
moyre. Se no thyng ys to hym more abhomynabyll. Then pilkmylk
whe it ys medelyd w̄ other mette. Ryght so the synfull man that
lobyth his syn. ht semyth it ys to hym most sweet of ony thyng.
// But fro ꝑ tyme ꝑ he lobyth sadly our lord jhu crist. And defy
yth the lyff pdurabyll. Ther ys no pnis to hym more abhom
nabill. For sothly the law of god. ys the lode of god. // For which dauid
the prophete sayth. I have lodyd the lawe and hatyd wykydnesse hatyd
// he pat lobyth god. kepyth his law & his word. This ys sayd
prophete dauyd in spyryt upon the a dysyon of Nabugodnozor
whe he hy comandyd to do penance. // penance ys the tre of lyff to
hem ꝑ it receydyn. And he ꝑ holdyth hym in very penytence ys
blessyd after the sentence of Salamon. // In pis penitence of contry
cion man schall vnd'stand. iij. pnis ꝑ ys to sayn. // What ys con
tycion. And which ben the causys. pat medyn a man to contycion
on. And how he shold be contryte. And what contycion a va
lyth to the salvle. The ys it pnis. ꝑ contycion ys very sorow
pat a man resseyvyth in his hert for his synnys w̄ sade purpos to
shryff hym and to do penance. And nev more to synne. // And pis
sorow shall be in this man // As seyth Seynt Jeynard // it schall
be hedy & grevous. And sutt sharp & poynant ꝑ hert. First for man hath
gylt his fad' celestyal. And yt more sharp and poynant // For he
hath wrathyd & a gilt a gayns hy. ꝑ bought hy w̄ his pryous
blood hath delyveryd us fro the bondys of synne. And fro the
elte of the debett. And fro the paynys of hell. The causys pat
ought mode a man to contycion. ben xij. // First a man schall re
membyr hym of his synnys but lok he. pat yylt remembrance
ne be to hym no delyte be no wey. but gret shame and sorow for
his gylt. // For jobbe sayth synfull men do wrytys worthy of confu
sion. And ther for seyth Ezechiell. // I will rememb'r me all ꝑ yeres
of my lyff. in bittnes of my hert. And our lord seyth in the Apocalyps
rememb'r yon fro whens ꝑ ye ben fallen for be for ꝑ tyme pat ye
synnyd. ye wer the children of god. And hynys of the regne of god
but for yoꝑ synne ye be wayn thralle & fouell. & membrys of
the fende. hat of angelys // Sclaund' of holy chyrch. And food of the
false spent. // wetnell water of the fyre of hell. And yt more foule
and abhomynabyll. // For ye trespassyn so often tymys. // As doth ꝑ

a ffowre thyngys longyth to contycion

b xij. causis pat ought mode a man to contycion

hound ꝑ zetowyth to ette his spedyng & ꝑ ye be ffoulep for yo long conty
nyng moo synne. And yo synfull vsage. ffor which yo be potyn in yo
synne as a beast in his dong. Such man of ꝑmyſ makyth a man hane
shame of ayo synne and no dolyte. As god sayth be his ꝓphet. Ezechyel
ye schall zomemb yow of yo wayo. And thay schall displese yow sothly
synnyo be the wayyo ꝑ leddyn folke to hell. The sconde cause pat
ought a man to hane dysdow of synne is pis as seyth seynt pet.
Who so ꝑ doyth synne yo pralle off synne. And synne puttyth a man
in gyet pralsom. And ꝑ for seyth the ꝓphete Ezechyel. ¶ Cent sorow
ffull in dysdeyne of my selff. And certis well ought a man hane dys
deyn off synne. And Sꝯ Dawy he fro alle pralsome and vylany. And
loo what seyth. Sonck in ꝑ mat. he seyth thus. ¶ ought ¶ wist. pat noy
god ne man schold now know ꝯ. yt schold ¶ hane dysdeyn for to synne
And the same Sonck seyth also. ¶ am bone to gyll thyng pe to be
pralle to my body. or pe for to make of my body a thralle. Ro a fowloy
pralle may noman ne woman maken of his body pe for to yede his
body to synne. Alle wey ꝯ the ffowlyst man or the ffowlyst woman
or ſ thorlle ꝑ lydyth and lost of value. yit yo he pe more ffoulle and
in more synne. and fro the hyere degre ꝑ man ffallyth the more yo
he thralle & more to god & to pe worlde abbomnabylle. O god well
ought a man hane dysdeyn of syn. ¶ sith ꝑ poyow synne. ꝑ he was ffre
now yo he bonde mad. And ther ffor seyth Seynt Austen ¶ yff ꝑ hane dys
deyn of syn thy ſnnt yff he a sylt the or synne. hane pon dysde
pe ꝑ ꝑ thy selff sholdyst do synne. tak zewayd of yy value. ꝑ ponne
be to foulle to yy selff. Allas well ought thay the hane dysdayn
to be ſnnto & pralle to synne & sorow to bene ashamyd of hem
selff. ꝑ god hath of his endeles goodnes set hym in his estat. or
yelyn hem wit. strenghte of body. holth. beauto. ꝓspyte. And
bought hem from pe doth w his he ꝯ blood. ꝑ thay so unkyndely
a seyne his gentylnes quytyn hym so dolonyely to the slaughte
of hey own sowlyo. O good god yo wymen ꝑ be of so gyet beauto
remomby you off the ꝓverbe of Salamon ꝑ lykenyth a ffayre
woman ꝑ yo ffoulle off hey body. lyk a ryng of gold ꝑ were in
the ꝓyne of a sow. ffor ryght as a sow wrotyth in every ordy
So wrotyth sche hey beauto in stynkyng ordo of synne. The
iij. cause ꝑ ought move a man to contynaun yo drede of pe day of
dome. And off the horyble peynyo of hell. ffor as seyth seynt
ieyome at ony tyme ꝑ me zemembryth of the day of dome. ¶

Secunda causa

Tercia causa

quak. // ffor whe ⁊ eett or drynk. or what so þ ⁊ do / & sennith me þ þ trompe sonnyth in mone eqd. Ryse ye Op þ be ded & comyth to þ jussement. O good god myth dwsht a man to dred such a jusgement. þ as we schall be all. // As seynt Poule seyth be for the strayth jusgement of our lord jhu cryst. Wher he schall make a generall congregacon. // Wher as no man may be absent. // ffor certis per a walith non assyne ne no excusacon. And not only þ our defaut schall be jussyd. but ek þat al our werkys schall opynly be know. And as seyth Seynt Bernard. ther ne schal no plettynur a vaylle ne sleysht. // We schall yelde a jekynyng of eny ydyll worde. ther schall we hane a jusse. þ may not be disceyvyd ne corrupte. And why ffor certis. all our thonghtis bon dyscovyd and discenyd vn to hym. // ne for prayer ne for med. he schall be corrupt. // And ther for seyth Salamon. the wrath off god wull not spare no wyght ffor prayer ne ffor yft. And ther for at the day of dome ther is non hope to escape. wher for as seyth seynt anselme. ffull drect and dysch schall ye synfull folk hane at þ tyme. ther schall the seyne and wrech jusse sit a bove. And vnd hym the oyrbytt pytte of hell. opyn to dysteyr hem þ not be knowyn hey synnys. which synnys be opynly schewyd be for god be ffor eny creature. And in the left syd moo dewell yen hert may pynk for to hepp & draw the synffull soulis to the payne of hell. // And in the hepth off ffolk schall be the bytyng conscience. // And w dwfoyth the word all kremyng. Whithw schall ye the wrethyd synffull man fle to hyd hym. // certis he may not hid hym. he most come forth and show hym. // ffor certh as sayth seynt jerome. the erth schall cast hym out off hym and the sse. // And also the eyre. & that schall be ffull of pondre clappys & lyghtynyng. // Now sothly who so wolt remoun hym of these pynsf. I gesse þ his synnys schall not tornyne hy to delyte. but to gret hurt. ffor dred off the payne off hell. // And ther for seyth Jobe to god Suffer lede þ I may a whill be wayle and weppe or I go wt out ze tornyng to the derk lond covryd w the derkenes off deth to the lond off mysesse and of derknes wher as ye the shadow of deth. Wher as ther is no ordre of ordynnce. but grysly dred pat eer schall lasse. lo hep no ye son. pat jobe prayd zesprytes a whill to be weppe and wayle his trespas. ffor sothly a day off zesprytes is bett as the all the tresoure in the wordle. And for as moch as man may qwyt hym self be for god be penttentis in this wordle & not be tresoure. // ther for shold he pray to god to yene hym zesprytes a whill to be weppe. & be wayle his trespasys. // ffor certh all the sorow þ a man myght hane. ffro the he gyn ying of the wordle. myt but a lytyll thyng. at the zesynde of the sorowe of hell. // the cause why. þ jobe clepyth hell the lond of deth is not. vndrstondyth that he clepyth it the lond of erth. ffor it ys stabyll. & nen schall lak derknes. ffor he þ ys yn hell hath defaute of lyght materyall. ffor certis the derke lyght pat schall come out of the ffyre. þ on schall bren schall twrne hym all to payn þ ym

Jeronimus

Seyth not believe

I commendme into

helle. for it shewyth hym to the oppybylle debolys pat hym tymonty
conoyd w̄ derknes of deth. t̄ ys to sayn. t̄ he t̄ ys in helle shall hane
defaute of the syght of god. for certis the syght of god ys the syght
pdurabill. the derknes of deth ben the synnys that the wrechyd man
hath don which t̄ distourbyn hym to se the face of god. Kyght as
a derk cloth be twen vs. and the son. // It ys the loud of mysease be
cause of my. maneris of defautis. a gayn. my. thynsys. t̄ folk of t̄
wordle hane in t̄ pśent lyff. t̄ ys to sey honoryis delytis & ryches
a gayn honoure hane pey in helle. shame & cōfusyon. for wotte ys
wytte t̄ nē doppyn hono. pe penoyonce t̄ man doth to man. // but
in helle t̄ ys nō hono no penoyence. for ther no more penoyence
shall be don t̄ to a kyng pe to a knave. // for which god seyth by
the aphoto sezonne. pilke folk t̄ me dyspyson shal be in despyte
hono ys clopyd ek gyst lordshyp t̄ shal no wyght fnyn other but
of hayme & turment. // hono ys clopyd ek a gyst dignite and hyght
nes. but in helle shulle they be all for tedyn w̄ dvelys as god
seyth // the horrydyll denellys shulle goo & come vp on the hedys
of dampnyd folke. // and pis is for as mych as the heyer t̄ they wer
in this pśent lyff. the mor shalle they be a bate and defoulyd in helle
a gayns t̄ ryches of pis wordle shalle they hane dyssesse of poverte. and
pis poute shalle be in my. thyngs. in defaute of treasure of which
pat dauyd seyth. the rych folk t̄ ordinassydyn all hers hert to treasure
of pis wordl shulle slepe in the slepyng of deth. & no thyng no shulle
they fynde in ther hondys of all hey treasure. and mor on the mysease
of helle shalle be in defaute of mot & drink. // for t̄ sayth our lord be mor
ses. pey shulle be wasteyd for hunge. and pe hyrdis of helle shalle devoure
hem w̄ bitte deth & the galle of the dragon shalle be here drink. and pe
venym of t̄ dragon hey mortellys. and fyrthermor her desease schalle be
in defaute of clothyng forthey schalle be nakyd in body as of clothyng save
the fyre in which they brenne. and other ffylthis and nakyd they shalle
ben of sowle. as of all man vtuys which t̄ ys the clothyng of sowle
// whor be pe the gay robbys & the softe sheetis & t̄ smalle sheetis // loo
what sayth god of hem in be the aphoto Isaie. pat vnde hem schalle be
fredwyd moughtys and hey coueryngys shalle be of wormys of helle
and fyrthermor hey mysease schal be in defaute of freendys. for he
ys not pou that hath god freendis. but t̄ ys no frend. for nethir god
ne no creature shalle be frend to hem. and enych of hem shulle hate
other w̄ dedly hate. // the sonys & the doutheryis shalle be rebelle a
gayn the fade & the mode. and kynred a geyns kynred and children and
despysyn ech of hem other. as god sayth be the aphote ayecheas. and
the lodynge chyldryn that whilom lodyd enych oper wolde enych of hem

This parchce
aphetam

Sund

etyn of yff they myght. ffor how schulld they love to gedr in the paryn of hell
wyse the hatred enevyth of hem othyr in ye ryfyte off the lyff. ffor ryghtfull
well hey flesshly lone was sedly hate. As seyth the prophete David. Who
so ye lonyth wykydnes he hattyth his soule. And whoso hatyth ye
dyn sowtt. certys he may lone non othyr wyght in no maner
and therfor in hell ye no solas ne no fowshyp. But on the mes
flesshly kynredys ye ben in hell. The more enymys the more thedys
& the more sedly hate ye a mong them. And fythermor they schall
have defaute of all man delytt. ffor certt delytt be aft the appetyt
of the wytt as syght heryng. smellyng. sauoryng and tech
yng in hell hey syght schall be fulll of derknes & of smok and hey
eyen full of teryes. And hey heryng ffull of weymentyng & of
gnaschyng of tuth As seyth yhn Crysost hey nose therlt schull be
schutt be ffull of stynkyng stynk And as seyth Isaye the prophete
hey sauoryng schall be full of bitr gall and tonchyng all hot be
ry. Conceyvd ye ffrere ye heney schall quench And ye wormys ye heney schal
dyen as god seyth by the mouth of Isaye. And for as mych as they schal
not wene ye they medyn dye ffor peyn. And by hey deth flo fro peyn
ye may they vnd stonde in the word of job ye seyth ye ye the schadow
of deth. Certys a schadow hath liknes of a thyng of which yt ye
schadowyd wyght so fayryth the payne of hell ye lyk deth. ffor the
horybyll angyssh and wly ffor yt peryuyth hem cn as yongh they
schuld dey a non. but certys they schulle neuer dey. ffor as seyth seynt
Gregory Werthyd caytyfys schall be ded w out dwty deth and ende
w out ende And defaute w out ffaylyng. ffor hey deth schall all
way lydyn. And hey end schall cn more be gyn. And hey defaute
schall not fayll. And ye for seyth seynt yohn the Evangelyst they
schall folow deth & pey schall not fynd hym. And they schall desyre
to dey And deth schall flo fro hem. And ek job sayth that in
hell ye no ordr of pile. ¶ And all be yt so ye god hath
geat all thyng in ryght ordr & no thyng w out ordr. but all thyngys
ben ordeynyd and nomberyd yet nathelles they ye be dampnyd be
no thyng in ordr ne holdyn non ordr. ffor the erth schal bey hem
no ffruyt. ffor the prophete David seyth. god schal destroy the fruyt
of the erth. As fro them ne water schall yeue hem no moystnes.
ne the eyre no refreschyng ne ffyre no lyght. ffor as seyth seynt
Isayke the brennyng of his ffyre of his wordt schall god yeue in
to hell to hem ye be dampnyd. but the lyght and the clernes
schal be yeuen in to heuen to his childeyn. Ryght as the good
man yeuyth ffloth to his childeyn and honys to his homydre
And for they schulle have no hope to escape seyth. Sayt job. ye

laste ꝑ shall be erro. And gresly dred schall dwell wt out end. horro
ys all way dred of hayme ꝑt ys to come & pis dred shal en dwell in
the herth of hem pat be dampnyd & ꝑ for hane they loyn all hoy
hope for vj. causis. ffirst for god pat ys hoy juge shall be wt out
merzy to them & they mow not plese hym ne non of his hallows
ne they may yeue no thyng for hey zamsoun ne they hane noo
voys to spek wt hym ne they may not ffle fro peyne ne they
hane no goodnes in hem that they mow shew to delynder hem fro
payne // And ꝑ for seyth Salamon pe wykydman dyeth & when
he ys ded. he shal hane non hop to scape fro payne Who so wold
then wel vnd'stond the peynys & be thynk hym well ꝑt he hath
discerwyd pilk peynys for his synnys. certis he schold hane more
talent to syghin & to wep pe for to syngyn and to play. ffor as
sayth Salamon who so had sacrys to know the peynys ꝑt be onsta
belyshyd and ordeynyd for synne he wold mak sorow. & pilk sen
ence as seyth seynt austyn makyth a man to wanente in his
hert. the iij. cause ꝑt ought to mak a man to hane contry
cion in his hert ys the sorowfull remembrance of the good
ꝑt he hath lefte to don hey in eyth. & ek the good ꝑt he hath lorne
eythir they ben the good werkys ꝑt he wrought or he fill in to ded
ly synne. // or ellys the good werkys ꝑt he wrongh whill he lay
in synne. // Sothly the good werkys ꝑt he wrought or he falle in
to dedly synne. ben all mortyfyed astonyd & dullyd be the oft syn
nyng. pat other good werkys ꝑt he wrought whill he lay in
synne yey be vttrly ded as to pe lyff pduraball in hedyn.
The pilk good werkys ꝑt be mortyfyed be ofte synnyng which good
werkys he dyd whill he was in chapite ne mowen nen qwykyn
a yen wt out very penytence. // And ꝑ for sayth god by the mouth
of Ezechiell. ꝑt yff the rythffull man retourn a gayn ffrom his
ryzth wefnes & wyzke wykydnes. schall he lyve. nay // ffor all
the good werkys ꝑt ever he wrought ne schull be nenyr in pene
bejanne. ffor he shall dey in his synne. & upon pilk chapite
seyth seynt Gregory ꝑt we shull vnd'stond pis pryntypally ꝑt whe
we do dedly synne it ys for nought then to remembr or drawyn in
to memory pe good werkys ꝑt we hane wrought be forn. ffor certis
in the werkyng of dedly synne. ꝑ ys no trust to no good werk ꝑ
we hane don be forne ꝑt ys to say for to hane ꝑ by the lyff pdura
byll ꝑt ys in henen. // But natheles the good werkys qwykyn a
gayn and comyn ayen. & vaylyn to hane the lyff pduraybll in
henyn. whan we hane contrition. but sothly the good werkys ꝑt
men don whillys they ben in dedly synne. ffor as mych as they
wer don in dedly synne. they mow nen qwyken a gayn // ffor

Salamo

quarta causa

certys pmg ꝑ men had lyff may neuer amykyn. And nathelles al beht
so ꝑ they a vaylyn not to haue the lyff ꝑdurabyll yt a valyn pay
to a bryggyn the peyn of hell or elles to get temyall lyfes
or all yat god wolt ye zathr enlimyn & bryghtyn the hert of
the synfull man to haue repentaunce And ek they a vay
lyn for to vsyn a may to do good werkys ꝑ ye shold haue ye
lasse power of his soule And yis the cuxteys lord ihu crystne
wolt ꝑ no good werkys be lost ffor m som what yt schall yt
schal avayle. But for as mych as the good werkys yat men don
whillys they be m good lyf ben all mortifyed be synne folowyng
And ek syth ꝑ all the good werkys ꝑ me doen whilys they be
indedly synne be all vtterly ded as for to haue the lyff perdu
byll. Wall may the ꝑ man ꝑ no good werk no doth. Syn
pilk new fresch song. May tout pdue mom temps & mom labore
for certis synne bereyth a man both goodnes and nature & the
the goodnes of grace. ffor soth ly the grace of the holygost. ffayn
lyk fyre that may not be ydylle ffor fyre ffaylyth a now as it
for lettyth his werkyng & yrsyhtt so grace faylyth a now as it
for lettyth his werkyng. Then losyth the synfull man the
goodnes of glorie ꝑ only ye be hysyhte to good men ꝑ ladomyn
And werkyn well may he be sorry ye ꝑ dwyth all his lyff to
god. as long as he hath lyvyd. And as long as he schall lyve ꝑ
noo goodnes ne hath to pay w̄ his det to god to whome he
dwyth all his lyff. ffor trustyth well he schal yelde a compte
As seyth Seynt Bernard. of al the goodis ꝑ hath be ydyn
hy m ꝑ present lyff & how he hath dispendyd shon not so myth
as yer schall payych not a heere of his hed ne a momente of
an oure. ne schall not pyth of his tyme ꝑ he schall yelde of ꝑ
a lokenyng. The. v. thyng ꝑ ought mebon a man to contry
cion ye the remembraunce of the passyon yat our lord ihu
cristo suffyrd for our synnys. as seyth Seynt Bernard whil
ꝑ lyve I schal have remembraunce of the travellys ꝑ our
lord ihu crist suffeyrd m preechyng his worthynes m trave
lyng his temptacons whe he fasted. his long wakyng whe
he prayd his teerys whe he wepte for pyte of the people ye
wos & the shame & the ffylthe ꝑ men seydyn to hym of the foulyt
spettyng ꝑ men spet m his face. off the buffettys ꝑ men yaff
hym. of the scowrnys & the foulyt reprvys ꝑ men to hym for
dyn. Of ye nallys w̄ which he was nayllyd to ye crosse. And

Bernardus

Quinta causa

Bernardus

of all

of al the remenant of his passion ꝑ he suffeyd for our synnys & no pyn
for his offt. And ye schal understand ꝑ in manys synne ys ony ordeynaunce.
ordinaunce tynyng. Wp so doune. For it is soth ꝑ god. reson. sensualite &
the body of man be ordeynyd ꝑ euery of pese my pnst. schold hane
lordschip on other. And pus schold god hane lordship on resone. And
reson on sensualite. And sensualyte ouer the body of man. But soth
ly wise man synnyth all pis ordeynaunce & ordynance ys tryed wp so doun
& ꝑ for then. For as moch as reson of man ne wolt not then be sub
iete ne obeysant to god ꝑ ys his lord be ryght ꝑ for lesyth hyt the
lordship ꝑ it schold hane on sensualite & ek on the body of man. And
why. For sensualite pen rebellyth a yens reson. And be ꝑ way le
syth reson the lordship of sensualyte and on the body. For ryght as
reson ys rebell to god ryght so ys bothe. Sensualite to reson rebell
and to pe body also. And certis pis ordynance in this rebellyon our lord
ihu crist. a. bought it wpon his peyns body suffyr dere and leyd he
myn in which wyse. For as moch pen as reson ys rebell to god. per
for ys man worthy for to hane sorow & for to be ded. This suffeyd
our lord ihu crist for man. afte that he had be trayd of his disciple
and distrayned and bounde so ꝑ his blod brast out at eny nayll of his hon
ds. And seith Seynt Austen. And fyrthyr on. For as moch as reso
of man wolt not. Daunte sensualite. wha it may. ther for ys man wor
thy to hane shame. And thus suffeyd our lord ihu crist for man
whe they spyt in hys visage. And furthermor for as moch pe as the ony
tyff body of man ys rebel both to reso and to sensualite. ꝑ for ys it
worthy to dy. And pis suffeyd our lord ihu crist for man wpon the gos
se wyser as was no pty of his body fre wt out gret payne & bitte passy
on. And all pis suffeyd our lord ihu crist. ꝑ neu forfotyd & pus he
seyd. To moch am I payned for the ymy. ꝑ I newer dessyred. and to
moch dofolyed for shenshippe ꝑ man ys worthy to hane. And ꝑ for
may the synfull man well say as seyth seynt Bernard. A cussyd be
the bitties of my synne. For which ꝑ must be suffeyd gret bitynes
For certis aft the dyuse discordaunt of our wykydnes was the pas
syon of ihu crist ordeynyd as pus. Certys synfull manys soule ys
be trayed of the deuell. be conetyse of temporall pspyte & skornyd
be discryth. Whe he closyth fleschly delytyd & yt is it tormentyd
be impacience of adiate & be espite be pvage & subiection of synne
and at the last it ys slayn synally. For pis discordaunce of synfull
man was ihu crist be trayed. And afte ꝑ was he bounde ꝑ

cam for to vnbynde vs of synne & payne. // Ye was he scorned þ only
schold be honoryd in alle thing. And of alle thing yen was his visage þat
aught to be desyryd to be seen of alle man kynd. // In which visage an
angelis desyryn to loke velonnysly be spette. // Ye was he scorgyd þat
no thing had a gylt. & finally ye was he crucified & slayne. Than
was a complysed the word of ysaye. // he was wounded for our mysdedis
& defoulyd be our felonnes. // Now lyth þ sun crist tok upon hym self
the peyne of al our wykydnes mychyll ought the synfull man wepyn
& be wayll. þ for our synnys. godd's son of heyyn schold al pis
peyne endure. // The. sexte cause þ ought to move a man to contrycyon
on ys the hope of my. pmysl. þ ys to say. forgevenes of synne. And
yifft of gre wel for to do. & the glorie of heyyn w which god schal guerdon
man for his good dedys. // And for as moch as sun crist yevyth us pis
yifts of his largenes & off his sonezayn bounte. þ for is he clepyd ihe
nazarenus ley indorf. // ihe is to say saluca or salvacion of whom men
scholde hope to have forgevenes of synnys which ys yfly salvacion of
synnys. And þ for seyd the angell to joseph ye shalt clepyn his name
ihe. þ schalt saff his people of her synnys. And her of sayth seynt pe
ther ys no nor name vnder heyyn þ ys yevyn to any man be which
may may be savyd. but only ihe nazarenus. which ys as moch for to
say as floryshyng in which man schal hope. þ he þ yevyth hym so
myssyon of synnys. shal yiff hym ek grace wel to do. // for in the
flowre ys hope of frayt in tyme comyng And in forgevenes of synnys
ys hope & grace wel to do. // Was at the dore of yyn hert. seyd ihe. And
clepyd for to entre. he þ apenyth to me schalt have forgevenes of synne
And // wolt entre in to hym be my grace & soupe w hy by the good werk
ys þ he schalt don. which werkys be the foode of god & he shal soupe w
me by the gret joy. // schalt yeve hy // This shal men hop for his we
kys of penance þ god shalt yeve hym his peyne do he be hotyth hym in
the gospell. // Now shalt men vnderstond in which man shalt be his con
tryccon. // say it shal be vnnysalt. & to call pis. ys to say. A man shalt
be very repentaint for his synnys. þ he hatth don in delyte of hyt
ponght. for delyte ys ffull perilous. for þ be ij. maner of consentyng
. The on of hem ys clepyd consentyng of affeccion. wche is mure ys me
vyd to do synne. And ye delytyth long for to penbyn on þ synne And
his reson presenyth wel þ a gayns the law of god & þ ys reson reprey
nyth not his foule delyte or talent. pongh he se well aptely þ ys
a yens the ordenance of god. // All pongh his reson consente not to
do þ synne in ded yt ys sayd off some doctors þ such delyte þ dredlyth to

Sexta causa

peyne

long yt ys ffull pylous att be yt neu so lyte. And also a man schold sorow
namely for att þ ow he hath dysyred ayens the lawe of god w þ ffyte con
sentyng of his reson. ffor þ of ys no dovt. þ it ys dedly synne in the
consentyngs. ffor certis þ ys no dedly synne þ it ys fyrst in manys
pought. And aft þ in his delyte. And so forth in to consentyng And
in to the ded Wherfor I say þ many men ne repent hem nou of
such pought & delytis ne new shrywyn hem of hit. but only of the ded of
syet synnys dvtlvard. Wher I say þ such wikyd delites & pought bene
suptyle begyleys of hem þ shall be dampnyd. more ou man ought
to sorow for his wykyd wordys & for his wykyd dedys: ffor certys the re
pentance of a syngular synne. & not repentaunt of all his other
synnys or ellys repent hym of all other synnys & not of a syngular
synne may not avayle. ffor erth god almyghty ys all good & þ for he
for yevyth all. or ellys wyll nought. And hey of seyth. Seynt Aus
ten. I wot wel clenly þ god ys enemy to eny synner. And how pen
he þ obstynyth on synne shal he have forevenes of the remenant of his
oþ synnys. Nay. And furthermore. contrycion schold be wondr so
rofull and amyrysyons. And þ for yenyth hit god plenyly his mcy.
And. þ for whe my sowle was angryshyd w yn me. I had remembe
rance off god þ my prayer myght to to hit. ffurthermor contrya
on moste be contynuell & þ a man hane stedfaste ppos to shrywe
hym And to amend hit of his lyff. ffor sothly whil contrycion lastyth
man may hane hope of forevenes. And of this contynyth hate of synnys
þ distroyeth synne both in hym self. and in other folk at his power
ffor which sayth David. ye þ lovyn god hate wykydnes. ffor trust
wel to love god ys to lone þ he lovyth. And hat þ he hatyth the
last pyng þ a man shal withstond in contrycion vs this. Wherfor
avaylyth contrycion. I say þ som tyme contrycion delyvyth a man fro
synnys of which þ dawnd seyth. I sey yt dawnd þ ys to seyn. I þ
pose me fermely to shrywe me. And þ lorde relesdist my synne. And
yyght so as contrycion avaylyth not w out sad ppos of shrywyng yff a man
hane opportunyte. Ryght so hytyll worth ys shrift or satysfaccion w
out contrycion. And more ou contrycion withdrawyth the prysoun of hell
And makyth wek & ffelyth all þ thought of the devyll & restoryth
the yiftys of the holy goost & of all good werkys & it clansyth the
sowle of synne. And delyvyth the sowle fro the peyne of hell. And fro
the company of the devyll. And fro the seruage of synne. And restoryth
it to all good aspyritualt. And to company & comonyng of holy

Augustinus

holychrych & ffyrthermore it makyth hym ye whylom was son of ire to be
the son of grace. all this thynge be ꝑfyd be holy writ and ye for he ye
wolt set his entent to this ymage he wer full wyse for sothely he ne shold
not in all his lyff have corage to synne but yede his body & all his
hert to the ymage of ihu crist. and ye of dow hym homage. ffor sothe
ly our lord ihu crist hath spared vs so honerly many ffolyes. ye
yf he ne had pyte of mannys soule. a sory songe we mysyt all synge

Explicit prima pars penitencie ⁊ sequit secunda
pars eiusdem ⁊ c

Sed a pe penitencie
quid sit confessio

The secunde pte of penitence ys cōfession. ye ys the signe of contry
cion. Now shall ye vnderstand what ys confessyon or wethyr it
ought nedys to be done or non & which ymage ben conenable to vse
contrycion. ffirst shall ye vnderstand ye confessyon ys devy knelyng
synnys to the prest yis ys to say sory. ffor he most confesse hym
of all the condicons ye be longyng to his synnys as forth as he
can all mote be sayde and no ymg excusyd ne hyd ne ffor wrappyd
& not avaunt the of thy good werkys. and ffurthermore yt ys notof
sayye to vnderstonde whens ye synnys springyn & how they encrey
& which thoy ben. of ye springyng of synnys seyth seynt ponte
in this wyse ye pyth as be a man synne entryd first in to this world
& propowgh ye synne deth. pyght so pylk deth entryth in to all men
ye bynnyth. and yis man was adam. by whom ye synne entryd
in to this world whe he brake the comandement of god. and
he pat first was so mysyty ye he schuld not a dyed. he cam such
on ye he most nedys dey whed he wolt or non. & all hys pse
me in yis worldle ye in pylk man synnyd. lok ye in the state of
innocence was adam ⁊ eue nakyd wer in paradis ⁊ no ymg
haddyn shame of her nakydnes. how ye ye serpent ye was most wy
ly of all opr beastys ye god had made seyd to ye woman why comand
dyd god to you ye schold not etten of ony tre in paradys the
woman answeryd of the ffroytys of the treys qd she of paradys
we ffodynes. but sothly of the ffroyt of the tre yat ys in the
myddyll of paradyse. god for bedyn vs for to ete no not touch yt
lest pavente we schold dyen the serpent seyd to ye woman
nay nay ye schal not dyen for soth god wot ye what day yat
ye eten per of your eyen shall opyn and ye shal be as goddys
of kndwyng good and hayne. the woman ye saw ye ye tre was
good to ffodyng & fayre to the eye & delectabyll to the syght
she tok of the froyt of the tre. and eto hit & yaf to her husband
and eto a noon. the eyen of hem both openyd & whe yat thoy
kndr ye pey wer nakyd the leyed of fygs lovys in man of a hych

to hydyn hys membrys. Ther mdr ys seyn ꝑt deddly synne had fyrst
suggestyon off the ffende. as shewyth hys by the eddr & aftr the de-
lyth of the ffleschi as shewyth hys by Eue. And aftr ꝑt ye consentyng
of yelson as shewyth hys by Adam. ffor trustyth well ꝑt yongh so
wys ꝑt he temptyd Eue. ꝑt ys to sayn the ffleschi. And the ffleschi
had delyte in beauute of the ffrwyt defendyd. yt certys tylle ꝑt
zelow. ꝑt ys to say Adam consentyd to the etyng of the ffrwyt yt
stode they in the state of innocence. // Off ylk Adam tok we ylk
synne Oryginall. ffor of hym ffleschly descendyd. We be all
engendryd of vyle and corrupt matr. and whe the soul ys put in
onre body. ryght a non ys contyte oryginall synne And yat
ꝑt was eyst but only peyne of concupiscence ys aftr warde boye
payne & synne. And ther for be we all borne sonys of wrath &
of dampnacon perdurabyll yff ne wer baptysme ꝑt we zecedyn
which be wynnyd be the culpe. but for soth the peyne dwellyth we
be as to temptacion which payn hyght concupyscence when
hit ys resonnably disposyd or ordeynyd in man it makyth coveyt
be ordeyse of ffleschi ffleschly hight synne be syght of his eyen
as to erthly pnngs. And ek conetys of hyghnes be pryd of hert. Now
as to spekyn off the ffirst conetys. // Ther ys concupyscence aftr
the law of onre members ꝑt wys lawfully made. And be ryght
jugement of god. I say for as mych as man ys not obeysant
vn to god ꝑt ys his lord yer for ys the flesch to hym disobeysant po
ydr concupiscence which yt ys clepyd norishyng of synne & occasion
of synne. Ther for all the whille ꝑt a man hath in hym the peyn
of concupyscence yt ys impossybyll but he be temptyd som tyme
& mevyd in his ffleschi to synne. & pis pnng may not fayle as longe
as he lyvyth. // yt may well way ffobyll & ffayll be vtu of bap
tysme & by the grace of god pydr penitence. but fully schall it
nevr dwell ꝑt he ne schall som tyme be mevyd in hym self. //
But yff he were zekreynyd be sekness or malyce or. for cery of
colder drynkys. // ffor lo what seyth seynt poule. the flesch cone
tyth a gayn the spryt. And the spryte a gayn the ffleschi. they
be so contrary & frayll. ꝑt man may not all way do as he wold
the same poule seyth aftr his gret pennaunce in watr & in
lond. in watr be nyght & in day be gret parell & in gret peyn
in londe pendyn And pryst colde And clothles. And oftyn stoon
yd all most to the deth. yt sayd he allas. // I caytyff man who

Paulus

when he vsyth his wyff wowyn sonayn dolyro of engendeyng to the ho
nowr of god. // or for the entent to yeld his wyff hym dett of hys body
. // Eke who he wott not vnsot the sek ne the pysoner when he may.
Eke yff he lode chyff or childeyn or any wordly thyng mor pesonn
dwyrth. // Eke yff he flate or blamdyse more the he ought for dwy
necessyte. // Eke yff he amerme or wydraw the almos of the pow.
Eke yff he appayell his met more dolyrously pan nedy ys or ote
to hastely be lytyonsnes. // Eke yff he tale vanytes at the chrch or
at goddys seyrs. // Or yff he be a talker of ydyll wordys off folys
or of volany. for he shall yelde a compte off yt at the day of dome
. Eke who he be hotyth or assmyth to do pynsys p he may not pfrm
Eke who p he be sleyght or folys mysseyth or skor myth hys neyghe
// Eke who he hath any wykyd suspecion of pnoy chyn he hath off
noo sothfastnes. these synnys and noo wout nomb be synnys as
seyth seynt austyn. // Now shulle men vnd stonde all be yt so pat
no man may wythstond all manyr synnys. yt may be for
hym be the hyn mynd lone p he hath to our lord jhu crist. and be
prayer confessyon other good werkys. so pat they shulle bu
lytyll greve. for as seyth seynt austyn. yff a man lone god in such
mand p all p ow he doyth ys in the lone off god or for the lone of
god. // loke how mych p a drop of wat p fallyth in to a fluxnes of fyre
a noyeth or grevyth. so mych a noyeth a venial synne vn to a man
p ys pfyte in the lone of jhu crist // ayen now also for ayne bem
all synne by the resceyvyng worthyly of p precyous body of jhu
crist be resceyvyng eke of holy water. and almesdedy. be gendy
confiteor at masse and at compelyne. and be blessyng of bysshopp
and of prestis. and other good werkys

Sequitur de vij. peccatis mortalibus et eorum
dependentiis. earumque speciebus

Now ys yt be how fully pnoy to tell which ben dedly synnys. p
ys to seyn: the chefe off all synnys. they ben non lees but
in dues manerr. Now be they clepyd chefe tenys. for as mych as
they be chefe off spryngyng off all other synnys. // Off the pettys
off pes. vij. synnys. yt ys pryd the generall rote of all hapnes
for of his rote spryngyn certayn bramchys. // as pse. Envy. // de
adie. // Slowth. // lechery and covetyse // the comen vnd
stondyng of gloteny or lechery and enuyych of these synnys have
hys bramchys. and his twyggys. // as schall be declayrd in hys
chapetrys folowyng. and though so be p no man can vttrly tell
the nomb of the twyggys of the hapnys p comyn of pryd. yt
wyll shewe a parte of them as ye schal vnd stande. // ther ys mode

Irenes. Vanitynge. // Yproqyte. Despyte. Arrogance. // Imprudence.
Swellyng of herte. Insolence. // Elacion. Impacience. // Styff. // Con
masy. presumpcion. Inordinate. Ptynace. Wrongloyse. And may
an other Aldrygge. That I can not declare. Inobedient ys he that dis
beyth for dispyte to the comandement of god & to his sone. Ayenys & to hys
gostly fader. Vanite ys he that bostys of the hayne or of the bonte that
he hath done. // Ypocrite ys he that hatyth to schew hym such as he ys
and showyth hym such as he not ys. Despytous ys he that hath disdeyn
of hys neyghbor. That ys to sayn of hys eyn Cristen or hath dispyte to do
that hym onght to do. // Arrogant ys he that prikyth that he hath
yrlk bontes in hym that he hath not. // Or wenyth that he schold have
hem by his desertys or ellys he demyth that he be that he ys not. Impru
dent ys he that for his pryd hath no schame of his synnys. Swel
lyng of herte. ys when a man. enoryshyth hym of hayne that he hath
done. // Insolent ys he that dispyshyth in his Ingement all oy folk. as
to regarde off his value. & off his Comyng. off his spekyng &
of his boryng. // Elacion ys when he may not suffer to have a
maste ne ffelawe. // Impacient ys he that wyll not be taught ne
vnder nome of his dyes & be styff. veryyeth thonthe wettyngly and
defendyth his ffolye. // Contynnacy. ys he that poydwgh his indygna
cion ys a gayn eny Auctorite or power of hem that ben his sone
sayns. Presumpcion ys wha a may vnderstanyth an Emprye that
hym onght not do. And pro ys callyd surquecy. Inordinate ys
when men do not honor ther as he onght to don. And wayteth to be ye
reporyd. // Ptynasie ys when man defendyth hys ffolye & trusyth to
mych to his own wyte. // Vayngloye. ys for to have pompe & delyte
in hys temporall heyghnes. & glorify hym in pro wordly estate
Jangelyng ys when men spoken to mych be for folk and clappyn
de a mylle & take non hed what they seyn. // And yet ys ther a
ploby spyre of pryde. That wayteth first to be salutyd ere he wold
salute. all be he the lasse worth yen that other ys Aventur. And ok
he wayteth or desyre to sitte or gon a bode hym in the wey or kysse
pay. or ben encensyd or gon to offeryng be for his neyghbor. And
semblablyt must a eynsse his dute. Aventure but that he hath hys
hert & his entent in such a prouide desyre to be magnified and
honoryd be for the people. Wolle ben ther ij. manerys off pryde
That on of hem ys w in the hert of man. And that other ys vte ouite
. // Off which sothly these forseyd thingys & moo ye shall seyd ben
aptenent to pride that ys in the hert of man. And the other spr
ytenent to pride that ys vte ouite but nathelos that on of these spyre
ys of pryde ben vte ouite but nathelos that on of these spyre off

pryde ye signe of ye other. // Right as the gay. lovesett. at the taverne ye
signe of the wyne yat ye in the celer. And yis ye in many pingis
as in speche & countenance and in outrageous pay of clothyng. ffor
tes and ther had be no syme in clopinge. Crist wold not so sone
have notyd and spoke of the clothyng of yilk pyth may in the gos
pell. As seyth Seynt Crisostom ye pryone clothyng ye culpabyll
ffor the depth of hit and for his softenes. & for his shamnes &
dissyslyng. & for the superfluyte. // As for the inordinate scantenes off
hit. // Allas may man not seen as in our dayes ye sufficient costelew
apay of clothyng & namely in to myth superfluyte or ellys in to dysor
nat scantnesse. As to the ffyrst syme of superfluyte of clothyng which
ye makyth yt so dere to the hapne of ye people not only the coste of
embrawdyng ownydyng the gyse of indentyng kappyng playnyng
wryndyng or bendyng and sembelabyll waste of cloth in Samyte
// But ye yis also the costelew ffrynyng hor Colvrnys so moch pen
sonyng of thissell to make hollys. And so myth dagyng of sleyes
ffoth w the superfluyte in lenghth of the sayd Colvnys trayling
in the dongs & in the myre on hors And ek on foote as well of
man as of woman // ye all yilke trayling ys wyre costelew consumed
pryd bare & pottyn w dongs zathir the yelyn yt to the poer. // for
grot damage of ye forseyd. poer folke. & ye in sondry wysse. yis ys
to say ye ye more ye cloth ys wastyd the more it coste to the people. ffor
the fray snes. And ffurthermor ow yff so be yat they wolde yff such
pomsonod & dagyd clothyng to the poor folke. yt ys not conenyent
out to weer ffor hor estate ne sufficient ffor hor necessite to lep
hem fro dystempance of the firmament. off that other by the
to speke of the oppybyll & dysordynat scantenes of clothyng as be
thes cuttyd slopys & hanserlyns. ye poyr hor shortenes they ne co
myr the shamefull membrys of man. to wrytyn outerut. Allas sem
of hem schewyn the rosse of hor shape & the hoppybyll swollyn
membrys ye semyth lyke the malody of hapne in the wrappyng
of hor hosyn. // And ek the buttokys of hem flayn as yt were
the hynder pte of a she appe in the fult of the eyone. // And more
on the wrechyd swolly membrys ye they show thorow dysoysyng
and deptyng of hor hosyn in white & rede. // Semyth ye half hor
shamefull prove membrys were flayn. // And yff so be ye they de
pte hor hosyn in other colorys as ys white or blew. or white
and blake. or blak & rede & so forth yen semyth yt as be va
ryance of colorys yat half ye pte of hor pne membrys be

coppyte be the ffyr of Seynt Antonye. Or be tanker or such nyf
chamme. Of the hynder pte of her bottokys it ys ffull oppybrell
to see. ffor certys in that pty of here body ther as they pnyeyn
her flynkyng ordyne. that ffonde pte shew they to the people
prowdly in dispyte of honeste. which honeste p^t hir tryste e
hir frendys obseyd to shew in her^ eyne. Now as of the appay
outrageous of women god wote p^t ponsh the wysagys of some
of hem sem full chaste. and debonayre. yit notyfy they in her
appay of a tyre lykerousnes of pryde. I sey not but p^t honeste
of clothyng of man or wymen ys conenable // But certis p^e
superfluyte or disordynat scarste of clothyng ys reprovable. //
Also the synne of ornament or of apparell ys in pryns p^t
appertayn to ryddyng // as in to many dolycate horsys p^t ben holde
for dolyte p^t ben so fate. ffayre and coftelow. // and also be
many dvyerse many p^t ys suftenyd be cause of hem pn to
tryone haynes // as in sadelys trepeyrs. pathelys e bryde
lys tonepyd w^t p^ryous clothyng. and w^t rych rbayrs e plattys
of golde e of syln. ffor which godd seyth be zachaye the
zachaye prophete. I wolle confounde the ryderes of such horse. thes folke
takyn lytyll hede e rebayde of the ryddyng of goddys sone of
heven e of his hayne when he rodde upon the asse e had
no nother hayne when he rodd upon the asse. but the po
ver clothys of his disciplys ne we rodd not p^t ond he rode on
op^r boste. I spoke pis for the synne of superfluyte and not for
resonable honeste. wh^e zeyn requyrryth hyt and fyrther
ond certys pryde ys greyly notefyed in holdyng of ryet meynewhe
they be off lytyll pfyte or of ryght no pffyte. and namely whe
p^t meyne be ffelonous or damageous to the people be hardynes
of here lordshype. // or be way of offyceryes. ffor certys such lordys
sellyn her lordyshyppys to the debell of hell when they sustayne
the wykydnes of her mayne. or ellys whe thes folke of lewd
degre as pylle p^t holdyn hostelerys bene sustenyd to the peste
of her hostelerys. and p^t ys in maid of discrete. pilke maid of
folke ben the ffliyes p^t ffolowyn the honey. or ellys the hondrys p^t
ffolowyn the tapen. which forsayd ffolke strangelyn spyrtuelly
here lordshippys ffor which pis seyth dauyd the prophete. wykyd
dethy mete com on pilke lordshippys and god yeue p^t pey mofte dis
cend in to hell al dound. // ffor in her^ hous bene iniquytes

Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM: Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

(= sherdnes (= not god of henen. And certys but yff yey don a mende
ment. ryght as god yaf hys benesون to kyng pharao by the hynde
of jacob and to laban by the hynde of joseph. ryght so god wolde yeue
his malysون to such lordshippys as susteyn the wykydnes of here se
namrtys but they com to a mendement. pryde of the tabyll ape
ryth ek full ofte. for certis pychmen be clappyd to festys and pore
folk be put a way and pebukyd. also in cytes of dmeys mett
(= drinkys. And namely such maner off wakmettys. And dysshes
tys. kennyng of wyld fyre. And peyntyd. And castellyd wth pap
and sembelabull wast. so p^t yt ys abusion. for to pink. And eke
to get precionsnes of vessell and myxsite of mynstralcy. be
a man ys stepyd the more to lynnyn yff so be he set his hert
lasse upon our lord ihu^n crist yt ys a synne. And certenly
the delytes mysght be so gyet in pis cas y^t men mysght lystly
ffall be hem in to dedly synne. the spytes yat sonden of
pryde sothly when they sonden of malyce imagenyd. avisyd
and forcaste or ellys of vsage bene dedly synnys yt ys no dout
And when they sonden be sproalte unavisyd sodenly wth dralle a
gayn. all ban they grenous synnys. I gesse yey be not dedly
nolv mysght men asks wher for p^t pryd sunyth and springyth (=
I say som tyme it springyth of the goodys of natiure. And some
tyme it springyth of the goodys of kynde. And som tyme of the
good of fortune. And some tyme of the goodys of grace. Cert
the goodys off natiure bene holl of body as strenght. dolynesses
beaute. Gentrys. franchise. Goodys of natiure of the soule
bene good wytte. sharp vndystandyng. subtyll engyne. vertu
natiurell. good entynacy. good memory. Goodys of grace be
science. powyr to suffir. spiritualle tranell. benignyte. vertu
ous contemplacion. And sembelabyll thingys of which feseyd
goodys certis yt ys a ffull gret folye a man to pryden hym in any
of hem all. Nolv as for to speke off goodys of natiure. god wote
som tyme we hane hem in natiure as mych to our damage as to
our profite. And for to speke of holyth of body. certys yt ys passyd
full lyghtly. And eke it ys full ofte enchesون of sekines of our
soule. And yey for the more the body ys hole. the more we be
in paryll to fall. And eke for to pryden hym in strenght of body
it ys a heyght folye. for certis the flesshly conetyth a yens the spy
yt. And ay the more strong y^t y^e flesshly ys. the sowyers may the
soule be. And on all pis strenght of body (= wordly hardynes
causyth ffull ofte. ffull many a man to pell and to myschance
. Eke for to pryd hym off hys sentesy yt ys a full gyet folye

ffor oftentyme ye gentrey off the body be symyth the gentyr of the sonle
. And ek we be att of oo ffad^r & of oo mod^r. and att we be of oo natyre
potyn and coynpte bothe rych and powyr. ffor soth a maner gentrey
ys for to preyse ÿ^t apayalyth of manys corage w^t vertues and mere
lites and makyth hym Cristis childe. ffor trust well. ffor on what man
ÿ^t synne hath mastery he ys a bery chorlle to synne. // Now be the
sonall syngnes of gentylnes as eschewyng of vyces. & rebellyng
and fnage of synne. in worde in werk. in comtenance and
vsyng vertu. Curtesy & clennes. and to be lybeyall. ÿ^t ys to sey
largeby mesure. for yll ÿ^t passyth mesure ys ffoly & synne. A no
ther ys pris to rememb^r hy^r off bonte ÿ^t he off other ffolke hath
receyved a nothir ys this to be bonyrne to his subiectis. Wher
for sayth Senek. // Ther ys no thyng more comenable to a man
off heyest estate then debonayre and pyte. And per for thes
ffyes pat men callyth bees whe^n they make her kyng. they
chosyn on ÿ^t hath no pryke. wher w^t he may styngen. // A nor
ys a man to have a noble hert & dilygent to attayn to hy vertues
pnises. Now certys a man to prydyn hym in the goodys of grace
ys ek an outrageyons ffolye. ffor yll yftys of grace ÿ^t schold have
tynyd hym to goodnes & to medecyne. tynyth hym to wonyr
and to confusyon as seyth Seynt Gregory. // Certis also who so pry
dyth hym in the goodys off fortune he ys a grete ffolde. for some
tyme ys a man a grete lorde. by the mordre ÿ^t ys a caytyff or a wrech
e^d yt be wyste. And some tyme the ryches of a man ys cause of
his deth. some tyme the dolytes ys cause of grevous malady
pordre wlych he deyeth. Cayth the comendacion of the peple
ys ofte ffull ffalse & ffull brytyll for to tryste. pis day they prey
to mordre they blame. God wot they desyre to have comenda
con eke off the people hath canyd deth to many a besy man
// Now syth ÿ^t so ys ÿ^t ye have vnd^rstonde what ys pryde. And which
be the spyes of hit And whey pryde sondyth and spryngyth
Now shall ye vnd^rstande which ys the remedy a gayn the fy Remedium contra
of pryde. // And yat ys humylyte or mekenes yat ys a ver pcm superbie
tu redyn which a man hath very knowleche off hym self. and hold
hym self at no pris no deynte as in regarde of his desertys to
sydeyng ency his ffreable. Now ben ther. iij manr. of humylite
// de humylyte in hert. // A nother humylyte in wyrdes. // The
thyrde in his werkys. The humylyte in hert ys in. iij. maneres

• ⁊ malet luxuriosi Dulcior mande q̃ ligniferis labia cantemus

ꝑ on ys wyse a man holdyth hym self as not worthy be for god of heuen
Another ys wyse he dyspysyth non other man. The iij. ys wyse he pe-
kyth not yonge men holde hym not worth. The fowrth ys wyse he ys
not sory of his humiliacoⁿ. Also the humilite of mouth ys iij. pnge
In a tempꝝ speche, and in humbles of speche ⁊ wyse he lis kydnyth ꝑ
his own mouth. yat he ys such as hym penkyth ꝑ he ys in syne. A nuꝝ
ys wyse he prayseth the bonite of a nother man ⁊ no pnge
Humilite ek in werkys ys in iij maneꝛs. The first ys wyse he put
tyth other men be forne. The secunde ys chose the lowyst place on
all. The iij. ys to assent stadly to good counsell. The fowrthe ys
to stande stadly to the award of hys sonenys or of hym ꝑ ys in
hyr sygh or sorys certayn. pnc ys a spet werke of humylite

De pridia

The fift pryde I wyll spek of the ffoule synne of envy. The which ys
ys by the worde of the philosophyre. sorowfull of other menys
prosperyte And after the word of seynt austyn yt ys sorow of other manys
wele ⁊ joy of oꝑ manys hayne. This ffoule synne ys plenly a yenst
the holy goste. All be it so ꝑ envy synne ys a sayntt the holy goste ye
nathelese for as mych as bonite appteynyth holy to the holy goste. And
envy ꝯmyth holy of malyce ꝑ for yt ys pnyly a seyns the bonite
of the holy goste. // Now hath malyce iij. spryes. The on ys to
sey hate
Dynes of hert in wykydnes of ꝑ ett the ffleshy of man ys so blynd
ꝑ he consyderyth not ꝑ he ys in synne or perceyth not ꝑ he ys in
synne which ys the hardnes of the deuyll. That other spryes of
malyce ys when a man wayyeth trouth. Wyte ꝑ he wot ꝑ it ys
trouth. // And ek wyte he wayyeth the grace ꝑ god hath yeue to his
nesthbour. and all ys by envy. Certis pre ys envy ye worst synne
ꝑ ys sothly. ffor all other synnys be sonn tyme only a sayns oo spe
cial vtu. But certis envy ys a sayn all vertuys ⁊ a sayn all
goodnes. ffor yt ys sory of all bonites of hys neysthbour. And in
pis maid it ys dyuis. ffrom all oꝑ synnys. // ffor wel vnneth
ys ꝑ any synne ꝑ it ne hath som delyte in it self same only
envy. ꝑ en hath in ꝑ self anynysth and sorowes. // The spryes of
envy be pes ꝑ bethe fyrst. // Sory of other menys goodys ⁊ of
hey ꝑpeyte. // And prosperyte ys only matter of sorow. pen ys envy
a synne a seynst kynde. // The secunde spryes of envy ys sorow of
other menys hayne. // Off thes iij spryes ꝯmyth backbytyng
and pis synne of backbytyng or detraccion hath certayn spryes
as pus som man profyth his neysthbour be a wykkyd entoyt
as pus som man profyth his neysthbour be a wykkyd knotte at the laste ende ꝑ
ffor he makyth all way a wykkyd knotte at the laste ende ꝑ
ys digne of more blame pen worde ys. all ꝑ preysyng.

The secunde spyce ys yf a man be good or doth or seyth a thyng to good entent
The bakbyter wolle turne vpsodown alle yll goodnes to his schrewd
entent. The pryde ys to amenuse the bounte of his neyghbor. The.iij.
spyce of bakbytyng ys yf yll men speke goodnes of a man. yen
wolle the bakbyter sey. pfay such a man ys yet bette yen he is in dis
preysyng of hym yt men preyse. The. fyfte spyce ys yf to
consentyn gladly and hayken gladly to the hayne yt men speke of
other folke. yt hymself ys fulle spot. and ay enpoysyth after the wyk
kyd entent of the bakbyter. after bakbytyng comyth gruchyng or
murmuracion. & som tyme it spryngyth of imperacyone a gayns
god. And som tyme a gayns man. A gayns god it ys when a man
gruchyth a gayn the peyn of hell. or a yenst pouere. or losse of a
tell. or a gayn rayne. or tempest. or ellys gruchyng yt schrewys
hane prspyte. or ellys yt good men hane adversyte. And alle thos
thingys schold men suffre patiently. for they com by the rystfu
lle iudgement & ordynance of god. Som tyme comyth gruch
ynge of desperce. As judas gruchyd a gayns maudeleyn whe
she anoynted the feet off oure lord jhu crystes with hym precy
ous oynement. This man murmuryd ys such as when a
man gruchyth of goodnes yt hym self poughte. or yt other
folke doyth of here ovn catell. Som tyme cometh murmur of
pryde. as whan Symon the phayse gruchyd a gayn the ayn
delen. whe she approchyd to jhu crystes & wepte at hys foote
for hey synnys. & som tyme yt sourdyth of envy whe men
dysceue a nauhtys hayne yt was comisse. And beryth hym
and hand a thyng yat ys false. murmur ys oftyn a
mong suntys yt gruchyn whe hey sone sayns byd hem to
do thingf lessfulle. And for as mych as they dar not opyn
ly with sey the comaundement of her sone sayne. yet
wolle they sey hazne & gruch & murmuryd prevely for very
despyte which wordys ben depyn the devels. pater noster
pough so be yt pe devell ne had never pater noster but
yt lewde folke yeue hyt such a name. Som tyme yt comyth
of yre. And prevy hate. yat norysyth rancor in hert as after
ward i schall declare. Then comyth ake bytynes in hert
porow which bytynes ony good dede of his neyghbor sourmyth
to hym bytter and vnsauery. Then comyth discorde & vn
bynderth alle ayen of lordschip. Then comyth scornyng of

his neyghbo^r att he neu^r sowtt. pen comyth acusyng as when a man sekyth occasion to annoyen his neyghbo^r which ^t is like to craafte of the deuell. ¶ at waytyth both nyght and day to acuse vs att. pen comyth malygnyte as whe a man noyeth his neyghbo^r pryuely yff he may. & yf pat he may not. ¶ Alpat his wykyd wylle schal not wanto as for to bryme hys hous prenoly. or for to sley hys beste. and sembelabyl pynyst

pemedyn cont^n pcm judicie

Now schall I spek of the remedys a yens the ffoule synne of envy. ffirst is the lone of god in principall & lovyng of his neyghbo^r as hym selff sothly ^t on may not be ^t out ^t other. and tynst well pat in the name of thy neyghbo^r pon schalt vnd^rstonde the name of thy brodyr. ¶ for cristys att we hane oo ffader ffleschly & on modyr pat is to say adam our fad^r & eue our^r mod^r. ¶ And ek on ffadyr spyrytuell ^t is god of holyn by neyghbo^r ayt ^t hold to lone and wyllyng to hyr att goodnes. and perfor seyth god lone thy neyghbo^r as thy self. pat is to sayne to saddacion both of lyff and soule. ¶ and mor ouer pon schalt lone hym in word & in bonygnyte and noschyng and chastysyng. and comfort hym in hys anuy as & pe for hym wyth att thyn hert & in dede pon schalt hane hym in such wyse pat pon schalt do to hym in thy to as pon woldyst pat it wer don to pyn oyn ^p^son. and ^t for pon no schalt do to hym no damage in wykyd word no hapne in his body no in his catell nem hys soule by outysyng of wykyd ensample. ^t no schalt not desyryn his wyff no non of his pynst. vndirstand ek pat in the name of thy neyghbo^r is comprehendyd his enemy. certis a man schold lone his enemys by the comandement of god and sothly thy ffrende schalt pon lone in god. ¶ I say thyn enemy schalt pon lone for goddys sakes by his comandement. ffor yf yt wer ^p^son pat man schold hate his enemy ffor soth god wold not prescryde vs to his lone pat bene his enemyes a sayntt. in. manyr of wrongs pat his enemy doth to hym he schalt do in pynst as pnes. ¶ a sayntis hate & rankoun of hert he schalt lone hym in hert. ¶ a sayntt chydyngs & wykyd wordys. he schal pray for his enemy. ¶ a sayntt wykyd deds of his enemy he schalt don hym bonnte. ¶ ffor crist seyth lone your enemy and pray for hem pat spekyth yon hapne. and ek for hem pat yon chasyn & pursuen & don bonnte to hem pat yon hate. ¶ lo pus comandyth vs our lord jhu crist to do to oure neyghbo^r. ¶ ffor soth natyre spryryth vs to lone our frendys

and pfoy

And pfey our enemys haue more ned to loue pe our ffrendys. // And certis they p^t more ned haue to hem men schold do goodnes. // And certis in pis ded of vere penitencis for the loue of ihu crysto p^t died for his enemys. And in as mych as pis loue ys the more gronous to pforme so mych. yett the more meryte. And pey for the loueyng of our enemy hath confoundyd to venym of the deuell. ffor ryght as the deuell ys confoundyd be hymylyte. // Ryght so ys he wounded to the deth be loue of our enemy. // Lerth pe ys loue the medycyn p^t castyth out the venem of envy fro manys hert. // The spyras of pis pace. schull bene more largely declayrd in her chapytre ffolowyng

ffiii

ffiii ffiur Envye wott I dispyde the synne of ire. ffor sothly who so hath envye vpon his neyghbor // A non he wott comonly synde hym a mater of wrath in word or in ded a yenst hym to whom he hath envy. // And as wett cometh ire of pryde as of envy. // ffor sothly he p^t ys provde or envyous ys lyghtly wroth. // This synne of ire afte pe disciplaon off Seynt Austyn. ys wykyd wytt to be avengyd other be word or be dede. // Ire afte the philosophyre ys the fervent blood of mane qwykenyd in his hert. pordw which he wold hayne to hym p^t he hatyth. // ffor certys the hert of man be caussyng & medyng of hys blood werrth so trouble. p^t he ys out of all jugement of reson but ys schall vnd^stand. p^t ire ys in. ij maneyrs. that on of hem ys good. And p^t other ys wykyd. // The good ire ys zelousyse of goodnes pordw which a man ys wroth w^t wykydnes & a gaynste wykydnes. And pez for sayth a wysman. p^t ire ys [illegible] then pley. // pis ire ys cl^ed bona ryte & yt ys wrath w^t out bytternes. not wroth a gaynst the man but wroth w^t the mysded of pe man. As seyth the apostle Dauid. irascimini & nolite peccare. pdw vnd^standyth. pat wykyd ire. ys in ij. maners. that ys to sey. Sodeyn ire. or hasty ire. w^t out advysement & consentyng of reson. The medyng of the sotynes of pis ys p^t reson of man ne consentyth not to pylke sodeyn ire. And pe ys yt venall. // A nop^r ire. ys schull wykyd p^t conuyth of the ffelonye of hert advysyd and casto be forne wyth wykyd wylle to do vengeaunce And p^t to his reson consentyth & soth p^t ys dedly synne. This ire ys so displeysaunt to god pat yt hadw be lyth his hous. and chassyth the ho lygost out of manys soull. & wastyth & distroyeth the lykenes off god. pat ys to say. the vertu p^t ys in manys soule. And puttyth in hym the lykenes off the deuell. & benymyth the man fro god. p^t

ys hys pystfull lord. Thys yse ys a fyrst sycht plesaunce to the deuott syr
yt ys the deuote fruynes pat ys enhaunsyd wt the fyre of hott. for as
tys pysyt as fyre ys more mysyty to dystroy erthly pynsys pan any oth
clement. pysyt so ys pe most mysyty to distroy att spyrytuell pynsyt
lo loke how the fyre of smatt clodys pt ben att most ded vnd ashen
wott quyk a gayn when they ben touchyd wt zepynsyon. Kyght so wott
yse cld more quyken a gayn whe yt ys touchyd. zy pe pryd pat ys to
noyyd wy manys hert. for certys fyr may not come out of no thyng
but yf yt wer fyrst natyally in the same pyng. As fyre ys dryven
out off flynttys wt stell. And pysyt so ys pauco norys & kepp of pe
Not Ther ys a man off the as sayth Seynt Isodre that whe men mak pe
of pt tre. And con the colys of hyt wt ashen. sothly the fyre of hyt
wott lasse att a yer or more. And pysyt so fayyth hyt of pauco. whe
it ys onys contowyd in the hert of som men. certys hyt wott lasse
pa ventur fromy an Est day vn tytt a nothr estyrday & more. But
certys pik may ys fruit fforp. fro the mcy off god. In thylke wyst
in pis forsayd denytt fruynes ther forgyn. in. sherdwys. first pyd
pt ay blowyth and engesyn. the fyr of chydyng & wykyd wordys. the
vj. pe stoudyth & vnis & holdyth the hote pyn vpon the hert of
man wt a payre of long tongys of long pauco. The vj. the stou
dyth the synne of contymelie or strysse. and bateyth and forgyth
be vylens ypenyng. certys pis crysyd synne amoyyth both to pe
man hym self & eke to hys neyghbor. for sothly almost all the
harme pt ony man doyth to hys neyghbor yt comyth of wrath
for certayn outragious wrath doyth att pt end the deuott comann
dyth for he ne spayyth. Crysyt no hys swet moder in his outra
gyous angr and yre. Allas allas full many on at pt tyme fellyth in
his hert full wykydly both of Crysyt and eke of att his baldwyn ys
not thys a crysyd syse. yis certys allas yt benymyth fro a man hys
wytte and all hys resow. & all hys deuoncyon. kyff spyrytuell pt
shold kep hys soule certys it be nymyth ek godys due lordshipe & pt
ys manys soule & the lone of hys neyghbor ys yt flyyth ek att
day a gayn tyonth. yt reuyth the quyet of hys hert. & subiectyth
hys soule. Off yse comyth stynkyng engendrys. first hate pat
ys wold wrath discorde. pryde which a man forsakyth hys old frend
dys full long & then comyth wyll & eny maner of wrong pat
a man doyth to hys neyghbor in body or in Catell. Off pis crysyd
synne off yre comyth manslaht. and vnd standyth well pt homicyd
ys manslaht in many dyuers wyse. Som man of homicyd

ye spryytnell & som ys bodely. Spryytnell manslawghte ys m.vj. pnugf. first be hate. As Seynt John seyth. he yt hatyth hys Brodyr ys an homycyd. homycyde ys ek be bakbytyng of which Bakbyters sayth Salamon yat they hane ij swerdys wt which they sley her neyghbors. For sothly as wykyd ys to be nym hym hys good name as his lyff. homecyde ys ek be yeryng of wykyd counsell be ffiaude. As for to yene counseyll to a reyse wrongfully Instrumys & talagis of which sayth Salamon. the lyon roryng & the Bare hungry be lyk to ye quell lordshippys m wytholdyng in a breeryng of ye Shepe of the hyde or off the Dragis of Dymtis or other of Shyp & m Dethe gawyng of the Almys of pon folke for which the wysman seyth. Fedith hym yt almost dieth for hunge. For sothly but yf ye fed hym. you sleyst hym. And all thes ben dedly synnys. Bodely manslaughte ys when ye sleyst hym wt thy tong m other man as when ye condmnyst to sley a man or ellys yeryst hym counsell to sle a man. Manslaughte m dede ys m.m. man os yat ys by the lawe. ryght as a justice dampnyth hym yt ys culpabyll to the deth. but lot ye justice be ware he do it ryth wysly & yt he do it not for delite for to spill blood. but for keepyng of ryghtwysnes. A noy homicyde ys done for necessite as whe a man sleyth a noyr m his defendant. & yt he may no noyr wysse escapyn wt outyn slaughte of hys adversare and sleyght hym he doth synne. and he shal bere pen nance as for dedly synne. Eke yf a man be cause or avente shote an arwe or cast a stone wt which he sleyth a man he ys an homycyde. And eke yf a woman be neghgoute on lyeth her child m her slepe yt ys an homycide & dedly synne. Eke whe a man distorbyth conceptcion of a woman & makyth a woman haven be drynkyng of ye nemous her bys popow which she may not conceyve or sleyth a child be drynkys or ellys put certeyn materyall pnugf in her secret place to sle the chylde. or ellys doth vnkyndly synne be which man woman shedyth her nature m maner or m place. yt as a childe may not be conceyved or ellys yff a woman hane concewyd and hurt her self & sleyth the chylde yt ys homecyde. What sey we ek of women yat mwdyr her children be cause of wordly shame. certis an horrybyll homecyde homecide ys eke yf a man a proch to a woman be dyre of le chere popow which the chylde ys peryshyd. Or ellys smyt a woman popow which she loseyth her child. all thes ben homicydys and for abyll dedly synnys. yit conyth ther of fere many mo synnys as well m word in pought & m dede. As he yt aspeciith vpon god or blamyth god of pnugf of which he ys hym self sylly or dispyseyth

god or his halowys as do pis cursyd hasardorys in dyns contrays. pis
cursyd synne do they whe they foldw her herte ffull wykkydly of
god & of att his halowys. also whe they tettyn vnpuncyonttly pe
sacrament of the autor. pylk synne ys so gret p^t vnneth yt may
be forgeuyd. but p^t p^e mercy of god passyth att his werkys. yt ys
so gret. and he so benygne. Then comyth of sere bitt^e angur.
whe a man ys sharply amorwsyd in hys schryft to for let synne
per wott he be angry. and answerd hokurly & angrylly or defend
and excuse his synne be vnstedfastnes of his flesch or ellys he
dyd hyt for to hold company w^t his folawys. or ellys he seyth^t
the fend entysyd hym. or ellys he dyd yt for hydywth. or ellys
his complexyon ys so corragyous pat he may not for bor yt
or ellys yt ys hys destiny as he seyth to a certayn age. or ellys
he sayth it cometh of gentilnes of hys auncestrys and semblab-
byll pnyst. att pes man of folke so wrappyn hem in her synnys
they ne wott not deffyn hem self. for sothly no wysyst p^t excusyth
hym self wylfully of hys synne may not be defynnyd of hys
synne tyll he mekely be know hys synne. aft^e pis thou comyth
swerynge pat ys expresse a gens the comandement of god &
pis ffalsyth ofte of aug^e & off pre. God seyth p^u shalt not take pe
name of thy lorde god in vayn or in pdott. also our lorde ihu
seyth by the word of seynt mathew. Ne wyll ye not to swere
in att man not be heuen. for it ys goddys trone. Ne be the erth
for it ys pe bonch of hys ffoot. Ne be sertin for yt ys the cy
te of a gret kyng. Ne be thyn hede for pou mayst not make
an hede whyte ne blake. But seyth be yourd word. ye ye.
nay. nay. and what ys more of your wyll. pis sayth crist
ffor crystys sake ne swerynth not so synfully in dismemberyng
of crist. be soule. herte. lommys. or body. ffor certys yt sowyth
pat ye pinke pat pe cursyd sewys dysmemberyd not sudwyll
the precious person of crist. but ye dismembre hym more &
yf so be p^t the law compell you to swere. pen shalt ye pynk you
aft^e the lawe of god in your swerynge. as seyth sezomys. pou
shalt kepe. in condycyons. pou shalt swer in trouthe in dome
and in rystwysnes pis ys to sayne pou shalt swer soth ffor ony lo
syng ys a sayntt crist. ffor crist ys very trouth. and pynke
walt vesy pis p^t cuy sper swere not compellyd lawfully to swe
the wound. shalt not depte from his hous. whyll he vsyth such
vnlawfull swerynge. pou shalt eke swere in dome when pou art
constraynyd by the domys man to wrytnes a trouthe. eke p^u shalt

not swere for enuye. ne for auanture. ne for mede. but for rystwysnes
for declaracion of hyt. // to the worschip of god & helpyng of thyn evyn
Cristyn. // And ther for any man yat godys name takyth in idyll
or falsly forswerythe wt his mouth or ellys takyth on hym the name
of Cryst to be callyd a Cristynman. And hyldyth a yenst Cristys bydd
dyng and hys techyng. all they tak goddys name in idyll. // loke eke
what seyth seynt poet. Ther ys no nor name seyne seynt poet.
vnde hevyn to men in which yey mow be sauyd. but the name of
Jhu Cryst. // take kepe eke how yt ye peyons name of Jhu ayste. as
sayth seynt poule. that in ye name of Jhu yt every kne of heven
ly creatures or erthely or of helle schold bowe. // for it ys so horyble
& so worschip full. yt the cursyd fende of helle shall tremyll for to hor
yt nawyd. // the semyth ht yt men yt swer so hoppybyly be his blessyd
name. yt yey dispyt yt more boldely ve dyd the cursyd iewys. or ellys
the deuell yat tremblyth when he heryth hys name. // Now trythe
syth yt swerynge but yf that yt be lawfully done. ys so heyghe dese
dyd mych worse ys forswerynge falsly. And yet nathele les what say
we eke of hem yat delyt hem in swerynge & hold it a gentrey and a
manly dede to swer gret othys al be the cause not worth a strawe
Certys thys ys oppybyll synne sodenly wt out avisement ys eke
a synne. // But let vs go ndw to pylke horribyll synne of swerynge
of admyracion and conjuracion as don thes false enchantours. or sy
gramansyens in basyns full of wat or in a bryght swerde or in a
cercle or in a fyre. or in ye shuldirbone of a shepe. I can not sey
but they do cursydly and dampnabely a gayns Cryst and all the
fayth of holy chyrch. // what say we be hem. yat belewyn on dydyr
nale as be lyght or be noyse of bryddys or of bestys or be sort
of mygramansye be dremys be chyrkyng of doryes or Crakyng
of howsys be Cuadryng of Ratys and such man of cursydnes
Certys all yis pryngs ys defendyd be god and all holy chyrch. // for
which they be a Cursyd tyll they com to amendement yt on such
pryngs set hor belove. Chapmyn for wondys or malady of men
of beste. // yf ye take any effecte it may be parauenture yt god suffe
yth it. // for folke shold yeve the more penyteuce & feyth to hys
name. // Now wolle I speke of lesyngs. yt be generally false sygnyfy
ance of wordes in entent to discryve his dyvyne Cristyn. Som
lesyngs yt ys of which ther comyth non advantage to no wyght
and some lesyngs tynyth to ease & profite of man & to damage
of a nothir man. // A nothir lesyngs for to save his lyff or his

Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM: Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

catell ye comyth of delyte for to ly. In which delyt they wolle forgyn
a long tale. And peynt yt w^t alle cyrcumstaunce wyse as alle the grownd
of the tale ys false. Some lesyng comyth. For he wolle sustoyne his
word. Some lesyng comyth of rechelesnes wyth out avysement and
semblable pryvys. Let vs now touch the vyce of flatteryng the
which comyth not gladly but for^d dred or for covetis. Flatteryng
gendrally wrongfulle prayseyng. Flatteryes be the deuelys norysse
p^t norysseth his chyldren wyth mylke of losangery. For Salamon
sayth pat flattery ys worse pen detracion. For som tyme detrac
cion maketh an hawte man be the more humble for he dredyth
detracion. but ctis flatte maketh a man to enhanse his hert
& his counterfaite. Flatteryes be the deuelys enchantmentis for they
make a man to wene hym self y^t he be lyk y^t he ys not lyk. pey be lyke to
Judas p^t be tayd a man to sell hym to his enemy. That ys the deuyll
flatteryes be the deuyll chapelayns pat syngyn in placebo
lykyn flattery to the vyse of pro. For ofte tyme yff a man be
wroth w^t an other. pen wolle the flatterer som what to sustoyne
in his quarell. Spekyng we now of such cussyng as cometh of sroud
hert. Malyson gendrally may be seyd eny maner perwyr of hayme
such cussyng wrongfully by wynnyth man fro the regne of god
as seyth Seynt paule. And ofte tyme such cussyng wrongfully
retorneth a yen to hym p^t cussyth. As a bryde retorneth a yen
to hys own nest. And on alle pyng men owghte to eschew to cur
syn her chyldren & yedn he to the deuelle her engendryng as
forforth as in hem ys. Certys yt ys a grete pelle & a grete synne
Now let vs speke of chydyng & reprevyng. which be full grete
wondys in many hert. For certis vnneth may a man playn
ly be a cordyd w^t hym p^t hath hym openly reviled reprevyd &
disclaundeyyd. This ys a full grysly synne. As Crist sayth in pe
Gospell And tak hed now. p^t he pat reprevyth his neyghbor eyr
he reprevyth hy by som hayme or peyn pat he hath on hys body
as mesell crokyd haylot or be som synne p^t he doth. Now
yf he reprove hy be hayme or peyne pe tynyth the reprefe
to shew Crist. For peyne ys sent be the ryghtwysnes of goddys
sonde & be hys sufferance be yt mesell or maym or malady. And
yene he repne hym vnchaytably of syn. As pou drunken haylot
yene he repne hym vnchaytably of syn. As pou drunken haylot
& so forth then aptenyth that to the poryseyng of the deuyll
pat ord hath joy pat men do synne. And certys chydyng may not
come but onts of a vylons hert. For aft^a the habundance of
the hert spekyth the mouth full ofte. And ye schall vnd^stand

Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM: Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

ye loke be anny wey whe any man shalt chastyse a noy. that he be ware
of chydyng or jeperdyng. for truly but he be wary he may sutt lyght
by ryvyng the fyre of ang^r & of wrathe ye he shold qwenth & pardoute
sleyth hym ye he mysyt chastyce w^t benygnyte. // for^d as sayth Salamon
the amyabutt tonge ye the tre of lyff. yat ye to sey of the lyff spy
ytuelle. // and sothly a dissame tong sleyth ye spryt of hy ye zep^nyth
& oke of hym ye ye zep^nyd. // lodwhat sayth Seynt Austyn. y ye no ys
so lyke the deuyll chylde as he ye oft chydyth. Seynt paule seyth ok
yf^w^nt of god be hedwnyth not to chide. & yongth ye chydyng be a ly
long ynng be tuvy att man^of folk yt ye yt more vn conuenabyll
by tuvon a man & his wyff. for ye ye ueu^n jeste. // and ther for seyth
Salamon an hedes ye ye vnconeyyd & droppyng & a chidyng wyff
be lyk a man ye ye in a droppyng yong in many places. yongh he
schedr the droppyng in oo place it droppyth on hym in a nother place
so fayyth it be a chydyng wyff. but she chyde hym in oo place. she
wolle chid hym in a nother. and ther for bett^r ye on mor sotte of bred
w^t joy. than an hous fulle of delyces w^t chydyng seyth Salamon
Seynt paule seyth. o ye wymen be ye subiectys to your husbondys
as be hedwyth in god. // and ye men lede yor wyffys. // after speke we
of skornyng which ye a wikyd synne & namely whe he scornyth a
man for^d his good werkys. for syker such scornerys fayyn lyke the
foule tode yat may not endure to smel the swet sadour^d of the vyn
whon yt floryssyd. thes scornerys both pty folons vs the deuyll
for pey hane joye whon the deuyll wynnyth. & sorr whe he lo
syth they be adissayyes of shew crist. // for they hatyn yat he lovyth
yat ye to say savacon of soule. Speke we now of wykyd counsell
for he ye wykyd counsell yeuyth ye a traytour. for he discevyth hy
but yit nathelles yt ye his wykyd counsell. first ayens hym
self as seyth ye wisman. Euy false lyeyng man hath pro^p^ryte
in hym self. that he ye wol a noye a nother man a noyeth first
hym self. and men schalt vnd^erstande ye man schal not tak his
counsell of false folke ne of angry folke or grenous folke yat lo
vyn specyally to mych hey^r dom ne to moch wordly folke.
namely in counselyng of savlye. // Now comyth the synne of
hom. yat sowyn & makyn discord a mong folke which ye a synne yat
trayst hatyth vttrly & no wonde ye. for he dyed to make a corde

And more shame do they to crist pen dyde pey pat crucified him for god lo
myth bette pat vnto be a mongr folke pen he dyd his own body which
pat he yaff for vinte. Ther for be they likened to the deuyll paton
ys a bowte to make discorde. // Now comyth the synne of doubill tonge
such as spekyn fayre be fore folke. And wykyd be hynde or ellys they
make semblaunt as pough they spek of good intencion of ellys in
game or pley. And yet they spek of wykyd entent. Now comyth
be wreyynge of counsel. popoly which a man ys desirryd. certys
vnneth may ye restore the damage. Now comyth manasse pat ye
opyn ffoly for he ofte manassyth and thretenyth mor pen he may
preforme ffull ofte tyme. Now comyth idyll wordys p ys wout
profit of hym pat spekyth the worde & ek off hy p herkenyth po
wordys or ellys idyll wordys bien po pat be no noycles or ellys
wout entent of natuzell profyte. And al be it pat idyll wor
dys be some tyme venyall synne. yit shold men sum tym
dunto hem. ffor we shall yeue rekenyng of hem be for god. Nowly
comyth iangelyng pat may not be wout synne. // As seyth. Sa
lamon. yt ys a sygne of a parte ffoly. And p for a phyloso phyre
sayth. wise men aye hym lowe pey shold plese the people. And he
answerd do many good werkys and spek fewe wordys. // After
this comyth the synne of japes. p ben the denelys apys. ffor they
make folk to laughe at hey japes as folkys doth at the gandys of
an apes. Such iappys defendyth Seynt ponle. loke howe p wor
thyns wordys & holy. comforte hem pat travell in pe seruyce off
crist. Right so comforteyn the vylenys wordys knaffys & jap
pys of hem pat travelyn hem in the seruyce of the deuyll. thes
be pe synnys p comyn of the tung pat comyn of ire & other
synnys mony mo

The remedy a yens pre ys a vertu pat men calle mansue
tude. that ys debonayre. And ek a nother vertu pat men
calle pacience or suffrance. debonayre withdrawyth and restrey
nyth the stryppys & the medyns of manys corage in his herte in
such man pat pey skyppe not out be anger no be pre. // Suffe
rance suffeyrth swetly all the a noysances & the wrongys
p ys do to many outward. Seynt jerome seyth pis of debonaye
te pat yt doyth non hayme to no man. ne sayth for no hayme
p men don ne seyn. he ne eschamgyth not a yens his person
this vertu som tyme comyth of natiys as sayth the philoso
phyre. a may ys a quyke thyng be nature debonayre and tretabyll

to goodnesse. but whe debonayte ys enforcyd of grace. pe ys rthe more wrethy
// patence pat ys a nothir remedy agenst-grro. ffortyde a vtu. pt suffrith
swetly anv manys goodnese & not wroth. for non hapne pt ys do to hym the
philosophre seyth pt patence ys thilke vertu pt suffrith debonayly all
the outrayeous nesse of adnisyte & envy wykyd word. this vertu makyth
a man like to god & makyth hym godds dvn dere child as seyth crist. //
this vtu discomfortyth thyn enemy. & ther for seyth the wysman. yf you
wolt venquichysse thy enemy lerne to suffir. & pu schalt vnderstande
pt man suffrith. iij. man of greuaunce. m vtu and prugh. agenst which
iij. he mot hane. iij man of patence. // the first greuaunce ys of wykyd
wordys. pilke suffeyd jhu crist without gruchyng full patently whe
the sedvys dispyhyd hym & repvyd hym ffull oft. suffe you ther for. pa
cently. for the wysman seyth yff pu stryve w a foolt. pough the foolt
be wroth. or pough he laugh. algate pu schalt hane no rest. that other
greuaunce dvtiv and ys to hane damage of thy goodis. ther a geynes suff
feyd jhu crist full patently when he was dispoylyd of all that he
had in this lyff & pat was but his clothys. // the iij. greuaunce ys a
nay to hane hapne on his body. // that suffeyd crist full patently
in all his passyon. // the iij. greuaunce ys in outrayeous labor in to tra
vayle to gronously. or out of tyme. as on holy days. sothly they do spet synne
her a geynst suffred crist full patently & taught vs patyens. whe
he bare vpon his blesyd scholder the crose. vppon which he suffred gre
vous deth. here men mov lerne to be patient. ffor certys not only
rych men ben patient for the lone of jhu cryst. & for the guerdon of the
blyssfull lyff that ys perdurable. but certys the olde paynems pt nev
wer cristyn commendyd & rewyd the vtu of patence. // a philosophre vp
on a tyme pt wold hane bete his disciple for his spet the space for which
he was spetyd a medyd & bredyth a rode to bet the childe. & whe the childe
sangh the rodde he seyd on to his mast. what pnke ye to do. I wott
bete the qd the mast. for correccion. // ffor soth qd the child ye aught first
to correct yo self. that hane lost all yo patyence ffor the cyte of a childe
// ffor soth qd the mast all weppyng you sayst soth. hane the rode my
dere sone and correct me. ffor myn impatence. // Off patence comyth obe
dyence pronghe which he ought to be obedyent to crist. and to vnder
stande wott pt obedyence ys pfyte whe pt a man doth gladly & hastely w
good hert entirely all pt he schuld do. // obedyence generally ys to pforme
the obedyence of god & of his sonerayns to which hym aught to be obeysaunt
in all pystlwyses
ffter the synne of eudy & gro now wott I speke of the synne

Nota

Responsio

Nandia

of acidie for Envie blyndyth the hert of a man. And pe troubylyth a man. And
acidie makyth hyr hedy poustyfull and wrawe. Envy & pe makyth bitter
nes in hert. pr which bitternes is mod^r of acidie & bynymyth hym the
lofe of all goodnes. pe ye acidie the angyssch of holybylle yt do sorye
dustyn serth it ye a noye of goodnes and a noye of hayne. Certis the
ye a dampnabylle synne. ffor it doyth wrong to jhu Crist w^t all dily
gence as seyth Salamon. but acidie doth no such dilygence. ffo doyth all
thing w^t an noye & w^t wrawnes slakness and accusacion & w^t idlnes
and enlust. ffor which the book seyth a cursyd be he p^t doth the fayre
of god negligently. Thou ye acidie enemy to ony estate of man. ffe
certes the estate of man in mynnere ye. The ffyrst estat that ye in
the estate of innocency. do was the estate of adam be for p^t he fell in
to synne. pr which estate he was holde worth as in hopyng & in honour
yng of god. A nother estate ye the state of sinfull men in which estate
men bey holdyn to labour in praying to god for a mendement of
hey synnys & p^t he wolle graunt hem to rise out of hir synnys. And no
ther estate ye the estat of grace in which he ye holde to do werkys of pe
nytence and certis to all thes pingf ye acidie enemy & contrary. ffor he
lonyth no besynes at all. Now certis the foule swyne acidie ye olde
a fulle grete enemy to the lyfflode of the body for it hath no purveyance
agenst tempall necessite. ffor h^e for slewyth and for slugyth & distroy
eth all goodys tempall be for the besynes. The. iij thing ye p^t acidie
ye like hem p^t be in the payn of hell be cause of her slouth & of hir
hedynes for they p^t bey dampnyd. ben so bonde p^t they mdwyn nether
wolle do no wolle thynke. Off acidie comyth fyrst p^t a man ye a
noyed or acomberyd for to do any goodnes & that makyth pat god
hath such abhomynacion of such acidie. Now cometh slowth pat wolle
not suffe no hardynes no no penance. ffor sothly slouth ye so tendre
and so delicate as seyth Salamon p^t he wolle not suffire no hardnes
ne penance. And p^t for he shendyth all p^t he doth. A yenst pis pecyd
and hertyd synne of acidie & slouth schuld men exercise hem self & vse hem
to do good werkys & manly & vertuously cachen corage wel to do. pink
yng p^t owr lord jhu Crist quyttyth ony good ded be it neve so lytyl. Vsage
of labour ye a grete pingf. for it makyth as seynt Bernard seyth the
labourer to have strongf armys & harde synwes. & slouth makyth he
feble and tendre. The comyth dred to be gyn any good werke. ffor cerres
he p^t ye enchayed to synne hym thinkyth yt ye so grete an empyse for to
vnd^r take for to do werkys of goodnes. & cast in his hert p^t p^e circumstances
of goodnes be grevous & so thargeant for to suffre pat he dar not vnd^r
take to do good werkys as seyth seynt Gregore. Now comyth wan
hope p^t ye dispayre of the mercy of god that cometh sony tyme of to

myth outrageous sorow & some tyme of to mych drede, imagenyng ye he hath
done so mych synne ye yt wold not a wayllo yongh he wold repent hym-
& forsake synne prongh which dispeyd or drede he abundyth att his hert to
ony man synne as seyth Seynt Austyn which ys dampnabyll synne yf
it continue to his ende it ys deppyd synne in the holy goost yis horribyll synne
ys so pilous ye he ye ys dispeyd per nys no ffolome ne no synne that he
dowtyth for to do as schewyd well by judas, Crist a bone att synnys
ye ys this synne most displeysaunt to god & most adversaris ceptis he ye
dispeyth ys lyke the coward champyon recreaunt that seyth creaunt w
out nede. allas allas nedeles ys he recreaunt & nedeles dispeyd. Cept
the mcy of god ys on redy to the penytent & ys a bove att his werkys. allas
can not a mon be mike lyg on the gospell of seynt luke. Wher as Crist
seyth ye as well schall be joys in heyvn upon a synfull man that doyth
penytence pan upon rysyt full men ye nedyn no penitence. loke forther
in the same gospell the joys & the fest of the goodman that had lost his
sone whs his sonne w ye penytaunce was retornyd to his fad. how
ye ye theff ye was hangyd by syd jhu Crist seyd lord rememb the of
me whs ye comyst to thy regne for soth seyd Crist to day schalt pou be
w me in paddys. Crist ye non so hoppybyll a synne in man ye yt
ne may in his lyff be destroyed be penytence prongh vtu of the
passyon of Crist & of his deth. allas what nedyth a man ye to be in
dispeyre. sith ye his mcy so redy ys and large. dys and hans. Then co
myth sompnolence ye ys slugyns slompyns which makyth a man to be he
vy & dull in body & soule & ye synne comyth of slouth. And cert tyme be
that by way of reson men schuld not spekke slepe that ys be the mordw
but yf ye wey cause resonabyll. for soth in the mordw tyd ys most con=
venabyll a man to sey his prayers & for to pike on god & for to honour
god and to yeue alms to the pon ye first comyth in the name of Crist
lo what seyth salamon who so wolt by the mordw a wake & seke me. he
schall fynd me. Then comyth neglygens or rechelesnes ye rekkyth of
nothyng. & how ye ignorance ys moder of all hapne. Crist neglyg
ens ys the norys. negligence doth no force who he schall do a thyng
whether he do it well or bade. Of remedy as seyth the wysman of this
two synnys ye he ye drede yth god he spayth not to do ye he ought to do
and he ye lowyth god he wolt do his diligence to plese god by his werkys
and abound hym self w his mysht. wel for to do. Then comyth idilnes
ye ys the yate of all hapnys. An idyll man ys lyke to a place ye hath no
wall ther as denyls mow ent on ony syde. this idilnes is the prior
of all wykyd & vylens thoughtys. And of all janglis trifflys. & of all ar
dowrs. Crist the holyn ys yenen to holy & not to idylfolke. Eke

petite & dabitur
vobis

Samyd seyth they be not in labour of mey no they schul not be whippyd to mey
that ys to say in purgatorie certis then seymyth it that they schulde bentyn=
mentyd wt the deuelys in hell. but yf they do penytence. Then comyth
this synne yt men depe tardiras as when a man ys to lateyd or tarryng
or he wolt torne to god. & certis yat ys a gret folys he ys lyke hym that
fallyth in the dych and wolt not a ryse & this vnto comyth of false hope
yat he thinkyth that he schalt lyve long. but yat hope fayllyth full ofte
The comyth lacyse yt ys he yt whē he begynnyth any good werke a non
he schalt for lot yt & stynt. as doon they that hauyn any wyght to go
norne & no talon of hom no more hope. a non as they fynd any con
tray to any anoye. Thos be the now schepperdys yat let hore schep wt
tynghy joy to the wolff that ys in the brappys or do no force of hore
own gouernaunce. of this comyth ponte & distruccion both of spiritt and
tempell thingl then comyth a man coldnes yat fretyt at the hert of
man the comyth vndeuocion. throwgh which the hert of man ys blowe
as seyth seynt Bernard & hatyth such langour in soule that he may ne
thir pede no fruit in holy chirch no her no thinke of no deuocion no ne
nayllis wt his handis in no good werke yt nys to hym vnsauory &
all appalled. ne wenyth he sclow & slombeyrs & son wolt he be wrothe
and son ys he mchynnyd to hate & to envy. The comyth the synne of wan
hy sorow such as ys dappyd tristicia yat seyth man as seyth Seynt paule
for certis such sorow werkyth to the deth of the soule & of the body. And
forthir of that comyth yt a man ys a noyed of his own lyff. wherfor
such sorow schortyth full ofte the lyff of man or yat his tyme come be
day of kynde

Remedium contra pcm Acidie

Ryne the hoppybyll synne of acidie & the branchys of the same. for ys
a vertu yat ys callyd fortitudo or strenghe yt ys an affection prouyng
a man dispysyth a noyde thing. this vertu ys so mysghty & so vigorous that
it dare wyth stande mysghtely & wisely and kepe hym self fro pollys
yt ben wykyd and werkyth a gayn the assaultis of the deuyll for hit
enhamsyth & enforsyth the soule. right as acidie abbatyth yt & make
yth it feble. for this fortitudo may endure be long suffyrance the ta
varlys yat be couenable. // this vertu hath many spyrys. // the first
is callyd magnanimyte yat ys to sey gret corage. for certes ther be
hommyth gret corage a gaynst acidie. lest that yt swalow not the soule
by the synne of sorowe or distroye it by wanhope. this vertu makyth folys
for to vndertake hardy thingl and glorious thingl be hir own wylle wise
ly & resonably & for as mych as the deuyll fyghyth a yenst man more
be queintyse & by sleyght then by strenghe. therfor schalt man wt stand
hym by wytt & by resoun & by discrecion. then as the vertuys of forth
hym by wytt & by resoun & by discrecion. then as the vertuys of forth
& hope in god & in his seyntis to atteyne & complyssche the good werkys
in the which he possyth firmely to continue. Then comyth swete
or sykness & that ys when a man dowtyth no trauayll in tyme co=
ryng of the good werkys yt a man hath begunne. // Then comyth mag
nificence yt ys to sey wise a man doth & performyth gret werkys of good
nes & yat ys the onde. // Why yt men schuld do good werkys forme
acomplyssyng of gret good werkys lyeth the gret gnerdon. // then

ys ther constance ys stabilitee of courage & ys schuld be in hert by stedfast feyth and
in the mouth in bezynge in chere & in dede also ther be special remedyes a gayn
acidie in diuers werkys & in consideracions of the peynes of hell & of the joyes
of heuyn & in the trusto & in the grace of the holy goste yat wolt yeue hym
myght to performe his good entent

ffirst acidie wolt speke of anpiere & of conotise of which synne seyth
seynt paule ys ye rote of al harmys. // ffor sothly whe the hert of a man
ys tofoundid in it self & troubelyd & ys ye soule hath loste the comfort of
god yen sekyth he an idylle solas of wordely thingis. // anpiere after the
discripcion of Seynt austyn ys a likerousnes in hert to haue erthly thingis
Som other doctors seyn ys anpiere ys for to pchase many erthly thingis
& no thing yeue to hem that haue nede & vndyrstondyth ys anpiere ne
stont not only by lond ne catell but sum tyme in saueis & in stepe. // &
in any maner of outrageous pingis ys anpiere in conotise // and the dife
rence be twen anpiere & conotise ys thus. // Conotise ys for to conet
such pingis as you hast not. // and anpiere ys to wt holde & kep such thingis
as you hast wt out rygtwisnes sothly this andyere ys a synne that
fulle dampnabill. ffor all holy wryt cussyth it & spekyth a gens that vyce
ffor it doth wrong to ihu cristo ffor it bezewyth hym ye lone ys mey to hy
owe & tuynyth it backward a zenst all reson. // and makyth that the anpiere
may hath more hope in his catell pe in ihu crist // and yfor seyth seynt
paule yat an anpiere may is the thraldome of idolatrye. What diffe
rence is be twen an idolatr an a anpiere may. but ys an idolatr
panentnze hath but on mawmet or ij. and the anpiere may hath
many. ffor cortes sny ffloryan in his coffer ys a mawmete. and cetis
the synne of mammonye ys the ffirst pnis that god forbedyth in the ys
commandement as bayth witnesse in cod capi. 2°. thou schalt haue
no fals goddis be for me. ne you schalt make no graue thing. this ys
an anpiere may be for god yat lonyth tresour & idolatre throngh
his ayeyd synne of anpiere. // Off conotise come thes hard lordschip
pys prongh which mey be distraynyd wt talagis tustomes & carages
mor then hurdnes or resone ys & eke they take of her bounde mey an
amentis which myght more resonable ben clepyd extoracions ye amey
amont. Off which anntiamentis & ianusonys of bondmen some lordis
stewardis seyn ys yt ye rygtfull. ffor as mych as a thralle hath no
tempall thing that it ne ys his lordis as yey seyn but certes this
lordschippis don wrong that be jedyn her bondfolke pingis yat they
neu yaff hem. // aug de libro ij. // seyth is ys ye condicion of thraldom
and the first cause of thraldom ys for synne. Genesis ij. // thus mow
ze sen that the gilt defuyd yraldom but nature wherfor thes lordis
schuld not mock gloryfy hem in here lordschippis seyth yat by natural condicion
they be not lordis ouer thrall. but yat yraldom comyth ffirst by defaut
of synne & fortheor on ther as the law seyth that tempall goodis of bond
folke ben the goodis of her lordschippis // ya ys for to vndrstond ye
goodis of the emperor to defendyn hem in her rygt. but not for to
robbyn hem ne reues hem. and ther for seyth Seneca. thy prudence schuld
lydis bomyghly wt yr yraltie. pilk yat yon clepyst thy yraltis ben good ye

cple. for humble folke be crystys frendys. they be contrynyall w^t the lord.
// thus ore p^t of such seed as chorloo springy. of such seed springy lordy
do well may the chorll be sanyd as the lorde. // ye same seth p^t taryth the
chorll. such deth taryth the lorde. wher for I zed do ryght so w^t the chorll
as p^n woldyst yn lord dyd w^t the. yf p^n were in his plyte. & neyr synnyll
ys a chorll to synne I zede the certis p^t p^n lord wrake in such wyse wyth
chorles p^t pey pathor lone the pe drod the. I wot well per ys dered a
bove drore. as reson ys & skryll & p^t men doy hey deney p as it ys dere
But certis extorcions & disporte of yonr vndurlyngs ys dampnabyll &
furthermor vndurstand well p^t conquerourys or tyrannyll makyn fort
oft pratt of hem pat be born of as royall blode as ben they p^t conquery
the name of pralodyn was non erst tonth tyll p^t noye seyd pat his sonne
cayme schold be pratt to his breperen for his synne. What sey we then of
hem that pelory & don extorcions to holy chrych. certis the I word p^t men yn
ffirst to a knyght when he ys new dubbyd sermyseth that he schold defende
holy chrych & not robbe it ne pele it & who so doth ys a traytour to cryste
as seyth Seynt austyn. they be the deuyll wolffys p^t strangelyn the chipe
of ihu cryst & don wore then wolues. for sothely when a wolf hath fylled
his wambe he stynteth to strangyll schipe But sothely the stroyours of
holy chrych soodys ne do not soo for they ne stynt neuyr to pyll. Rede
as I have seyd such ys pat synne pat was first cause of pralodyne pe
ys it thus pat pilke tyme p^t all the worlde in pralodyn and in subiection
But certis sith the tyme of grace cam. god ordeynyd pat some folke schold
be more heygh mestate & degre & some folke more lowe & p^t euerych schuld
be seruyd in his estate. And ther for in some contrys ther they be pratt. wose
they have turnyd hem in to the seyth they make hem pratlys fro out
of pralodyn. // And per for certis the lorde dryth to his man. pat the man
dryys to his lorde // the pope callyth hym self seruant of the seruantys of god
but for as mych as the state of holy chrych ne mysght not have be. // nep
commune profite ne mysght not have ben kept ne pees & rosto in erth
but yf god had ordeynyd pat som man had heyr degre & som man lowe
or. ther for was sonerayne ordeynyd to kepe & maintyn and defende hey
vndrlyngs or hey subiects in reson as forforth as lyeth in hey power and
not distroy hem ne confounde. wherfor I say that thilke lordys pat be lyke
wolues pat devouren possessions or the catell of pore folke wrongfully
w^t out mercy or messure they schuld resceyve be the same messure that
they have mesurd to poure folke the mercy of ihu cryste but yf they be
amendyd. Rdv comyth discryte bytwey marchant and merchant & thon
schalt vndrstande pat merchantyse ys in many manere pat on ys bodely
& that other ys gostely. that on ys honest & lessful and p^t other ys dis
honest and dissefull thilke bodely marchandyse pat ys lesfull & honest
ys this. that ther as god hath ordeynyd pat a reque or a contrey ys ful
fiant to hy self. thon ys yt honest and lessfull pat of habundance of
this contre pat men help a nother contre p^t ys more nedy. And pfor per
must be merchant to bryng fro p^t oo contre to that other merchandyse
that other merchantyse p^t men hanute w^t strande thethery & dyscryt
w^t lesynys & falsothis is cursyd and dampnabyll. Espirituell marchant
dys ys ppurly synnonye p^t ys ententyfso resyre to by thing spirituell
pat ys thing that apto ynyth to spirituell pyt the sentuary of god & to
cuy of the soule. this doyre yf a man do hys dilygence to ffoyme

Tadem quippe mensura qua

it att be it that his desyre ne take non effect yt ye it to sey a ded by synne and
yf he be ordeyed he ye preguiaze. Text Symonye ye deryd of Symon magus
pat wold hane bought for tempall catell. the yeft pat god had yeuen by the
holygost to Seynt pet^r & to the apostelys. and therfor vnderstondyth pat both
he that sylleth & he that byeth yngf spirituell ben deryd Symoniales be yt
by catell. be yt be preyzyng or by hit ffleschly prayour of his ffleschly frend
ys or spirituell frendis ffleschly be in two manes as by kynred & other fren
dys sothly yff they pray for hym that ye not worthy and able it is synnone
yff he take the benefice & yeue he be worthy & abyll thor nys noyr that
other man is whan men or women prayen for folke to avanceyn hem only
for wykyd flesch or affection yt pey haue to the psone & pat ye fulll ffoull Sy
nnone. But text in fynnsse ffor which men yeuen yngf esprituell vnto
hey fynitis it note be vnderstonde yt ye fynces be honest & ellys not &
ele wt out hazoryng & pat the psone be abyll. ffor as seyth Seynt
Damase all the synne of the world at the zegarde of his synne aqu as yngf
of nonght. ffor yt ye the grettyst synne yt may be. afte the synne of lucy
fer & of Antecyst for by this synne god forlesyth the chirch and the soule
that he bought wt his precyous blood by hem pat yeuyn thechor to
hem yt be not diune. ffor they puttyn in theffes that stellyn soull of ihū crist & distroye his
patrimone by such vndione prestis & curatt hane lord mey the lasse jenesyns of the
sacramentis of holychrich. And such zoueres of chirchys puttyn out the children of cryst
& puttyn in the deuels oun son. they sellyn the soullys that lambys schuld kepen
to the wolf that strangellyth hem. & ther for schull they non hane pte of the pas
tur of lambys that ys the blys of heuyn. Now comyth hasardry wt his apurte
nances. as tables & zaufles of which comyth discyt fals othis. chydyng & all
kabyng. blasphemyng and zeveyng of god. & hat of his neyghbourz. what of
wast of goodys. myspendyng of tyme & sonn tyme. mauslaught^r. text hasardes
ne mow not be wt out gret synne. Off usure comen eke lesyng theft & fals
wytnes & false othis. And ye schal vndstond that thes be gret synnys & expres
a seyn the comandement of god as I hane seyd. ffals wytnes ys in word in
werke & in ded. In word as for to bryngen ye his catell or his heritage by the
ffals wytnesyng whan yt for yre. or for mede beyst fals wytnesse or ellis excu
syth thy self falsly. Be war yon questmongers & Notaries. text for fals
wytnesse was Susanna in fulll gret sorow & peyn & many othyr mo. The
synne of theft ys eke expres a gens goddys heft & in ij maneres temporell
or spirituell. as for to take thy neyghbes catell a geyns his wylle be hit by
force or by sleyght be it by mette or mesure by stellyng eke of fals enditement
upon hym & in borowyng eke of thy nehibes catell in entent nen to pay
and semblabyll yngf. Espirituell theft ys sacrylage that ye to sey hurtyng
of holy thingf or of thingf sacryd to crist in to maneres by resoun of the holy
place as chirches or chirchyard. ffor which eny synne velend yt men dun
in such place may be kepyd sacrylage or eny violence in the semblabyll
place. Also they that wdrawen the rysyt that longyth to holy chrich. And
playnly and generally. sacrylage ye to yeue holy yngf to holy place or
unholy thingf of vnhalowyd place. or holy yngf out of unholy place

Remedium contra. Auaricam

Now schull ye vndstand yt the yelevyng of avarice ys mysecord & pyte lagge
ly takyng. And men mysyt axe why yt mysecord & pyte ys yelenyng
of auarice. text the auaricous man schewyth no pyte ne mysecord
to the nedfull man ffor he delytith hym in kepyng of his tresour. And not
in the zelevyng of his evyncristy. And ther for spake I first of mysecord

thy neyghbor

thy neyghbo^r hys
good name by thy
ffalse wytnesyng. or
bryngen hym o^r

and pan ye mercyd as seyth the philosophres Aristotle by the which the corage of a man
ye fayd by the mercase of hym that ye mercyd upon which mercyde he
lowyth prye in pformyng of charytabyll werkys of mercyd of ihū crist
that yaf hym selff to our gylt & suffryd deth for mercyd & for yaf vs our
oryssmale synnys and ther by solefyd vs from the peyn of hell & mervyllyd
the payne of purgatory by penitence & yaf vs grace well to do & at the laste
the joy of heven. The spries of mercyde be as for to yef & to lorne & for
to leve & relese. And ffor to have pite in hert of compassion of the mysceff
of his evyn cristen and eke chastise ther as nod ye. / A nother maner of re
by a reyne dnarye ye resonabyll largesse. but sothly hap he holdyng the con
fidracion of the grace of our lorde ihū crist and of his temyll goodys and
eke of the good ye perdurabill that crist yaf vs. and eke to have remembrance
of the deth that he schall resceyve. he not wisan. and eke pat he schall fow
all that he hath. saff only that he hath expendyd in good werkys. but ye
as mych as som folk bow vnmesurabyll men ought eschu foollarges ye men
yn wast. certis he that ye follhardy he yeneth not hys catell but he loseth his c
tell. sothely what thing that he yeneth for veyngeyne. as to wynnyng & to lyve
to bere his worsyp in the world he hath fynne & not almes. certis he loseth sowl the
good that he seyth in the yift of his good no thing but synne. he ye lyke a boy
that seyth rather to drynke derdy wat or trouble. yen for to drynke wate of the
chere well. and for as mych as thay ydyn thay as they schold not yede. to hevyn
A reynyth thill malyson that crist schall yeve in the day of dome to hem pat
schall be dampnyd

Tulia

Thus anarye comyth Glotonye which ye expresse a syn the comandement of
god. Glotony ye vnmesurabill appetyte to ete or drynke or elles to do mat
to vnmesurabill appetyte or disordmell covetys to ete or to drynke the synne corrup
tyth all this world. as it wele schewyt in the synne of Adam & of Eve. loo eke lyke
seyth seynt Poule of glotony a new seyth he son of which I have of seyd to you
& now I sey it wepyng to hem that be the enemys of the crosse of crist of which
the ende ye deth. & of which hyr wombe ye hyr god & here glorie in confusion of hyr
that so denoryn erthly thingis. he that ye vsant to the synne of glotonye he may
no synne wytstonde. he not be in ymage of all vices ffor he ye the devyll hod
ther he hydyth hym & restyth. This synne hitt many spryes. the fruste ye
drunkynnes that ye the horribill sepulcres of mans resson. and ther for. when a
man ye drunkyn. he hath lost his resson & this ye dedly synne. but sothely wha
a man ye not wont to strong drynke. & peauenc he knowyth not the strenghe of
the drynke or hath febylnes in his hed. or hath hanelyd throgh wonte he drynk
yth the more. all be he sodeynly caught w drynke ye ye no dedly synne but ven
ell synne. The secunde sune of glotony ye pat the spyrit of a man werithyll
tonble for drunkenes & bryedyth hym the discheson of wyt. The thyrd spyre
of glotony ye wha a man denoryth his mete and hath no pysyffull mayn of
ettynge. The fowrth ye whan throgh the gyst habundance of his mete the
lymmeres in his body be distempryd. The fyfth ye forgetfulnes by to mych
drynkyng. ffor which som tyme man forgetyth or the mowth yat he dyd at
evyn or on the nyght be for. In other maneres be discryvyd the spyres of
glotony. Astre Seynt Gregorye. the first for to ete be for tyme. The secunde
ye when a man seyth hym to delycat mete or drynke. The thyrd ye when a
man taken to mych over messes. The fowrth ye curiosite w grete entew
to make and apayll his mete. The fyfte ye for to ete to gredely & rapy
be the fynyeres of the devyll hond by which he drawyth folke to synne

Remedium contra pnm gule

Against glotony ye the remedy of abstinence as seyth Galyen but that
hold not mezeryty yf he do it only for helth of his body. Seynt Aus
tyn wolle y abstynence be don for vertu and wyth patence abstinence ye hyll
worth but yeve a man have good wylle ther to and but ye he enforsed by
pacyence & by charyte. and that men don it for goddys lave & in hope &
have the blis of heven. The fieldwes of abstynence ben enumerate pat
holdyth tys men in all thing. The schame that eschewyth all dissoneste. Sym
plaunce that seyth no wych mortys ne drynkys ne doth no fors of to outrecuy
dance that seyth no wych mortys ne drynkys ne doth no fors of to outrecuy

appetyte

Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM: Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

appetyte of mete. ayefuze also pat restreynyth by reson the distaunce appetyte of etyng. Sobrynes also that restreynyth the outrage of drynke. Salve rynge also that restreynyth the delycate ease to syte long at hie mette and softely. wher for folke stondyn at her don wytt to ete at lasse leyser.

De luxuria

Yfte Glotonye then comyth lechery. ffor thes two synnys ben so nye cosynys pat oftyn tyme they wott not depte. God wot this synne ys fiett displesaunt to god for he sayd hym selfe. Do no lechery and ther for he puttyth sych payn ys a geynse this synne. In the olde lawe. If a woman pratt wer taken in this synne sche schold be beryn wt stonnys to dethe. And yf sche wer a cantyl woman sche schuld be slayn wt stonys. And yf sche wer a bryschoppys dought sche schuld be brenne be goddys comaundement. ffortheron be the synne of lechery god drynt all pe world at the dilubie. And aft that he brent .v. cytes wt a thond layte and sankes sten in to hett. Rold let ys spake yen of pitte stinkyng synne of lechery b that men dere adventerey off weddyd folke pat ys to seyn. If pton of hem be weddyd folke pat ys to seyn yeff pton of hem be weddyd or ete both. Seynt john seyth pat adulterejes schul be in hett in a stynkyng bryenyng fyre of Sbrymsto in fyre for her lechery. In bryynston for they synnes of her ordre. Certys the brekyng of thys sacrament ys an hoppybyll thing. yit was mad of god hym selfe in paradyse and confermyd by jhu Crist as witnes seynt mathew in the Gospell. A man schall lete fad & mod and tale hym to his wyff & they schal be two in oo flesch. This sacrament be tokenyth the knittyng to god of Crist & of holychych and not only pat god for bade adventerey in dod but ek he comaundyd pat pe schuldyst not conet thy neyghbors wyff. In this hoost seyth seynt austen it ys forbodyn all man conetyse to do lechery. Do what seyth seynt mathew in the gospell. That who so seyth a woman to coveytyse of his lustes he hatt don lechery wt her in her hert. Here mow ye seen pat not only the dod of this synne ys forbodyn but ek desyre to do that synne. This cursyd synne angrettyth sprytt hem that yt hanntyth & fuzyt to his soule ffor he obleyeth it to synne & to peyne of dethe pat ys perdurable. Un to the body a noyeth it sprytt. ffor yit dreyeth hym & wastyth hym and schendyth hym & of his blod he makyth sacrifyce to the fend of hell. Yit wastyth his catell & ek his substance. & rezt yf yt be a foule thing a man to waste his catell.

⁂ ⁂ ⁂ ⁂ on woman. zit ys yt a fowler thing when that for such ordre woman dispendyth upon men her catell and substance. This synne as seyth the phete bryenyth woman or man her goodfame & all her honour and it ys full plesaunt to the deuyll. ffor ther by wynnyth he the moste pte of the world. And right as a marchaunt delytyth hym most in chaffare pat he hatt most advantage of. Right so delytyth pe feuds in this ordre that ys that other hand of the deuyll wt .v. ffyngers to chach the people to hys ve lanyes. The fyrst fyng ys the sloott lokyng on the sloott woman & the sloott man pat sleyth right as the basylyske sleyth folke be the venym of his syght the conetyse of the yen sloow the conetyse of hert. The secund fyng ys the dele yns touchyng in wycked man. And pfor seyth Salamon pat who so touchyth handelyth a woman he ffayrth like hym pat handelyth the Scorpyon that stynge yth and sodenly slayth through his endenemyng. And who so touchyth wayne pyche it schendyth his ffyngers. The .iij. fyng ys sloott wordys pat

.v. ffyngers of the deuyll

Fazyth hyd fyze. pat pysyt a non bzennyth the hezt. The iij. ffyngs. ys the pysyng and
tzedyly he weze a gyet ffoylt pat wolt kys the mouth of a bzennyng oven. or of a fur
nes. And mozo folys ben they that kyssyn in velany. ffoz that mouth ys the mouth of
helt. And namely thes olde dotaydys holonzs yit wolt they kysse. pough they may
not do ⁊ smatyz hem. Tezth they beth lyke to homydys. ffoz an homyds wyte he cannyth
by the rosezs and be the beautes. pough he may not pysse. yit wolt he pedde
his leggis And mak a countenance to pysse. And foz p' many a man wonyth that
he may not synne foz no likezousnes that he doth w' his wyff. Tezth p' opinion ys
ffals. god wot a man may sley hym self w' his own dwff. And makes hym self dezude
of his own dons. Tezth be it wyff or be it chylde or any wozdly thing p' he lowyth
be foz. god yt ys his maystezes. and he ys an idolatze. A man schuld lone his wyff
by discezcion patently and attempezly and then ys sche as pough sche wez his
The fyfte ffyngs of the deuell hand ys the stynkyng ded of lechezy. Tezis the.
ffynnezs of gloton the ffende puttyth in the wombe of man and w' hord. ffyngs
of lechezy he gyppyth hym by the zaynys foz to thzow hym in the ffuzues of hel
thez as they schall hane the fyze ⁊ the wozmes that on schall lastyn ⁊ wepyng
and wayllyng sharpe bitings and thrust ⁊ gzymlynes of ffendys that schall all to
tred hym w' out zespyte and w' outen ende. Of lechezyes as I seyd dmezs spyzes of
ffozmycacion that ys be twen man and woman that be not mayzed ⁊ this ys deddly
synne ⁊ agyns natuze al p' ys enemy ⁊ destzuccion to natuze ys a gayn natuze.
fey the reson of man also tellyth hym well p' it ys deddly synne. A nothe synne of le
chezy ys foz to bezeve a maydy hir maydy hede. ffoz he that so doth he castyth a mey
den out of the hyzyest degze that ys in this p'sent lyff. And bzenyth hezd pilke pe
cions stone. pat the book depyth the. ⁊ stoyt. I ne can sey it non othz wyse more
lyke but in littey it sigyt. Tentesimus fzuct. Tezis he that doth it is cause of many
Damagis ⁊ velanys moo pan any man can zeken. pisyt as he some tymes ys cause
of all damagis pat bestys doth in the felde pat bzekyth the hegge or closure pough
the which he distroyeth pat may not be zestoyzd. ffoz certe no mere may maydynhed be
zestoyzd. then an Arm that ys smytten from the body. may zetozne a yen to wey
sche may hane mezcy this wot I well yf sche do penitence but nemz schall
be pat sche was corrupt. And all be it so p' I hane spoke somwhat of adnoutezy it
ys good to schew mo pellys that longy to adnoutezy foz to eschewe p' foule synne
Adnoutezy in latin ys foz to seyn approchyng of othz mon. pough which tho that
whilom weppyn oo ffleschly abomyden hezz bodyes to othz p'sonys. off this synne
as seyth the wyse man foldren many hapnys. ffirst brekyng of feyth. And feyth
ys the key of Crystyndome. And when that feyth ys broke ⁊ loznd. sothly Cryston
dome stant vayn ⁊ w' out ffzoyt. This synne ys eke a theft. ffoz theft ys generally
ffoz to zeve a wyght his thing a gezynst his wylle. Tezis pis ys the ffoulyst theft
that may be. whan a woman stellyth hezz body from hezz husbond. and zeuyth it
to hezz holonze to defoulle hezz. and stellyth hezz soule fro qyste and zeuyth hit to pe
deuyll. This ys a ffoulez theft then foz to breke a chizch ⁊ stell the chalyse. ffoz thes
aduoutezs brekyn the temprell of god spzitually. And stellen the vessell of grace p'
ys the body and the soule. foz which crist shall distroy hem as seyth seynt paule. sothly
ly of this theft dowtyth gretly Joseph. whē p' his lozdys wyff prayd hym of bedd
ly wheyn he seyd. loo my lady. sche my lord hath take to me vnd' me warde all
that he hath in this wozlde. ne no thing of his thingis ys out of my power but
only ye. that be his wyff ⁊ how schold I do then this weykednes and synne so hezy
lyll a gayns god ⁊ a yeinst my lozde. God it forbede. allas all to lyte ys such trouth
nowe I fonde. This thyzde hanne ys the fyzth therough which ther brekyn the comandme
ment of god and defoulyn the auctoz of this matrimone that ys Cryst ffoz certys in
so mych as the sacrament of mariage ys so nobill and so digne In so mych it ys the
spette synne ffoz to breke it. ffoz god mariage in paris in estate of innocence

to multiply may kynd to the hymes of god & therfor ys the brekyng more grevous
of which brekyng comyth fals cysys often tyme that wrongfully oppyn folkes
heritages & ther for wolt Crist put them out of the regne of heryn that ys he
zytage to good folke. Off this brekyng comyth eke oft tyme that folke vnware
weddyn or synnen w^t her own kynred and namely pilke haylott that hanntyn
bordell of pis ffowll women. pat medwen be y likewyd to a comen gongo. wher
as men pnegyn her ord^e. What sey we eke of pnteres p^t lyvyn eke by the hory
lyll fynne of putrie & coftzayn women to zeld hem a certeyn zeut of hire
bodely pnteis. ya somtyme of his bodely pnteis. ya sumtyme of his own
wyff or his childe as don thes bawdys. Certl thes ben cursyd synnys. Inde
flondrith eke that adnoutrey ys set gladly in the. y. comandement be twyn
thaft and manslaught^e. ffor it ys like the spetyft theft that may be. ffor hit
ys theft of body & soule & hit ys like homycide. ffor hit cardyth a tw & brekyth a
two hem that ffirst wer made oo ffleschi. And ther for by the olde lawe of god
he schuld be slayn. But natheles by the lawe of ihu Crist that ys the lawe of
grace whan he seyd to the woman p^t was fonndyn in a voutrye and schuld hane
be slayn w^t stonys aft^e the wyll of the jelowes as was here lawe. Go go ihu
Crist & hane no more wylle to synne. or wil no more to do synne. Soth lye the
vengeance of a voutrye ys a wardyd to the peynes of helle. but yf h^t be distorc
belyd be penitence. yit be ther no spyes of that cursyd synne. As whan pat
oon of hem ys religions or both ar of folke that ben entred in to the ord^e of
subdeken or prestes or hospitalers and enter the hier p^t he ys in ord^e the gettur
ys the synne. The thingf that gretly assegyn her synne. ys to broke her
avowe of chastite when he hath resayned the ord^e. And furthermore soth
it ys that holy ord^e ys chef of all tresory of god & his specialt sygne & marke
of chastite to schew that they be joynyd to chastite which that ys the moste
precouse lyff pat ys. And this ordeyyd folke ben specially tytyllyd to gedd
& of the specialt mayne of god. ffor which when they do dedly synne. ther
be the specialt traytoures of god & of his peple. ffor they lyvyn of the people
& prayen for the peple. And while they be such traytoures. hey^d prayoures a
vaylen not to the people. Prestis ben amgelys as be the dignite of here
mistery. Zet sothly Seynt paule seyth that Sathanas transformyth hym in
amgell of light. sothly the prest pat hanntyth dedly synne he may be like
nyd to the amgell of derknes transformyd in the amgell of lyght. he semyth
the amgell of lyght. Zet for soth he ys an amgell of derknes. Such prestis
ben the sonne of zebel as schewyth in the booke of kyngf that they were the
sonnys of zebelall that ys the deuyll. zebelall ys to seyn w^t outyn jugge &
sonnys of zebelall that ys the deuyll. zebelall ys to seyn w^t outyn jugge &
so fayyn they. hem thinkyth they be ffre & hane no jugge no more thou hath
a ffre zetl. that takyth such a tow as hym lykyth in the towne. So ffayyn
they be women. ffor right as a ffre zebo ys nongh for all a town. Right so
ys a wykyd prest corrupcon nongh for all a payysch or for all a cuntre.
Thes prestys as seyth the booke ne can not the mystery of prestyhod to the
people. ne god kndwyth hem not. for they hold hem not a payed as seyth
the booke of such flesch that was to hem offeryd. but they take by force p^e
ffloschi that ys zalwe. Certl so thes olde schrewys hold hem not a payd off
rostyd ffloschi & sodyn ffloschi w^t which the people ffede hem in gret zenezenes
but they wolt hane zalw ffloschi of ffolkys wyffys and hey^d doughtes. And certl
thes women pat consentyn to here hasllatry don gret wrong to Crist & to
holy chrych & to all halowes & to all sonll. ffor they bezedryn hym all pes p^t
he schold worchip crist and holy chrych & pray for Crystyn sonlys. And ther for
hane such prestys and here lemmans eke that consenten to hey^d lechery. the

de religios

panly

malesion of all trestyn counte til they comy to amendement. The thryd spyce of whom

A some pryne

tey ys, by thevne a man & his wyff. p̄ ys whe they take no reward to here them
belyng but onely to here flesshly delith as seyth seynt jerome & ne lettyn of
no thing but p̄ they be assembelyd by cause that they be mayyed. all ys good
ndwsth as pinkyth to hem. but in such folke hath the denyll power as seyth
the dungell Rabiacte to toby. ffor in here assembelyng they put out the
cyste of ther hert & yeng hem self to all ordᵃ. The iiij spyce ys of the sam
bytt of hem p̄at ben of her kynred. or of hem p̄at ben of on of affynite or
ellys w̄ hon w̄ which her fadere or her kynred hane deled in the synne of
lechery. This synne makyth hem lyke to hondys. that takeyn no kepe to kynd.

De pentela

And ecc̄ pentele ys in two manere eythr gostely or flesshly. Gostly as ys
to dettenwrith hir gossyppys. // ffor ryght so as he p̄at engendreyth a chyld ys
flesshly fadᵃ. Ryght so ys his God fadᵃ his spirituell fadᵃ. ffor which
may may no lasse synne assembelen w̄ her gossyp than w̄ here own fad
hir bredᵃ. The v spyce ys pilte abhomynabyll synne of which annoth nom
speketh ne rezyttyth. xx athelas it ys opynly rehersyd in holy wryte. The
cyttyzynes don men & women in diuerse entent of horribyll synne. Ecc̄
holy wryt may not be defoulyd no more than the sonne p̄at schynyth on
the dongthyll // A nothir synne aptenyth to lechery p̄at comyth in slepe
And this synne comyth of to to hem that be maydyns. & ek to hem that
be corrupt. And pis synne men clepyn pollicon. that comyth in iiij
manere. som tyme of languyshyng of body. ffor the hymore be so rawe
& habundant in the body of man. som tyme for infirmyte for the fe
blenes of the vertu retentyff as phesyke maketh mencion. Some tyme
for surfete of mete & drinke & some tyme of vicious thoughtt p̄at ben en
closyd in manys mynde. whan he goth to slepe which may not ben w
out synne. ffor which men moste kepe hem wysely or ellys men mow
synne fulle grenously

Remedium contᵒ p̄ata luxuria

Now comyth the remedy a gayns lechery. & p̄at ys generally. chaste
te & continence p̄at restrayneth all the disordynat mevyng that com
en off flesshly talentys and ener the grette merite schalt he hane p̄at
most restreynyth the wykyd eschauffyng or ordure of this synne &
ys in two manere that ye to seyn. chastyte of mayyed and chastyte
of wydehode. Now schalt you vnderstond that matrimone ys the
lessynt. Assembelyng of man & of woman that resonnyn by verey
of the sacrament the bonde through which they mow not be deptyd in
all her lyff that ye to seyn whyll that they lyven both this as seyth
the bookes ye a ffynll grete sacrament god made it in paradys as I here
seyd be fore. And wold hym self be born in mariage. An for to halow
mayage he was at a weddyng wher as he tynnyd wate in to wyn
which was the ffirst myracle that he wrought in erth be for his dis
pulis. Trew effecte of mayage clensyth fornycacion & replenis
syth holy chyrches of good vsage. ffor yt ys the end of mayage for ye
chaungyth dedly synne in to venall synne be thow hem that be wed
dyd & makyth the hert all on of hem that ben wedded as well as the body
this ys verey mayage p̄at was eft ablissyed by god or synne be gan whan
natyrell lawe was in his ryght poynt in paradyse. And hit was ordeyned
that on may schuld have but on woman. And oon woman schalt have but on
man As seyth seynt austyn by many resonys. ffirst for mayage ys
ffyrst figuryd be thow gyft and holy chyrch. // And p̄at other ys for a man
ye hed of woman. Algat by ordynance it schuld be so. ffor yf a woman
had mo men than on. ren schuld sche have moo heddys than on & it
were an horrybyll thing be for god. And ek a woman myght not plese

so many folke at onys. And also they schul nou be pees ne reest among hem for
enych wold ay his own thing. And further on no may schuld know his en
rendrynge. ne who schuld hane his heyrytage. And the woman schuld be the
lasse be loved fro the tyme that sche wer conney to many men. Now comyth De hoc cū
how that man schuld bere hy with his wyff. in two p'ngs p' ys to seyn in uxore
sufferance and reneyence. As gyst schewyd whan he mad first woman. for
he ne made here not of the hede of Adam. for sche schuld not claym to gyet
lordeschipe. for ther as the woman hath the mastery sche makyth to mych de
fay. ther nedyth non ensamplys of this. the experiend of hit dayly ought to
suffyse. Also certys god made not woman of the fot of Adam. for sche
schuld not be holdyn to lowe. for sche can not patiently suff^a. But god mad
woman of the rybbe of Adam. for woman schuld be fellow on to man
a man schuld bere hym to his wyff. in feyth & in trouth and in lone as
seyth Seynt paule. that man schuld lone his wyff as crist lovyth holy chrych paule
that lovyth hit so well that he dyed for hyt. so schuld a man for hys wyff yff
yt were nede. Now how p^a a woman schold be subiect p^t tellyth Seynt pet^a
first in obedience as seyth the decre. A woman p^t ys a wyff as long as sche de ynit
ys a wyff sche hath non auctorite to swere ne bere wytnes^t wont lede of cre
hey^r husbonde that ys her lord. Algate he scholdy be so be resson. sche schold
alle fye hym in alle honeste & ben attempe in hey^r aray. Not wel p^t
they schuld set hey^r antent to plesse her husbond but not by hey^r gnetyng
of aray. Seynt jerome seyth. that wyffys p^t ben apparelyd in sylke in p^
aous purpre ne mow not clode hem self in jhu crist. loke what sayth
Seynt John eke in thys matere. Seynt Gregory eke seyth p^t no wyght sekyth
paonsaray but only for veynglory the more to be honorryd be for the peple
yt ys a sycet foly a woman to have a fayre aray outward and in here self foule
inward. A wyff schuld eke be mesurable in lokyng in boryng in laughyng
and disyet in alle here wordys and in hey^r dedys. and a bove alle wordly thyng
sche schuld lone hey^r husbond w^t alle her hert & to hym to be trew of hey^r body
so schuld an husbond eke to his wyff. for syth that alle the body ys the hus
bondys so schuld hey^r hert be. or elle be twyn hem two. as in p^t ys no
phyte mayage. than schalle man vnd^stande. that for. iij. thingis a may
& his wyff flaschly mowen assembyll. the first ys to the entent of en
rendryng of children to the hynre of god for certy that ys the cause fynalle
of matrimone. A nother cause ys to yolden ouych of them to other the
dete of his body. for nether of hem hath power of his own body. the
thred ys for to eschewe lechery & volawy. the. iij. ys for soth bodly
fyme. As to the first yt ys mezytezy. the sound also as seyth the
decre. that sche hathe mezyte of chastyte that yeldyth to here husbond
the dete of hey^r body. ya pough it be a sayn here lykyng & the luste
of her hert. the. iij. male ys but vemalle fyme. And scarsly may
any of thes be w^t out vemalle fyme trewly. for the corrupcion and
of delyte. the forth man ys for to vnd^stonde as yf they assembyll only
for a mepond love & for non of the for seyd causys. but for to complyssh
thylke brenyng delyte they zeke never how ofte sothly it ys dedly.

hymne And zit wt lordw som folke wolt peyne hem mor to do thon to her appetite
sufficyth. // The secunde man of chastite ys for to be a keyn widow & clerkely
the embracyng of man and deyzen the embracyng of ihu crist thes bisshop
that han ben wyffes and han for gottun her husbondes. And eke women that
hath d lechery & ben zoldenyd by penitence. And certe yf ye a wyff coude kepe
her att chaste be lyzence of hir husbond so yat sche yaf neuer occasyon that
he gylteyd. it were to her a gret merit. Thes maner women that observen
chastite in clothyng & in conte mite. Abstynence in etyng & drynkyng in
spekyng & in dede. they be the vessel or the beft of the blessyd magdalene
that fulfillyd holy chirch fulle of good odoure. // This iij. maner of chastite
ys. // Virginite & yt be holy in hert & clean of body
& pe ys sche spouse to ihu crist & sche ys the lyf of amigelys sche ys the pre
syng of the world & sche ys as thes martyrs in celite. sche hath in her the
tong may not tell virginite bare our. lord ihu crist & virgine was hymself
// A nother zemedy a gaynst lechery ys specially to wt drawyn such thing as
yeuen occasion to yt velany as in etyng & drynkyng. For certe when the
potte boylyth strongly the best zemedy ys to wtdrawe the fyre. Slepyng
long in gret quiete ys eke a gret norite to lechery. // A nother zemedy a
geynst lechery yt a man or a woman eschew the company of hem be which
he doutyth to be temptyd wt. // For att be lit so yt the dede be wt stondyn
zyt ys ther gret temptacon Sothly a light watt att yongh yt brew not ful
ly wt flykyng of a candylle. // zit ys the watt blaw of the leyme fire
ofte tymys. I zede yat noman trust in his dry pfection but he be strong
then Sampson or holyer then David & wyser then Salamon. Wele
aft that I have declared you as I can. The vij. deadly synnys & sow
of her branchys & her remedys sothly yeue I conde I wolde tell yu
this. ij. commandements. but so heyght a doctrine I lete to Dyvines
Nathless I hope to god they be touchyd in this treatys enough of hem all

The secunde parte of penitence

Now for as mych as secunde pte of penitence stondyth in confessyon of
mouth. as I be say in the chapyte. I say seynt Instyn seyth. hymne
ys onepe word & ely dede and all that men conteyn a gayn the lawe of
ihu crist. & this ys for to hymne in hert in mouth and in dede. by the
v. wyttys that ben. Syght. hayryng. Smellyng. Tastyng or sauryng
And felyng. Wele yt ys good to understond that. that ag dengyn mysel
any hymne // thou schalt understand what you art yat doste the hymne wh
thin thou be male or femalle. // yong or old. // Mantyll or thralle // fre
or seruant. // hoole or sole. // weddyd or sengyll or drede or vnder
dred. // wyse or foole. // clerke or secular. yf sche be of thy kynred
bodely or gostely or non. yff any of thy kynred hath synnyd wyth her
or non and many moo thingis // That other circumstance ys this
Whether hit be doyn in forniccacon or in adulterye or non // incest or non
// Mayden or non. // in maner of homicide. // horrible gret synne or small
& how longe thou hast continuede in hymne. // The iij. circumstance
ys the place where thou hast doyn hymne whether yt were in other mens
hous or in thyn own. in ffelde or in chyrch or in chyrch halve. in chyrch
bodyrate or non. For yff the chyrch be haldwyd & man or woman hane
spylt here kynde wt in that place by way of hymne or by wylyd tempe

con & the herth ys entendyd. And yff yt were a preyst yt dyd such a dolawe the
terme of all his lyff he schold no more syng masse. The iij. Circumstaunce ys by
such meditacons as by ayessangers as for entysment or for entertenement to
bere company w̄ felaschip. For many a wrech for to bere company wyth
folaschipe wott goo to the deuyll of hell. For they that essayn or consen
tyn to the synne ben ptyners of the synne and of dampnacion of the synne
The fyfyth ys how many tymys that he hath synnyd yf it be in his mynd
& how ofte yat he hath fall. For he that oft fallyth in synne he dispysyth ye
mercy of god & incressyth hys synne. And ys vnkynd to christ. And he waxyth
the more feble to w̄stonde synne. & synnyth the more lightly and the late
ayrsyth. And the more eschuyth to schrydye hym. And namely to hym that ys
his confessoure. For which when folke fally a yen in here own folyes eythe
they forlettin her olde confessoure all vttrly or ellys they deceyvy her schryf
in dyuers plat. but sothly such defuyth no mercy of god of her synnys. The
iij. Circumstaunce ys why that a man synnyth by temptacion. And hym self
enteryth thilke temptacion & by the exciting of assent. or yf the woma mangre
hyr hede hath be enforced or non thro schall sche tell. For conetyse or for po
uerte. And yf it were here procuryng or non and such man hapnes The iiij.
Circumstaunce ys in what man he hath don his synne or how that sche hath
suffeyd that folke han don to her. And the same schall the may tell playnly all
the circumstaunces and whether he hath synnyd w̄ commun bordell women or
non. or don his synne in holy tyme or non. In fastyng tyme or non // or be for
his schryfte or be for his late schryft. And hath panentnce broken thor for lyd pe
nance enoynted by whos helpe and by whos counsell. By sorcery or craft
all moste be tolde All thes thingf wherd that ther be grot or smatt that gyes
syn the conscience of man. And eke the preest that ys thy iuggo may the bette
ben avysyd of his iuggement in yenyng of thy penance. And that ys afte
ben avysyd of his iuggement in yenyng of thy penance. And that ys afte
thy contrycion // For vnd stond wett that afte the tyme that a man hath defow
lyd his baptyme by synne yiff he wott com to sanacion. Thor ys no nothe
wey but by penitence and by schryft & satysfaccion & namely by the thro
// yff ther be a confessoure to which he may schryff hym. And the thyrd yene he
may lyve to pforme it. Then schall men loke and consyd pat. he that wole
make a trew and a pffytabyll confessyon ther moste be iij. thingf. First yt
moste be in sordwfull bittnes of hert. as seyd the kyng Ezechiell to god I wott
remembr me of all yeyrs of my lyff in bittnes of my hert. this condicion
of bittnes hath. fyffe. synnes. The first ys that confessyon more be schame
fast not for to cover ne hyd hys synne. but for he hath sykyd to his god & de
foulyd his soule. And here of seyth Seynt Austyn the hert tranobyth for
schame of his synne and for he hath grot schamfastnes. he ys digne to hand
gret mercy of god. Such was the confessyon of the pnphyan that wds not yene
up his eyen to heuyn for he had offendyd god of heuyn. For which schamfast
nes he had a non the mercy of god & ther for seyth Seynt Austyn pat such
schamefaste folke be nert to forgyuenes and remissyon. The other synne
ys humilite of confessyon of which seyth Seynt pet humbleth you vnder

† other folke or yf he synne w̄ a woma by force or by hey drynes †

Augustinus

the myght of god. The hond of god ys myghty in confession. For thor by god forgeuyth the thy synnys. For he allone hath the power. And this humbyle schall be in hert. And in signe outwards. For ryght as he hath humbyle to god in hert. Ryght so schuld be humble his body outward to the preyst that sytyth in godys place. For which in no man syth that Crist ys soueryn and the preest meyn and mediator be twyn crist and the synner it ys the lafte be way of resoyn. Then schold not the synner sit as hy as his confessones but knell be forn hym or at his fot but yff maledy distroubyll hit. For he schall not take hope who sittyth thor but in whos place he sittyth. As a man that trespassyth to a lord & comyth for to dy mercy and makyn his a vowe and he set hym down a non by the lorde. men wolde hold hym outrageyous and not worthy so son to hane remissyon ne mercy. The .iij. signe ys that the schrift schuld be full of teres yf men mowyn. And yens they ne mowe not wep w̄ her bodely eyen. let hem wepe in hert. Such was the confessyon of Seynt Pet^r. For aft^r that he had forsaky jhu crist he went out and wept full bitterly. The .iij. thinge & signe ys that he ne let for no schame to schew his confessyon. Such was the confessyon of magdelene that spayd for no schame of hem that weryn at the ffeste for to go to our lord jhu Crisse and bykwne to hym here synne. The .v. signe ys ꝑ a may or woman bode sauit to reserve the penitence that hym ys enjoynyd. For ceth jhu crisse for the gylte of on may was obedient to the deth. The secunde condicion of veyay confessyon ys that it be hastely don. For certys yff a may had deddly wounde on the long^r that he tayyth to wrayssh hy self the more wose hyt corrupt & haste hy to his deth. and eke the wounde wolt be the worsse hete helle. And ryght so fayryth synne that long tyme ys in a may vnschewyd. Certis a may ought hastely schew hys synnys for many causes. as for dred of deth p^r cometh oft sodenly & at no certayn tyme it schall be ne in what place & eke the drechyng of oo synne drawyth in a nother. And eke the long^r he tayyeth the forthir ys he fro Crisse. And yf he abyde to his laste day scarsly may he schryff hy or remembr hy of his synnys or repent for the grenous malady of his deth. And for as mych as in his lyff he hath not knowyd to jhu Crist whe he hath spoky. he schall cye to jhu Crisse at his laste day & scarsly wult he herkyn hy. And vnd^r stondyth that this condicion moste hane .iij. pnts. The schrift must be prvayd be forn & avysse for wykyd haste deth no pfyte. And that a man can schryne hym of hys synnys. be it of pryde or of envys & so forth w̄ the circumstances and the spyces & that he hane comprehendid in his mynd the nomb^r & the gre nousnes that he hane comprehendid in his mynd the nomb^r & the gre nousnes of hys synne. And eke that he be contryte of his synnys. And in stedfast pne pos by the grace of god nen eft to falle in synne. And eke that he dred and conuerte wayte hym self that he fle the occasions of synne to which he ys enclynnyd. Also thou schalt schrysse the of all thy synnyd to on mdy and a prest to a nothyr that ys to vnderstond in entent to depart thy confessyon eythyr for schame or dred zet hyt ys not but fleshly of thy soule. For certis jhu crisse ys entrely att god in hym ys nothing pfection. And therfor eythir he forsewyth att pfytly or neyr a dele

I sey not ꝑ yf you be assyned to the penitancer for certayn synne yett
thou art bound to schewe hym all the remenant of thy synnys of which
thou hast ben schryffyn of thi cure but yf it like the of thyn humilite this
ys no deptyng of schryft. Ne I sey not ther as I speke of devision of
confession. That yff thou hane lycence to schryf the to a discret and an
honest preest wher he lyeth. And be licence eke of thy Curat that you
ne mayste well schryve the to hym of all thy synnys. but let no blot
be by hynd. let no synne be vn tolde as ferfurth as thou hast remembe
rance. And whe thou schalt be schryffyn to thy curat tell hym eke all
thy synne syn thou were laste schryffyn this ys no wykyd entent
of dimysyon of schryfte. Also the veyay schryft. Ayth certeyn con
diacons. ffirst ꝑ you schalt schryve the be thy fro wylle ne constrayn
yd ne for schame off folke no for maledy ne such thingf. for yt ys
reson as he that trespassyth that no nother man tell his synne but
he hym self. ne he schalt not nay or sowy his synne ne lyeth
hym a seust the preste ffor his amonestyng to lete synne. The se
cundo condicion ys that thy schryft be lawfull ꝑ ys to sey ꝑ you ꝑ
schryvyst the eke the preest that herith thy confessyon be verely
in the feyth of holy chrych. And ꝑ a man be not dispayrd of the mer
cy of Jhu cryste. As Cayn or Judas. And eke a may mete accuse hym
self of his owyn trespas and not a nother. but he schalt blame and
witte hym self ꝑ his owyn malice of his synne ꝑ non other. But nethe
les yf a nothyr man be occasyon of his synne or entiser of hys synne
or the estate of the ꝑsone be such. through which his synne ys aggre
gyd or ellys that he ne may not playnly schryff hym but he telle the
ꝑson with which he hath synned then may he telle hit so ꝑ his en
tent be not to backbyte the ꝑson but only to declare his confessyon
Thou ne schalt eke make no lesyng in thy confessyon for humilite ꝑ
anentire to seyn yat ꝑ hast don synnys of which ꝑ were ne nyre syl
ty. ffor Seynt Austyn seyth yf ꝑ be cause of humylite makyst lesyngf
on thy self ponghe thou ne were not in synne be fory yhit art you
thow in synne ꝑ zongh thy lesyngf. Thou mostest eke schely thy synne
w thyn dry ꝑ mouth. but thou be wex dombe. and not by no lette
for you hast do the synne. you schalt hane the schame. Thou schalt eke
not peynte thy confessyon be ffayre subtylle wordys to con the more
thy synne. for you bosylyst thou thy self ꝑ not the preste you must
tell hit plettly be hyt neyr so foule ne so hoppybyll. Thou schalt
eke schryff the to a preest yat ys discret to comfort the. And eke you
schalt not schryff the for veynglorie ne for hypocysy ne for no cause
but only for doute of Jhu Cryste and the holth of thy soule. Thou
schalt not eke ley to the preste sodenly to telle hym lyghtly thy synne
as who so tellyth a jappe or a trychyll. But advysely and w spet devocyon
and gendally schryff the ofte yf you oft ffalle. And thoughe you schryve

the oft⁰ then onys of synne of which you haft be schryffyn yt ys the mor more
and as seyth seynt Austyn you schalt have the more lyghtly relesyng and
space of god both of synne & of peyne. And oftyn onys in the yere at the
left wey it ys lawfull ffor to ben howselyd. ffor oftyn onys in the yere
aft thynges resonable. // Now have I told of Dessay confessyon ⁊ ys the ij⁰
of penitence. The iij⁰ parte of penitence ys satysfaccion And that foundyd
mofte sensyally in almes and in bodely peyne. // Now be thor iij maner of
almys. Contrycion of hert wher a man offeryth hym self to god. A notyng
ys to have pyte of the defaute of his neghbors. The iij ys iij yeynge
good counsell Bodely and gostely wher men have nede and namely in
sustynance in manys foode and tabyth a man pat he hath ned of. // Off
thes ynges sensyally he hath nede of foode he hath nede of clothyng and
herberough. he hath ned of charytabyll counsell and visityng in prysyn
and in maledy. And sepulturys of his ded body. And yf you mayft not visit
the ned full wyth thy person visyte hym be thy messagis and thy yft thes
ben seneral almes or werkys of charyte of hem that ben rych in temporall
ryches or dyscresyon in counselyng. Of thes werkys schalt you hers at the
day of dome. thes almes schalt you don of thyn own propre thingis and hes
tely & pynyly yf you mayfte. But nathelas yene you mayft not do prow
ly. Thou schalt not for bar to don almes though men se hit. so that hit be
not do for thanke of the world but only for thanke of Jhesu crystt. ffor wyt
nesse Seynt Mathew capto. vj. A cyte may not be hyd ⁊ ys set on a mony
tayn. ne men lyghtyth not a lantrne and put hit vnd⁰ a buschell but me
sete hit in a candylstyke to light the men in the hous. Right so schalt yo⁰
lyght lyghten be for men. that they mow se yo⁰ good werkys. and glorf
fy yo⁰ ffad⁰ that yo⁰ in heryn. // Now as to speke of bodely peyne when
dyth in prayers. in werkyng. in ffastyng. in vertuous tetyng. or ory
sons. ye schull vnderstond that Orysons or prayers ys for to seyn a pe
tycons wyll of hert ⁊ redressyth hit in god and expressyth hit by worde
outward to remove hapnys & to have thingis spirituell & durabyll and
some tym temporall ynges of which orisonys oftyn in the orison of the. pa⁰
noster hath Jhesu crystt enclossyd mofte thingis. Oftyn yt ys preferyd of
iij. ynges in his dignite. ffor which it is more dygne then any other pray
er. ffor ⁊ Jhesu crystt hym self made it & it ys short. ffor hit schuld be cond
more lyghtly & help hym self the oft⁰ w⁰ the orysoy. And for a man schul be fe
lasse wery to seyn it. & for a man may not excuse hym to seyn hit yt ys so short
& so easy. & for hit comprehendyth in hit self all good prayers. The exposyci
on of this holy pyer that ys so excellent and dygne. I be take to thes ma
ters of theologie. save pis mych wott I seyn ⁊ whan ⁊ prayest ⁊ god schold
for yene the thy sylys as you forycnyft hem ⁊ a gyltyn to the. // be full
wett ware ⁊ you ne be not out of charyte. // This holy orysou amenusyth
eke venall synnys. & ther for hit pteynyth specially to penitens. // This
pyer most be tredrly seyd & in verray feyth. & ⁊ men prayen to god orly
nathy & dyscrethy and devoutly. // And all way a man schalt put his wylle
to be subiect to the wyll of god. // This orison most be sayd eke wyth

Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM: Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

get vmblenes and firth pure honestely And not to the anoysaunce of any man
or woman it most eke be cotinued wth the werkys of chayrte. It avayleth eke a
gayn vices of the soule. For as seyth seynt Jerome by fastyng ben salwyd Jeronimus
the vices of the flesch & by prayer the vices of the soule. After pis pou schalt
vndstond that bodely payne stondyth in wakyng. For jhu crist seyth. // Wakyth
and prayeth p^tye ne ent^r in wykyd temptacion ye schall vndurstond pat fastyng
stondyth also in iij. pingis. In forberyng of bodely mete and drynke. And in for
beryng of worldly solite & in forberyng of dedly synne wth his mysse & pou
schalt vndstonde that god ordeynyd fastyng. And to fastyng appenyth iij.
pingis. largnesse to pouer folk. gladnes of hert esperituell not to be angry ne
a noyed ne grucche for he fastyth. And also at a resonabyll houre to ette be me
sure p^at ye for to seyn a man schold not ette pine vnty me ne sit the longe
at his table to ette for he fastyth. Then schalt thou vndurstond pat bodely
payn stondyth in disapline or techyng by word or by wrytyng or in ensample
also in weryng of heres or of stamey or of haburgong on her naked flesch
for crist sake and such man of penance. But ware the well p^t such man
penance on thi flesch. ne make not thy hert hytte or angry or noyed of thy
self. For bette hit ys to cast away the hete pen for to cast awey the swetnes
of jhu crist And therfor seyth Seynt paule clothe yow as they p^t hen panly
chosyn of god in hert of mercorde debonarite suffrance and such man of
clothyng of which jhu crist ys most apayd ye of his hey or of haburgong
or hauberkys. Then ys disapline eke in knokyng of thy brest in scourgyng
wth yerdys in kneelyng in tribulacions in suffryng patiently wrongis pat
ben don to hym. and eke in patient suffrance of maledis or lesyng of
wordly catell or of wyff or chyld or other frendys. The schalt pou vnd^r
stond which pingis distrowbelyn penance. and pis ys iij. iij. maneres that
ys. dred. Shame. hope. And wanhope pat ys despacion. and for to speke
first of dred. For which he wenyth that he ne may suffre no penance. p
a geynst ys remedy. For to thynk p^t bodely penance ys but schort & ly
tyll at regard of the peyn of hell that ys quell & so long pat hit lastyth
w^tout end. // Now a gaynst schame pat a man hath to schrynne hym.
and namely thes ypocrytes p^t wold be hold so pfyte that they hane no
nede to schrynne hem. A gaynst p^t schame schuld a man thynk p^t by wey of
reson that he that hath not be schamyd to do foull pingis. certis hym onth
not be a schamyd for to do fayre thingis & p^t ys confessyons. Then may schuldyst
eke thynke pat god seyth & wote all thy pongtis & all thy werkys. For hym may
no thyng be hyde ne coled. Wen schuld eke remomb^r hem of the schame pat ys
to come at the day of dome to hem pat be not pentent & schrynen in this
pesent lyff. For all the gedyngis in erth and in hell schull se aptely all that
he hydyth in this worlde. Now for to speke of the hope of them that both
negligent. And slow to schrynne hem it^ stondyth in two maneres pat on ys
that he hopyth for to lyff long & for to purchase mych pychos for his de
lyte. And then he wold schrynne hym. And as he seyth he may as hym
lyte. And then he wold schrynne hym. And as he seyth he may as hym

demyth then tymely y nought come to schrift. And nop ys of despiedce ye he hatyn Gode
mercy. Against the ffiyest wyce. he schalle thinke ye onre lyff ys in no sykyrnesse
ne ye fall the riches of ye world ben in aventure and passyn as a schadow on
the walle. And as seyth Seynt Gregore pat it appertynyth to the gret prydeful
nes of god pat neyr schalle the peyne flynt of hem that neu wold wyll
drawyn hem fro synne but ay continue in synne. For thylke perpetuall
wylle to do synne they schulle hane perpetuall peyne. Wanhope ys in
maneres. the. first wanhope ys in the mercy of cryste. The secund ys
they thynkyn that they ne myght long pseyne in goodnes. the first wan
hope comyth of that he demyth that he hath synned so gretly & so ofte. and
so long lyen in synne that he schalle not be sawed. Ceth against pilke
cursyd wanhope schuld he thinke that the passyon of ihu cryste ys in
strong for to unbynde. then synne ys strong for to bynde. against
the secund wanhope he schalle thinke that as oft as he fallyth he may
a rise a gayne be penitence. And yongh he neuer so long hane lyen
in syn the mercy of god ys alle wey redy to resceyne hym to mercy. against
the wanhope that he demyth that he schuld not long pseuer in goodnes
he schalle thinke that the stedfastnes off the deyll may no thyng don
but men wull suffre hym. And eke he schalle hane strongthe of the help
of god & of all holy chirch and of the protection of angelys yf hym lyste. the
schulle men vnderstonde what ys the fronte of penance. And also the word
of ihu cryst it ys the endeles blys of heuyn. ye joy hath noo contrary of
non woo ne grennce. Ther all hapnys ben passyd of this pseuerlyff
Ther as ys the sykyrnes from the paynys of hell. ther as ys the
blysfull company pat reioysyn euyr mor euerych of others joy. ther
as the body of man pat sowtymes was foulle and derke ys more clere
then the sonne. ther as the body pat whilo was sekfull freyll & fedyll
and mortall. ys immortall and so strong & so hoolle that per may no
thing apeyre it. ther as ys nedes hunger pirst ne cold. but euy soule
replenysyd. wt the syght of the pryce kindrynes off god this blysfull
kyngdome mow men pchasse be ponte espirituell. the glorye be
lowynes. ye plenys of joy be hunger and pirst. And the reste by penance
And the lyff be deth and mortification of synne. Amen

Here takith the maker his leve:

Now I pray he all that herkyn this lytyll tretysse or redyn. that
yf ther be any thing in hyt pat lykyn hem pat ther of they thank
oure lorde ihu cryst of whom procedith all wytte and all goodnes. And
if ye be any thing that displeysyth hem. I pray hem also ayeyn it to the
fautes of myn vnkunyng & not to my wytt. ye wold fayne hane been
I made konnyng. for oure boke seyth all pat ys wrytyn
oure doctrine and pat ys myn entent. Wherfor I be seke yon mekely for
the mercy of god. pat ye pray for me. pt grist hane mercy on me. And for
yeue me my syltys. And namely of my translacions & of myn endy
tyng of wordely vanites the which I reuoke in my retracacione. de pe
boke of troylys. the boke also of fame. the boke of xxv ladies
the boke of the duchess. the boke of Seynt Valentyns day. the
plancett of fyrdys. the tales of Cantirbury. thylk pat sow

ney my to synne. The boke of the hyon. And many a nothr boke yff they were in my remembrance. And many a song. And many a lechers lay. Crystes for his gret mercy forgyene me the synne. But of the translacion of Boes consolacion. And other bokys. off legendes of Seyntys. And Omelies & morahte & devocion. that thanke I oure lorde Jhū Cryste. And his blessyd mode. and all the seyntys in heven beseechyng them that they ffro hensforth on to my lynes ende. send me grace of verrey penitence. confessyon. And satisfacion to don in this present lyff. Jesus the Bemene grace of hym that ys kyng of kyngs and prest on all prestes. pat bought vs w the precyous blode of his hert. ffor that I mote be oon of hem. At the day of dome pat schall be savyd. Qui cum deo pre &c

HRC

18 Then Brutte cam in to this londe yit was callyd Albion and sithyn Briton and now Englond aft^r the makyng of the world 2 ^vyff^ lxxxiij yer

Ilde Troy that now ys clepyd london was foundyd aft^r the makyng of the world. 2 ^vyff^ iij c xx iij yer

Rome was foundyd by Romo and Romulo aft^r the makyng of the world 2 ^vyff^ iij c ^xx^ iij yer

Jhū Cryste was conceyvyd by the holygoste in the mayds mayys on a ffryday in that tyme kyng Rembolyn was kyng of this londe aftir the makyng of the world. v ^vyff^ c ^xx^ iij. xiij yer

Jhū Cryste was borne whan his mod^r was xiiij yer old on a sonday aft^r the makyng of the world. v ^vyff^. c ^xx^ iij xvj yer

Seynt John Baptiste was be hedyd the xxb day of Augusto aft^r the incarnacion 2 xxxj yer

Seynt Stevyn was martyred the thyrd day of Augusto aft^r the incarnacion 2 xxx yere

Jhū Cryste suffryd his passyon on a ffryday the xx day of Marche aftir the incarnacion 2 xxxiij yer

Seynt Poule was conuertyd the xxb day of January aft^r the incarnacion 2 xxxiiij yer

The Assumpcion of oure lady the xb day of August the lx yer of her age aft^r the incarnacion 2 xlb yer

Seynt Pet^r and Paule ber martyred the xxix day of

and aft^e the incarnacion 2 xl ix yer
Lucius kyng of Bretayn was cristenyd aft^e the incarnacion 2 c
lxx yer the first cristende kyng of this lond
Seynt Fatryn was martired by maxencius emperour of Rome af
t^e the incarnacion 2 cc lij yer
Iesula & the xi^m virgins wer martyred at Coleyn by a Sarasy
Sowdan aft^e the incarnacion 2 cc iiij^xx xviij yer
Seynt Albon was martyzyd by the same Sowdan in the tyme of
Maximian aft^e the incarnacion . ccc . j yer
Seynt Edmunde the kyng was martyzyd be Ingar and Hubba
of denmarke aft^e the incarnac 2 viij^c lxx yer
Seynt Edward the martyr was martyzyd by his stepmode
aft^e the incarnacion 2 v^c . iiij^xx yer
Seynt Edward the confessour dischayd aft^e the incarnac . a m^l lxvj yer
Seynt Edmunde the kyng was translate the tyme of Wyll^m
kyng aft^e the incarnac . a m^l iiij^xx xv yer
Seynt Edward confessor was translat by seynt Thomas of Cant
tirbury aft^e the incarnacion . m^l c lx iij yer
[illegible] in tyme of Harry
the second aft^e the incarnation 2 a m^l c lxx yer
Thir [illegible] tyme of kyng Hery
[illegible] aft^e [illegible] m^l c xx yer
Brutt come in to the lond aft^e the makyng of the world iiij^m
lx xviij zer & he lebyd in this lond, or he was coronyd xl yer
and aft^e xx yer
Logyne his sonne regnyd v. yer
Madan his sonne regnyd xxx yer
Brante his sonne regnyd xl yer. Leyle his sonne res xxx
Bladud his sonne regn 2 xx yer. Leyrtolyn his wyff
regn xv. yer. Cempe his sonne regn . 2 xxiij zer
Bryte Greenschell regn 2 xxx yer Ludebras regnyd xxx yer
Leyre his sonne regn xl viij yer. Cordell his doughter . 2 v yer
Conadagge hys furst^e sonne 2 xxx iij yer. Kaydolle hys
sonne . xx yer. Forbodian his sonne . xb yer
Morobande come in by conquest & regn kyng . xl yer
Bellyn hys sonne regn a xj . zer. Cominobald his sonne
2 xxiij yer Leyrtolyn his sonne 2 xxb yer. Seysyll
his sonne 2 xb yer. Kymarc his sonne . 2 xx yer Ayn
Wyth his sonne ix yer. Brandebodian his sonne . j yer
Ditagayll his sonne xbj yer. Petyt his brothyr . 2 v xbj
Ifydens his brothyr . 2 xiij yer xxxiij kyng regn aft^e wards
Ludde the last kyng sone of xxxvj kyng regn 2 xj yer
Kassybawyn his brothyr 2 xxbij zer. Androwgon Luddus

first sonne regnyd. 2 xiij yere. Kembelyn be for the incarnacoun
two yere. // Com fro the comyng of Iesu in to the incarnacoun of crist
iij c xxij yere. // Albyndere and dermoger his sonnyd 2 xliij yere
Coyle dermogere sonne. xlj yere. // Lucie his sonne regnd a hethyn
man 2 l xj yere and cristenyd 2 ij yere. And after was so grete
debate in this land. yat the Realme was without kyng. l yere
// Cole ye mad Coldcoste was chosyn kyng and Raynyd 2 xiij yere
Constans that was a Romayne that weddyd seynt Elyn Cole
doughter 2 xb. yere. Constantine his sonne ye afterward was emp
ponze. xx yere. // Octamay regnyd after constantine doun to Rome
2 xb yere. // Maximan weddyd Octamay doughter in his tyme
Seynt Albon slayn and 2 xxbj yere. Constantyn Cosyn lin to
the kyng of britte Bryttayne regnyd 2 xij yere. // Constantyn
his sonne that whas maynke of Wython 2 xb yere. // Coyle
gere that was Erle of Essex slo constantyn regnd 2 xij yere
// Fortimer his sonne. 2 xj yere. Engest a Saxon conquerrd
this lond 2 b. yere. // Amphiambrose constantyn sonne sloo
Engist and droff the Sapatonys a way & regnyd 2 viij yere
// Ether pendragon his brother regnyd xbij yere. // Artire
his sonne regnyd 2 xxbj yere. // Constantyne Artures Cosyn
xx iij yere. // Cuyan for Constantyn had noy Eyre. 2 xxx yere
// Conagh his brother 2 xx iij yere. // Syrik his sonne 2 xxb
yere. // Seynt Adelbert and Sebert they were conuertyd by seynt
Austyn and regnyd. l yere // Elffred & Calballadre. Seynt
Oswold & Cadwlyn regnyd in thys realme on after a nother
xx iij yere. // Offa Seynt Oswold ys brother 2 xlviij yere. // Alfin
red the ffirst in his tyme was seynt Edmund of bery slayn
regnyd. 2 xxx yere. // Edward the ffirst his sonne. 2 xxb
yere. // Edmund his brother. xbij yere. // Eldred his brother
x yere. // Edwyn his thirde brother. iij yere. // Edgare his
sonne xbij yere. // Seynt Edward. martyr his sonne 2 xij yere
// Swyn that was kyng of Denmarke 2 xb yere. // Eldred
seynt Edwardys brother 2 ix yere Edmunde ironsyde & knot
Elfynes sonne. 2 xxx yere. // Harold harfote knott sonne
2 xiij yere // Hade knotte his brother. 2 xbj yere. // Seynt
Edward confessore 2 xxiij yere // Harold that was godwynsone
2 j yere // William conquerore. Duke of normandy conquerrd
this lond & regnyd 2 xxj yere // William rufus his sonne. xiij
yere. // Harry the first 2 xxxbj yere. // Steyn Erle of Boleyn

happy ffifteen sonne . xix yer . happy the secunde callyd sir
Empyre in his tyme Seynt Thomas Suffyrd martyrdome . xxx
2 xxxvj yere . Rychard the ffirste his sonne callyd coure
zoure . 2 x yere . John his brothir 2 xvj yer . happy the
thyrd his sonne . lvj yere . Edward the first his sone 2 xxxvij
zere . Edward the secund his sonne xix yere . Edward
the thyrd . lj yere . Rychard the secund 2 xxij yer . hap
py the fourth 2 xiiij yere . happy the ffyfte 2 x yere
happy the sixte . xxx ix yere

Sin fro the makyng of the world in to the comyng of Christ
xvcl . lxxix zere . ffro the coryng of Christ . l in to the incarna
cion of Crist a m . c xxij . And fro the incarnacion in to the
xxbiij yere of Kyng happy the sixte . Anno xxxx xlix

dyff c
vj . vj . lx

HRC

Whanne bright Phebus passyd ouer the rain
wedys of April. and in to the bote cam
And Saturne olde with hys frosty face
In Virgyne takyn hadde hys place
Wrapyn collyde and sodde of moryon
And was also in opposicyon
Of lucynd the mone moyste and pale
What manys flowyr fro hedyn made a bale
Whan amorous was in the morowe yede
And gubrid in the stabbes hede
Hadde tabd his pateys and his mancion
The lusty tyme. and gothe fressyhe season
Whan that flora the noble mysghty Queene
The wylde gate cladde in newe tendre grene
With hete flowyr castly q meynte
Ramnes and boweis with yede and whyte depeynte
Sfetyng the bane on and valeys hillys
The tyme in wythe whan cantyrbury tales
Complete and tolde at many sundyr stitis
Of estatys in the pilgrymage
Euery man like to his degre
Com of disporte com of mazaly te
Com of knyghthede lore and gentilnesse
And com also of perfite holynesse
And com also in joy and ybandyre
To take langhyn in the compayne
Sor admytted for none wolde other grete
Lyk as the dok the mylldyn and the yete
Acquyte hem alle shortly to conclude
Forthwith in thyse tymes yude
Whan they hadde dyned of the bolle
And eke also with his pilled nolle
The pardonere bedulos all his dyme
Blase redy and fare of the ymbyme
Tollyng a tale to angre with the fere
Acorrnly the story can yon lere
Word by word with any circumstance
Euery wyte and put in remembrance
Fy hym that was yfy shall not fayne

Iffthoue of poetyes thought all bynayne
Which cothely hadde moste of excellence
In ratyke and eloquence
Redde his makyng whyche lyft the yonge fynde
That neuer shall apallen in my mynde
But alway shall be in my memoryes
To whom be ioy prise honoure and glorye
Of whom first in oure language
Chief registre of this pylgrymage
All that was told for yetyng nought at all
Ffor need talde ne thynge hystoriall
With many prouerbes dites and sentence
By rehyssayle of his ouglyd mouth
Of ethe thynge lorynge in substance
The cantens hole whiche cauadance
Cordyng chaff cothely for to sayne
Enlumynyng the time pleasyd glayne
By rasty writyng of his oldeyes sweete
Ffro the tyme that they did moue
Ffirst the pylgrymes cothely anywhone
At the tabbard assembled one by one
And fro southwerk forth for to say
To canterbury ridyng on hoye way
Telling a tale like as y yhaye can
Lyke as hye hoste assyngned any man
Sone to hardy his biddyng disobeye
And this while that the pylgrymes leye
Atte canterbury whyche longed row and alle
Not in other what y may it calle
Happe or fortune in conclusion
That me defelo to entre in to the gowne
The holy wynte playnly to wisse to
Aft[er] debonesse my bodeye to acquyte
In a cape of blacke and not of grene
On a palfray pleandre longe and lene
With rusty bridell not made for the sale
Ny man to fayn with an boyde made
That of fortune told y myn name anon
Whyche as the pylgrymes longed whyche anywhon
The same tyme the gentilmen hye hoste
Stondyng in the gulf full of wynde and loste
Like to a man whom fro sleyne and fayes

That spake to me and sayde anon Dan pryes
Dan Symonye Dan Godfray or Clemento
ye be welcome verely in to ~ tonto
Thought yonge bydell hane nothe/ lyste no bello
Rysyng/ yon that ye wolde me tolle
Ffyrst yonge name and of what yonge
Anthonto more shortly that ye go
What lord or pado all do verde of blood
Upon yonge hede a wonde thyed bare hoode
Well apaied for to pide lato
I ansewyd and sayde my name Sir Ryghto
Yonto of Ffyry not. Lxx. yere of age
Come to this wedne to do my pilgrymage
And as I hane right y hane therof no shame
Dan John quod he. Well bold ye yonge name
Though ye be wolde be right glado and light
Yayng yon wynne with go to nyght
And ye shall hane atte yonge devise
A grete poddyng or a pomme hagrise
A ffiandchoune a wanfey or a fforfe
To ben a monke shrondye is yonge coyfe
Ye hane be sicke y day my hede assyne
Or lette fadde in a feynto pastyne
Lyst vp yonge hede be glado take no sorowe
And ye shall pide home with go to morowe
I day whanne ye jestid hane yonge fyllo
Astry wynne will stope do non ylle
Wrapp yonge hede with clothes round about to
Wronge notty also well make yon to ponto
Take a pelowe that ye lye not to lowe
Yff nede be wrape not to blowe
To holde wynde by mynd oppynyon
Hit will engendre collyke passyon
And make mon to grete in those poppe
Whanne they hane fylde those maddes and those crappe
But to day nyght ore can fonde I rede
Annoys cynnyn or coliaundre fede
And lete as y rede hane and nyght
I shall be yonge holbrynge for this nyght

Thongh it be the more thyne dede
my self shulle vouche herbeede
to morowe be early beganne & my time
for he shill finde a prest a fore prime
a company pride shall do vou good
what lord vpe monke for by cockes blood
for to morowe anon as it is daye
and that it begynne in the este to dawe
thou shalte be bonde to a noble lawe
at the begynnynge of taynte johnes messe
and lay a side thy professione
thou shalt not chese nor thy self shrive
vnlesse thy myght be found in thy mawe
like the customes of this companye
for none a prondes that day me dowe
myght nor drinke · thanon no sonne
go tulle it tulle shade its they comme
beganne y assigne · and be tymes oportune
and for that one pres shill contynue
he shill gom shade one customes vse
and thou shalt not playnly the excuse
the noble shape stodie shall to myght
but for all this be of hert light
thy shit shalle the shappe and the batte
and be anon redye to depaye atte
and spynde shale to one plesaunce
and one aft by good gouernance
into bed goth only man and wyght
and to shade morowe as sone as it shine light
thy pylgryme bothe batte and shore
as bade his hosto · tolle anon his hore
beganne the con a pose in the eft fine dere
ffully in purpos to come to dyne
into lodynge and bided there one fiste
and shewe he seye cantrebury paste
stotte the space of a lewde daught
one hosto in hafte gath my bridell aught
and to me saydo as it seye in game
com finde dan john by vowe christen name
and lette vs make oun myrth and playe
thyne vowe portrees a twenty dwill seye

It is no disporte to go to pytte and stye
It shall make yowe hippe & bonde the day
Tells com tales · and make thee of a gaye
For by my troute thou shalt not escape
But preche not of none holynesse
Pegrymes com tales of mynyth or of gladnesse
And nothe not writh thy hoby lobbe
To lobe alweye upon thy lobe
Tells us com thynge that dabbith to sporte
Only pryf make none - latte
And when y ende it shalle be no lette
To obeye unto his biddynge
So as the lade me lerith in all thynge
And as y conde writh a pale chere
Wy tales y gan anow as ye shall here

Explicit Prologus · Incipit Et incipit pars prima

Dis quod he oth of yowe cryteryo
Q entred am into yowe companyo
And admytted a tale for to talle
By hym that hath power to compelle
Q mens owne hosto gon nowe and gyde
If yon ochone judynge haye bely de
Thynge my wytte bayynde be and skille
Q stolle yeheye a story stondynge fille
Pertaynyng the sege and destruccyonne
Of worthy cytheres the mygthy noble troyane
Ryte and begonne of olde antiquyte
Upon the tyme of worthye josue
By diligence of kynge amphyone
Chief cause first · of his fondacyonne
For which his fame · that nevile shall a way
In honoure flowyth yet cyn to this day
And in story remembryd and yaysed
But hode the walles stage on high yaysed
It is stonde and unfaile for to hoye
But yf ye list y shall yon playnly leye
The mane holy plaity in sentence
Study support of yowe patyence

KODAK Color Control Patches © The Tiffen Company, 2000 Kodak LICENSED PRODUCT

So sayiteth myn Autor · And forthe bothe the
rede he lobe and ye shall fynde so
how · this kynge this pyndont Amphyom
With the sweetness · and melodyous com
The cite bilte that Babilon Was so stronge
By Amyons the sweete songe
By cause only of the Bataylles shapp
That he made in mercyes happe
Of which the stynges were not touched · ne
Were by Walleys that poised Wrogen on lofte
Withouten casts of any mannys hondes
Full yore ago myddis of Jewrys londe
Which is a thynge of pattys tolde
Stande yet nowthey of yonge no olde
But as forthe lyst to Wrethe
Clerely expownynge this dowbe pryse
With mercurie god of eloquence
Yaf by the mysty heavenly influence
Unto this kynge at his Wammyte
Thynge gladde apportis that he shuldde be
Ayeste excellent by reason of jeorgye
That in this Warlde there were none to hym lyke
Which Wymmyfieth to them that hen pyndont
The musicall the lusty instrument
Of mans the happe moste melodyous
Yeve to this kynge by mercyfyous
And his songe this Autor can yon tethe
Nothynge Was but the Castly Worthe
Of this kynge called Amphyom
Whereby he made the Wommyes cummyon
To hane such lust in his Wordes sweete
That were so pleasaunte favorable and mete
In their eyes · that worthy there were none
Disobeysaunte With the kynge to gone
Where so ever that hym list to assyne
That thynge his stynges and exortacyon
With hym they were to bilde fyst the town
And forsoth echo man his wonnes
By one assent to make this citee
Royall and nyce that lyke Was no where none
And thus the Wallis made of lyme and stone
Were joysed first by synging of this kynge

Lyke as poetys feyne in theyr Ecphrasyng
Allegyng vyce and vertu of entytyes
Heyr maye ye see how mete it was
The goodlynesse and the lothlynesse of a kyng
And especyally in chere and in speykyng
To his lieges. and to leyn hem fayr
In his aspect to fleee hym dedayn
And not to leen to straange nor coloyne
In countenaunce onteeyrly be disdeyne
Which causeth ofte echo that can advyse
Fiete hatrede in the peples heyrte
And therewyth priively Eyll yonne
Ayen a prynce doth on hem frowne
Shortly dewy for all his excellence
Amonge hem lyff onto of his presence
Envyrye conceyde like lyes sentence
And thus fulle ofte engendrydde envye
In folkes hertes of olempnyte and pryde
And dede as lyst not to lowe a syde
To pesayde them eyeen they lowe lowte
And dyen kynde it is erthly onto doute
That any hedde by reverence of the eyrse
Eynilde the dotte of disdeyne disperse
Which beryth hym up echo a can takke hede
And enterynetth in his mostte nede
As his pylley and his enpertyrde
Ffor frendlyne eyere the wrayde
Here beyer up and enpertacyon
Ffayrehedd lordshyp and dompnacyon
Therefore me semeth more is fortunate
Though the eyerde of any estate
Of wyrchyne the secrete fingyr hyppe
Than mete seeyde eyegetus kynne and stypp
More acceptyd erthly aspectis good
Than is thus god erthly his lokys eyood
Ffor humble speche erthly gladde countenaunce
Wyth a rayynce worthely more a vaunce

Amonge his people hetis for to ryme
Of medaid loue and ill not to ryme
Than golde riches pride or tyranny
Ethey disdeyne damage or enuiedy
For of lordes to theyes can report to
But that lord. heye thomas support to
The fyne is nought in conclusion
Takes record of kinge. Amphion
That bilded thebes by his eloquence
More than by pride or violence
Rebell and riche that dide no they none
And thus the walles made of lyme and stone
Were perfed first by singyng of the kinge
Lyke as redis seyne in their writyngs
But sothly yet on expositions
Groundyng them upon olde auctorys
Seyne that thadymus the simons olde man
Fyll longe a fore this cite fyst began
And the gromis of bildyng setto
And the lomides by temples onto metto
Sith thongo onto lordes of a holy hyde
Which simpson syech myght seyde
To gete in londe a fulle large space
Where upon to bilde a dwellyng place
And allwe dide the place thus getyn ryme
Babylon fore. of a holes clyme
The name after in to thebes tryme
But thadymus hath not longe there conryde
Lyde in fore as it is compleyde
For fore thy fo thous he dide exyle
Some after to dwelle in this citeyne
By the kingedom of this Amphyone
Which up reformeth riche for the noure
The cite thebes of myghty fynaye flowre
As y you tolde a litle heye to fore
And thadymus hadde thus his kingedome lore
Septe and. thomas and his peeres bolde

Kodak Color Control Patches © Kodak, 2007 TM: Kodak

Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

Forsoe have y tolde to you groundes of alle
That ye shall knowe by informacyon
Clerely the ryth and the exposicyon
Of this matey as clerkes can you talle
It seeye but in daynes lenger for to spelle
To tary you as in this matere
With my talo which that ye shall here
Upon yonde stay Apollo lafte a longe while
The space in oothe as I suppose of. xij. mile
And noote ye knowe first how Amphyon
Childe and begamne first this noble
Reynyngi there longe ast[illegible] as y rede
Of hym no more for I shill procede
To my purpos that y first began
For tellyngi here howe the lyne ran
From kynge to kynge by succession
Tendeyngi donne to the stok of Amphyon
Porionsly by lynes of distent
But lave all this ryde of entent
To tello ryth in bokes as y rede
How Layous by proces gan procede
The lordes the crowne in this mysyty londes
Holdyngi the Depyte of Thebes in his hondes
Manly and wyse duryngi all his lyfe
And Jocasta called was his wife
Still commanly the stery ouith captayne
For a tyme thought the wyse bataynes
Till layous in full humble wise
To have a childe. wid otcquise
First to Apollo in his ayde so bright
And inbitey that hath so grete mysyt
Besechyngi thym with lowlyne jolyance
To graunte only thynyt here influence
That his request executed mysyt be
And specially to gyve thye
And he besought Pallas and Juno
And Diana for to helpe also

Kynge Layous Jocasta wife

That he bence desiandid of his lone
And his prayse tacrad Esaofilk one
That frudlly thyght his yres olde
Wene lyke to his heyte Esolde
The wiene poysit hath thion conceyled
Which Eshan the kynge fully hath conteynied
He made in haste and did prodido
Thyngh his kynge doin messangers to yido
Ffro costa to costa the story can devise
For Summons and philosophers Esis
For arte do Esey famous phisyciens
And Eself expert astronomyens
To com in haste unto his presence
To fynde onto shortly in sentence
Br haste only of calculacyon
The childes fate and disposicyon
And therepon to yeve jugement
The yere y take atte the ascendent
Truly wright by myrute and degre
The aspectis of his natyuite
Not for yete the hedynly mansions
Clerely Eyched by ouall famous
Ffirst by Ecrondes tres and eke quartes
On angyrn stonys and on Eshite cortes
Providionto by diligent labonys
In tables cerate deberde of all ayonys
Justly wright and foundo on bothe tedo
The yeres corrects and expance also
Considered eke by good inspecyon
Truly onys and constellacyon
And ethe aspecto and lord eke dyrecys
Which Eseye good and Which also yvecys
Which they Eseye to Eshyd or it debate
Happy Evilfull other infortunate
And finally in conclusyon
They foundo Saturnus in Scorpyon
Hedy chayed malyncolly and lotho
And Eyood mate fynyons and Esyotho
Holdyng his Septo in the triplicyti

The same onye that the childe was borne
Vnne derecte and contrarions
And oppressed in vexacions sone
That the dome and iugement fynall
Of thise theyes to speke in everyall
By fitall ordre they may not be with drawe
That with his sweyde his fady shalle stande
There may no man helpe it nor excuse
On which thynge the kynge gan ordre muse
And aft he wolde on that other side
Against hys dome for hym self provide
Chapynglil wayt by remedy to fordo
Biddynge the Queene sehuld the childe there borne
Withonte mercy or modesty rite
That he be slayne it may none other be
And in the hastiest wise as he hath ordre
She obeyde his commaundemente
With sorofull herte and pitous loke
And face pale here yonge son pyto toke
Bonde and greno bothe of flesshe and bonys
To cytiyne men ordeynedi for the nonys
Ffor pryst to poynte in all manno thynge
To exercise the biddynge of the kynge
They dyst not delay it nor a bide
But to a forest that stode fayre beside
They toke hys way and fast gan hem spede
The kynges will to performe in dede
Hadynge therof passynge grete hedynesse
But when they behilde the fayrynesse
Of the childe and excellent beauite
In there herte hadde grete rite
Yett playnly cast amonge them was no stryfe
That the childe shulde lose his lyfe
And anon fill high upon a tree
In a place that noman myght see
They hynge hym up the story can sayes
But first his fate thynghonte they can poys
And on bedys tendre tokeyth and sinalle
They knyt hym up this ye no fynde

hym to preserve from his Childe and page
And them that tookin here wage
To ryde thebes in alle the haste they may
Out of fortune that sunne day
With hornes blowyng up and down
The knyghtes Sente of kynge pollibone
Thynghonte the forest gane for to hynde
Com there and com ryne behynde
And gan alle and sto Sondre ferr
Amonge the bushes and the hottes here
And as they jenged the lyenfes by and bye
They heyde a nurse and a pitteous cry
Of thie childe hangyng on the tree
And alle at onys yede it for to see
And lefte not till they gane hym founde
And tokin hym down and gane his fete unbounde
And bathe hym home unto pollybon
Kynge of Athedye the famous regyon
And Sayde that he the childe first gan see
Of his Sommons he hadde grete pitee
To behold his tendre fete so bledde
And called hym Edypus as y rede
Which yet to ryne pleth this yet no pledge
Forwhy the fote as in thee language
And first the kynge in his joie alle hallo
yelde his men a fraice for to calle
This yonge childe to fostre and to kepe
With here myllke that it not sleepe
And his lechis he right gad also
That he Sayde hold here Sesons eke to do
Sully in myngres for the childe Sith kepe
Ryght his day to metes hym this keyne
For chise only Sayse of tetch hede
Anne hadde he nous by hymself to ryde
And Sayde that he had a Sysk or nous
I fynde it not and therefore let it gone
But by processe of dayes and of yeres
This Edypus amonge his playnge feres

an

Ye appollo made his prayere
Pesechyng hym on his knees lowe
By dim signe he myght knowe
Thynge evidence shortly comprehended
Of what kynred he was descended
And what man ye hym by grete devocion
Furnysshed hadde fully his orysson
He fonnde anon ewrithyn vnvisyble
Which above redehill and exible
Bade hym in haste take his viage
Wherfore thekes ewreye of his lynage
He eye shulde be and be certified
And on his way anon he hath hym hied
Thy hasty iorney & his hors constrayned
Day by day till he hath attayned
Into a castell pilotes & called
Riche and stronge all a lonte & walled
Adiacent by tyt of that countree
And ptnent to theles that cities
Kynge Layns beyng there present
For to behold a mirrie tynement
With the knyghtis yonge and enyrons
And other folke that were disyrons
To pleye them wel shortly for to talle
Who by fors myght other exceille
Or gete a name thynge his grete prowesse
Ewe of hem did his besynesse
On hors backe. and also eke on foto
All be that som fonnde it alle on soto
Fithey a play of werre than of peco
Where ewrynes put hym in prees
As he that was ay redy to werre
Perfectyng hym to entre at the gate
Wangler all the that wolde hym lette
And in the prees of tourning he mette
Kynge Layns and quickly hym smote
Thought the mature wyte not hote
Fe no wyght ain of all the compayne

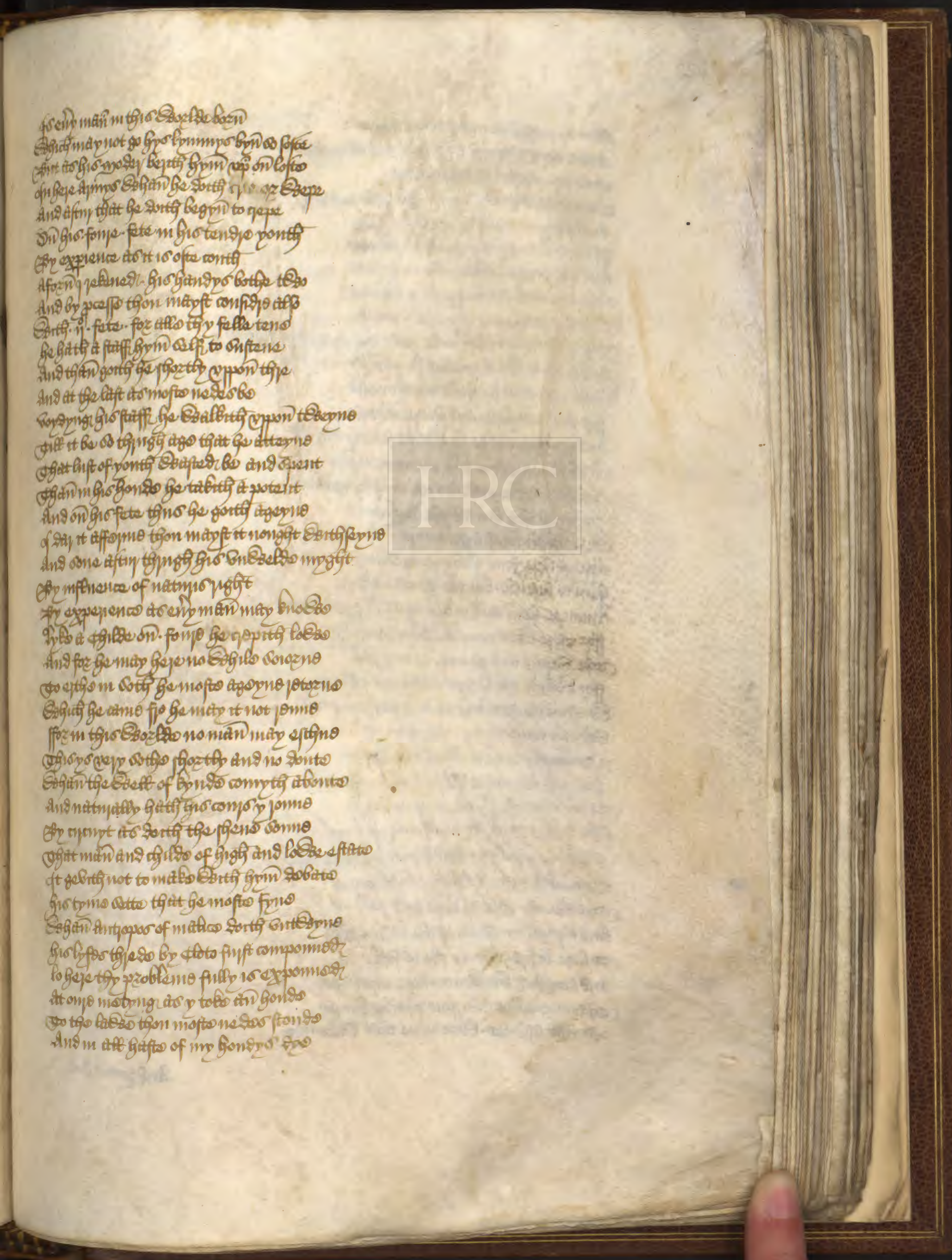
Thy no signe hym require espie
Thy schoo hande that the kynge was slaie
For Edipus in haste gan hym withdraie
And kepte hym coy of entencyon
Yete was the noyse and the pytaous crie
In the citie for slaughter of the kynge
Sole complayntes erede and weepynge
But for they die heynesse and thought
Arenst dethe availeth right naught
They ordeyne with ites full joiaulle
For the foste called funerallle
And like the custom of the days olde
The cors they bynd in to asshes colde
And in a vessell joinde made as a balle
They dosed hym in golde and metalle
And asshy that did here basis cryse
In sybelles to make a sepulture
And right hym left no longer lotte
To asshes siden they metes and sette
Of this matter there vs no more to seyne
But to Edipus · y will tryme agayne
Which hym hastith ay fro day to day
Godsaddrysbes in all the hast he may
Yeamryngim kept hote as any frye
To frende and kinde of his fatall desyre
But for he failed of a gyde
Into of his way he wente faye a side
Through a wilde and a vast countree
By a mountayne that stode vppon the see
Where that monstres of many kynde kynde
Were constaunte in the story as y fynde
Amonge which cruelly there was one
So mly cruell that no man must gone
For dede of doth · for by that passage
This monstre was & mortall in his rage
Which hatte also by dispuycion
Body and fate of a feys lyon

And lyke a mayde

And yede a maide in the stede and fire
ffell of his loke and quell to manere
And ydrone of countenaunce and of sight
And as yede spynne this monstre bright
Sore than tigre dragon or serpent
And y enpoyd by enchauntement
he sete ordyned on the hille to abide
To sle all tho that passed besyde
And sudeyn all that siden sawe
To expowne his mysti dyuinalle
his problème ete in stone platyne and bras
Entente addres openly to rehas
This ys werre of the platte and no wape
Or with the lyf he might not escape
And yf that he by destynaryon
Vaff thexpowne tiere exposyryon
he shulde in hatte these sete now other mene
Than this monstre. for all his quell tene
Ytere may of meryte be none other graunte
Sin for all this sewyne ignorauncte
This redefull hill stondyng on a roche
Or he stere sage gan full nygh approche
Yere pilone platte than he stende
And sudeynly the monstre gan descende
To stoppyn his way. and lette his passage
Thus observyng with a felle corage
I hane in yeyt mly greter disyre
That fortune hath brought the to my dere
To make a rest yf thou mayst endure
The fatall ende of this adventure
Sette atte a fyne wilfully by days olde
And by and by all tho eis hym tolde
Chaungyng hym to be sage and wise
Sete the ratine and kaye a way the prise
Tonchyng this thynge sette a tresone to endure
With lyf and dethe sere shall dojayne
And this monstre with a disportous chere
his problème gan this as yo shall here
There is a beste in delone to be
The which in sotte atte his statynte

For his myght & tendre and & grene
That he may not hym self sustene
Yeven his fete though he hadde it seyene
But yif he be of his wodys bryne
And affynchyd by processe of age
On my fate he makith his passage
Ayte on thyse yif thou shalt not fayne
And at the laste he goith wyright on seyne
Wydys of worte and seyndeyffull of theyse
Yfft by length of many condyys weyse
Namely he goith ayen on thyse
And sith on fonde it may non other be
And fynally this ys the howth playne
He peyrnetth bynedy ageyne
To thy matyr which that he cane fye
Lo here is my problemes two
Wyse thesyen pon Esthonta seyne or stuff
Yt to dedyn or elles lese thy lyff
And Esthan Esynus gan thys thynge adrecte
Sellis assyned in his manly hecte
Gan in his Sytte seyche up and seyene
And of his prudence cast in his pesome
By yete advice Sthat thynge this myght see
Syngi also that he may not flee
And hede theyse Esto is counsaile ne pede
But tallo thynch orelles be dede
And by good fyll delybaryon
Thyno he anSeyde in condyspon
Thyon Sprynx quod he fals and fiandelent
Thyon fonlo monstre thyon dragon thyon serpent
That on this hillo lite is y conceyde
Lyest in a Sayte folevo to disceyde
But trust Seall for all thy slyght Sytte
Thy falo fiande shall anon be myrtte
Yt lyst not noeso Sthisyo notiey pounde
But thy problemo anon y shall expounde
So opryly thou shalt not go theyo fye
Lo this it is take good hede theyto
That beest thou Syate of hoye byfore

Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM: Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black



Ye ely man in this worlde born
Which may not go his lymmys bow or sore
Fyrst to his mydy berth hym up on loftes
On these dymys whan he doth rise or slepe
And after that he doth begyn to repe
On his fowe-fete in his tendre youth
By experience do it is ofte couth
Afore-yeknedyl his handys bothe two
And by process thou mayst consider also
Yerth. ij. fete. for ellis thy fellis tene
He hath a staff hym self to sustene
And than yeth he shorthly upon thre
And at the last to moste nedes be
Coverynge his staff he walbeth upon the eryne
Tyll it be ordeynyd ago that he attayne
That list of youth wasted be and spent
Than in his hondis he taketh a potent
And on his fete thus he goeth ageyne
Of day it affoyme thou mayst it noyght seyn
And one astyn thynge his wyldis mynyst
By influence of natyre yight
By experience do ely man may knowe
Yelis a chylde on. fowe he cryeth lowe
And for he may heje no chylde coryne
To ethis in coth he moste ageyne yeturne
Which he came fro he may it not yenne
For in this worlde no man may estyne
Thys yeyr of this yhorthy and no yonte
Which the weell of hynde comyth adonte
And natyrally hatth tyme comyn yenne
By tryeyt to yerth the yhend comme
That man and chylde of high and lowe estate
It yeldyth not to make yerth hym yebate
His tyme ette that he moste fyne
Than antiques of mathe yerth entedyne
His lyfes thyede by clote fyrst compowmed
To heje thy problemis fully is exponmed
At one motyng as y tolde in hondis
To the lade then moste nedes stondis
And in all haste of my hondys two

But by reason thou must it not denye
And other Opynyx & Reasyns and all maddes
Stode disuaded and disconsolatte
Seith thye dome cast myght yelde and dede
And Edippus anon smote of his hede
Of this fende stynkyng and unsaete
And the contyes cette holly in quyete
Thaye he hath onde dyuyce y Rome
That his fameys in city cofte y come
Thyughonte all the londe that the wynnyng is stadde
And right to Athenes he gan hym yladde
Seth yesterdyd for his Rerthynesse
For his manhode and his prodesse
And for they cette he Rede a semely kynght
Seth fauonyed in city mennys sight
And also cette thebes the mysthty godenne
Not only they but all the Regynne
Thye dyffinite of a gondonye
Avynst thye fone hadynge no Reconye
Hom to defende but the Qwene alone
Amonge hom self makynge full grete mone
For thaye Rede none to lodys specyfie
The Septye and Rome to occupie
For which the lordys all by one assente
Seithyn the tedyno cette a parlomente
Wherthy concludynge yfit myght bene
Hindanthy to tyete seith the Qwene
Namely they that hilde hom moste stage
To condiscende by Rede of mariage
Ofte to be joynedt to this famouse kynght
Passyng wyndowt and famouse dede of myght
Wyste likly man as they can disteyne
The Rerthy dite to kepe and gouyne
And thynyh comistile of the lordes alle
To thye desyre playnly ffe is falle
And accordyd Entfonte more tuyeynge
That of Thebes Edippus shalle kynge
Thy full assente. Rede none that dande ady

And tymes sitte

Andtyme ette ageyne the retayne day
Amonge hem self and fynally vnised
The Weddyng Estate in Thebes solempnysed
ffull poetly that nedys moste vnthyrlo
Only to talke his mody to Sendo
Vnthrift of bothe · he Estate of heye blode
And vnignorant pherthy hon that stode
Which cause hatth bene of grete confusion
In many landes and many a regyon
Hommte and pote of vnhappe and mysfortunes
The fyne concludyng: all day Estith vengeaunce
As men hane seyne by ctaye experience
And holy Seyt jeroyth in sentence
Hoes heyres filthy in his hyfi
By violence take his bjothejs Eyft
ffor the Ebeo fauo and pleasaunt to his syght
And kepte hym still by force thyngh his mysght
All be to hym he hadde tuld none
And for heye sake the holy man Seyt Johno
ffor his trouth in prison lofte his hedo
Therfore ye jede eny man take hedo
Eskape to end he be prynce lorde or kyngo
That he be Eskape and estyno bothe Weddyngo
Or that the speyde of vengeaunce hym mando
Lesta he lese happe fortune and grace
Takyng: enstanyld in all manno thyngo
Of Edippus in Thebes tronnedl kyngo
All be that he Eskonghtt of ignorancio
ffull dejko and blynde of his Eofull chancio
And yet Vnkyst he of innocencio
As ye hane hejdo · fill in bothe offencio
ffor which he Ebao punysyd and bjought lobo
Eyftt the they Eorthy · that heye eyjonys knobo
And ho the kynot lyft not abstayne
Of bothe Eyn sall to god and man vnkynno
Scannot say · nomore thejcof sebyso
Verrytly yonge Ebly that prudent be and Eayso
And Eryno hane amonge in mynde
Of Edip in the Weddyng · like as ye may fynde
Vnhappy Ebao and passyng: oftyono

HRC

The Weddyng of Edippus

infortunate and Ingratyons
I am Sorry more therof to Sayne
The hatefull processe also to endite
I passe onde fully of the entente
For yiwene Sees not there presente
Nor Eurynia list not there to shewe
Ne Sees none of the musis nyne
Syrone auayle to makyn melodye
For they songe not by hevynly Eymonye
Nothyr Clio ne Calliope
One of the Ostyn in nombre. thyse. thye
As they did Sekan that philosophye
Attendit hyrthyr a boke the ordre
To be Sendit to this lady Sertyone
Unto hyre lorde the good meyniyone
As Vitrian named Capella
In hyre boke of Seddyng can thyn telle
There concludyng in this maniere
The poet that Sybilom Sees to sayne
That this lady called Sapience
Sendit Sees unto Eloquence
As it also Sekk by heuenly procedure
Hem to be joynedi by knot of alliance
Put bothe. ij. Sothly of entente
At Sees Seyng in theloc Seye absente
That causedi atym grete adversite
For the hymall ende of that oldmynyte
Sees Sorrow and See and destruccyon
Cityy yirnis of this knight Sees
There no man halyw it nor Sawne
For atyme in joye though they flowe
Put at this Seddyng plainly to telle
Sees Sorrowing fadey. unto hatrede
Sees thyse ypoint. with hyre hole hynde
Hir Sorfi also with hyre bodies blade
And hyre Songhtyn Sorrow for to made
Hidous cryedi. and Sygely for to see
Magera and Thesiphone
Alecto eke with throme and onbye
Sedo and flandes and fals thorhoyre
Treason rodept yndyens and nodo

And quest doth

And quelle dethe in his ieunte dayes
Breathinges complayntes and also sayes
Pessille pale deyednes and coldnes
Quelle wyche as eny erthe bloodes
Bemmynges of Cuthynde blodes
Fatemall hate deye bette the yoke
Bade only deth that there bate no boke
Assyeth others at fyne but sekes
At this folke dayes at the dredynge nekes
To make the goldene desolate and bare
As the frere after shalle declare
Yet ay in ofabes with his bestlye strenge
Sippus reigned many a day and longe
And as myn Auctor writth in bordes playne
Ay pocasta he hadde dames seyne
Ethyocles and also polynyte
And in bokes as oundy clerkes writte
Doughters. ij. full goodly unto see
Of the which on hight Antygone
And that other called Ismeyne
Of hye beauty mly endowyne
Sippus desired of all stayes and styfe
With pocasta ladde a mery lyfe
Till fortune of hye envyynyte
Had cuble of his prosperite
For whan he thone morte in jeonome
Fro hym bestoll the pleye hym a dome
Onte of joy in to odeyne woo
As he is bonte fro bestadly to do
And namely them that bettyn hye affyance
On erthely tynst in hye bayance
For whan this kynge passyng ejete of nyght
Late with the Quene upon a wytteynge nyght
Casually whan his folke a thone
Onte of ordynaye bodynly wayes gone
Or he was wayes pocasta gan behelde
The aspectes of bestmes olde
Upon his fate ampeyrtedy bondes deye
Temyng hye fate bynst onte to weye

Ethyocles & polynyte / bothe

HRC

This ys a Good
Boke amend

Sowtrie ne cures ~~[illegible]~~

So regetly he mygyt it not a spye
And the anon fille in to a fantasye
Ay on this musyng more and more
And in hye hedde gan to sigh sore
And sygh the kynge conceyved ay hye distresse
He gan enquere of hedynesse
Fully the cause and occasyon
For ye sore sekk in conclusyon
Sygh hye ayleth. and sehy the seyde so
My lorde myd yo sethonto sorrowes moo
Yet well cause for this sodayne yage
As forsq. in my tendre age
Hadde a lorde named Layne
Kynge of this toun and a ryght grume
By sehom y hadde a comme sweyde fayre
Lyeth ly to be hys concessyne and heyre
Whit by cause hys sedynyons tolde
At his byrth sothely that he shulde
Yif he gane lyf by fatall destynye
Sle his fadre it mygyt none otherwye
For sehich the kynge his sete yerne
Bade me in haste do hym thought due
To sle the childe and gane they dof no yuetyse
And y anon bade sethonto flenetyse
To certayne man upon payne of juggement
To execute the commandement
Of the kynge. as he gadde them in chargge
And fyrth they went to a forest large.
Adiacent to his contrye
Pursyng his sete and kyng hym upon a tree
Not yet myng the execucyon
Of hym they hadde sothe compassyon
Lefte hym there and home yesorte ayeyne
Bryng in doute. and in no certayne
And there yerye as they tolde alle
Of this childe sehat afterward did befalle
Sade they sude hymto hane hym found
Sehich ladde hym forth. and his sete yrbound
Whit to sehat cate they conde not dertaye
Sehich well is of my dull fayre
Hownde and cause of myn hedy chere

consydered

Considered eke the Commodes that appere
Upon your fete and wote not what they mene
And one thyng is ay at myn herte grene
Myn lorde Atlas · but of ne wete yette
Whyche lay is stayne was but late
Atte a castell nygh by thys countre
Upon his comyng into the cite
All this y sawe and jetened into one
Makith myn herte hevy as a stone
So that y connsaille none ne jedo
And with that sawe the kyng lyte up his hede
And abraied with sharpe sighes smarte
And all this the kyng by ordre gan addite
Seriously by good advysement
And by signes clere and evydent
Concerned wele and wro gan jeperte
Hit was hym left that jocisit merte
And when the Quene in mane sey hym
Ay here goddys she gan hym constreyn
To shewe onte the cause of his affayre
And it expowne and make none delayre
Sorye and pote shortly why that he
Entred first into that contre
Fro whence he came and from what jeryon
But he here pinte in delisyon
As he hade done it for the nonys
Till at the last he bade onte attonys
Unto the Quene and gan a pressio made
First how he was in the forest tabe
Wounded the fete · and so finith eny thyng
Of the fleyshyng of Jessyrbone the kyng
And how the cause why he hym forsoke
And in what wyse he the way toke
To seyke Thebes as Apollo bade
And of fortune how he was lade
Where that Syrynx kepte the wonterne

And hors that he stonde also in certayne
Bryge layne at the castell gate
Tho at the nyght when it was full late
And hors to thebes than he gan hym drete
To fynde onte the stokke of his bynode
Which unto hym gan dere coutho
For by processe of his grete youthe
He found onte well by jekenynge of his lyf
That the was bothe his wodo and his wyf
So that all nyght and fryngo on the morowe
Fetherene them · ij · gan a neke broko
Which unto me dere tedyous to tolle
For thayenson thy thynke well
Longe space it wold occupye
Yet to may jede in a tragedye
Of mortall wrecke fully his endynge
His dolo his mysthiefe and his complaynynge
Hors wrich corocke and well unkeldy ago
This Oedipus fill in to dotage
Lofte his wytto and worldly delite
And hors his sonnes had hym in dispite
And of disdayne they toko of hym no kepe
And hors dere his yeen onte he drepe
And to myn auctor lytill to delyse
Of his comyns jebukid hym and dispyse
Upon a day in a certayne place
Onte of his hede his yeen gan he jace
And cast it hem he ay none other bote
And of malice they tradde hym under fote
Fully desyrde bothe of loke and drede
And when Oedipus for mysthief wro dede
Writhyn a pytte made in the erthe lowe
Of cruelte his comyns thane hym throwe
Where than serpent or any crepe wode
Of a cursed stokke commyth venynde blode
As in story ye may jede to forn
All be the rose groke onte of it thorn

Thus of Edippus that was so bolde
The kyngdyn/ and y hane yontolde
For which shortly to man and childe y yede
To be ryche and to talke hede
Of kyndely ryght and conscience
To do honoure and duo ponience
To fadey/ and modey/ of what estate they be
Or elly/ certaynly they shall nowe the
For who that yo not to them dehouryng
In speche in worto for to theto thoun fayne
Hem to obey in honeste and dede
And to the ryche of what they hane nede
Sydy/ affeymo exceptyng none estate
That he shalle be ryght infortunate
In all his dayes bothe on see and londe
And of what thyngo he takes on honde
Fortune hoddyd/ to hym and contrayre
Waste of his good playnly and apayre
Frende plente of rouberto drayge and stryf
Vnhappy ende and shortnes of lyff
And gyftes of what he hathy to do
Hated/ of god and man also
Therefore no man be hoyeo/ yeto lesse
But make yonge myryonge of ethiocasse
And his brothey called/ zelymyto
Which in ocho thyngo gretly drayge to dryto
Do ye shall heye of thoun hon it fyrste
And what ye be dystandid/ donne this hyllo
And y russed/ heye tho lectio tale
I shall begynne the same namito of my tyllo

Explicit prime · Et incipit secunda

Passed/ the shape of zongston on the blee
Thy myrylnd/ I gan ryon to see
Thynge the sorme that fyll dayo gan thyno
Of the clerke that it spoke to myno
And ryche also the dylno depris thyno

And hoos that he slongh also mentayne
Bynge layne at the castell gate
Ye wyte wyll ye wyll it was full late
And hoos to wheles than he gan hym spede
To fynde onte the stokke of his bynede
Which onto hym gan bere conthe
For by processe of his grete wonthe
He fonnde onte well by lekenynge of his lyf
That the was bothe his modre and his wyf
So that all nyght and hyngo on the morowe
Betwene them ·ij· gan a neke borowe
Which onto me bere tedyne to tolle
For therupon thy thynke well
Alonge whate it wolde occupye
But ho may lere in a tragedye
Of mortall wenck fully his endynge
His wo his mysthief and his complaynynge
Hoos wrech wrocke and well unkeldy ago
This Edippus fill in to dotage
Lofte his wytte and wordly delite
And hoos his sonnes had hym in dispite
And of disdayne they toke of hym no kepe
And bekyn seyne his yeen onte he wepe
And as myn anchor likith to deyse
As his sonnys lebukid hym and dispyse
Upon a day in a certayne place
Onte of his hede his yeen gan he race
And cast it hem he ay none ottyr lote
And of malice they taide hym endy fote
Fully deboyde both of lore and dede
And Eghan Edippus for mysthief wide dede
Wethyn a pitte made in the erthe lode
Of cruelte his sonnys blame hym thode
Wors than serpent or any wrize wode
Of a cursed stokke commyth cruelnede blode
As in story poynty lede to forn
All be the rose growe onte of it thorn

Thus of Edipus that was so bolde
The Epechide ende y hane rentolde
For which sherth to man and childe y pede
To be ware and to take hede
Of kyndely right and conscience
To do honour and due obedience
To fader and moder of what estate they be
Dr ellys certayny they shall nowe the
For who that yo not to them belonging
In speche in yerte for to theto thow fling
Hem to obey in honeste and drede
And to the ysse of what they hane nede
Q dry affeymo exceptyng none estate
Wyat he shall be first infortunate
In all his dayes bothe on sea and londe
And of what thyngs he takes on honde
Fortune hed dayd to hym and contrarye
Waste of his good playnly and apparye
Frude plente of conterto drayge and stryf
Vnstayry ende and shortnes of lyff
And gyftes of what he hatth to do
Hatred of god and man also
Therefore nomen be hope of yeche lasse
But make yours ayryons of ethiocklasse
And his brother called polynyte
Which in ocho thyngs gyeth drage to dryte
Dere shall haye of thom hon it fylle
And what see be destandid some this hylle
And y wysse haye tyme lete to tale
Q shall begynne the same nemitte of my tale

Explicit prima · Et incipit secunda

Passes the shape of bongston on the blee
By my counsyl q pacyencion to be
Thynk the sonne that fyll dayes gan thynne
Of the clocke that it shewe to mynne
And ware also the sybile sayes thane

Of the rebellie people on the grene
Postponed wp in to the eye aloste
Sythen zephyrus with his bloodyng dyste
The Kethey made on mothe lusty and fayre
And right attempred was the holsome dyre
The same onto all the hole yonte
Of the pylgryms yedyng yonde a bonte
In my tale Sythan y gan procede
Rehersyng fruth as it was in dede
Sythan edwyns bynnes was made
Hon his Cousyns the kyngdom forto hade
Amongs hem self byn full of mortall hate
And for the crowne yonne to debate
Sythe of them wysly shall succede
And the Septs of the tokene posteds
Wantyng nought neithey to right nor wrongs
But ere of them to make these ptyes strongs
And his vncyll yondely to cristene
From Edwoo hertis was dowrydi done
Of Bothebede the faithfull allyance
Fals conetysse to made them at distance
Fully drozthyng in to dostynacyon
And pryns of this noble ordyn
Hote hendo the hatyed and enbyo
Of lettis · ij · thynge compryse sygnifyo
That neithey should plomly in dwyrte
They for leye they stode in doche disiorte
As though they hette of birth be forayne
Till of the crowne the noble ertayne
Pyrgilius pryons · with many a dozthy lozde
Shoyd at day to make them drozde
And to lette them mynyste and in pette
But for his vaytre thie ethrocles
Alle ygo gan that he was first bozn
For the ellych by poison he ought go afyn
In the ere to commed kyngs
Sith by lacke thejs was no lettyngs
For vnto hym longeth the heritage
By distent and title of age

But pollymyte of full hygh disdayne
All sprynly gan joppe a gayne
And for his pay to dide in speyall
To son Esad non he shulde hane all
Regalle and Sommaryom
And all the lordyshyp holy of the tom
And he right naught onto of the cite
But lede in exile and in pouste
Full conthidyng Esthonto fays ordyede
Rathey than suffe· that he Esoldo be dede
And thus allas thynghe enbyons stypsi
At the ende endyde loste hys hoff
Alle yete mysthoff do ye shall heye
Ent that tyme the lordys all in foye
Full besily diden hoye diligence
By yete addice and full hygh prudence
To dite hem in myrot and in jesto comcalyng hem prayndy for the bosto
To lave heys stryf of Esiysom and jeasson
And condistende to Esein conclusyon
Which to cothe mysgyt mosto avayle
That finally thynghe theye gonnayle
The lordes all leyng ytont
They hans hem thonght to be of onassont
Of one hesto as Esbothey onto Esbotheye
Eynche of hom to seigne affiny otheye
Rese by reye as it atine a bonto
So that one shall absont hym onto
Fully that reye and hym delf gyo
By hys manhode and his thewthye
Hamto hym delf in dedes mayall
Esbilo his bothey in his de prouall
Holdrith his cortye to dite to gouine
And Esthan the reye his tempo hath reyne
And is ended he shall hane jeyaye
And yengne in Esholoo like as lorde and heye
Theye to consteydo fully his dignyte
Esbilo that othey boydith the cite
Dayently takyng his adventure
Tyll he aproyne his honoure nay jerne

Thus entercharnge ony reye they shall
that one ascendith that other hath a fall
They moste obey of kept and take it well
For this cause hold the composicyon
Betwyn the bretheryn and commoncyon
Fulfill hym cryst by on advisement
Go fore the goddes by ordre of covenant
Serve ap[a] to gynnyng ne to varye
But to accomplisshyn and not to tarye
Like as thacordes enpolesh in the comm
From poynte to poynte made monstrann
But atthynfynyst by jeason of hys ire
Ethyocles hadde the avantmantage
To joigne afore and to ebeye a comme
Pollynyces hym halsyng onte of tonne
Sayyng that reye it may none otherwise
Whyle his brothere cato in his jouate
Fulfill jeopely upon fortunes wheele
And jede hym forth bright armyd in steele
This Pollynyces withsay tary yon jede
Hym self alone upon thoriall stede
Without ayde all the longe day
Seyng it sejde to kepe the high way
In his kept halvyng orisecion
In his brothey of malice and treason
Left he punished thyngh his undynde blode
To hane hym dede for covetyse of goode
That he alone myght hane possession
Anyyng his lyfe fully of the coeyn
For which in hast halvyng no foloede
Pollynyces it ayde gan hym dyaede
By a forest joyeyng to the cee
Buckeryng right nought the sight of that contree
Full of hilles and of high mountayne
Stayy rocke and bit fede playne
Grondye dyede full and lothsom of passage
And there with all full of bestes jage
Holdyng his way of hete nothyng light
Ayate and Ceyr till it drede to myght

And all the day beholdyng emmyrom
he neither eate drasteff tonge ne tolbn
the which thynge greved hym right sore
And sodenly the See be gan to rore
Wynde and tempest hidously to arise
the payne donne bete in fiff grisely wise
that man and beste therof wax a dradde
And wyth for feyr gan to wex madde
Ast sumed by the wofiff wedmyre
Of Tigres. bezes. bores. and Lyoubmyre
which for to sefite them self for to save
Entrych in haff drowde yn to hys kave
Wynt Wollymyte in this tempest hugge
Alas in that wyld fyndyth none refuge
for hym to shonde save noe wheye sowne
Till it was passid al noste mydnyght howre
Alarge wyne that the steppes close
the ryndo boyde in hebyn did appyre
So that this knyght onte of the ffoyest large
Gan approche to the londe of Sarage
Wynge a wilde mysghty of bildynge
Of which adjasins called Sadd kynge
A mighty man wyse and wonde stryge
And yonge Sadd conduff in to age
Born of the qle that called is Alfyn
And wyldom donne of kynge Alfyn
And for his wit in story as it is knowen
he was in tendre yowth chosen
Of alle ayge to be nomed kynge
Chief of all Grece by recorde of wytynge
for by desent nor succession
But only of fre election
To holde of ayge the Sceptre in his honde
As most worthy of all Grekys londe
lowid and dradde for wisdome and justise
And as the story playnly can devise
This worthy kynge hadde doughtys two

Dassynge faye and right good also
It Eeye to longe heye beanto to distyrbe
And the eldest callyd Eado dyeyno
Seyphilo y named the seconde
And dyastus like as it is fonde
The Eorthy kynge hadde comid none
To visitte attiny he be gone
For which he Eado studyng all his syft
Tusty in heyto and passyng pensyft
Yet hold his trust and his horse stode
By allyance of com Eorthy blode
Thought in by mene of his doughtyr Eleyno
That he shulde jeleyd of his peyno
Thynk comforto of com mariage
And cotisely yit fill hight in hys corage
He tonsidyd Eado by ordyson
Of a secrym and a vision
Shedyd to hym on a certayno nyght
For ado hym thought in his mediado syght
Whilo he stopto by ctayo inspecyoind
A dribbo bore and a foys ate hyoind
Dasse do shall thiso bestes in hoyo jago
His doughtyr. ij. by londe of mayago
Ensuyte and with in a certayno day
Which thought his heyt in fill greto affray
Yet thynkyng in cothe that destemye hath shewo
Heye in this Eorldo. fill hardo it is to stewo
Eke nibelonso truth to ethyno hys fato
And dolfynyto by Eelyon y cuelo fato
Saith the tempest bere and till be jayna
Ey gate only this ctto hath attayned
Heye dyastus fill stately of beyes
Thicke tyme fulde his jonell see
The tonsido nyght dedo and obstyne
That thought this knyght only by adventure
Thynglionto the cito enclose Eye with a wall
Into the palise chief and principall
Where do the kynge in his chymbre a lofte
Lay in his bedde and slepto fill softe

Ere all his folke hadde there chambers take
Into a fortune pauilioun hadde shape
The olde tyme be auise it was of late
And aftirwardes no porter at the gate
As it had right for the noues sake
And in a porche bilte of syrrie stone
Full mighty enchesed emyrom
Where the domys and the plays of the tom
Were executed and the lawes of the kynge
And there this knyght without taryenge
Deep and mete fro his stede alight
Hangyng the rayne in all the haste he myght
Upon his arme where hym to rest
And lay to hym downe and gan anon to slepe
Alhym thought that tyme for the beste
And while that he lay thus for to reste
Of aventure there came a knyght pryncipal
The worthiest in the worlde louyng
Entyrely and right vertuous
As with myn auctor y called redyng
Cipyrons in rhymes and mainly in werkyng
Of his birth comme unto a kynge
Of trilly ion a lande of grete renome
And he allaryonte of that regyonne
Exilede was for he his brother slowe
As wrote of thebes writith he
All be that to hym he no malice mente
For on a day as they an hunting were
In a forest for beste and for hynde
So as he stode vnder a grene lynde
And aftirwardes lete his arowe flyge
And slowe his brother called menalyge
Through mortall wo to his honde was begilede
For which he was banysshed and exilede
As the lawe nedede for his chauge
And for this cause he came fyrste to alge
Into the porche where pauilyn to stepe
Of aventure or he wolde sleepe
The same nyght hidwsly by stryne

With the tempest of thunder and rayne
And felte also anoy of grete alayne
Thynghonto the forest holdynge his passage
Ye pollymyte hadde wel beforn
In purpose ofte likly to be lorn
Whiche he sawe atte on ende or side
Bill of grete entynte on yr side
He pas thynghonto thge the stronge mynstre town
Straight to the pilers and to the chief sengeoun
Like as ye tolde ere pollymyte say
And at his comynge made a grete affray
For he was blynde thynge wist of the mynst
And fain to gye he found no lyght
Whan he come into pyrchet no of torche
Bill he ye ere entred the porche
And ere he hane take there his habitage
Fint pollymyte stonte ye in page
Sodenly a ere ye
With the neynge of his prondes fede
And first of alle whan that he herde
A knyght y thynkyd upon his breste a shilde
And gan the hande of his affray adrite
Of boy pe upon his bore he stonte
And quickly gan tidynges to enquere
Whence he came or what he did there
And bade in haste his amyse to doise
And modyne in fill humble wise
Amyse doth ryne of ere gentilnesse
And aide in bothe of high prinesse
Of the tempest and of the dede myght
He dyd on ere like an ere amnt knyght
Of nede only and of necessite
And high constrynte of his adversite
To take lodgynge there that he myght
And in that contee therfore he a lyght
Withonte more thynkynge of any outrage
For no wight mocynge no damage
Whan pollymyte of malice and high pride
Tolde hym shortly he shulde not it bide
For lodge there though he hadde it sworn

For y quod he tolde it yp byfore
And Skill it hope durynge all thy myght
y lay the plain mitinge ley all thy myght
Quod gedyns thatt ye no cuyto fye
We to deloyde but jathey villanye
yf ye tolde hede thatt ye me a gentill knyght
And y supposed heyr ye hadde no title of right
to this lordyng by Sway of heyr yttage
More than y for all yonge fell jage
And pardie yet it shall be none disethe
Till to more to though ye do me eche
Of gentilnesse only by yonge lode
To suffe me it shall litle gyede
Fint thy the more gedyns spake fayre
Pollynyte Sacto hoddyde and contrayre
And shortly ande it gernethe not to stynde
Thatt of force he shall deloyde bhyde
This thyng to tyre he mosto hane a do
And gedyns dryng no lett mene
Full like a knyght in stole a mynd dene
Sith onte a lode first gan hym spede
Esondre lyffly for to take his stede
And thus this knyghtis yonge and elate
For litle cause felyn atto debate
And atothey jiden to gedys on hors backe
Eurycle on othey fyst heyr speye brake
And astiny thatt fulle sunquedons of pride
Sith fynyne sterrydes they to gedys ride
Full yonsly thise myghty champyons
Pi theyr fyne like tygis or lyons
Ae they hynyde thatt all the pellers stode
Dynge adrasing onte of his steye a stroke
And made in haste his chamberlayns calle
And thynge the conte his worthy knyghtis alle
Commandyng them to descende and see
And report what it myght bee
This sondey noyse in his conte by myght
And when they ouldo . ij. champs knyghtis fyght
Ju plattys bright and thikke mayle

Qm

Omnibus xpi fidelibus ad quos
present scriptum pueniet Thomas gylbert
Esqs in Wallia et Marcia Senescallus
tenen et firmit obligam Ye ay good
in dorum libros tenentes solte ...

Omnibus xpi fidelibus ad quos present
scriptum peuenerit Thomas ffitzp de
Esqs in dom Kancie salutem et
tenen et ...

Wythoute ouyge they hadd grete merayle
And disputyde of this wyrkynge thynge
As they fownde they tolde to the kynge
And Adjustus for dyscrecion of the nyght
Into his chambre with many a torche lyght
Put to the counte is dystroydde down
All his meynie stondynge aumyrown
Of this knyghtis hadynge grete wondre
And of mandrake he put them a sondre
Hem commandynge like a gentile kynge
To leve of here fyrst and rede of here fyghtynge
And entered in with a knyghtly loke
And first into them here steedys toke
Affeynynge eche ad to his fantasie
At wide a age and grete folie
So wilfully here knyghtis to mynyste
Wythoute ouyge here maystrell to deputyste
And especially in the dyrke nyght
Where neyther mynyst of other hadde syght
Chargynge them upon payne of here lyfe
To descende and fryste of here fyrst
And redynge all the hasto his mynyst
Fulle humbly into his hore stede a lyght
And right meekly with chere and countenance
Put hym holy in the gouernance
Of Adjustus in all manne thynge
And folly myste made no taryenge
To light also and wolde not with sty
The kynges biddynge lowly to obey
So as hym thought with due prudence
And as they stode lothe in presence
He gan enquere first of here estate
And cause why they were at debate
Of here rennce bothe and of here age
He after eke tonchynge here lynage
By assent of knyght stoke they were hem
And redynge his answere gave to hem
Wolde playnly and make none lesynge

Where he was come to the kynge
Of tullyan and nightfull heyre thereto
And of exile the cause he tolde also
As ye hane herde in the story yelde
And pollymyte with ayre and fire addde
Unto the kynge touchyng his counte
Said he was lorn in theloos the cite
And prayed the grete famous Duke
His moder was sustyonte cry Arme
Sitt of his fader Athilond kynge and lorde
For yeyr shame he ayded not a Accorde
Only for yifer shall not fayne
His fader was and brother both slayne
The which in sothe he was full loth to telle
And also the kynge should not hym compelle
Of gentilnesse. but bade Anthyonte blame
Of his birth for to hene no shame
For hele the cas and made onr dole
Touchyng his kyn he knewe the gomme full wele
Sothe as it was by full clere reporte
Confortyng hym for to do comforte
With all his myght and lesyr peyne
This manly kynge to this knyghtis reyne
And to them sayde a forn hym as they stode
Be first wele that of full worthy blode
They were descendid touchyng heyre kynrede
And made in hafte his offices to lede
The shamge knyghtis keyng it debate
Ayngh his pallys to thambyce of estate
Sithe by hym self for to take his case
And ony thynge in sothe that myght hem plese
Was offered hem like to theyre estates
And whan they were disarmyd of heyre plates
Cuisshyns bromes. and heyre sabatons
Heyre hauptaye worden and heyre habyons
They mantels to them were brought
Fresh with furs. and riche robes wrought
Of cloth of golde and velluet ryche fyn
Full richely furred with ermyn
To wayte hom prime. agayne the colde morowe

Ayn the page of hye mygthis dorette
To tuke hye jesto till the come a jisp
And than the kyngis in fulle pyndent wisp
Fynyst of all ewis not jeckeles
The knyghtis hertis to ketto in pes
Quhat ewis aftyn y day affoynis it wolld
Sche ewis to ouey ilk tyme its eny stelo
Suyrnig hye kyrf wothe in wrethe and wedo
Vnder a knotto bownde of zipothe hedo
And adjustis the worthy kyngis famous
A festo made justo and plentiouis
To thisis knyghtis kynn delf thye pfeit
And aftyn meto fulle goodly he hath eit
This noble kyngis for his longetis dejo
Of gentilnesse for to make hem chejo
To the knyghtis wim he is fejo
And like in ordre its lucrfeis the sejo
Gladnis the maroette at his rpyisyngis
To the ladyes at hye home commyngis
With the sheynes of hejo eyen clejo
Gadly of aspecto and commanly of hejo
Countenance and excellent fairnesse
To the comyn kyngthyn in gladnesse
For the hostionis of hejo hebrnly clejo
So agreeable ewis to the strangejo
At hejo entre that in specialle
Hem thought it like a thyngis celestialle
Enhastyngis hem in fulle knyghtly wyse
Agernst hem gadly for to arise
And to they metto with humble countenance
Fulle commyngly did hejo obeisance
Hem conderingis to hejo ettyngis place
Fyrst ottherly y hatte leysy none ne space
To jeseyse and pitto in pomenbrance
Hoow the mane of thejo dalyance
It ewis to longe to you abide
Fyrst y dare well that the god cupide
By influence of his mygthy hondo
And the fomento of hys fyris bondo

hejo metyngis

These metrynge first fortymed to Ezele
That his ladders of golde and not of stele
Perced hane the knyghtis hertis to berne
Whyghonto the heft with such a lusty yerne
That these a lode shappe as ayre or lamme
Yere finded the yerne of remembrance
Which may not lyghtly passed be a way
And this mayy they sine finth the day
Mylar and jeleit for the knyghtes sake
And to sayd wyght they heyd thamyes take
Ate Dystryne to heye fields bade
And on heye Sity the knyghtes hane been lade
Fenently by mane of a fierye
Takyng leve gan anon jopayre
To heye longgyngum a fine statly dayne
Assigned them by the kyng beyone
And after spices plenty and the wyne
Incampne gate the poynt of golde fine fyne
Withonto tayerynge to bedde straycht they gyne
Tarchyng heye. yeft. Ethoyd they stoye or none
Semyth y leddye that mochte mane thynge
By experience ffinne ouche fine knedle thynge
For it is not dectized in my bokes
Into ay fynde the kynge all wyght ebrokes
Thoughtfull in hoyte the story experthes
Musyng lare and full of fantasyes
Ffyst admyrynge the gyete Eworthynesse
Of this knyghtes and the semblynesse
Heye lusty yonth heye force heye manhede
And hon they Eheye com of jouste blede
All this he gan jonoldes aboute
Ay in his hoyte hadyng ainane doute
Sytdene. ij. hangyng in bataynes
Where he shyld make eny ataynes
A tesene his knyghtes and the knyghtes tesyne
For on thynge ay his hoyte gan cristoyne
The jomombrances of his abysion
Of which afore y made mension
Tochyng the lyon and the child bere
It nedth not to johoyse it more
Lastyng ate Dotye in his fantasye

What it might ye signifie
This dede done this knyght and ye
Fint on the morowe Adyamus yt was
And to the temple the ryght way he tok
And gan pray devoutly in his book
To the goddis his deme to ouercome
And they hym bade home ayen to gow
And to be holde in the knyghtes shedyng
The folke marvaylyd bestis of the feldis
Which shall to hym by daye in secrem
Shall playnly make declaracyon
Of his dome that he hadde in the myght
And Adyamus enhasted hym full ryght
In heye shedis Erisely to beholde
Where that ouer do the goddis tolde
In the shildis hangyng vpon hokis
And bestis pay with heye mortall lokis
And to wod lad as with wyndis
Dellymyt full fayr to embrased Erdo
In the hide of a fers lyon
And gedyns above his habigon
A Crown hadde hidous shappe and hore
Dyonight of the bestis of a knyghte bore
The which bestis as the story lere
Heye dyonight and bete on heye bandis
Display do blode when they shuldis fight
Where of the kynge when he hadde a sight
At his peryle in hort Erdo full gladde
And with a face full demure and sadde
With his lordis that he above hym hadde
To the temple he thre knyghtes radde
And when they had with circumstaunces
Of ritis old done thoys obseruaunces
Home to the cowrte they desyrid dyeynes
And in an halle riche and welle coynes
This worthy kynge of hayte liberalle
Made a feste solempne and joiallle
Which in dowrtees onely did excelle
But it keye in wryne ewy cowrte to telle
Heye stammes seldeys and heye coteslteys

Sro hon they dide

The honthey ette like to heye degrees
For lacke of tyme y let it onde stide
And after mete Adam to tale a side
The knyghte. h. like a prudent man
In degete Esise thus his tale bigan
Sires quod he y doughte it nought
That it is hesse and gieue thy in yowe thought
Hon first by goddis ordynance
And after that by fatis prudence
And by Esorkynge of fortunes honde
Hon that ye Esere bronght to this londe
Bothe Esseyne lint nesse this lasse nyght
Of Esthes comming am full glad and lyght
First in my Esell shortly to expresse
Esthan y consider and see the likynesse
Of yowe persones Esthat the circumstances
And hole the maniere of yowe governances
Seyng full Esele Esthesto shulde y fayne
Ye like to be here after to attayne
The gete estate of habundance of good
Thought yowe birth and yowe noble blood
Ye may not faile but ye have Esthonge
For ye the bothe manly and stonge
And for to Esette yowe hertis ett more ease
My purpose is y hope for the beste
So that in yow be no defiance
To make a trotte as by alliance
Atteyte yow and my doughtes Esthe
Yf yowe hertis accorden Esall thesto
And for y am fully in disperye
To dwelle for to have an heye
Therfore ye shalle have possession
Syngyng my hoff of half this region
Finde Esith yine honde. And the hole after my day
There is no man that thesto shalle say nay
And certeyly after my Esthinde y am in state
Esthe of yow shalle his parte have
Of this kynedom as y have ordeyned
That ye to day it shalle be deyned
Atteyne yow h. esthe to be governed
Yowe partyes be equyte composed
So equally in every manyes sight

That ende of yon peroyse shall yonge sight
And by yonge Sir ye shall the londe amende
And of Wanhode knyghtly to defende
Against oure enemyes and oure mortall fone
And for the dayes passed bone and gone
Of my desyres and my lusty youthe
I am fulle glad for to make it couthe
That ye shall hane lyke myn opinyon
The gouernance of this region
To this entente me semeth for the beste
Ye to gouerne and I to lede in peste
Fully to folde to the lusts of my desyres
Hunte and hawke in Meedes and in Pryddes
Sekyn to ende I hane pleasunce
And for to hathe none other attendance
Unto nothyng but to myn ease also
For which thorth yifit agree and please
That I hane ordeyned to yon thilk be ease
And it be accordyng unto yonge advise
Delayeth not but medeyes pleasyng
Sekyn yon seneth ye with aduisedly agreyng
And Sekyn Adrastus had his table fynedy
Gedyne Sith he do lede enchynedy
As he that was a very gentill knyght
Sith all his yonge and fulle myght
Full humbly thanked the kyng
Considyng his profit of so high a thyng
And for his part to ende he wold assoyne
Fully of hert and nede to repent
To all that ende the kyng hath ordeyned
And polymyte was also well apayed
In the story do it is comprehendid
And [illegible]
The kynges skill to fulfill in dede
Fro point to point and thus yon prede
Sekyn ende that they seyn or loste
And Gedyne made his brother chese
As of gentilnesse and of curtesye
Which was meete to his faynt[illegible]
Of the Sithon for to hane to seyse

And he in [illegible]

And he moche the chosen hath agree
that eche of hem full honorably to do
and ledyng to the kyng hym also
of hem lettrure most cunnyng and excellent
and desyrynge thynghonte his londe hath sent
for his lordes and his baronage
to be present at these marriage
to this kyng ryche and make no lettyng
and they echone came at his bydyng
in goodly array meke and full lenyng
agayne the day that he did assyng
and thider came full many a lusty knyght
full stele besene and many a lady bryght
the ayr cost. and many a hoffle dynyers
the stores bath and many a commers
to behold the grete royalte
and the mans of this solemnyte
but to tell all the circumstances
of justes tourneyt. and the sundry dances
the fetis ryche. and the ryches grete
the ryche sightes and the sement hete
of lordes folke bremyng to the glede
and devises of many londe strede
the touches stole and kydyng lokes
the tell gaste leide dym by hymselfe
the jolynes folke to trayse and wyrle
in these debate bath a many a condyt while
and thus in this disyre y no ceyn
but stele wote y the nedre fayne yeyn
this mene while bath full short passage
unto the day of the marriage
and by jeopardie tyme and not fayned
the day the jeof hath attayned
yyn director bysyde of ethiopes
touchyng the honour and the grete auyes
of polymyte highly magnyfied
and hon that he nedely was alied
bath desyrynge in the londe of ayge
the which thynge gretly he gan to chayge
pledyng only that this marriage
shall ayen tynne in to his damage
sore mysyng and ayenyng cyp and sonne

The grete power and the grete renown
Of Alfrido the Kynge of Sexto lande
hadde till the power coget to his hande
Sette that he for poll myrtes called
Sholde upon hym a nede so sayny take
At tymes sette downe the tonn
To his brothey by bonde of bethe seyn
By consentynte assigned heye betwen
vij ye moneth time to y yonto
Which he sette not in purpos for to holde
But from his hefte alt for to wayte
And therupon no lust no longe to tayte
Into his desyre to fulfyll remedyes
And first he sente for his neyte allyes
Whe shown he hadde moste affiance
For his lyfe that hath gouernance
Of his kynghom to calle hym into union
And eche on thyre here present any thyn
He made playnly declaryng for the best
That his hert shall nerd hyde in jest
But in wrede and in a mans dede
Till his brothey he cytyly dede
That in the ros in his joiall sete
Might alone reigne in myrete
He ment hym self shortly and none other
Enpynbid of pollymyrte his brothey
And at his counsell dyne of entent
Ffynde desyre the folk to be present
Some in sothe that fenthfull seyd and hele
And some also that can change a nede
And other also that bete deno the troyne
Fonthy conde yndey colonye foyne
The first aide abode at thynge
Thonth thynde longe to a kynge
Of his word not to be yuyable
But pleyne and hole do a ouys stable
For thonth first berthonte any seno
Of chiefe pilay that indy a kynge existeno
In ioy and honour for to lade his lyfe
For thonth ethilom had a prerogatyfe
Of ethe the lore and specifye

Pacordo y take

Therefore y take of prudent seemye
That worthy kings for here yete pride
In all here power and dominacyon
Hadyngi ordained in comparyson
The honthis mygyt and his worthynesse
For as Esdro playnly doth expresse
Who takith hede in the same place
The influence wittely and the grace
Of honth alone this also seemye
+ Gate hymselfe to edifye
The vtaly necessyte of jerusalem
Which honthe yo thousyd chief of our realme
For salvacion spiritis hon that thynges therynne
Honth and mete hymself in a cheynne
Presyrith a kings like to his degree
Show all mystiri and adversite
Alas the fare that our doublenesse
Sayidnes and vnstedfastnesse
Changes of worde or mutabilyte
Standis disterto or instabilyte
Shulde in a kings hane dominacion
To chison after his distruccyon
Of kings jedith the story dou by redde
And how many hane onthyfedde
Whych hye estatis do fro fortunes wheyl
For vnto god it pleasith neuer a dele
A kings to be doubtis of entente
For it may happe that the worde is blente
Full ofte stude by sight of worldyngi
But this is the honthe god and onthyngi
Right as it yo for they may be no clende
To fore his right honth for to shende
It may be ordeyned and dedyd by disteyte
By false engyn bringi in a debyte
As a appent for to undermyne
But at the last it shall clerely shyne
Who that with may shede his knight bonnes
For it yo bothe of kingdomes and of reames
Yo lerej cp and confirmitesi
Fro all mystiri of bothe fast mediteysi
To god alone who hist to do
To keps a kings in pesyntes

On eny side as y assyme saye
for which yo kynges and lordes be saye
yowe whosto instly for to holde
And thoses with his dallyes olde
Ethiocles playly this is no loos
for the dubblenesse of Ethiocles
Which his people ore ast a bought
Only for he not by consaill thought
Of them that seye bothe two and wise
hym list not to ore the arny kyng devise
But lette them the and cotte his fantasie
To be governed by false flatte is
That bade hym thynke yon he was a knyght
And to holde of force more then of right
Synyng his lyf lordship of the towne
And not to lose his possessionne
for no bonde no kostis made bifore
But lette his bydder ydle in the quere
Seye that hym lyst or prise in a feede
This ere the consaille platte and the yede
Of sicke as lyst not to obey the other
But fully flatter with seye words smothe
And when they hadde hold hoys title fynyed
Ethiocles fully is mutynyed
Who so ever they of knight or crowe
Like hoys consaille possession to kowe
Who so ever nay or ignorant seye ageynne
hym to contrynne he thought ere bit keynne
But in this bytle two thenne comme
The xij signes hatth a bonte yonne
With Ethiocles by just sekeynyng
Hym chose ere and gomed lordes and kynge
Holdynge the Sceptre and the Diadome
That by reason as it ere dede come
The tymne ere fully complete and the space
Of conenante he shulde his place
And yelde to ere his lordship made
Ere shulde ere possession to take
Of the title. but he gan ere prise
Which thought in ere the yere ere bondes longe
Of his exile or it came a bonte

And for he hadde in

And for he had in hert a mane to doute
left in his brother he was sattled found
to acquyte hym self like as he was bound
to Adrastus he gan declare his herte
beseching hym this mane to admite
And therupon to rede counsell one
considering his right what was best to done
whether it were best to go or to abide
or like a knyght manfully to ride
hym self alone and make his message
for to challenge his rightfull heritage
Wherfore they were otherwise sorte or stryf
And therupon to aventure his lyf
thus was he at for all his fayr brother
But Adrastus contrary thought another
saying it was to dede than hym self to gyve
yet he was he taught of his mortall foe
hadyng his brother assorte in the case
that by fraude or coun fetlate
the kyng should to his distruccion
yf ye were hardy to entre in the tresoun
for which he bad hym wyndouth take heede
full considering how it was more speede
that coun other to the kyng coun
to aspiryng fully the entrett
of Calydoyne entre shyld by coun signe
And where that he his counsell shyll resigne
for that ye like as he made his othe
And when he was how his purpose wrothe
where on pon to abyden and procede
this Adrastus sorrowfully gan hym rede
And while they were of this matere
Tydeus with humanly chere
Ardently for his brothers sake
this message he should undertake
with the hole emprise of the ambassiatt
where it was full of infortunett
he should not spare what so that it costyd
hym Adrastus and that other avyd
And pollymyte in conclusion

Kye contray to thilk ayrmon
And said Ethely as hym thought right
With that he bad & stell a provide knyght
And vestendid of & Worthy blode
That they nolde for none ethely gode
For all thelow With the Royalte
Putte his body in corte jupardye
Fint all thiw thyng dealed right nought
For he Wilk fijth hon doyo that it so wrought
Takyng first lowe of all the estate
And ayrmyd hym in mayle and ouro plate
And thoyo hym fijth upon his jornaye
Tho made dowcke bint Serphile
With bingo tejo desyrd that all hejo fire
Fulk offo Wthe stronnyng in the place
Tijst and morrung in hejo blake Weede
Whan that the ouecke that he tolw his stede
So medaiely gan enjeso hejo mono
Keyng hejo lordo & jide fijth alone
Upon his Way this Worthy Wedyno
And in all the haste the story tellith jo
He Wedith hym & makyng nono delayes
That in the Cyte of fakto dayes
The high Wynes of the Wes he gaid See
And entedis into the Wes
Wisely enquerynge Where the palaye stode
And like a knyght thidde fierylyk he jode
Wekid fill Wele in mdiw manner o light
Like yalo hym Wlf in stale ayrmyd bright
Till he atteynedl hath the chief dongeon
Where to the kyng hilde his mission
And thijgh the palaye With a kyngly lord
Into the hille the right Way he tolde
Tho his stede whan he light a domo
Not affeyd to lint hadyr to a hyomo
Where to the kyng With lordis degjete jonto
In the hall sittyng jomido a bonto
He entedl in noste mirifull of corage
To execute the fine of his mossage
And to hym thought convenyent and duo

A.iii. b

Fijst commyng

Still conuyngly he gan the kyngis ostlio
Requyryng hym of kynglyy excellence
In goodly sort to yeue hym audience
And not disdayne neither in worte ne chere
Sith he was send as a messengere
From xvellynwyte his ocsne brotheres dere
Begynnyng his talo thus as ye shall here
Sued his quite vonne sorthy nesse
Wy vlysses ye briefly to expresse
The effecte only as in entement
Of the message sthy that y am sent
It stere in vayne in longe processe to make
But of my maistere the kepy shonide to take
Inestimyng of prolixite
And wold a sway all superfluyte
Sith vonne sylf best sthy to vnderstonde
The cause fully that sre hane on hande
And also concerned the contentis of my sueamyng
Of rightwysnesse longyng to a kyngi
Ffirst considerd yif ye take hede
Egeon ecipnio the olde kyng [illegible] hede
Son that vonne sylf [illegible] blyde
For the sonne contrigion [illegible]
Mortall foes by full grete [illegible]
Which of vonne sthuldo first [illegible]
Till ye stere by meanes [illegible]
[illegible] to reigne and he [illegible]
Onte of this toun for ti reyes sytes
And than ti geyne to resorte to thy justice
To reigne the kyngis and yo to bered onto
Sotte vonne tuyne by processe came a bonto
Sinyne of vonn parcently to endyne
The entyrchangyng of his adventure
Sho stere put onto or stere in estate
Thereupon to make nono debate
Like the convenant and commonicion
Enrolled xvs by the lordys of the toun
Which of reason may not be denyed
And sith ye hane stere ocmyrd
Dollynwyte reqwyrethy vou of right

Inches 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
Centimetres 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19
KODAK Color Control Patches © The Tiffen Company, 2000
Kodak LICENSED PRODUCT
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

to acquyte you like a true knyght
in estimyng of Esayas and seith
Seith ye haue had a prerogatif
Wel dist brother to seyne afore
And thynkith also how that ye are sworn
yours oftie to leye and make none taryng
Look admitting like a prudent kyng
That trouth is more in comparison
Than all the treasure of yours to you
More acceptable bothe to god and man
Than all the riches that ye rekyn can
Therefore in haste lette they be no stouth
Write youre self mysely of yours trouth
And unto your brother awordith the cite
And lette hym seigne in his poialte
The qoine of Sheba a reye to occupye
Than Esrill all grace prise and magnyfie
Yours high renom and may none other
But ye acquyte you mysely to your brother
This ye hold the effecte of all that y Esrill oblyne
Insiere expectant Esrill ye list to conde a gayne
Soon thedyne had tolde his tale
Ethiocle tyste and Esondre pale
His concepte first in mane hatth refierned
Dissymilyng windy colonye fermed
Sheddyng a rhere in mario Esondre
To his entente Esondrely contynue
Inclayd in heart Esore and fynione
Turnyng his face to Sayd thedione
He gan a bryed. And at last onto hate
And thus ovyn to hym he spake
I hane geete meballe qd he in my thought
Of the ymassage Esoid that thou hast brought
That my brother as thou hast exponned
Desyrith to in Thebes to be conned
Having pesayd to hym hab in demnes
The yete pleno and the cuffystanice
That he hatth noche Esith the kynge of ingo
Ie me smoth that he shulde lite change
To hane lordship and dominacion
In the kindre of this lite tolan

Dyte

Dyte he jeagnetth so fresshely in his flowis
Onymomityng all his predecessoris
By nekrencies of fortunes mysyt
Whereof in hert y am glad and lyght
To his helpe that Cathonte sayd
Fully trusting: yifi that y had nede
Lyke a brother that shuld y hym fynde
To mekeness faithfull and trowe and kynde
Onpesyng playnly enemoro
Of this reigne he gette but litle storo
For aft hym not for so short a while
Desire a reso his brother to exile
To hide in poute and grete distresse
He wolde not suffise it of his grete noblesse
It seye no tokyn ne of brotherhede
But assigne parte of hattrede
To interrupte my possession
Of this poro litle region
All that he spake Cato wolde admite
Of reyle storme sotid in his herte
Not remed the story and yon teche
By the suppliis courtesy of his speche
He myght hym non longer than possayne
But plainly onde he betekene yo testayne
Mene betekene fully myto andyne
Therefore worthier bonde no sherte
For faith made that may hym abayde
As he ordyneth to hane the gouernalle
Of this lite nerthier therefore ne day
For y shall lette hym courtesly rifi y may
That he shall not by no talle of lowde
Lette hym kepe all that he hath Cosonne
For y purpose to y hane be gonne
To jeigne in theses herissyng all my lyf
Wagyee all men that these tyrem stryf
And in despite of his heritage alle
Of the comonalt that hym list to calle
Lette hym be sheje and kne to the yight Cecile
His mandatis myngly y dede yene it dole
And sikerly lie to my desire

It seemeth sooth that thou seye not soo
But onpryvyng with a vayne jape
to take on the this onpryvyng message
And presume to do so high offence
So boldly to speke in my presence
But all yf seye avail shall lightnoght
Shall yn to hym so bit disengeo
he wolde seye to hem son in peo
Shall of folly and presumpcyon
And agrynst me so red oudayon
For finally do the to understonde
Whilo the estatyo of this gode in mey stonde
what they thinke fyrst to bete doun fyll lowe
And all the gomyo to the cytyo thyes
Or he in theyr hano cry thyng to do
So here is all · jetorno and oty hym do
Then redyno where the seynent go
Of the kyngo with angre dette a fyo
Full of dispyto and mayynolnyo
Considerynge eko the grete felonyo
This aporto like to he seye erode
This so thy knyght a litto while stode
Sad and demyno or aught he wolde seyno
But at the last thus spake he ageyno
Seyno yf he consideno of nedse
Aboute the thy counsell is yntyedso
I say it oayno and a bedse at the leste
That thou ayte not feythfull of thy beleyo
Stable of thy word so that thou hast sworo to forn
But disseivable and falsly eko forsworn
And eko pryvyo of thyn assyndoty
But seyes so lo that thou lest or sothyo
I oay it plozly holdo it for no skyo
All shall cryno yntio thy dauntyo
Christ it seelo and mynott sinso
All seekyo londo shall upon the lyd
To bed avenged and manly to redressyo
The grete yntyouth and the high falsnesse
Behind that thou hast yntio thy fyrstey thoonght
It shall be — fyll sore aft thisy bought

And verely in dede to thou shalte seye
Venge adjastus Exoll medle in this matter
And all the lordis aboute hym comyn
That bownden bon unto his subiection
Dynas Sidec and many a noble knyght
In sustenyng of thy brotherys right
Shall on a day with spere and with shelde
Against the be gadered in a feldo
Knyghtly to prove all by on assent
That thou art to false and doubel of entent
Of thy promys attayne and eke contrayed
And slow me Exell it shall not be delayed
But in all hast executed in dede
Into thy disteris thou shalt have thy mede
For god a lone of his rightwisnesse
Is strongest and fulfyldo he will redresse
And of his myght all sudis collusion
Reforme agayne and all extorsion
For this is the fyne faithedo shall not fouldo
Lewis trouthe to holdo battaild
Venge is clorid bothe hale and lame
And seye anon in my brotheris name
Sey that am his neyr to all yo
In his quarrell shortly y the defyo
Fully advised with all myn holo entent
And ye lordis that be heyr present
Of youre jeynyse of youre shortherness
To sey trouth and beyr witnesse
Than tyme commyth justly to awardo
Youre wyse kyngo falsly can distardo
Hold his hasto of fulo yeu jaunce
And drynke wyne of faith and legeance
Ye bownde canonis ye may not go they fro
For to obey and serve lothe tego
This nexte yere make anon solacyngis
Do to youre lordis and youre trusty kyngis
Yet myte thought he be nedis absent
Dyuise accordo made in plaiment
Sorte open sponge in haste shall jodgesse
At youre desire which attyn heyr in a jordo

Suggested yp to it yo Sacle knoche
And wyllede only for witnesse
Of yonge Regestys to bende all falsnesse
That none of yon yayle may of neche
For that y say but thoes be yntoche
For which y jede yonge elff to dayrte
Latte no tyme longer yon jesynte
But atonys withonte more tayrynge
Of manly force fettith home yonge kynge
Wherfore his fone lite to ye tyo bonnde
And latte in yon sonth none be fonnde
To putte hym quitly in possession
This is my counsaile in conclusion
Whan Cedyne his messeyo had sayde
Lite to the ryttyo that Sate on hym layde
As hym that left there no longe to abyde
Tho the kynge he gan his face torne
Wet a stonyed ne in his heyt a feyde
But full yonely leide honde on his sweyde
And in dispite Sho that swere lafe or lothe
A sayre pace thynge the halle he gothe
Thynghonto the courte and manly toke his stede
And onto of stables manly gan hym spede
Enhaftynge hym till he was atte large
And gedi hym fynth to sayd the londe of arge
This lade hym yedynge fynth a stile
Stile that y retorne agayne to my file
Onto the tho kynge that in the halle stode
Hymonge his lordes fynions and sewde
In heyt sayth and wyll a payede
Of the wordes that he had sayede
Specially hatynge yemenbranco
On the yonde disportons dofiance
Stile that he sitte in his joutte so
Upon the which he stolde a longe tyme
Full quietly that ene he falle
And in his heyt he gan to hym calle
Thief constable of his thynghe
Cittynge hym fast fee to hye
Bete all the worthye ayrys of his houshold

Which that he knewe moste manfull and bolde
In all that redyng to me
To fend or he onte of his londe jenne
Upon peyne of their life and lesyng of their hede
Withonte mercy anon that he be dede
And of knyghtes. l.tu. there were in nombre
Wyth anctor with cheualry hym to combre
Armed echone in mayle and thik sheld
And there with all ye forsed shele
At a postern fryth they gan ride
By a peryll path that lay onto a side
Secretly that noman hem espye
Only of treason and of felonye
They hased them fryth all the longe day
Of cruell malice for to stoppe his way
Wyll cerdaynly for to lay abusshement
Vnder an hille of sherp passage
To falle on hym at more auantage
The same day that redyne gan ride
At that mounte where ye was slade
Opynyx
He nothyng was aware in his oppynyon
Of this compassid conspyracyon
But innocent like a gentill knyght
Rode thy fryth till he came to myght
Onlo by hym self withonte company
Hadyng no man hym for to gye
But at the last herynge vp his hede
Redad oven he gan take hede
In myd of his way right as my lyne
Thought he sawe ageyne the shyne
Shedys hessis and plates kerned bright
The which armyon cased a gyte light
Imagenyng in his fantasye
Were ye was treason and conspyracye
Wyth the bryngs his ieuer fere to lette
And of all that he nothyng dette
But were assyned in his manly herte
Lyst not onys a side to adrete

Fin kepte his Eyen his shelde upon his breste
And eft his speye manly in the reste
And the first platte that he mette
Thyngh out the body he hym smette
That he fell dede chief maistre of hem all
And with that at once they upon hym fall
But ewy wyhte by compas environ
But he hym thyngh his hyghe jenon
His bloody sedge lete aboute hym glide
Stekith and slenth upon ewy side
In his yre and mortall tene
That merueile was he myght so sustene
Ageyn hem all · mewy wyhte by setto
But his sedge was so sharpe y whetto
That his foomen wounde fill unsoto
But alle so he was made light afote
By force ground hym gete distresse
But of knyghthode and gete prowesse
Vp he rose mengree all his foon
And as they came he stode hem on by on
Yelike a lyon jaumpant in his rage
And on this hill he formde a noble passage
Which that he tolle of fill high prudence
And like a bere stondyngh at his defence
As his foomen pronnde hym rid assetyle
Upon the playne he made gete jayle
All environ that the could ewy all jede
Stode here nere there as they fallen dede
But they fey on And here lay · ij · or thre
So meyde he that ewy he in his rynette
That ay he was on hem formide
Atonys hyr enemyes to conformide
Where as he stode thus mynyghty environ
Beside he sette ewy a stay triyed rebon
An hyge stone large round and longe
And wel ny of that ny were ewy
As it hadde ley there he the nonys
Upon his foone he yolde it atonys
That · x · of them ewy to ewy
And the remenaunte ennesed and yodrew a bawe

For one by one & sent to mysfortunes
And finally he brought to confusions
Hem everyone · Tedrus to slye
That none but one lefte of hem alye
Hym selfe hym to and & wounded sore
Thyghe throughe his hauberge bledyng on the grene
The Theban knyghtes in compate joined atwene
Pitthe bate stryve all the poynte
Which prisoners against the monegaye
For none of them forthe myght escape
But desection to ther it had desevyd
Save one except the which estate desevyd
Fy Tedrus by this intencyon
Into the kynge to make petycyon
Hon this knyghtes hane on hye iorney spedde
Every of hem his lyfe lefte for a dedde
And at metryng hon they hane hem borne
To tellyn all he ordyned estate and sorowe
To Tedrus fyrst lowly on his knee
By which ensample ye may see
Against youth fatisfied hatth no myght
For on multytude gyvyn dide not on ryght
Without which may be no victorye
Therfore echo man hane this in memorye
That grete poverte shortly to conclude
Plente of good no moche multytude
Ne ryght or engyne force or felonye
Ayn to fecle to holdyn compaynye
Against youth echo that lyst to take hede
For this ende fatisfied may not spede
To endye longe ye shall fynde it thus
Recorde y take of Eurthy Tedrus
That with his honde thyugh youth excellence
Fyrsty knyghtes slede in his defence
But one except to y tale tolde
He was secured and assyged with his honde upholde
The kynge to enforme hon they keye attayne
And Tedrus of bledyng wounde feynt
Wete and weryy and in grete distresse

And onclepd of bey feblenesse
But as he myght hym to onfeno
He tok his hors stondyng on the greno
Ye thidrward and fyrst he gan to rido
And cast pace with his bomide side
And sothely yet in his opynyon
He wate alway a fend of troison
But angry thys and full of bey peyno
He rode hym fyrst till he did arriuo
Into the boundys of kyng ynis londe
Ye thorthy kyng and mayny of his hondo
And he fyrst pase only for lacke of blodo
Tedens alle ende a castell stodo
Strongo but and myghty upon a rocho
Ye thy ye second fast he gan a proche
Towerd thidro by derknesse of the stone
That by myght aryse the mone shone
On the conjo with hoffys mayne all
And ioynyng almost to the wall
Ye gate gaped a little onto by ryde
Into whom tedens gan ryde
Of aventure by agate sin dell
And thro he fomido for to jeopyn all
Alfyty he bere onto his bodyo
Stote and hesse lifo to pryedyso
Bey hebynly inspecyon
And fyrst of all he light a dedan
The goodly yldro wyth that he bohilde
And he his neko aboydid hath his shilde
Ye ore his bridell fro his hoso hede
And lete hym gone and tolo no hedo
Thynkyng the gayden that enclosed ewas
Hym to pastyng on the grene grase
And tedens more hedy than is lodo
Upon the hedis grene wyth to jedo
As hym thought that tyme for the best
He kepde hym down for to take his jest
Of bey nesse desyrous to stayo
And none ne dayto his body to keno

And with Jones ere amongo
Languishing. there he lay till the late longe
With notes meete hynde with tryo
The glad morowe lady and light fayro
Phebus aft taftyng up beames
The hynde killes glytered with his beames
The ollind dewe upon the herbes yonde
Whyle dewes lay upon the grounde
At the dyrste of the sheene sonne
And mel. stonde his greene atonde yonne
Stonde atwinte that the world ente depeynt
Of the greene with the lede y meynt
And ay morowe for holsomnesse of ayre
Pigynge daughtiny made hero joyfuloye
O tristom ly amongo the flowyes noete
Of this garden of many dnis hete
Sothe ioy the hunde for to take he do
Of hye stalkes for to se theim spede
In the alayes walkyng to and fro
And whan she had alnted while yo
Here alf alone afftyng up hers sight
She behilde where tan a myght knyght
Lay to rest hym on the herbes colde
And hym by side she gan ate beholde
Hys mystyty stede walkyng here and there
And she anon fill in a mane fere
Specially when she sawe the blode
Spradde on the greene atente thers she stode
At last she caught hardynesse
And commanded she gan here for to dresse
Where do this knyght hatyng a mane drede
And gete donte lest that he were dede
And here wille sothly this wate which
That she thought to make a prise
Hon that it stode of this manfull ofte
And finde she gotte and touchith hym softe
And there as he lay with hyre hondes smalle
And with afire redly bleeth and palle
Like as a man that dreynd of a sorowe
Up he sprat and his swerde out drawe

KODAK Color Control Patches © The Tiffen Company, 2000
Kodak LICENSED PRODUCT
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

Sat fully onto but put it vp agayne
Anon as he hath the ladye seyne
Desyring hym only of her grace
To graue vnto vpon the place
And pro on hym of her commaunded
For of thay he was full in dede
Lest he had be ouledi of nede
Of the thebans vnkid entrete
For deed of knight he was so perfeyte
Full humbly yeldyng to the prees
Yet in hym self he passed hard his bounde
And sayan that he cuede his mortall wounde
He had yerth of her gentilnesse
And of his disease and his distresse
And bade he shuld nothyng be dismayed
For nyght fynall nor affrayed
Distomfort to hym in venerie thyngi
For gyuen to the aun doughty to the kyngi
Called dilgrigo that gyette me dolito
Ely mezwyngi thie gyder for yfito
It is to me so passyngly displete
Thy fare pyed the lyth of god comfete
For nor dight here to mighyngi poyse vnlage
Shall hynde you ye do you no damage
And yff ye list of poyse aduentyre
The playns yonth to me distyre
I will in corte do my busynesse
To gete you poyse gyeddons busynesse
With all my myght and my hole diligence
That I have of poyse gyete offence
Ye shall hane helpe in poyse gyete aduisito
So fayrly that ye shall in me
Thus yight speche ye shall ye vnto hym do
And sayan he cuede that the knyte so hym do
And so commaunde so gyet and so beyngne
In all hey yete to be made a dyde syngne
He vnto here by order sayde not cuthe
His aduentyre fully to dyscuthe
Tu cuede first touchyng his message

And all the hill of the Rode page
Of his Roundis and his hunting aro
He Rye but cayno to yeherye it more
By and by he tolde hym my dole
The which in coth the lady made it dole
But had pitie and compassion
Of his mysthief sonnyght by false treason
Bydyng in haste that he shulde he one
And sommanly as he thought ano
To a chamb[illegible] the lady hym a lette
And bade that Rode Rounde ette
Richly atonta dyaper led
Sith cloth of golde all the flore tailed
Of the same bothe in lonngth and bredo
And first the lady of hye sommanded
Hym sommen bade as goodly as she can
Yole attendant on this Roundis man
And Rydis he Rate on thurwyd to his theyte
He made first Reasse his Roundys sineyte
And sethe hym Rede sith dyno mistymentis
And made fette condyt oynementis
And lechis eke the best that he conde fynde
And full craftily to stanch hem and bynde
And anything that mete do to hym ease
To sesse his paynes or his sore to appease
Rate in the tonte · and in the castell songht
And by heye biddyng to the chamb[illegible] bonght
And for his sake he hath sein
For sicke syrnites as Reye commeyent
Yoste mytyth by phisyks lore
To hym that Rate eke and Rounded ore
Walkyng heye Rymmen eke to take kepe
And Rante on hym a mysthis sohan he stepe
And be sekk Rate that nothyng a frepte
That Rate or mysht be listy to hys heyte
And sith all this the pyched hym for to abyde
Till he Reye stonge and listy for to Ryde
In the castell to play hym and disporto
And at leysey home agayno and resorto

Whan he myght welde hym at his lazyre
But all nayght he wolde hym to ayre
Tyll his leve on the neyxte day
Entyrnto lodo to hast hym on his way
Lowly thankyng vnto hyre goodnesse
Of hyre fredom and of hyre bountyous lazynesse
So kommenly that she lyst to take hede
Hym to pesyssho in his grete nede
Behotyng hym with all his hole myght
He wolde be hyre seynant and hyre knyght
While he lewth of what she wolde chaynge
And forth he yode till he came to ayre
In full grete hast and wolde not abyde
But what shulde y yelpe in other tyde
Of his yepayne the costyr other the playnes
The ryally rochis or the high mountaynes
Or all the mano of his home commyng
Of the metyng or of the welcommyng
For the cry that ayaynst made
For hon his sustyr nor his wife wyre glade
For hon that they in hyre chamyr white
Embrace hym wey to shulder wyte
For the gadyryng about hym nor the prees
For the ordre that pollymytes
Made in hym self to be hym so fore dismayd
The grevous hurtis his corse eke consumyd
His ryally lore and his fyne pride
And of this to begynne a nue tale
Ye wyse in wyth a mano yelnesse
For hon hym self in ordre did expresse
First in wyse hon that he had hym borne
For hon the kynge falsly is forsworn
For of ye sauid nor yedson that he lette
Whan. Lu. knyghtis on the way hym mette
As ye hane herd all the mano he wolde
Entyrnte the which my tale is longe nolde
But ayaynst made mon to echo
In every coste for many a mis lecho
To com in hast and make no tyeryng
Upon a payne by bydyng of the kyng
To done hyre ryalte that he wyse yecuyd

And of his forte

And of his sore in every place assynde
And they echone to here commynge thedre
That in space of dayes fowre
He dyed alle hole made of his sikness
Thow dyed there joy · the dyed there gladness
Thynghonto the sonyto and thynghte all the town
For every man hath bothe oppynyond
In redeno for his gentilness
For manhedo of hynd and lowlyness
That he dyed holde the moste famond knyght
And best beloved in every mannys syght
Thynghout Ecest in every regyon
Sith nedde moste quakke a digression
Totalle spedde and in continuance
Of that knyght that redeno hath bent
Into greke only to dowell
The grete mysthief and the evill fate
Into the kynge bonnt is bystalle
The oppynd trouth of his knyghtis alle
Bon redeno hath slayne hem everychon
That dide hym dede there astynde now
That dyed jeporde he the shedyng of his blode
The kynge to tell playnly bonnt stode
And dyed he hadde jeper sodenly wyrnto
Ethiocke stode that in mortis disyrnto
Of hatefull ire he dreyd wyth dede
And in his trans and his fellis mode
Of cruell malice to the knyght he ordde
And fully ordde that it dyed for lette
Only of manhedo thynghe here coldd rise
That they dyed playne in dedde mortall dyse
And y hangedde he hyght by the neckke
That of yonge lethe or of yonge knyghtis jeckke
Or thow complayne other to on or - alle
Of the mysthief that is to yon befalle
I do no force thought that none of yon affeyte
But fe oppynd yonge falce deceyte
That of one knyght thynghe his high jenoure
Hath bynght alle to confusyoun
Full grevelde and full enhappy tow

Sayd quod the knyght this is not so
It is thyn vnhappe and not onys
That so many Sarthy Sceppons
Which all heye lyf neuer hadde shame
Except this maydell taken in thy name
That grounded was vpon falsnesse
This was the cause in wofy wikednesse
Of onys vnhappe Sore Sceld and non other
And tho vnto yth zou to thy brother
And that thou Seye so oppenly for sorzu
A pacyell cause Sely that sho sheyo forlozn
Was false lyeryng of thyn dissimyl otho
And tho the kynge all moste madde and Sorrow
In purpos was for to sle this knyght
Only for he ouide vnto hym ryght
The Sely lady all was bothe at ease and mozo so
Supprised was with a deadly corose
Neuertheless in this remembrance
With the pitous and vnhappy chance
Of the mysthyd and mysadventure
Concerning the dothe and the disconfiture
Of all this feyre. and of hym self also
That the shame fast unpertable sho
So sheto on hym with such a mortall stryf
That he was sorry of his sely lyf
Went a sewyd and a side stepto
And yet hym self eben to tho heyto
The kynge hym self tho beyng present
That the vnnoye and the noy sent
Thynghonto thebes and the sodo pays
By such as seyen pyned by lynages
To the knyghtis stayns at the hille
And a tomys of one kyst and stille
They sold hate risen thynghonto the cite
Upon the kynge avenged to be same so
Which of hate dothe was chief occasion
But the barons and the lordys of the toun
Full busy seyn this vnnoye to sesse
Of high prudence to stynten and appease

In quyet eny thyng to dette
And affiny that the bodyes dome they sette
Of the knyghtis like as ye have redde
Afeyny redes with the blody sweyde
And in the feldes as to they hem fownde
Of sedens fulle thayre dethette and wownde
Only of lords and of effectyvom
Solempnely they brought hom into the town
And like to the manne of heye ytes olde
They dyeye fyrst bysent into affrise colde
And cuyche embyed like to his dogge
To heye the kalendis of adnfite
Sozcede upon dozcede and destynaryon
Fyrst of the kynge and all the regyon
For like only like as you tolde
Thatt bahestis tyndy dyeye not holde
Fyrst gownde and lote of this bryne
As the story : and clayly determyne
And my tale heye affiny shall you leye
Yfeye fyrst the jenienumto to heye

Explicit pars sexta : Et incipit pars septima :

Quell mayes fulle of malyncolye
And of thy kynde hote combust and dryye
As thy qualyte shedyn fis as feye
By the fleumes of the jede fleye
Qu the dreye to it ellynto gatte
Thatt dete the cause that thou dreye as dyeyth
With them of thelee thynge dalyes sepdent yes
The rite dete bysent and dette afrye
As bobye olde dell jehye rome
Of quell hete jotyde and begonne
And engendeth the story hath in myndes
Only of blodes corynto and cuykyndes
By infectyon called origynall
Tansynge a stynki dedefulle and mortall

Off which the mysshef thyughonte all Grece jan
And kynge Adrastus. Altho fyrst began
that hath bren ryght a wrongfull for to make
Upon other for pollynyng sulle
all kynghthode dyd there to prove here mysfyt
Off fyll entrette to jeordy his lyfyt
And fyrst of all he sette a plaundyt
And hedde his lettyrs and messages sent
thyughonte Grece unto many condyt kynges
Hem to enhaste and make no lettynges
And jounde a lorto do make ys mansyon
he sent also unto many a regyon
ffor pryncys. dukys. lordys and baronys
to takyn up in cytees and in toownys
And those onto mosto lyklyest
Of suche as there prowyst for the best
And of manhedyst and condyt hem up echon
And in here bonde jesteryd here pryvynoyt anon
Unto Adrastus to cytees for to jude
And the lordys that with hym a bydo
In hontholdo still and here leve take
to judyn home here jetorne to make
In here contrees as they thejen of degre
to stryff hem and take up ineyne
And make hem stronge with knyghtis and with squyrys
With archyrs bowyrs and arbalastrys
In all the hast possible that they may
And to jetorne in here best array
Late tryne sette fyll manly to be stayn
to fore Argo to mustre in a playn
And to ye jede fyll stortly of degree
thyddy came first. Amphionolopes
The wyll ryll kyng by jecordy of kynyng
Of Athadye cam unto the kyng
And fyll prudent found in sayge and wes
There cam also the kyng Tilmythenes
And ay fynde fyll famous of jenoun
thyddy came eke the kyng Eyrmedom
And passyng all of knyghtyssy and of name
And excellent by stortyrest of fame
The noble kyng called Tamphanoys
Come eke to Argo as the story tellyth yow
Noble fyll wyse and hed judyn fyll

And thyddy came

And thurgh came the kynge wel ataylle
kynge Sanoyne eke that his joiall seete
wy Anctor with in the londe of Greete
Kynge Ricaure and the kynge Pryme
And eke the kynge Cortolamme
And personed in many a lo grete
Thesp came the kynge y nameed Philamon
Oft assaied and fonnde a manly knyght
That with hym bonght in field a hym dyght
Full many worthy onto of his contree
And wedne most knyghtly for to be
That manly man that nolde sorrowe
As he that was of worthynesse the floure
Mesty weyonne by prowesse of his londe
Hath wnt also to the mynghty londe
Of Calydonne of which is sente heyre
That ys a kyngdom riche and feyre
Thayeyne his conneyll and offeys also
In all the best that it may be do
To eke onto the lost weyonne
Of thynoe knyghtes and gracious Condonne
Thynghonte all the londe and hyd on hym the cruyce
Withoute lettyng and for to wend to dyce
And obeyde lonly his biddyngs
Enhattyng hym and made hym lordyngs
Ent and kyn fast upon hys iornaye
And he takes the mynghty strongs wye
Came down knyghtes with many a noble man
Yelynge the kynge to ordayne what they can
Considered first his fathered and the avon
Mennyd only of youth and of season
Yollynnte to they kays ocrown of yore
To his crowne mighty to assore
And they kays at lygge onto of the town
Into ryge they be dystondid down
And lyke hyre other and hyre assyanne
As they kaye bonnde only of ligeance
To hym they came in full leaue sorye
Redy to do what hym lyst desyre
And when he hath hyre youth conayde

He hath to grave hem fully yesterydy
Assignyng hem here place mydde of the hesse
Assembled theyr fro many a dyvers coste
That frially in this compame
Yaddyd estate the flowe of thy nature
Chosen onto of all Spayne londe
The most knyghtly and manfull of hyre honde
That yt yodde with the world legate
Ther ever not oryn so many a manly man
So dark horsed and with yeyre and shelde
To gedre assembled lothly in one feldde
Ther mon myght so many strange gyse
Of armyng nedes and encontre devyse
Every man after his fantasye
That ryche shulde in ordre operye
Every peece longynge to armyng
And therynne do my best cuye
Yt dere in lothe at most a dayes dayes
And the tayrnyes also bende seyde
To yebeys hom dayly in to yrne
Yt passe and only for lak of tyme
And tell yt fruyth of hyre longyng
Hode adjustis the noble knyghtly kynge
Hath ever longyd like to his desyre
Received dyck with in his tyme
And there they had leyd to hyre pleasyrnce
Of what that nedyth hesyn hat mydtynce
For mete and hyre plenty of entrule
Commandyng there that nothyng fayle
That all this noble dyscyplyne
Both hyghe and lowe and poore sauldyne
Yayeyd dayes of that they had nede
For adjustis yynd with to hede
Fulle like a kynge tonchyng hyre time day
That they to form seyd dayes of hyre pay
He dare do fie kynd lyst nothyng yesteyne
And noman had cause to complayne
For hunger that nor for indigence
And in a yrnce it is fulle grete offence
As chyeldis dayne and yerd yesyeste
Suffre his people to lyven at mysthyeste

Yt is fulle hard

Of his full lady and gebons in here thought
yif he hakonnde and they right nought
he may not bothe posseide good and hepto
he to be riche and his people smopto
he may well the wey constrayne
But here hepto hath a full longe payne
wanys his myght to lede at large
there may no longe on hepto dette charge
for them obeyen from here libepto
wen oty full ofte that thought is he
Calyafore ethe prynce lorde and gouernoure
and generally any conquerour
lette hym be sacre for all his noblesse
that comite hoden plente and largesse
by tworde that they his bridle lede
left he of his people Ethan he hath mostonede
he be defiandyd Ethan he yo vnt alone
ethan it yo to late for to make mone
cent in his conyte lette hym first deryse
to exile stayste and cobetyse
Ethan he yo liffly Ethy fiere in he legyme
lede of his people ennmore to Ethyme
to paynelonge in honoure and contynue
ly to enjoy by fauoure of fortune
and his enemyes mortally to oppresse
for lede yo more than golde or yeto richesse
Golde fitlyth ofte lede full a lede
for lyf or deth by a lordes lede
and therfore shortly of a kynge
Stondyth in lede a lede all thynge
ffthe dell lordyhyp bothe a more to and do
Sperytally Ethan lede takyth lede
and dede to lift a myryone for to make
Of kynghy fiere and let hym exemple take
Of Adyastus the mortally kynge fauone
to liberall and to countenance
unto his people at all tymes forme
Ethich made hym after fonder to confounde
Of lede only his enemyes to Ethyde
all Ethere made his bidynge to obey

Ffonga

Of one auncyent knyghtly by his side
All attonce to Thebes for to ride
For to assayle with their Ebeye so strange
The gyete mynyd and the importable Esponge
Some unto his Cousyn and to his next allye
Ye a fayr have hadyd mo experyence
Yet Ethiocles yet a child in yeres
Yet still yesyrte unto Ethiocles
Within Thebes Sadly hath espied
By his frendes to he Ebas certified
Of the Grekes hooly the ordynaunce
Here purpose eke and here purvayance
And there he hadde in hert a mynd yrede
And first he tolde his counsaile and his yede
Of the lordes and the citezyns of the town
And of the Sey sist of the Regyoun
How he myght most resyste no
Manfully to stondyn at defence
To be so strange that their Ebeye no dente
And in the contrey adjacent abonte
And eke also in forayne regyone
He hath Entholde all the chyeftayne
And therupon he sent onto his allyes
And his frendes and his nay allyes
And all the Ebarthy Knyghtly Ebaillyng cumpayn
Yonge fresshe and lusty he gadyrd into the town
Vastaryd his Ebattlys and his high towrs
And stuffyd them Ebith many Ebaundyrolles
Round abonte he sette many bannyrs
Gyete and sundry and ful lappe as tonnyr
And in his hasty passyng forward hete
He opent his treasure and gave yifte gyete
Onto knyghtis and Ebarthy men of armes
And cumpere to cuyes his fame
He yaf to lordis manyfolde
Clothis of velvet to of damaske and of golde
To gete hym hertis entirely to yede
To holde hym meete in this gyete nede
And pryndrently provyd hym to fayr
Of flesshe and fysshe of Ebryne and wayr

Of ordynaunce Ethiocles p defensione contra de Thebes

Sette his captaynes

Sette his citezens both ely and late
With fill grete stuffe stonge at ony gate
And made also by Ordynance that they tyme
Physicians and bilders of mine
Pryes ofeyrus and richis Wonde depe
Makyng his aloes the cite for to kepe
While he lyvith in disporte of all his fone
And by the goddes of metall and of stone
Fill ofte he swore both of hert and thought
That it shall fill dolorous bought
And many a man with dolle, ayre, sorowe and wyf
To fore this tome shall fist lose his lyf
And thye shall eke many a doubtedo
Of his brother besilio possedo
The town in peace lite as thick he wene
But at the ende the trouth shall be sene
Unto hym he sayd and well to fore provide
For disastrous on that they bydo
For his party sayd not negligent
But on it dwelle he hil a moment
All his lordis sittyng omnyson
Wordis sperthly a pleyno conclusion
And upon that point the fyne of thyre entent
But on the night fill expedient
Or tise procede to sayle be the advise
Of one that was prudent and wise
And circumspecte in his werkis alle
A worthy cittizen into ayre falle
And call he was ottyly by his name
Amyrarty of Athone the gyte fame
Rynghynte all the lordis both est and south

And in both of olde antiquyte
And most accepted of auctorite
First by jestyn of his hight estate
And eke for he was fortunate
In his werkis and was also wise
With the goddis kindly ryng the prydo
By ejamine of Athone as bokis specifye

He hadde a spyrite of tyme passye
And could afore openly sayne
Thynges begonne ron they shulde fayne
And ek by vertu of calculacyon
yeke adonne of cuy mystyon
And hadde in mydyll yerte experyence
And fynde he could by hebrewe mysbysence
And by memyng of hyghe astrye
A fynall ende of wytterte and sayne
And sayde ek to yonge tolde
And yet the yerne fyftyn by ezekyelholde
Yet tyme shulde yelathy this is no sayne
Into myschyef and yete dawnge
Of hem enemy and in especyalle
The more yte of the close yerdalle
Thynk alle yete it may not be sayde
In this vyage shortly shalle stayde
And yet lyyn ellyes and ezekyel sayne
Solo that ende sayne hym ex by mente
This sayde the fyne and may not be sayne
On the ayre he shulle yeldyed
Dwyt the he sayde he kyckes in rayne
And for he ende shoye sayde none other yerne
To ende his lyf nor none battyd defence
Thus yttyly sayde dawdyll heye yerne
Yarynge his sayd for hym to wonde
Yet that he saye knyght that the sayde hym yede
And sommanly for to kepe hym ryde
And of yonth concerdyn his purpose
For all his trust tonchyng his yeyance
Sayde fully sayde in heye purvyance
I hope to god that he day not dede
Of none yustate in heye sommanyede
The sayde cotyne ate sommed hym anyone
And also rose and mete ate astone
That the ne sayde ate the matyd stede
Sustone hym for all the sayde yode
Yet finally the ezekyes of entente
In all this dede hane for the yusthoys sente

Thought it sayde

Thought in their longe or they might him finde
For amis his wife Edith to him & kinde
Yet full oftyme hath locked up his store
But she hadde tinedne of jemore
In their assyedyng their constrens
Yedyng to fulle in full grete offens
Yet their wide their mysyll lorn
Than she by othe compelled Edad did sworn
They jequeryng yif she wide tolle
Where their lorde the Bisshop shulde dwelle
Which to distrieys their herte Edad full lothe
Yet tyme she gan jemenbyd on their othe
And wide a yeftyd of custom not dome
And she had also grete considered to the
Wonder hedy Edith a dreed full fled
Wange their hit taught them to the prado
Where to be Edith stytted up in a temple
All alone havyng no dreme
They fulle on their or the Edad Edad
And dede their up in a full riche chaye
Also he dede to mynd his bed
Ther she dyne his counsaile to his dede
And yet she Edad full dry for his sake
Specially Edith the dede their wide
Fin y hard that their hadyness
Said at dage full come by processe
In short tyme Edgar he Edad gone
There one temyst that may dede in one
Then this Bisshop by force and mysyll
Into the bedde couldy Edad full yll
This have grey man in his chaye sittyng
And they full glad dage of his comyng
Yedyng at full and full oppynyon
Conceyvyng mild and compassion
Of his wisedom and his diviness
And by certes of his high prudence
They shulde estyme all advised
Yedfield to fulle as in their ignorance
And to the story full full yedfield
Full ignorance and yll Edith also

Ye hadde a spyte of myne yprevye
And conde afore openly sedyne
Thynges begonne lon they shulde fyne
And eke by waste of tribulacyon
yeke adonne of envy mostyon
And hadde in indigne yhete expyrence
And fynde he conde by habynde mysthence
And by menyng of hygh stepne
A fynde yme of contente and sekynne
And ensyt sele to yourye tolde
And yf the journay fynde by hekis holde
At tynne shulde blathy this is no sage
Into my chief and yhete damage
Of hem eyron and in essentialle
The moste pte of the blose jouelle
Through alle yhere it may not be sattisfaccion
Mithoutynge shortly shalle shedde
And yf hym alle sauf sauf yhekis sente
Solo that ene septe hym ex by mente
This estate the fyne and may not be conyed
On the ettre he shulle yuonyed
Wyth tis he sets he kneese in rayttynne
And for be cause ther sete none other yerne
To ende his hyf nor none lattys defence
Shall ertynly sauf dedyn hyn yfence
Yarnyng his sayf for hym to abide
Yf that he saye knyght that the sacle hym gide
And communally for to kepe hym close
And of youth conceyn his purpose
ffor all his trust tonchyng his yfance
Sete finally sete in heye purvyance
I hope to god that he day not dedo
Oh none distaite in heye communyede
Ye sete to tyne to sympnen hym anyone
And also rise and meet to afore
Shall the ne sholde to the mately fede
Sustone hym for all the sworldys goode
Yet finally the yhekis of entente
In all this dede hane for the yfysthop sente

Thought in sheye

Thought in their lodge or they might him find
For ayse his Wife Estate to him a kynde
But full onely hath locked up his care
But she hath a mynde of jennore
In her affyrmyng her conscience
Yedyng to fulle in full great offence
Yet her could there in prayell lern
Agayn the brethe compelled Estate did stern
They jequyryng yf she could tells
Where her lorde the Bysshop shuld dwells
Which to distroye her hete Estate full lothe
Yet true she gan jennorusly on the othe
And could a trouth of cristom not demye
But the had also great consydere to fro
Sundry hedy Estate a cordefull stude
Wanyng her hyst taught them to the prelate
Where to be Estate shytte up in a gaule
All alone hadyng no company
They fulle on hym or he Estate ayse
And cate hym up in a full prelate chaye
Also he Estate to murdyr his wife
For his dysyre his counsaile to his life
And yet the Estate full dey for his sake
Specially ensyng the sacre hym unto
Fin o Estate that her ladyness
Said a sacrage full come by processe
In short tyme Sayn he Estate gone
There is no remyd tell dis may ende in one
But this Bysshop by very force and mygh
Into the Bysche conducte Estate full ryght
This here gyd maid in his chaye sittyng
And they full glad chaye of his commyng
Yedyng ayse and full opprynyon
Tendyng ryght cause and occasyon
Of his wisedom and his mysyone
And by reason of his ryght prudence
They shuldo estyme all advisite
Possible to fulle as in her ignorance
And to the story hath full resyd
Full ryght commisperate and ryght sacke

He hathe promysed in this parlement
To fore the lordis and the president
This thre consteryte in certeyn sikynesse
Not entitled with no doubtenesse
Thre dishonoure days and thre fittall honis
Thre a Martynis and thre thre poschynis
The floodis fore to and thre richardis stormis
The complaynites of thre yeldy storms
The ofnit death and the corruptionis
Of false wytis in this tyme olde
And thow by meanis of gay mode
Thre shall be shedde all the worthy blode
Of the Grekis it may not be astorted
Iff thre purpose be executid and certed
There is no more this shall be the fruit
The right noble shall dwelle to sudyno
Of Grekis blode in mystynof corodo and to
And with all this my self thrist to
So my title hath a fore disposed
Were in the grounde shalle enclosed
And lorkid up in the derke dalo
Of quelle dethe lo this is the talo
That the bysshop to ydisis told
Hym counsellyng this purpos to holde
In esthynyng of more mystynof and corodo
For all his worde he told to lorodo
Iff the thebans and the Grekis meto
The fyre the fyre thre of shalle fill unsweto
That all Greco after shall it lerne
Esthynyng them yif they the mystynof enterno
Shall shall folde that nomen may lotto
They wolde abstynio a lege for to dotto
Into thebes and thre purpos lodo
With the bysshop and the lordis yin hem grede
And thre in hide fill shall dwyle
And environis of bryth dispyto
They abyde and ofind he deno unto
And countrepyd of prouynis nodo
And also also for thi longe lyde

Whole wittye & wise and aspye
And of astronomye gan to speye
Forthe his astrolyng and his astronomye
And whatte they seyde takes thereof no heede
So stille nothyng prime hem aye his lede
Thus sette the astronomye and norse in study caste

And specially of the sandionye
And of lordes jeperdyng in heye stonye
And of the statis effectually y mene
Which of age seye bitt tondye and grene
That have not hadde by mayte influence
Of the seyne full grete experience
Heye yif ye list ye may considye and se
Of wisedye full grete diversite
Howthat youthe no paseth aft aforn
Till thyngs mysthief sodenly be born
Seye as age prescrideth everythyng
Or he begynne to aft the endyng
Youthe yo governed by alange jeyne
To prime fynde and almost hym jeofayne
Yfint of heedes on alle at once
As he that hunteth the agayn the hardes stonye
Ryneth hym selfe sudeyn and pat hatheth
Yfint age expyete nothyng sudeyn tuitheth
Yfint he to forn of good discession
Habith a dere examynacion
Hon it stille tryne other to bad or good
Yfint youthe as fast as stryd yo the blood
Takith anyysis of hasty sudeynnesse
Joy at the begynnyng the end is sorowfulnesse
The olde yfint out in alle his governance
Full longe aforn doth make ymbetance
Yfint youthe alle by constitt stille not seyte
For which full offe he stondith in the doyte
Thus olde is seyne the youthe to determyne
Yfint age and youthe dyate by one hyne
And seyes that fole hath dominacion
Wisdom is put in to subiecion
Like as the cristes sith alle high prudence
For cause he myght have none audience
Alle his wisdom and his prophesye

Of the Grekys holdyn Cadolynt folyo
For thought Plato and Cyse Cryttes
Horall Seneck · and Diogenes
Albumazar · and prudent Cholomo
And Tullius that had conuyntto
Babylon in Rome as of eloquence
Cholight all thise thorthly in sentence
Seye alyke moste conuyngi and expyte
And nowadi lyst seye consyll to adnito
Fay of thyse old bes for to take hede
Tyll myght always and it come to nede
For Cheye — prudence all fryde no Crowns
And prudence ellis no fancyns
Fayre Kyll Cristen fayd Kyll sustyssion
For lakke only of importaryon
For vnsupportedde with his lockys hore
Amphiorax Kyll · and fyll dore
With hede enchynedi and many an evill thought
Cyhan that he sawe his consyll stode for nought
For ytyely the Grekys ary told
Hane fyll aft heye forney to holde
Yadde home jeer and gon to hatow
Tydd. Thebes the cyte to Cayyre
And in Grece Kyll no lengyr tayyre
And fyrth with home amphiorax they ayyre
Sette in his cyte with a Kofrit gost
Cyhan he Kyll go myght nae aftorth
Of his fate the disposeryon
And hastyngi in to the Kogyon
Of ligurgus Grekys zan apporte
A sondy londe with many a raggy bote
But all the Kay oftyly thyll the gone
For hors ne man Katy fonnde they none
So dyre Kaye the Kilys and the playnes
For all that yeyo they hadde no jeynes
But fyll grete dyeight as nadde is mentyon
And all the londe seyrthyngi cumyon
They neithey fonnde Kyll no Kyggs
Nam to jeffyssyo ne Katy that Kas deye
But they alias no jeffyto comis
So unportable Kas the yhorie comis

To hote on them in feldes where they lay
That for my thrift man and hors gan disnay
Sayyng fill the cyrcyays in the south
And com pitten here schedis in here mouth
And here hedes in story as it is told
To assuage here thirst with here yron cold
And of his hyf many one disparyed
In this my thrift and home agoryne lapayed
Till on a day worthy the king
With hym ek the kings campaneno
Of purpos rode thyghout the contre
Yif they myght enyr where they wolde be
Fro oste to oste to the feyld and ney
Till of fortune they entred an herbey
With tres shadewed fro the comne sunne
Full of herbis and of floryd grene
Bendis bothom bothe of eight and diche
Therein a lady that was passyng riche
Sittyng as thow vnder a lauryr tree
And in her armes a litle child hadd shee
Full gracious of loke and of visage
And was also bendis tendis of age
Comme to the kings bord to onored
Called lignigne in story as we redd
Was hyth joy and worthy ek disporte
All his myth plesance and comforte
Was in this child of excellent fayrnesse
And this lady in persone of semblynesse
All wenly as the rose in her myght
And on his sede side and hymself knyght
Hath a kissed gan anon to gon
Thit cryedens afeny cam anon
And ride Quitte be nothyng dysmaide
Jnwyne sill displeased nor affraide
For we thin cam only to this place
You to beseche of mercy and of grace
So to crowne in one gate nede
Declaryng to you how it stondeth in dede
Here fast by almoste into hondes
The worthyest of hethe londes

Kynges princes ben lieggyng in the feldes
And many other with grete pollax and shaldes
Which in mysshapen pelle and grete heddes
Ye sant of Cathy lickly to be seddes
For there was none of high nobleyse degree
In all oure hoste nedes passid days thre
Sit thanke allas except none estate
Sine bidde ye be mercifull
Praying you of commaunde pite
Benyngly and frenshly to be
Hon of here all the thynghe
Of here lyves stonde in jupardie
Wherfore ye bidde of commandment tell
Yif ye bidde ryde. Spryng or stell
Specially nedes in alle oure thy
Of gentilnesse yit to ye certayn
To here is alle yif ye list to hey
Wherfore ye bidde myn desire grifte dey
And when this ladye inly bestnous
The complaynt hadde of Cathy gedenous
Of very pite thamgrith they and hno
And in hey hert on hey so gan pno
And fill goodly seyngi his distresse
Sadde unto hym in alle his hevynesse
Fortis quod sire yif y shey at lasse
Tenchyng this childe of whom y hane chasse
Y shulde in hast of all that doth you grede
To my power helpe to yelde
Only of pouth and of compassion
And leve all other occupacyon
Trusty you. and be your guide
To a place litle hey beside
But y dare not so mocho me assiege
This litle childe to putte in adventure
Y am so feble from it to depute
But for your sake that shall y imprete
By lifing dith of tyne offecyon
Ye provide for your salvacyon
Told the childe and leyde it in hey lappe
And priely in clothes gan hym wrappe
And conchide hym amonge the hedes wete

And lande alonte hym many an hetyn lote
And fonyd to the flesh and bone
And amysed. with a mane dede
With the dono fyrth anon the event
For he in youthe no tretyn meynt
And on hys body bolde the nerve bolle
Till the hym bronght to ryght a fays bolle
And to a rynde of water ryght habomido
Put who bido glydo. and who bido icomido
Put gedeno dryng bolle the rybeye
Which in all haste onto hys messangeye
To adyatus and bado hym not abido
Put hom dystonde to the rynde ado
With all hys hyste yecorde for to hane
At this rynde heye bydes for to dane
And they enbatt them mdbyng none abode
Also atomo to the rynde yode
For to drynke they had so gyete lust
Of apetite for to stanche hoye thyrst
And com drynke. and fonnde it did hom good
And com bloye so fylcomt and so blood
Upon the water that in sikynesse
Thynkyn indiscrete and hasty gredynesse
Onto of mesure the bestes so they drynke
That they fell dede down upon the brynke
And cold nakyd into the rynde yonne
Only for hete of the ones cynne
To bathyn hem the water bide so cold
And com aftr ay hane tolde
Menne the that bye prudent and bise
The bestes drynke mesurable bise
That of the thyrst. they hane after ondyde
They bye yeheschyd fully and yecondyd
And bye hys. tytan of hyght and lede to yeyde
For thoye profite and gyete conyedyce
Compete the rynde nystallyn of sight
Of one accorde thoye heye tentis ryght
To yeste hom thoye in yeldesse of hoye pryde
Only the spitte of a fly or tetyne
Anyt bylde bycke upon the rynde lay
This tedone upon the same fly

Full knyghtly hath done his diligence
This yonge lady with grete pryde
To Assyrius gladly to present
At Susa comming the kynge kynge hymself sent
A gerynt hym the fullynge doun on knees
All the estate present and degrees
Of Grekys londe appynted to not one
And in his armys tokk hym vpp anone
Thankynge hym of hym kynnesse
Of hym labour and of hym kyndnesse
Rehotynge hym like as he dide hym
Yf our thynge playnly that ye wold
That he may done the thynge yt lady hynde
And Grekys all the story made hym mynde
Of the estate thyre berynge present
Thankyd hymself with all hym hold entent
For the yeffynge doun to mekyn yt Grekys
And for hym pryd they knyghtly hym eke
Sythe thyre body and good thynge
Whyche hym lyst hym commandyd to do
To be redy playnly and no fauld
Of hym mekyth my auctor yeffyauld
That this lady so fayre gynnyn to see
Of Babylon the mynne Estate yfyrphyle
To Assyrius tolde as ye may yede
Knewlly the stokke of hym kynnede
Babylon kynge the kynges doughtyr Estate
Rehersynge hym holly all the mate
Fynyst Sodly that the dette of hym rynth Estate
Sherthly for the tolde not assynte
To execute a conspyracyon
made by the Commend of that kynge
Athynge rynthanne and ryghtynge
That cause of thynge gynnyn a rynthynge nynght
By one more Sudyly yt dyd take kepe
Fadyr Brothyr and kynsmen Sythe they slepe
Sythe knyfis stynge and pasyn kene
Into hym thynne in that mortyll tene
Into this kynge the knyghtis tellis him
In all that londe to nyt fonnyd amen

Yett stayne echone to this counsyll
That they myght hawe dymyssyon
In thyt kyngdom to seyngs at lylyto
And mno paytyo mnterrupted to
Put for thys lady passyng dolowdys
To this medyo Sotto hoo and contynyo
Kepto hoyo fydoy thatt he dyd not stacho
Put from yetty dsyrydy and dyttydyo
For which ttlao the fleddo thy contyoo
And of dyyatt tabyll in thy sea
To bryng lyngyno bryght in all hoyo dyedo
And for hyno thorth and hyno commandyno
To hyno betoto thyo yongo chylde to kepo
Which in the hoyoyo alone lafto a slepo
Than gadyno the dyoyght into thy castlo
And by yatyn sonn kepo tello
Yatt this lady hadde comme tho
Than tyatt yno and syrlos also
Tredyde dolyno by kyng contyo ann
For to accomplysshe thy commyst of thy dam
Put who that lyst by and by for to do
The storys hole of this dyscyplyne
Hyno fydoyo name of which ttlo y dant
Thought sonn sty he namedy dydo thoant
And sonn kepo comme cto hym ttlo
Put to knowo thy adventyno ttlo
Of this lady ysyphylo thy fayo
So fortyfynd dy and mly dolondayo
Lokyn thy lokto tyatt yohn chyldo mydo
Which lom of comyn dyttydyo yetorickyo yldo
And dyecto by fynd conduyno stylo
To fayo yano yuend of tysylo
Kepo thoyo thy tribynyttyo of ysyphylo
Of ho thorth and of hoyo kynnoo
Fynd gaytly compylody for hoyo sylto
And dyan tyatt yto hatty hoyo lofto tako
Of adyatyno hondayo in hoyo dyey
Dedono yatt hoyo to conlyo
To thy gadyrn tyll yto it yopayrdy
Put nodyo ttlao my matyr dysyttyydy

Of all joy and of all sullynesse
And restynge of myth and gladnesse
For noche of the begynnyth the stynge stynge
For thy found amonge the flowis
The litle child tumyd up the face
Slayne of serpent in the silf place
Here tuide bynde of erth stalye olde stone
The cenrm ende of yeustyng and of bone
Of pilons ede the mortall violence
Cause fullis thynge here longe absence
The ende of sorrow homesayd for to hye
But noche the but cryye ende and cry
But noche the an nayght but sigh and complayne
And ceyfull cryynge here handys wayne
Sedaly of lolo yelde of fure and thye
And gan to jerte the gilte thassie cloye
And ofte onthe gan the cry & allide
Of defuit sjenche ynhappy in thie ide
Whide shalle y done or whidder shalle y tynne
For thie is the fyne ysfy here ordynne
Lode yight belle y may not astaye
The gnone fure that ys for me shaye
Sodynne ys none nor may there be no pede
Lyke my desyre but y mote be dede
For thynge my slouth and my negligence
Of hane alle don to gyve offence
Yhat my gifte y may it not expende
Shall to the kynge of treason me dende
Thynge my dessynte and slouthe lothe the
His kynne is dede and his heyre affed
Which he loved more than all his good
For treasyne none to my yh his herte stode
Fore whose to deye gynne in his cage
Yhat he ye hielp to falle in wrche & page
Then the kyng with wyth wrenche offence
Determed be yn to his audience
Ye importuete yhalle his hardynesse
And whate whose y in bey withstanynesse
Yhan when the kynge hadde thie offence

To myn excuse it may not be denyed
I doute it nought there yeynetth no pite
Sythe me lesyn to be sroll alenged be
Dil me also as y haue desyred
That he deth y may not be pesyed
Sythe by bill ne by implicacyon
Ffro the yere of my transgressyon
Requyrethe doth and none other made
And thus also makyng in here dede
Some other helpe ne remedie can
But dreynt in tayes to the sekre man
Of herthe sro fro and there disteyned
And here thoro sith sorrynge all be yeyned
In here affray distraito and fynyons
To fore all the rame to redons
And fill on knees and gan here complaynt make
Wolde pleynly that for sekre sake
The mote be dede and sorthy in substance
Rehersyng hym the grete grevaunce
Mysfortyn of a fals servant
The child sekre stake sethis the sekre absent
In sekre dysorint and paholl that he stode
And sehen that he here mysthyf endoy stode
Into hym full knyghtly he be hyght
To helpe and fynthey here that he myght
Here pitous sro to stynten and appease
And fore to helpe hym of here disease
Hafter comfore to be sekre affiill grete pite
To adyafine and tolde hym all the rite
Of this unhappy sroffill adventure
Rehersyng hym to be his here cure
As he sekre bonnde of equyte and right
And administrd and to hane a right
Non the quite here to the sekre to fore
Sehen they sere lifly to hane bon lore
The seconde bonde of here sekre made
Of which he moste of knyghthode take hede
To remedy this unhappy thynge
And adyafine like a sorthy kynge

Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM: Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

To acquyte hym self the fory mathew wynde
To this lady & will not be forme & unkynde
Neither for cost neither for travaile
But be fyde in all that myght availe
To hym & wyns considered all thynges
And by the advice of all the Worthy kynges
Of Hekis lond they ben assyd thyne
Princes Dukes and Worthy Citeyens
To holde here Cuty and all at onys pyle
To lightyng Rekenyng there besyde
Of one entent yif they may prevayle
In eny wyse for to gete grace
For this lady alde Isiphile
They wolde assay yif it myght be
And to his pall fill rich bilte of stone
The Worthy Hebrewis ridyng on dyvyne
Eny lorde fill fesyably on his stede
And lyrynge example of manhede
Anon as the knedde of here comyng
To acquyte hym self like a gentill kyng
Ageyne hem went to mete hem on the way
Fill wele loseyne and in good aray
Receyvyng hem with a fill hymyth chere
And to ydafyns cause as ye shall here
Cosyn quod he and yan hym to embrace
Ye be welcom unto yonys of this place
Thankyng hertly to yonys noble nosse
That of good of yonys gentilnosse
Hath me ye list unto acquyte
Yonys off this day yonys cosyn to visyte
In this castell to take yonys loggyng
That y wis & place nede rit of tayrnyng
In all my lyfe and therto here my trewthe
And ellmore there shall be no strewthe
That the citizens and the lazes tonys
Shalle be mowned by yonys here bronys
That eny lorde as he is of degree
Unto his loggyng assigned shall be
Yonys officers lette hem off Wayes

Inches 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
Centimetres 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19
KODAK Color Control Patches © Tiffen Company, 2000
Kodak LICENSED PRODUCT
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

Nyll thys honsyng may lyggely suffyse
to you and youre sycke and attayne
that none estate hane cause to complayne
and all youre hoste longyng here besyde
which in terrys upon you abyde
latte hem sette by myn auctorite
Entitled nought here in my cite
and all that may hem doung or sane
and atte on dayes all that ende y hane
ye stille and hold atte youre commandement
Quod adyatus that is not oure entent
for no cause ynto of oure comynyng
ffor we be com all for another thyng
A certayne gyste of you to jeynyye
Wyrynghy yifyve list to heye
which may sebbe passyngly worthyle
Of youre jenyest that ye not fayle
which ye dyd not expyrly expresse
Anthonte that ye sholde of youre gentilnesse
youre graunte a forn consejuse and satisfye
than seye sebe bolde it to specifye
Quod ligurgus what thyng ye end it to
nothyng exrepte but only thynges tyre
the first is this it toucheth not my lyfe
wyr yonge dame playnly ne my wyfe
ne all my good or what you list provide
Of my treasure and atte this. xj. a side
all the ouppins I commite it not a myte
than adyatus sayyed sebe alyte
what ligurgus in conclusion
Of his dame made exception
and whiles they this entyeted in foye
there come fyftyn one with a full sewfull chaye
Of face of lord pale and nothyng yede
and lowde cryed the kynges dame to dede
ride the while that whilom was to fayre
thy ligurgus. bern to be his heyre
the which atlas hadde reason up the heth
of a dyppent stongyne yn to deth
and with his sownde neke fiessh and gyone

HRC

And in the herbere lieth · pite is to seine
And hathe to serue all moste all this day
That Sehan lignigne kept all this affray
And Crist his child Seas dede and hadd no mate
Into Seondes Seas thought he Seas
For sodenly the importable sinert
Ran anon and sent hym by the hert
That for constraint of his deth pene
Thynghort he felt coryn sily serne
The page gan mene on hym to dere
That he cannot bint agh sobbe and teere
And with the horse and lamentacyon
The quene is distraught is descendid down
And Sehan that lie to the gronde of all the prede
It nedith here not · tere for to rede
But ie bente by upon a sede
And seedne the did into the gronde lede
A stonde mele for this mysfamed
Still to stone the lieth in a tymed
And Sehan into the counte it Seas brought
To fore lignigne alas y Seite hym nought
Upon the tore Seith a mortall stire
He felle atte once and gan it to enbrace
Sore to grype · and dyerne wyfeyte
That Sehan adjustis gan this thynge a dite
Of bynghy jonthe and consaillyrm
Fform his reen the teres fell down
Seo bynges and Sinkes that a bonte stode
Sinkes of pite that ye in gentill blode
So poeteye had the teris to sorthorne
That on heye the kyne down gan to sorne
But all a day Seolde not suffyse
All heye Sroe Seyre mothe to devyse
First of the bynge and of the Quene also
To telle all y shulde nene hatine do
Not in the state at moste of an hondd
But Sehan the sorrowe and the sharpe stonde
Of heye Seepyng Seas sonedyl at once gone
The litte tore Seas grene under a stone

And adjustis in the

And ye shall in the same tyme
Pigmyes take also onte a tyme
And fyll them with wyndom grete
The Queene present gaue hym for to lerne
That to greete dowle may right non gete

With loo of deth noman may lerne
Though he in ere yetnally endure
All herbyth nought Sathan the dowle rogo
And onne lyf here Who takyth hede therto
Sobit in exile And a pilgrymage
Full of enymoun and of bitto rage
Like a See lerrynyng: too and fro
Ryng: a cole - Sathan the flowe rogo
Yette grace abydyng: at the fyll
Of Sathan Crown the Pope ioyned no bulle
Forbynge Duke nor Empere
That may withstonde ageyne the fatall shere
Of quoth deth Sathan hym manace
To make aman with his quyet pace
Thangeryng nought to his creator
Rather ffyll in this he protestyon
And lette or naught may helpe in that tyme
Safe conduyte or Empyrsedate
For in this Worlde Who lovyth a right
So none So grete of power ne of mygyt
Lone So pure shorthy nor So bolde
That moto dye other yonge or olde
And Who So in youth passyth this pilgrymage
He ye estynyd all the World rage
To lynyde hym left in his Wone thought

And Wodes and pouble of this Worlde left
Perfectly Deth contrete Reyes and stryf
Which Wolde or meyne standyth in Greyte
Therefore best as it Wynthine unto me
To man gynache Sitt of hyth prudence
The Grace of god take in patyence
And ye that be So Wise and mighty to

ywnpeyll to doun in torcyement and in Edo
for loso of thynge that yif ye list to do
Which in no wyso secondd may bo
it ye yete foly and undiscession
and thus ydiotis hatth conveyd doun
the substaunce holo of that he Edolo oty
till that ho foundo atynno for to pray
comenysnt for Ysiphilo
Peschynigh hym to hanno pitto
Of that sho hatth offendid his highnesso
that Eulfully but of secheleysnesso
ffinyst that he Edolo his domys to dowydo
mercy pleyso and Ettto right ti oydo
Ettto sequest and pleys of hend ttt
Of this unhappo and mysthiest that yo bofalle
thy hasty pigoyno. and not to do vencunce
but thynno afozn in his pnpoetunce
Who to Eperiyo doth mercy in hoso dydo
Shall mercy frinde Eghtin ho hatth mosto nedo
And sith he hatth ponesso mysht and opitto
latto hym his lady vitto pitto
for lacko of pouttho that shonedo nedyo
but the Queno yhin tporyno sopliyo
And pliitth studo in this mateyo
Availeth not sequest not pitiyo
Pyte mercyo noitthy sommysiom
but it be by this condissiom
that tho Eppent cause of all this wrecko
for his labouro lay his hedo to bredo
this yo finall and outtry sotompence
to frinde pitto for hiyo offence
Or shortly shed blode for blode
And Eghin the Eyehe this undystode
Also of one tacorde in hoso left Eyso
Eted on hom this adventuro emprysso
for lobe only of Ysiphilo
And pen to Emmyson the Eonyo
Ai hillyo Rocko valyo. and eke ditchyo
Ai bichyo deyko and in olde Eyrtyo

thy only caso

Greedy coste seyling up and down
Wyll a the last famous of renoun
The Worthy Kynge Protholope
Was the first that happyd to a
The hydyous serpent by a ryuer side
Hete and horyble fleyn and full of pride
Sudey a knyte by a barke lodge
And in the hull he lent a sorry bodye
And therin sette an thodes filed kone
And thynkyng the body spottyd blacke and grene
Full wyghty made it for to yelde
And hent onte a speyre hangyng by his side
Smote of his hede and anon it hent
And there with all gan the Quene present
Where thynkyng kynge Protholope gan a sterage
And thus of prodes a knyght corage
This manly man Protholope
Hath reconsyled fayre Sysyphile
The Quite fre fully of the Quene

And by ordynaunce medycynal
Kynge lignyngus sumtyd a prison
To this lady that sloyn all damyseys fye
Shee was restoryd to heye lyfe
Sythe heye paddis all heye lyf to dwelle
Thought John Boccace the contrayes telle.
For his auctor affeynyd onto of dede
That Dryan this chylde by this serpent slate dede
Shee dystynct for heye greete offence
Zeuis affyn to coun in presence
Of lignyngus but of mytrisione
Fledd anon onte of the regione
What fell on kynge or frynde can nomore
Atte lyst she tolde the chylde so sore
Ye have done me afore Sysyfye
And the kynadom but Boccace lye
Of lignyngus Dacis called greece
And dey yede in another place
Hys ye a boyd and his olde towne

he was the same mighty champyon
To Athenes that went with Pallamon
A gayne his brother that called was Lycito
Vpon his hede a wyche of golde fyne
And v kynde also honorabilyne god of wyne
But this kynge Sabilon was at debate
Only for he pompous and elate
Destynaryon did to his kynys
And for he first sette alewes on kynges
Went with wace they were so stronge
And this bataylyne for the gyete wrongo
Slake hys kynnys and drewyt hym in the do
Of lignyne ye gete no more of me
But the tenth vlysyo hyst to vysie
Redith of poddys the genologie
Lynealy here bynnyd by degrees
Y hamchidrone vpon the bofe theis
Made by bochas decostalo attlidr
Amongo poetis in italys stallidr
Text ffranceis petrak sayng mayterne
Rocke yn to greke y wrote yetorne tyeyne
To tell shortly finith yrfi y camo
Of here jornay that they hane be gamo
Hon adrastus hath his leko take
Of lignyne with his brodrys blake
And dopatryng with wyne folyn to borodo
Made his wayis on the noyto morodo
So well be wyne so myghty and so stronge
Sondoy early sahan the lyke songe
With a trompet to wayne every man
To be redy in all the haste he can
For to jenoke and no lottyng make
And so they hane the right way take
Towards thebes the greke ennymo
That were a nombre gadered in to one
Of worthy kynges neme was a fore wyne
Sahan they were ymyghtyly in a prayne
And they ne fryne by none occasion
Till they be come wyth afore the town

And pryght here tentis

And yeyt here tentes prondely ato yede
Bydy the Castlyes in it yete mede
And Sythan the Thebans Sherein bisette thamto
The manly knyghtis Sholde hanne issued onto
And hanne dynnysshid in here lusty pride
Sithe here fomen in that othey side
But by biddyngi of Ethiocles
All that nyght they kepte hem selfe in pes
Sithe yete ordeynte sette on eny gate
By reuse only that it Sholde late
Wed of armys all that nyght Stalkyngi
On the Castlyes by biddyngi of the kyngi
Left there Sere tyeynes or tyelson
And in the tonnis and in the chif dongeon
Se sette yp men to make mortall Grimes
Sithe hatfyn hornes and lerde stapiones
Of full entent the Sentinis for to kepe
In his Stayde that no man slepe
And Sekys prondly all the longe nyght
Kindled fyre and made fulle yete syght
Sette up lanternyngi on eny side
Like as they thinkide eny there abide
Tompes the tonn there Sholde no lorde entre
But all by sette. here fomen to manace
And Shilds they before the sette lay
In eny coste the Oost onte to fortay
Yent to Sinys citeynes and vilagys
Sithe yete ladenyngi makyngi here pilagys
Spoile and robbe and bronght hom vitaile
And all manne ortys of bestiaile
Shepe and nete and in here quoll pigs
Sithe hommis stesse all that Sholde standys
Kept and hynde bothe bukke and doo
The blak Sere and the Silde too
The fatte Sedyne and the tryssyl bore
Takeyngi home for the Sekys store
Sithe and Sywis for here a vantage
Hay and otys fodder and forcage
Sithe wise Kalendys as they thynk dno
Sekys gan the Thebans to assaie
Wymstyngi hem occasions fale

The seyge ette shortly for to telle
Of fill ettent in hoge hatefull pride
For lift or dethe thoyen poin to abide
Tho end thoyet sitth be gyebid
Till they fully hoge purpos hauio atthabid
Thoyo may thoyof be made no jelosso
Of this and fill seyo ethiordosso
Han in pitye gyetty mayotilo
Than that he ette to the gyete appayalo
Of the Gyeko tho ette jouido aboutto
And in hym self he hadit maido doutto
Sodde it poynto That seto best to do
For that tyme it stode sitth hym so
That to com abydyng in the town
He hado in herto gyete disperyoun
Left to hym bat ther seyo constabilo
And to his bjotheyo in pity fitmorabilo
For in tho ette. Eito vatjaunco
Which unto hym seto gyete mysthaunco
For in his heyto shortly ho no sorst
Upon schoun that he mygyt tyrst
For they seye not all of ono ettoun
For which he hath for his counsaill cut
Allo his lordo and the oldo ettiono
Which to he dumyd seyo pryo and clonio
Hold of ono hart and not vatjabilo
Of olde expeto and illtear fomido stabilo
Remyrynge hem be cause they seyo seiso
All oppynly to telle hoyo adyso
Thoyo it seyo lettys playnly in heyo sight
Which his bjotheyo to citjeto or to fight
And com yaff a blomito stontenco
Which had of seyo nono exploncco
Sayde it sido lost not be afeyde
To tyle tho yght manly sitth his seyde
And com also that seyo more prudont
Spake unto hym by good adyssement
And lift not ayays but theyo counceill toldo
How it sido lost his conuenant to holdo

And to performe his hest

And to yforme his hest made to forn
To his brother lik as he was sworn
So that his brode the Kayzer to make hym aqwed
He not found vayllaunt from his dede
Ffor none hate nor envye nor pride
And tho the Duchess tokk hym a side
Ffor hym pliynly it was visyyng
Sorry wonderlonesse to fynde in a kyng
And called hym aks all wyght he was stronge
To his brother how he did wrongs
Ffor all the tonne that porte in dede
And bye witnesse vrfi it was to nede
Wherfore lat vs that so a nother mene
Ffurthermatyr wh hyld that it is grene
Or this quarell of gonne of volunte
Tynne into the fyne of more ddisrte
Ffor yfiat be dejeynede by battelle
Also tynstith moste mary fill lyth faulle
And it vs fow by thorte addisceneit
To put a stryf in vayrtis juggement
Ffor hade it vs wh a wygge is wrogd
To tyte a fozn hym wrthoirto lesse of blode
And yf wr put it hold in vayrtis
That wrth tho fe royde tho tale so wrth cortis
Than wry it hapis wh thy tho glad or lothe
Thou and thy brother shall repent lothe
And many another that there is present
Of yours tyrants that bed innocent
And many a thousand in ate shall complayne
Ffor tho debate only of yan tebeyne
And for yours stryf shall fynde vnsate
And for thou dyd lodgy wrongs bromide and lote
Of thys jmiyne and this gyste vnryght
To tho godys that hope of hand cyght
Thou shalt a tromitis and a lokenyng made
Ffor all tho that yes shon for thy dede
And nodo tho tunto zudon is thus fesse
Sodon porte or hasty wrosse
Wyte folodo anon for tho fynall ryenne
Of lyf and dyth demyd in a balance
And nowdn may by no rafte lostheyne

Upon one platte of them to seyne
The ore to mette fulle like as it seth tryne
Who that end lengh on they morne
And then ayte sye so mayest to the stake
That thou mayst not mo solayre make
But fight or thete this quiqyll for to fyne
By none engyne thou must it not seyne
An hasty rise to folke seyn that thou to ryse
Redyesse jenyyth bu full short advise
For to hete longe not to a vanlyth nought
For to the pryvit wthely thou ayte bynought
Lythy to kepe thy possessioun
Yet in all the hast sewyde the tonn
Where thou there with be wyth or well apayde
Loke note well all that y hane sayde
And by my counsell wisely to condisende
Thonge be ought of olde · sidely to amende
Tho tymes yeton it may be none other
Therefore in haste yete with thy wyther
And thoryne hym make no jesstence
But to thy lordis fully yelde obedence
By whos counsell with they be so sage
Lette Wolly myte jeiorce his hostage
And that shall tryne most to thym avayle
So here is the fyne hold of oure counsayle
And shortly the for bayer no and wyth
Though he be thoyte shedayde and loth
Accordid is here in all the pyece
Yf he algate shall yete for peace
It moste nede be by this condicyoun
That he will hane the domynacyoun
First in the chief to hym alle jesebyde
As hym thought he had wroll desebyde
And ellis to hym hold the condyyne
And under hym in thoses the ette
He to gat into with right a good there
Wolly myte to jeigne for one yere
Than to accorde and not jeperte again
For more to tarryne were not but in vayne
This wolde he done only for his sake
And other were he wolde none ende make

Wyth the other

Kyng the Kyng that fortune wy be falle
And finally amonge his lordis alle
There was not one of high and lowe estate
That wolde gone vpon this ambassiate
Onte of the town nor betyn ne wore
Till pacifit made wolde here hore
And aft here offi to go on thys tretee
To make an end vif it wolde bee
And this ate don was the morowe the nyght betyme
Upon the hous wyn it drough to pryme
And with hys trent here yonge doughtyer
Antygone and fayre Guenyre
Of here mayne fulle many one alonte
At the gate the was conueyd onte
And of purpos tho made here wolde
On horebak to kyng adrastus tonte
Ho and his lordis beyng all infere
And they yesteyd kyng with right a glade chere
Shewyng hym like to hym degre
Widely halfe fulle gyte hymmanyte
Wollymyte yeyng fro his plate
And humbly his wodes gan hate
Kyssed hym and then antygone
And eke guenyre excellyng of beaute
And for they were passyngly fayre
Here was the comyng yrade and joyeyse
Of the ladies to hand a syght
And pacifit proceded anon right
To adjustyng here matere to purpos
And gan to hym opynly to disclos
The entent and will of ethyocles
And by what mons he desyrith pees
To hym yesyd and tho can opposifie
The honour hole and the regalye
Whiche kyng and trome he hym not bewridi
Whit hole to hym as he hath probidi
And wollymyte by this wydistrome
Bidd hym to reigne in the tome
As a subiecte by sufferance of his brothey
Whit the kyng thought all anothey
And especially wordy dedone

Im non est hodie cuiquam mihi gratior ullus

Plainly affirmyng it shulde not be thus
B Sitte alle exceptions
A For he will have no conditions
Nothyng referyng and in generalle
But hold the lordship regalle and all
Pertynyng to it fully to possede
Wythe the rentes and rewyll in dede
And rightfull kings wyll in possession
Like the constitutions and commencement
Made of holde assyned and ensealed
The which shall not nede of nede be repealed
But stande and hold in his strength stonde
And latte hym plainly understonde
And that he dedyde hym onte of the toun
And reryne yt the lawe and the doom
To his bettyr and makes they of no more
And shortly ellys it will be wrought full sore
For this matter be brought be to the ende
For dyede is they none here that shall hence wende
For that onye right which is ad remyed
With lyfe and dette dependyd be and tyede
He wolde not elles for this toun renede
And yf hym lyst all this to affirme
And all mynystrys of styntyn and prove
To entrey yf to be mity do ofte
This vmene for his abstinence
Behinde yt hold the tyede heritage
To his bettyr for a yere to endure
And tyede shall hym fully assure
By what bonde that hym lyst devise
The yere complete in ono left be
To hym upon delyne possession
Withoute stryf or contradiccion
And to this fyne justly holde be to
And yf it falle that he will not do
Latte hym not be ato but only affe be
The bonde is void he will not it defaye
So hers is all and this ye mity report
Too hym upon which that ye resorte

Yet

fflo which poynte

KODAK Color Control Patches © The Tiffen Company, 2000
Kodak LICENSED PRODUCT
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

Ffor which synne we cast vs not to vayle
And yit to hym dumphrey wittayle
Shall playnly abide in confussioun
Thoo fyne shall cause it disturbaunce
Of them anyone yif it fortth proceed
Tobe reformed and exercised indeed
But that wyne for all his eloquence
He had in deed but litle diligence
What so ever it mene good or ille
Fynge adjame made hym be stille
And the poetist ac Cicerom did hym tenge
Himselle of poete Dauth shall ofte exercise
Yan eke medaes in hyre fantasie
Yif the wright the nye modifie
Of the Cyclye to make them endure
In every case hyre fancoye for to fyne
Thy did hyre desyre and hyre be fyne
But the bifold accordye adventure
Cause and groundes of yiete confussioun
Yeldyng yrnybrugh and eke the toun
And it to tell it may not be a stort
For the which my stile a child y more dynte
And shortly tolde by disturbaunce
Of a tyge dwellyng in the toun
Which from a kyngdom bysyde adiacent
Into of Egypt sate nie to tholoos cont
Which lost by jeopardye of fyghtyng
Yo moste of dyste of his ofyne nature
And of kynde also moste estrange
And moste cruell also Cayen he is yage
And to ydyrs make mansion
He of body jeopardyth alyon
And lyke a gyerhounde the moste and the hede
And of yeer as any fyre jede
Eke of his skyn Cayten as y fynde
Like a panter consistynt mynde
With all manne hedes and colyng
And yo fyll ofte dysteyd with myryng
By fyende of kynd yo and fyle aquaynd
Thee seyd in glasse Dorthonte oryfyeno

HRC

Ethan hir mydes ay by flight take
And so disteyned may no pestons make
And like a lambe Ethe this tyge tame
Ayenst kynde mych anctor Ethith the same
And this beste mycheloms to see
Ete conto to gmeyne and Antigone
Which yn to them did gete comforte
And could pley and make gete disporte
Like a Ethelf that yet but yonge of age
And to no tyget did no damage
So more in oth than doth a litte hymde
And it Ete Ethorth many an synnydel yonnde
Thaye Ethas nothyng dis hym more pleasanne
Into the kynge for ay in his gevanne
That for no tyesyne it mygt not be bought
For Ethan he Ethas yonsh or mthought
Yt yntto hym onto of his hevynesse
And that tyme the story doth expresse
That yocasta tyered for a pees
This tame tyge in party jochelees
Into of the gates in sight of many a man
Into the fylde Ethildly onto jan
And ashamelly jemyngi to and fro
In and onto as doth a tame ro
Tyebys Ethemyngi that Ethaye yonge of age
That this tyge had by stinage
And chiefly by sotyngi all the place
Yonnde a conto gan hym to chace
Till he Ethas dede and starne in the fylde
The strengthe of Ethown Ethan they beheldo
The yonde chebius that on the Ethall stodo
Ther yonne come full fynyous and Ethodo
Ethemyngis hadde be starne of disprto
Talkyngi thye hore Ethithonto more jesprto
Finally in prayer Ethith tyebys for to fyght
The tyges doth to a longe vif they mygt
And onto they jode Ethithonto gondiayte
And full yonthely tyebys gan assaile
And of hatred and full high disdayne

Inches 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8
Centimetres 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19
KODAK Color Control Patches © The Tiffen Company, 2000
Kodak LICENSED PRODUCT
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

fill upon hem that hane the sigge stayne
and quelly yerte hem heye medo
that many a Sekes in the greno medo
By the fords and the greto mystyt
of heye fomen lay stern in fyght
the sigges dethe so deye they bought
so mortally — the Sabatis on hem Sponght
that all the hosto in the felde lyggyngi
Sate aftermydd of the sodon thyngi
and in the Sthyle of tamorlo jerchelesse
onto of thobes jodo Ethiordesse
and Sith hym ckd the Sarthy kynge Sponmone
of his hande a nedle Sheyconto
that made Sekyo to forsake heye placo
and to hoye tentis gan hem oudsaco
and mydes the felde do they to gedo mosto
on hoto backs Sette greno stayne Sahesto
of bey hate and ondyono pryde
many one Sate dede on ethey side
the Sthich thynge Sthan sodone ostyrethy
Sede as a hyon to hoyo beirdo hiethy
do so Sate nende adelo a fayde
that jan on hem and mette in the heyde
and mangle hem in his tyrosto
so made hem fle hom to hoye ette
hem pursuyngi of full dedly hate
that many one lay stayne at gate
hayyngi wyghte Sthat hoyo Sponndio Sthido
that ytthly they dust not a bido
to foro the Sdoydo of the sodene
so Sate on hem Sthymone
so many a Sthibtin the sofe onto the heyto
that Sthan pesafia the stanigtey gan addeyto
Sollynyto the gatid fyr yight fuyo
to made Sekyo hom a geyne yeyuyo
and that they Sholde stynttyn to a stand
for that dey and cauto battilo
ette Sthos joynest playnly and pyrieye
and at the ronenco of his mosto doye

HRC

Dollymyte heye hept to comforte
Cheffro made home agayne resorte
And Theedens fyntyngi of his mate
And they of Thebes hastyngi a gyate
Fill tyst and hevyn bryn entyd the tomi
And for the gigge Medusiomi
As ye hane herde first gain the fysh
And many a syban that day lost his lysh
And Perseus hadde voldyd up the heth
In the affrengyngi of the gigge deth
And thus Philosofy as the ought
The wyne ocasid himself rosought
Kynge Adrastus only of his gyate
Con medio Day Visely to pryvate
To make a pace adverse the heathen teryne
And the hete wyndowth ordeyne
On ether pytre that no blood be shadde
And thus Adrastus wise and right cadde
For Cheffro pyre considre gain anon
That other, cuide the the gete they non
Lete to the lordyes ben advisedi
Than Tedeus hath afore devisedi
And Sehan the cuide it may none other be
Sho lede tolde and home to the cite
She is sepanyngi hadyngi to heye side
Dollymyte sidyngi by heye side
And Tedeus ladde Antigone
And of Archadius Mythonoloye
The Sortyve kynge did his pryne
To be attendant upon faye Juerne
Sehes hepte she hadde to heye Cymyso lynyd
And he agayne hath pryzinde and signyd
made of his hyst that lightly may not passe
Hooly the fetyns of heye fayre face
Hym thynght she was a faye a gentye
And though that he must not hym distrye
And yit in his hepte ao feyfynth to be can
He hath a Cedyd to be heye tyse man
Sid dist to kynge worthy and sukneke
Hede he was inarkid with crynde locke
With his hoke roderly Sayyerde

And to the pite the ladies commeide
Ben entrid in for it dought to abide
Tekis of them takyng the heye lede
Thought sum of them sayd for to dwelle
yit of wisdom they dustrust imprete
Sidey & abordinate to entre in to the town
Left it tryuyd to heye counsiloun
Thought sum lokis the countrie borne
But myn auctor is plaly thereto a gorne
And affirmed in his opynyon
That tedens of high discretion
Of wilfulnesse nor of no folie
Sho sholde go to the pitte in imperdie
Neither hym self no none of his fere
And the ladyes with heye hedynly chere
Angelike of lokis and of countenances
Like as it ys pint in remembrances
At heye entryng in to the town
For sickis wellynnis of gete affaroun
The Queene besought that myght not serue
For to assay yif she myght medyne
Ethiciens of consciens and right
To kepe rekonaunce like as he hatth bekight
Fulle nere agen with the emprisage
Lefte the countrie tryne to damage
First on hym self and amayr another mow
And tyme he thought the sickis ben go
To heye tentis and left hym all that myght
And hymself the mone shone fiff knight
Within thebes in the chief dongeoun
Sythen jeruslat made relacioun
Unto the kynge. and tolde hym all the gise
Hon that sickis entrey disprise
His prosse made by false collusioun
Only except the commenyoun
Of olde enjoseph by gete pyl beauncee
That is onjolled and pinte in remembrance
Upon the sicth finally they sholde lefte
Hym commedyng heye thought for the lefte
To conforme hym to that he sedis kynde
Left in the fyre falsnesse hym conformed

But for all hye counsaill he sette at no pris
he demedhym self so prudent and so wis
for he was so wilfull and inpiate
and in his hert of malice obstynate
And stirly advised in his thought
within wodes his hoddes yete night nought
and in his youne thoughtes sette hym wrolle
and of Gyebrs finally wolde rentolle
which all that might kepte hym self aloof
and on the morowe when gyan gan up loof
they armed hem and gan hem redy make
and of on assent hane the felde take
with the ordenance that day ouite of ronte
for to fight wit they issued ouite
and ordained in fure tyrly wise
on the felde his standis gan devise
he that was of all sistertes eldest
and richely armed in his chaire
amphiorax and with his meyne
full renomed of antiquyte
and stoff expert to be cause he was olde
and whilde the Gyebrs to gane yon tolde
he ye bestest hedis to ordeyne
middis of the felde. they fill a cas ordeyne
full enhappy lothsom and odible
for like a thynge that was insible
this olde bisshop with chaire and hers coueyne
disapeyrd and nomore was seyne
only of fire which no man can repelle
the ofthe opened and he fell down to helle
with all his fellis that upon hym a bide
and sodenly the ground that he on stode
closid ageyne and to yedye shutte
that nevo after Gyebrs with hym mette
and thus the devill for his olde outrages
like his desert paide hym his wages
for he full lowe is sytonidi down
in to the dyke and blak pegyom
where that pluto is gouernd and stallyd
with his doweno proserpina called
with whom this bisshop hath made his mansion
and perpetually as for his guerdon

To hereye the meede of ypocrisye
Of iniquite and of false maintenynge
To sheyt a bauden maintenance
Of experiences and commysions
Whiche stode in stede his magyrmansie
Astimilacion and astronomye
Whiche bauldrynn the horyble mansions
Wynd aspectis or constellacions
The ende is naught but deede and mysshaunce
And of hem that ben to hoye affiaunce
In suche werkis mysfortunes
Or trust on hem is ingratitudes
Herede y tale shortly forto telle
Of this Bisshop which wrom to helle
Whos hosyll onde atonce in myrcoste
Suche a mynome hath made in the hoste
That the noyse of this unwith thynge
Sey joine and rune to the kynge
Hon this longestanne is unknowyn fitle
And he anon made a grymyt cattle
All his people onto of the folde agayne
And eyrchone assembled opynyt playne
To fors the kynge. and alle joined atonce
Every man of his hyf mydonce
Fulle pitously gan to fleme and longe
Left that the gyomde shulde hem downe
And slo shulde hem into his deyde cattes
And they no man no jerme hem to cattes
For neither fors no manhode may hem avayle
In suche mysthief the value of a mayle
For he that wrote wrist and wrie moste
To deyde and bide thynghonte alle the coste
Amphorday whiche he lost shende
To hell is wonder and can not hym defende
Whiche the tyme whiche hym and wrist
In whom babylon stand all the whole trist
Hye hole comfort and hye affiance
Spit all atonce for this wrong ignorance
And this mysfynd they gan hem all dispeye
Home to wrote that they shulde jeperye
This wrote the pynnes of hem eyrchone
And on the shulde of wrote lay hye fone

Reioysyngi them of this knightly honye
Semyngi they by gyetly to yetonoye
And on thye donyd ac they lokyd onte
They on Gyeks crownsly yan to shonte
And of yete disyrto and endito
Bade hem folye go home to hoye contye
Sith they hane losto hoye comfoto and Reonye
Hoye fulo prophet and hoye Redynonye
Sehoye thynk hoye pafie yethe is apeyed
And in this Ship Gyeks disperyed
Semyd playenly by tokenye evident
This ac Ebao falle by non enchantement
By Sorcerye ac by Sorceryo
Agynst Sthich may be no yemedye
Emsy Defence helpe nor Reonye
And Sthan ac pafine hoyde this ceremonye
He kept Ebao it geynd the pynbanno
To provide non medie the bistanno
And to hym called Rodie comsilo ac hym lift
For lyst or dulle that he myght tyft
Ecorrynge hom bit in Ebordo fere
In this mysfaiet hoye moryon to yere
And declaye Sthy good avisement
Sehat to Gyeks Sroye mosto expedient
To yemedie and make none Sothye
The Sworth noyse and the yete affray
That Gyeks made Sith clamonye importune
And noeso and noeso ono in one continue
And they that Sroye mosto manly and Sriso
Shortly Seyde it Ebao ayete to Sadriso
For dete of dethy ad Sorrily forsato
The myrise that they hane Sinde take
Ac Sroye to hom a potnall shame
And onye hynderynge bite Gyeks name
And lotte it Sroye bite onye Sreyeonye
Manly to dye Sith Sworship and honoye
Than like it to Sadrid Sith the lyft to endnye
For ones shamyd hede is to yerne
His name a yerne of Sehat estate he be
And Sith Gyeks of holde antyynyte

Ad of knyghthode who so list take heede
Upon so famous and so renomede
Yf noble of nede the shyryng of hyse fame
Perhypsid whyse with eny spotte of blame
At thyse tithyng Encrith for to hyse
Of who renom the bonde yit so ryche
Thynghonto all the Earlde whyse to they hane passid
And so not yit so yield no dessid
By no reporte neither on the nor londe
Thyngs to forsake that they tokes on honde
And by ensimple of one progenytorys
That Ethilon thyse so manly conquerorys
To fend that ere into sprede Erondo
Of thyng begonne lit so make end onde
And not despite no bond fro thyse tonne
Till it be bought to virtu dessyrenonne
Battillis tonnis nesti and bataillis
And for thyse strongly appareillis
Sete first down and lette nothyngs be seyne
But all to yelde with the cytte playne
So lede leyde or that ere resort to
That asmy stude men may of so report to
That ere began. knyghthy ere hane arhebid
Upon one fond with Earthyly one yrebid
Tho ere the counsille sterthy and the advise
Of the sokyr that manly ere and wise
That nend a fren mighti ere with blame
And specially bothe a dede shame
And fully cast that fortune and bontide
Yit hyse purpos to the ende abide
That on no wyse hyse honone nat appalle
And to this sokyr one and alle
Yit consistendis and for more sure
Instede of hy that ere late dede
Amphiorax bosyed dede in bosse
That Ethilon to sokyr could telle
Of thyngs hadde hon it shuld fall a fren
Instede of Ethon nede tiper hane hym been
Yiper aft hom desirs to purchace
Sum pundoit mend to acomple hys place

That in derke thynge mygh̃t hem most auaile
Through mysteryes of his Omniscaile
Yn haste of derke or of wheryne
Yif eny Crisis they coude onte eschyne
And amonge all heye purpos to attayne
Ay fynde they hane chosen tesayne
Wyse personnes of hem enerychone
And mentalynes called Zeno that one
And Zedrynes ekes the other hight
And for he hadde most fanome in heye sight
This Zedrynes chose Zeno and presented
As in heye thoyte Grekis hane not assent
Ffor Babilon he lerned this emprise
Of his master Amphiozix the Wise
And Zeno disciple vnder his doctrynes
And of entent that he shall determynes
Into Grekis thynges that shall falle
And he a Bisshop mytrid in his halle
Dowl for hym in many Cuwnth Crisis
Yn the temple to goddis Antichrisis
And thus conseyned and stallid in his de
+ Asmy his maiesty Zeuth fill greto honome + And fals dryes stodde in his doyes
Of Grekis chosen to be Successoure
And all this tyme in story as is tolde
Ffull greto mysteries of hynges thynst and colde
And of Babylonis as they vsyrn onte
Lay many on starne in this jointe
On either partie of ffortune as they mette
Heye noztiff Zeydis Zeye to thynge Zebetto
And Zedrynes amonge hem of the comme
Ffro day to day yearly the bromme
So grieffe that Ethezo he lorde
That Nebuchadnezzar before his face abordde
He made of hem thynge his hyzh jenoun
So grete thynge and outryoun
Yan as the Zeth his Zeydes they fledde
And Zeno came nowe to leyde his hed to Zeddde
He gyve hym sill life & manly a knyzht
That Ebrezo he Zeon he put hem to ffly gift
And mange hem in his ryoste

he dyd hem home to heye cite
hem pursuyng prondly to the gate
that vnto hym they bare & dedely hate
that they hem cast by thyght or ordenance
to hynge hym cruelly to hys fynne
And leide a sauto for hym day and nyght
but alas this noble manly knyght
upon a day as hem gan he rystte
and mortally made hem lese hey pate
and ouerd hem almosto to the tomb
that cause was of his destruccionne
ffor ons allas that on the wall stood
that all the day upon hym abood
with a maiestee that yes hedid for his sake
wakid hym with a lance of brake
cruelly makyng none theft
cruel it was passed bothe barke and heft
Seieje thynge allas they was none other yede
to lecherye but he mosto nedis be dede
they may be made therof no delayes
and yt was he holdyn in his dayes
the best knyght and mosto manly man
of myn lyuer was also yeheyed alle
but for all that was they no defence
against the stroke of dethis violence
and zwchas was yeto or he was fully dede
he was by sykis pasyd with the hede
Of hym that gave his last fatall wounde
and he was allyd tilo as it is found
wenthynge y can none other talle
but that day to the lane was ryght & falle
upon sykis that ryde the cite
the manly kynge with his nolaye
a stayne was clen afore the gates
and they also aryyd right in plates
the famous kynge called yvanhoen
the same day to make is mansion
on horse backe manly as he fynght
atte kynge clyn upon the dyaynght
ryste with pyces castelly was dyscryyd
and thus forthine slatte fyndryyd

On every side this unhappy day
Put all the mind to follow vice may
Of here fighting nor of here slaughter mouth
More to declare than myn auctor doth
But this day I fynde to ye may seen
Sthan wheby passid Eras meridien
And so the cont Estrehage gan drawe
His gilte hasse to bathen in the Estrewe
The Sthan kynge falle Ethiocles
Rote of unast and causey of unpees
The slaughte of Sthan he behelde
Armed in stele he came into the felde
Full desyrous in that sodein hete
Hollynwoto at good leisy for to mete
Swiftly Sthan him to hawe a do
For in this Estrife he hated no man so
He sate so myght emprentid in his hete
Sthes comynge into his bothey gan drawe
Upon his stede in the disyte
And hath a spynne beside also gete delite
To mete him vis fortune assent
The enbrones fire so here hertis brent
Sith hate angred of unkynde blode
And like ij tigrys in here yrye stode
Sith greis hatrye gromide for the wonde
So are they jorde and both mette atonce
Hollynwoto thynge pitte mailo and shofe
Rose him thynge and bare him in the felde
But Sthan he ouerte stremes of his blode
Petils abouto in mailo of a flode
Alle so deynly of compassyon
Whom his comporte he light a dym
And bethe pitie Sith a pitous face
To alle his kyn gan him to embrace
And fro his stremes of wrathe assayon
Shill kyt Sthes to pulle into the trenchon
Of lode only handlyng him fulle cast
But atte Sthilo he tar a lost
Sith a daggere in atte his yrnes smyte
His bothey smote unkynde to the hete
Which atte here left hadde to go Sthoth

And thus the Thebans keye fiaches both
Ferrye ryn a fore the Town
Ant Gyeks the kyn abaldy down
Into of the filde the Ser thy kynges sille
And into Tholes londe as ende it shalle
The qie dyos Eteocles kyng Ebas kede
And the Gates kymrd fete and hede
Into of the town came many a pyonde Thebain
And dun upon the Sculle jain
And gan to rhonto that yte Estes to kepe
And they Eithonto of keye lift in feye
Eithonto comfete or consolacion
Dispeyed yonde home to the town
And Gyeks folc dryng thym atte batte
That many on that day yoth to Eteocles
And as keye fomon pyonder hom assalle
Full many Gyeks thynigh pltte and mcalle
Keye shotte thynigh pyerynge at the Sallye
And keten of Eithy gyete yonde Sallye
That keye lay one and another yonder
And the norse more hidone than thonder
Of Gonshotte and ablastes eke
So londe onte yonge that many a Eorthy Gyeke
Keye lofte his lift they keye on heim Sellie
And at the vttre yorthy for to telle
Atte Gyeks pees to entren the ette
Ther of Thebes in keye cyuelte
Eithy heim mette full fiyione and Eede
And mortally as they agerne hom stede
Ren mynght a Spere styke a knyge
That to Sholde it Eteos a keyr Eronde
Hon they forne Eithy daggers and Sayde
Thynigh the Bisy hat bryngi b atte kyde
Dessyngi also thynigh the yonde mayle
Ponte onte pecis of keye a Bonmayle
That nanght a Sayde the mynghty Eisyan
Thynigh nerke and best that the Spere jan
Keye kepyne Eteos a chappe yonde and Eelsete
On keye armys that keye Eteos no lette
For thys lay on tyeden Guidy fete
And yonde on yest to the hoste fete

Here lieth on dede and there another lame
Thoroughe the pley and the mortall game
Peterkin the Theban and the Grekis yfonde
That the Kesinor and the quiesfonde
Of them that lay and yoldyn vp the gosto
Thaccheyde full fers abouto in many rosto
And at assaulyngi at the Castello
Y slayne Thaccatt the blodo yoistlo
Bothe of the town and of Grekis londe
And all the Knoythy knyghtis of here hondo
And of lordis rich y thatt not fayne
On Grekis side also there bitt dayne
Kyngis Adrastus and Tamipanenis
That to dyn Thaccatt vnyglaciouis
And for Tritin Kestrid Thaccatt lorto
That nomon mwyght counthis other knoto
Tho of the town yatto hore yatis fast
Withi fayre jomido made for to last
In the Kitch noKnight kepe may no lorto
And Adrastus Withi Grekis a fedo
Repayrid is home into his town
And all that wyght Kestrid hath and grown
For his enhappo and orde complaynyngi
And thoy in Thebes the nexte day cuyngi
Here dolomo did and here lasy tuis
To externe and make a Sepultuis
For here kynge slayne in the folde
And offre vp his gamney and his shelde
His holme his sceptre and also his pennon
Theym of golde y beten a Dragonn
High in the the Temple that mon mwyght Kon
And Jacista that unfortunate Queen
Here Sonnes dethi ore gan the complayne
And eke also here doughtyre Kayne
Bothe Jnayne and Antygone
Tide and Kepte that yito Kado to do
Bitt to here Orde bro Kno no jefuto
And thus the yito here and Kestituto
Hayngi no Knight hym to gonne ne gye
For dede and slayne Kaccatt the thynathye

And no Knight

And no knight dwellyng in all the toun
To seigne vpon hem by procession
But for they wele and wole at his hede
Withouten this that they haue no hede
Withouten the they may not endure longe
For though to the commyng be strongs
With multitude and habyng nouht gouernaulle
Of a hedde full litle may availle
Therfore they vnto hye wrote
Chosen haue a newe gouernour
An olde knyght that called was Cyrus
Full ancyent to hem euerychon
And nomed hym Withouten more lettyng
To seigne in Thebes and to be hye kyng
All though he had no title by ryght
But he thought made in pryuyment
And there to hym lyke as it is fynde
By hye liegeance a newe they wrote bynde
For to be true While the tyme stode
To hym only With body and goode
Thus they wrote secrete and priueryche
And he ordeyned to saue hem from hye foue
And hem defende With his full myght
And maintyne hem in all manly ryght
This was the accord as in pryuyment
And in this While hath Adrastus wrot
Fro the kye of Thebes the cite
A knyght hom to his contre
Thought all Grece playnly to declare
All the strengthe and the wrill fare
Of the worthy Grekes ryght as it is falle
And how that he hath lost his lordes alle
Also more myschief than any man can worthe
And Sagan this thyngs in Grece was worthe
First to Argyve and to Corynthe
And to the ladyes old in the contre
And of prouynces aboute them adyacent
They name hem all by on assent
Worthy Queenes and With hym Duchesses
And other eke that called were countesses
And all the ladyes and Gentylwomen of degre

Bene assembled in ryge cite
like as yede and all in clothes blake
that to behold the sorowe that they make
It seye a dede to every man alyke
And yet y shulde by and by declyke
Here tendre weepyng and here sobbyng sore
Here complaynyng and here lamentacyons
Here ofte sowynyng with sore yede and pale
that yf y myght make a noble tale
Almost a dely yonto ceryo
And the myri auctor clerly doth expresse
Thyngs yonte shete fro all the pagyens
Dyuers of cites and yonte townes
Comyng all the ladyes and gentylmen of estate
Full sore wepyng and in sorowe desolate
And thus assembled afore the yon tolde
In prayers full fast to pryuyly to holde
Dedyng the hole this sorowe full sore
And to be cause here sorowe accordyng
Go ryght to kow affyrmyng of commendacyon
To here lordes which in the fyelde lay dede
And to the story liketh to recite
All this yonder they went on fete bare
Like as they hadde gone a pylgrymage
Yet tokyn of mornyng bitter the wysse
Crymyled ectheis and in sorowe sadde
Full sore with chaps yadderyn fyllyd with teres
For on palfreys blacke nothyng white
The cely crymmon conde not here delite
Here cely to holde mean. but bare fete they went
So faithfull cidyzens they were
Through habyryaps defaced of here hue
And a y fynde they were all thus
Yet dede not that wonde for to so
So many thyngs of one poynte
Atonys gedyd in ons compayns
And faithfully all lyke cannot lys
Bothe in wrte and medyd in here meanyng
Into my tonis it dede all concerning

Amongs a thousand

Among a thousand woman

Among a thousande Cyrymen or theyne
to fynde not one that conde in hyt feyne
of Cyas a meydenlo. not ofte seyne it fozid
for Cyro in feldo yyo Cyth eny rozid
yet com Cyro Cyrynge vp theyo amongo
yeu ally Cyrynyo Cyhan they ken stongo
yet heyo hontyo Cyas meynto Cyth nono ally
they Cyeye to tyne fonnido litto assay
and they no stynto vpon heyo poynto
till they rennie theye as they Cyolto be
Cyeye Alexanno Cyyten ady fynido
lay in hio tento all of colonyo yuido
Cyethy meydailed Cyhan that he behildo
the tombe of hoin Cyuid in a feldo
clad all in blak and bere foto eny tyme
onte of hio tento he dressed hym a nono
Cyon hio hondo kynge trimpetnono
fyll tyst in hoyt and fure yight ynono
Agenie tho Cyrymen they Cyento in feyo
and to behold the Cyofyll eyeyo
the Cyofyll eyes. alp Cyhan they metto
tho Cyozefyll Cyghes in heyo hestio shetto
tho teyo neko distillynge on heyo fuco
and tho Cyomynges in many ylloo
Cyith they heyo lozdes alyes not fonnido
yet in tho feldo thynge yyt Cyith many a Cyonnido
lay stykes upyight platynly to endito
Cyith dedely wen tynnyd vp tho Cyeyto
Cyho made Cyozdes and felte heye yylo
for hoye lozdo bit fynyo dyeyle
and Cyho yet in Cyeye bit Cyeyphilo
Cyenno for yhe ne mygyt Cyo
Cyhos constitutyo Cyeye to fello anono
that Alexanno mygyt not Cyistono
to be holdo tho ladyes complayno
Cyisshynge heyo hestio yyd Cyeye ate Cyeyno
yet yet alas both Cyoen and mozdes
atynge theye Cyas that Cyonblody fill hoyt Cyozdes
that olde Cyeon fildy of felonyo
he Cyolde not Cyiffe thynge his fytannyo
The dede bodyes to buyldy he ne hyent

among a thousand

But with besis and honnes to be sent
he made them all upon a hope be lyde
Whereof the Sarmion wyse gift and will a pyde
For very dole it was no wonde
Hope hopis false yche almoste a wonde
And as my maistre lyste to endite
Also clad in black with hope wrymple white
With grete honour and due sonence
In the temple of the godes clemence
They abode the quite of fortunyt
Tyll chanse the noble worthy knyght
Duke of attenes with his chynalrye
Repayed home onto of ffemynye
And with hym lacke full fayre for to seue
Through his manhode spoilit the Queue
And kyng ousis called Thems emebre
And with this Sarmion gan sporn
This worthy duke as he came pryng
Kynge adjastis hem tomeryng
The Sarmion brought vnto his presence
Which hym bespight to yeue hem audience
And all atonce sekonnyng in the place
ffull humbly pitied hym of grace
To pne on hem hers hatynes to redresse
But yif ye lyst to se the gentilnesse
Of chesnes hon he hath hym kept
yif ye remembre ye shall hat it to fore
Well cheyred it werde in the sale
In the kynnyng of the knyghtis tale
ffirst hon he. Whan he hadde hym spoke
For very joinche folis his hest to broke
And kyng ordered when he gan adnite
ffrom his counsel donne anon he stye to
hem comfortyng in full good entente
And in his armes he hem all vp hente
The knyghtis tale chesed only dole
ffrom yrnte to yrnte yif ye lete seele
And hon this duke with his wife to more abode
The same day to wedde the lady lode
ffull like in cotte a worthy conquerour

And in his hosto off

And in his hoste of thymaghe the ffloys
And finally to speken of this thyngi
Sith olde Geon that was of wele styngi
Hou that he fiinght and slowgh like a knyght
And all his hoste put into flight
Yet ye oon Auctors maken mensioun
Of Theseus entrid in to the toun
The Sarynnen first with pikeys and with mattys
With grete labour betyn downe the wallys
And in heye Sinthyngi also as they seyne
Tamptanens sitte on the wallys fleyne
Sit cast of stone he was so bye onde large
For Sygon Adrastus onche before made
That nothyng myght lelese hym of his wayne
And prisid with heye knyghtes tresyne
Full sorfully oppressid of heye theyes
To attanes heye sente to prisoneyes
Right fill of heym atin y no seyne
Yet Theseus myn Auctor sayth certeyne
Sint of the folke or he fro thebes went
He bere it down and the houses brent
The peple fledyngh for all heye cryngi loude
Made heye wallis and heye tomys yronde
Tomide aboute eryn upon a jolke
Sith the ryle to be leyde full lolke
That naught was lefte but the sillo alle bryn
And to the Sarynnen mjelessid of heye alyn
The lomys of heye lordes that heye slayne
This Sarthy Sulke jostarid hath a goyne
Yet that shulde yleynge wellis
The oldestites by and by to tellis
For the observances in order to devise
For to destroye nemanis no the gise
Fon the bodies heye to asshes brent
For of the pommys in the flame spent
To make the eyre sweetye of jelees
As fflaunke Encense myrre aloes
For hon the Sarynnon yonde aboute stode
Dom with mylke dom with blode
And dom of hom with vynes made of golde
Sithin the asshis fulle heye made tolde
To enchosen heym of hers affaryoun

And hye hem home in to hye herrome
And hon that other stiff derby of hye lorde
For loue only of the kynys lorde
Hem to kow for a lenne inbiannce
That to jehere only obseruaunce
That was dell in the fiis knight
The bakeplys dwyng: atte the wyght
For of the Ebiastrynge to tell only poynte
Of thom that hye made and conoynte
Hon only the other kynge gan and take
For hon the Eryminen that hye lere take
Of thesenis with gyete humblenesse
Thankynge hym of his worthynesse
That hym lyst vnon hye to do jnes
And hon that he his fiaxin gan lenne
With the Eryminon of his right ladysse
Of pryde gatteks of his kynesse
And hon that this duke theseo forsoke
And to Athenes the Eity right he toke
With lampey tromedi in signe of victorye
And the palme of conquest and of glorye
Hid his honoure duly vnto wayte
And hon the Eryminon Eupte Eghan depayte
With kynge Adjastus home thyrne to ryde
To tell atte it hye to gete it thynge
And eke also as ye shall vnderstonde
Atte begynnynge y tolde no more on honde
By my prentys in conclusionn
But to jehere the dystruccyonn
Of mysty thebes shortly and no more
And thus Adjastus with his lorthys hore
Stille it bode in ryde his ente
Vn to his ende ye gete no more of me
Ode as myn auctor lyth to compyle
Atten that he lebid but it while
For he was olde or the sege began
And thought and wroete so vpon hym gan
The which in ordre shortly gate his dye
Atte tyme atte dethe makyng no delaye
And all his joy is passid and gone
For of his lordys alyve was not on

But the thebes stayne

But lit thebes stayne ye knowe the cite
And whan this kynge buylded ye cite
Full roially with gyete solempnyte
Yit was thromytid in bokis as ye may se
Forme · ⁊ · yere to made is mansion
To fore the buldyng and fomdacion
Of gyete rome so roiall and large
Whan the lordis departid from arge
To hope contrey fill trist and desolate
To leye the fryns of contracte and debate
To leye the myght of wyes the myghty stoye
To what it ys to begynne it seyse
Hou it conclidith ensample ye may se
First of grekis and syth of this cite
For ether partis hath made to complayne
And in leye stryf ye may se thynge re seyne
The erthly blode of all gyete cynte
And thebes ete of amphyon bite
Withouto reson bronght into ymme
And with the odio made playne as a lyme
To wildynesse tynnod and desept
And grekis ete fulle in rebelt
Bothe of leye men and of leye wed
And finally all the gentill blood
Was shedde onto theye the wommis seye so wide
Into grete losse on eythey side
For in the werre is none exception
Of high estate nor lowe condicion
But as fortune and fate bothe in feye
Lyst to dispose with theyte double reye
And especially the godis in heye thing
Therefore providith therfore ache man be wise
Advised a weye to begynne
For no man wote who shall lese or wynne
And hard it ys when bothe partis besyth
And wittes nethey of hem thesith
But they mosto in all ouche mortall page
Whenge leye lust folowe grete damage
Yit may not be by manys myght restyrned
And wrigh in bothe wad nowe first ordeyned
But sinfull folke for to chastise

And to the bible truly and devise
Right in hebryu of pride and oppynyde
Further fitte of trusti envie
The olde serpent he sanutthan
Was the first that into sheppe began
Sathan anchrist the hebrwis champion
With his feyre beynyssh of the dyavyn
And to hells aft hym fill lede
The which serpent hath the worlde lede
Thyrghout all the ryche of envie and debate
That envieth ys they envy astate
With strife and fyre in chayte
For ony man of right and lede degree
Envieth noche that other shulde thyre
And gronde and dise they that men do stryre
Ye rebelis and false division
That envych sholde hatre dommynacyon
Onto other · and trede down bridey fete
Which of all worche begynnyng is and rete
And christe jerordeth · jede the lord and de
For lacke of lore · mystrist there shall be
For one people to be with devise
Agayne another of hate shall arise
And astry tellith what divisions
There shall be betwene regions
Kynrede kysse other to oppresse
And all cuche strife to be rejith sentence
Kalendre and take · his worde to bredde
And begynnyng of mystrist and of werche
Well hane it found by experience
What the kynrin and the violence
Of strife · rebelle · sheppe · and debate
That makith londes bare and desolate
Shall prostrate be and poyrde onte of place
And with to depede shall nomore manace
For his greve grevance to cristene
Shall nede no more subjectis be to kyng
For he nomore shall his hanbert shake
But lede and pees in ryche shall a state
And charite berthe in keyngh and hate

Of nede shall

Of whose shall haue bright beames aspecte
Thynke glade only in dyne vitaione
For to referme bettwene regione
Dead: Quyete · Contrado · and Cyrie
And he that is bothe · one · tedo · and thye
Eke · iij · in one and contryne lordo of pees
Which in this exile · for one cake chees
For only one troublesosse to determyne
For to be born of a prud engyne
And lat be pray that ye mosto in hyn gwd
That for mankynde shedde his bert blood
Thynke remembryng of that heavenly Quene
Wife and modey and maydyn clene
To ende ye pacio here in this hrfi p point
And of one grymed passito amendement
And for eternall when ye haue wende
And of my title thus y make an ende

Explicit fabula Yonitchi de Syne Et incipit fabula Pustin e Anus

Problemes of olde likenes and figures
Which provide ben fructuous of sentens
And hane auctorites grounded of scrypture
By resonablanees of notable apparence
With mortalites conclydyng on prudence
Lyke as the bible rehersith by scryptyng
Non there oun tymes chose Rome a kyng
First in these chyces they nameth the olde
To reigne amongs them · Judicial with expresse
But he hym self gan excuse by lyes
He coude not forsake his fatiosse
For the ffyrste the his amerous sedetiesse
For the cyne his helpen fiesthis takyng
Which rebith comfort to all manis of age
And semblably poetis lamentes

Thy derke parables shall commement
Thyne that bestes and birdes of the estate
As joiall Eglys and lyons by assent
Sent onto Edwite to holde a parlament
And made degrees berebolv to dey
Dom to hanne lordeship and dom to obey
Epis in the eyre highest takyn hys flight
Poddeye of lyons in the groundes is seyne
Dwyn amongs all trees highest is of sight
And the lamoyn by mating ay groys
Of floryis all. flora goddes and Queene
Thus of all thyngs there ben diversitees
Dom of estatis and dom of lacke degrees
Poetis Dymen Dandyfyll lyrnoss
And rewete they kepe thond self fyll close
They take keyne and bridis to witnesse
Of Dyhoes to myngs fables fyll a lose
And y cast here onto my purpose
Onto of fyenshyp a tale to translate
Which in a pedewnflote yede and onetes but late
This tale which y make of mension
Mayes yeherstith playnly to dedyn
This procedyde paide for a tadynsoun
Of a fryes bryde that dede take in a sneye
Dondyde to deliye hon the stupidi of his ryes
Of mynd Auctor folowyng the processe
Right as it fell in ordre as y yon expressed
Whilom thy dwellyd in a finale village
A mynd Auctor mathyn yeherstide
A thryfte which hadde cast and gyete ordre
Dwth in hym self by diligent tydanle
To ordeyne hym a fayr dwyn with notable apyntide
Of leyright and bycause y lite cymage and longe
Kerved and dyed. to make it clene and stronge
Also the aloys wede made plesyne with colde
The bendis coldyd with nedes tymbre gyene
Ryete ryghis and conditis at the fonde
Right dwellyd up against the wind stonde
Like oldis stormes the eny cyl stuff dwne
The bynde dwellyd up leythyng

Fornido the Boyll

Pounde to Pyall here bennes up springyng
¶ In myddis the gardyn there stode a fresshe lauryer
Therepon a bird syngyng day and nyght
Whose fethers were bright than gold or ryche
That with hys songe made hevy herts light
That to behold it was an heavenly sight
Hon to the bryde clownyng and the bridegrome
She did here pryne moste amayous to synge
¶ Espyons enforced hys courage
To bayde hym Sylvan phebus went to joste
Among smale harmythis tofore hys barnytage
To synge hys complaynte and eche go to joste
And atte hys syng to the Queene a lyoste
Alyen to synge as it was here due
Ely on the morrow the day stoppe to shyne
¶ It was a joy heavenly melodye
Both eyen and morrow to here thys birdes songe
And the sweete ingeyde harmonye
Of sucrouthe tunnes and Eyaylis dyalcte a longe
That all the garden of the noyse rongye
Till on the morrow Titan phebus rose
The bird was rapyd and aught in a trance
¶ The thynke was gladde when the bird was take
Mery of hys thyes of lowe and of visage
And in all the haste he cast hym for to make
Within hys owne house a little pyatty cage
And with hymse songe to joyse hys courage
Till at the last the sely bryde it beyde
And ebenly thyse words to the thynke the seyde
¶ Sorrowe am y take and stonde yndyr dangyr
Holde fyante and may not flye
Fly on my songe and my notes clere
Sorrowe that y shall lost my libertye
Sorrowe am y thyall that com trymes ewe fye
And trust I wolde to stonde in distresse
I cannot synge nor make no gladnesse
¶ And thought my thyes for pad eyes of golde
And the pynnacles of boyte and cristalle
Yet y sorrowe me of a prosoyte wrede of olde
Wyth a lasyth hys fye dow y seyth he lasyth atte

For I hadde leene vpon a bidmache smalle
Ney to syngen amonge the Rede gleme
Than in a cage of golde bright and shene
Songe and prison hane none acordance
Wolcist thou that I shall syngen in prison
Songe procedith of joye and of plesance
And prison ministith dolore and displesance
Syngyng of thayne wole mey wel bende
Or hou shulde he be glade and lockende
That ayenst his wille sitteth in thayne bende
Sayst a bird to be a kynge
Of bestis alle shulde in a cruse of stone
Or an egle vnder shapte keepyng
Be alle thingis of feedis echone
Fy on lordship than thayn to is gone
Answere hereto and let it not aslepe
Who syngith mey that syngith not wilt keepe
Wilt and thou wilt be jeopsed by my syngyng
Latte me fle fro prison and danger
And eche day in the morwyng
I shall jeyne unto thy lauyer
And hesitely syngi listy notis clere
Under thy examine or afore thym shalle
Eche reason wich thou wilt me calle
To be sente up and payned under drede
Nothyng amordrynge to my mistrye
Thoughe I drede fulle with mirke and wastell hede
And sekete dynedre bronght unto my pastrye
Yet hadde I lesse to do my bosye cure
Flye on the morowe to sitte in the cure
To fynde my dyne amonge the dormice small
The laboure is gladdere at the plough
Fly on the morowe to fede hym with bacon
Than comen man that hath purchasse y nough
And of alle manne deputeye plente and prison
And hath no freedom with his possession
Or go at large. but as a page at stake
That may not passe his bounde but he be take
Take this answere for a fill conclusion

to synge in prison thou shalte not me constreine
Till y have hedd and bodye pte and bleine
to fle at large on lofty pomed and plaine
And of prison thou shuldest not disdeine
Of my desire but laugh and make good game
But Echo ye a thynle. Echo echo man seyes the same
Well quod the thynle than on it shall not be
that y desire as by thy talkyng.
wynnyng thy Evill thou shalte chese of thyse
Within a dayes nexte to dyenge
Or to the bychyn y shall thy body chynge
Mide a day thy fothyng that be so bright and clayse
And set. pyse. or bake the to my dynnyge
Well. quod. the bride to pryson y dare not nay
But as touchyng my dynge a fill answe thou shalt
Than my fethers bed shuldy and pullyd all day
And yf my body be pysted or bake in past
Of me thou getest but a smalle repast
But and thou wilte swyke by my counsille
thou mayst by me have a gyste a vaille
And yfi thou into my lodge assent
latte me flee fye from prison
Entho into the bryne or any other pynt
thou shalte have a gyste gyve to
The notable Esistynnes according to pryson
wyve of Calne take hede man what y mene
Than all the golde thou hast shutte in thy cofre
Trust me Evell y will not the disceive
Well quod the thynle the. tell on anon lat se
Say quod the bride the thou mayste to fere concelle
Who shalle teche Esistynnes the moste go fye
hit cutteth a mayster to his lyke to
And atte large to teche his lessyn
Hadde me not in disporte for y mene no treysyn
Well quod the thynle than y holde me content
Trust to thy prynse so thou hast made to me
The bride flew fynth the thynle was of assent
Than she toke her flyght unto the lanyer tre
And than she thought thus nedes dun y fye
Evill sayes us Erith paynes y cast not in till my hede

For with no wyne the wyse no more for to stryve
¶ A holde hym but a fole that estryve is his amygy
Ye lok in his fetys and flee yo hom wyson
That ye be wyll yo sorte. for hym it chyldes wyth fyre
Ete man be wyse by wysdom and yo wyson
For wyse stryve which hydyth fulle wyson
There is no comyn more vylens of the wysse
As when it hath of tyme a lyke wysse
¶ Who dedyth no wyse in wyse that fulle
Smyte wyse yo hym comonly dose
The myrle wyse most fulsy and fulle
Wyll the myrle wyse the nette crow
A blys rest fo wyse tryst not thy wyse be crow
Ete ryse the thomes of wyse tales yo hede
That smalle bydes can wyse by the hede
¶ But note that this yaunge hath wyse
I wyll be wyse and there yo abide
Wyll of folys I wyll no more be wyse
Hym lyme to wyse I wyll fle fay a side
Where yo wyse is. yo wyse is to abide
Com nere yo then wyse to take hede to my wyche
And thys. iij. wysdomes wyse I shall the teche
¶ Wyse not to wysdomes to hasty yo dence
To yonge take not to ryche thyng
But consyde of reson and prudence
Among. many takes is many a yo lesyng
Hasty yo dence causyth yo to repyng
Rejoysyng of takes and to dyng yo bryngyt vp of nede
Yet with many a man to be holde vnty dede
¶ For in party take this for my tacyon
Leyne. the. ij. yo ymyd dyon thy wyse
Resyse then none in no condycyon
Such thyng is is impossible to yo rede
Exactly dosyse stondyth in advertyse
And ryche is desyrth to thyne hyth on dete
By yo yo time be fulfyth fulle ofte mysete
¶ The. iij. is be ware be the ryche and more
For yet to thee not but leyne thys of me
For the ryche lete make no ende to mete yo rede

Which on no wyse may perished be
For who makith wrong to right doyge
First yiveth his wrong and afterward his paynes
And of on wrong he makith wrong wyth wrynes
Yffe thy lessons the bisse logyth a wrongo
And of hys estate make grete joiyssyngi
And also the remembryngi on the wrongo
Doyng by the chyldes first at hys takyngi
And of hys affray and of hys imprisonyngi
Glad that the wrong at large and out of hede
Wyse into the chyldes hedyngi a lode his hede
Then wyse mod the a boy without fold
To suffre me deputyte of thy lewdenesse
Then wyst of right to complayne and make dold
And in thy hyte hane grete hardynesse
Then that hast lostes to grete a jurnesse
Which mygyt suffise by ratis of ransomyngi
To pay the ransom of a right mygthy kyngi
There is a stone which crepith in a jagonne
Of olde engendryngi in myne entrailles
Which of fyne gold wyth a grete oymes
Cytrone of colour like gaynest of entrailles
Which makith man victoryous in batailles
And who so bryngith it on hym this stone
Yo fully sayd of his notable fone
Who that hatth this stone in possession
Shall suffre no poynte nor none indygence
But of all manne desyrede gane plente and fynson
And only man shall be hym jolynes
And no man shall be hym offence
But from thy handes that y am paid
Playne yff then writ · thy grete thyngis
Yt cansith love and makith man gracyous
And favorable in every manner wyse
Yt makith aworde lete bene folke enbrace
Yt comforthith the wrothfull and makith hym hyse wyse
Like to pasion of colour it shynyth bryght
Gan a fold to tell all ytte onyes
Yet to tell a chyldes the prise of precyous stonyes

¶ Then shulde not put a persone vnkynde
Dafines & Cubes nor Jolmido Jeylos & Sylvio
Enchandis nor other fonys vnto
To fore & hogges that lowyn dyke of hynde.
For a lede solitude do y fynde
Nor in fonde dyffe his priggis to gadde
Then an all the worye that commyth onto of thy mado
¶ Echo thynge dyde with to his complaynt
Ffolyye mithe God. and rosse on the Ground
Tho Echo for fonde is commenyent
And to a Longeman to till his lande
Y lose my trulo cry more to tayne
Or to tende a chyld the pyte of a lady
¶ That thou gyst nomore hearyne
Thy lynie thynge and the pynyge yeldo
To for and the thy Eye fyrde his eyne
To lose onto Rudesse cry for folye
For nedde y dyd fore to bynge or to thye
Thoye do nio cyst. and he y fode at all y
That gorth at lady and nedyth hym cast tynyllo
To leye of Bosebynd thy eyye and hatt dasse
Lyke do and also that lyster yeto to and lie yye
Thou most go pyye dite and yede lasse
Ffor kette y yede to go and thynge pryye
Than yn a dayl y dyd to chyye
For y yo dyd of yeyes to lose yonde
That a thynge chyde yo at Eaty
¶ The chyld fort his gonto wyte in the wyte
Thy Eaty for dere and a bynge hyde
Ffor he dide y nedy lette Eyye dis? yde
Hed Eyeth nede like to thyye
Ent to chynge in yonde all inyly
For of folye and of Bysfynesse
Yede y lette ent nedy my Rychesse
¶ Dere a lade y yeyye Lorde and fretyme
And yede thy nedyd lete yunkeyyne
Yo yn most a wide nedyye lonyme
Yo yede at from to chyne fedyd like a hynge
Yo yede at yn a hynge

Dum

Thomas Burgh

And hoyne it wyll myne y had hadde good y wonghe
Than nedde me nowe to hane gon to plonghe
Than the bryde hen to the thynke this morne
And that he dede wenne of theye
Ye tolde heye flyghte and gan a yen yetorne
Gedrade the thynke and ottide to ye thatt heye
Thilke thynke dridde more to loye
Alle that ente y the tunghte lotte is hehynde
Bade deede and dede onte of mynde
Taughte y not the thise desedynn in sentence
To my title tolde the of nedde
Then thinkdist not redde to hastly redonce
Onte the tymes then knedde that it dede hedde
For atte ye not gold to that synne to the hedde
For stonde by nutyne day fynde
Ye not atte safeye tyll ye dede colynynde
Ye this dedynne loste y my lalonge
To tellen the prosorbie of cristynce
For then mayste dede to lednde blynde eyonge
For atte my bodye yorsedde in a bedlynce
Dedde nede dede onnce yrde is thy yonnemblynce
Hostynnde y dede in my entynde
More than atte my bodye dette for a countynnde
For atte my bodye dedde nede dede nynce
Hen my gotte y than dedden me hane a stone
Yhat yesynde more than a gyde yo gone
Thy bynne ye dynne thy dent is atte most gone
Ye in dedlonnye then for yetynne one
Then thinkdist not atte my sentence
To my title of nedde yedde to hastly redonce
Ye the .ij. y bidde the be dede lotte yeyn and more
Yo yesonne loste by dedynne dedcontynce
Then thinkdist mydde to mochde dorodde
Dedde then dedde then mydde it not yerynne
Loye then sendist dedynne dedde thy bedde cynne
In thy yentoye to mydde me dedynne
Yhen dyde hint afolde then dedydyst atte in dedynne
Yhi the .iij. atte then dedde yedde
Ye bidde then thinkdist in no mynde

Bred

Sentence

Ryte

Tumbus yed fedelbus

Mynne

Cute that thing, the which thou may not have
In which thou hast for pryd mych employed
And thus y may sey pylryng thy neyghbor wyth wysdom
That of thy lechyrnesse thou hast forgotyn the
Notable wysedomys which y thynk the
Thy neyghbor but fow more wytty thy wyfe
Or to teche the wysdomys other more or lessy
Y holde hym made that fewhych fynyth his wyfe
To teche thee on a pryd for wylled also
And medlyr is he that thynkyth other a messe
And most madde is he that doth all his lechyrnesse
To teche a chyld any thyng of gentylnesse
And especially in thyne armyty
Than gentyll wyfe most make melodye
The chylde do thy dayly bytyng lady
In other tymys he must no fantasye
This chyld thynkyng he thynkyth den sperytye
Do thyng of thedes and feyrs of any age
Of wheyrs they come they take thyre langage
The servyte hatyth of his fosyrs wyrdys
Of the gentylmen to lestyth the wyldomys
The fyssher cathyth his hokys and hynys
To takyn fyssyh within any fyssyh pyrcys
Of tylth of lendys hatyth the labrys
The gentylman hatyth of gentylnesse
And the chyld lokyth hym to lokyn gyldynesse
All sye to the a fyldyrd and a lyrd
As good and wysdom as a poyynty
A longhyll lokyn do servyte do a swyrd
Also with a chyld hath many a fowle day
Y alys wend in my lodyng + a lekyn day chyld fyre dyrelle y
To fede a chyld no more for to synge
Wo yowrlych shall this fyldyn hyre and yede
Wo the forgyd tatyr y counsyll yow to flee
Ffor lyrte of good tatyr no to ryete hede
For lyrte not to dyrelle for none adyrsyte
But good lyrte yow good hede and do
And wommbyr yow lyrte that ellyr yow gone
Wyth a chyldyr thyrte yow all yer dyrelyng

Cute the pryde

Kodak Color Control Patches
© Kodak, 2007 TM: Kodak
Blue Cyan Green Yellow Red Magenta White 3/Color Black

HRC