John Gower's English Works.

G. C. MACAULAY.

VOL. II.

Early English Text Society.
Extra Series, No. lxxxii.
1901.
These volumes are issued by the Early English Text Society in arrangement with the Delegates of the Clarendon Press, who are publishing Mr. Macaulay's complete edition of the Poet Gower's Works,—French and Latin as well as English,—and have kindly consented to the Early English Text Society's taking the English Works separately.
The
English Works of John Gower.

EDITED FROM THE MANUSCRIPTS,
WITH INTRODUCTION, NOTES, AND GLOSSARY.

BY

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VOL. II.
(CONFESSIO AMANTIS, LIB. V. 1971—LIB. VIII; AND IN PRAISE OF PEACE.)

'O gentile Engleterre, a toi j'eserits.'

LONDON:
PUBLISHED FOR THE EARLY ENGLISH TEXT SOCIETY,
BY KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRÜBNER & CO., LTD.,
PATERNOSTER HOUSE, CHARING CROSS ROAD.
M DCCCCI.
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p. 1, l. 1981, for one read on
p. 11, l. 2349, for well read wel
p. 25, note on l. 2872, for B, read SB,

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p. 57, l. 4068, for both read bothe
p. 96, l. 5504, for ware read war
p. 97, l. 5540, for luste read lust
p. 104, l. 5771, for letres read lettres
p. 111, notes on ll. 6020, 6046, for AdΔ, read SAdΔ,

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p. 116, l. 6215, for escaped read ascape
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p. 122, l. 6422* read Forthi l. 6431* read daies
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p. 143, l. 7169*, for don read do
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p. 178, l. 415, for Destruid read Destruid

p. 180, note on l. 497 (margin), for BΔ read SBΔ
p. 218, l. 1880, for schall read schal
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p. 256, l. 983 (margin), for adesse read ad esse
p. 270, note on l. 1393, for ellesf je read ellesfhe

p. 272, l. 1445, for whiche read which
p. 283, l. 1871, for Well read Wel
CONFESSIO AMANTIS

(LIBER QUINTUS).

iii. Agros iungit agris cupidus domibusque domosque,
Possideat totam sic quasi solus humum.
Solus et innumeris mulierum spirat amores,
Vt sacra millenis sit sibi culta Venus.

Dame Avarice is noght soleine,
Which is of gold the Capiteine;
Bot of hir Court in sondri wise
After the Scole of hire aprise
Sche hath of Servantz manyon,
Wherof that Covoitise is on;
Which goth the large world aboute,
To seche thavantages oute,
Wher that he mai the profit winne
To Avarice, and bringth it inne.
That one hald and that other draweth,
Ther is no day which hem bedaweth,
No mor the Sonne than the Mone,
Whan ther is eny thing to done,
And namely with Covoitise;
For he stant out of al assisse
Of resonable mannes fare.
Wher he pourposeth him to fare

Latin verses iii. 4 tibi AM . . . B2, AdBT
1973 his AM . . . B2
1979 that om. RCLB2 1981 That on om. B And that oon H
hald S, F halt A, B haltd J 1988 tofare S, F
* * B

[Coveitise.]
CONFESSIO AMANTIS

Upon his lucre and his beyete,
The smale path, the large Strete,
The furlong and the longe Mile,
Al is bot on for thilke while:
And for that he is such on holde,
Dame Avarice him hath withholde,
As he which is the principal
Outward, for he is overal
A pourycour and an aspie.
For riht as of an hungri Pie
The storve bestes ben awaited,
Riht so is Covoiitise afaited
To loke where he mai pourchace,
For be his wille he wolde embrace
Al that this wyde world beclippeth;
Bot evere he somwhat overhippeth,
That he ne mai noght al fulfille
The lustes of his gredi wille.
Bot where it falleth in a lond,
That Covoiitise in myhti hond
Is set, it is ful hard to fiede;
For thanne he takth non other hiede,
Bot that he mai pourchace and gete,
His conscience hath al foryete,
And not what thing it mai amonte
That he schal afterward acompte.
Bote as the Luce in his degre
Of tho that lasse ben than he
The fisshes griedeli devoureth,
So that no water hem socoureth,
Riht so no lawe mai rescowe
Fro him that wol no riht allowe;
For wher that such on is of myht,
His will schal stonde in stede of riht.
Thus be the men destruid fulohte,
Til that the grete god alofte
Ayein so gret a covoiitise
Redresce it in his oghne wise:

1992 while] Mile AM
2020 for him E . . . B2
2002 he his wille wolde AMH:E . . . B2
And in ensample of alle tho
I finde a tale write so,
The which, for it is good to liere,
Hierafterward thou schalt it hiere.

Whan Rome stod in noble plit,
Virgile, which was tho parfit,
A Mirour made of his clergie
And sette it in the tounes ye
Of marbre on a piler withoute;
That thei be thritty Mile aboute
Be daie and ek also be nyhte
In that Mirour beholde myhte
Here enemys, if eny were,
With al here ordinance there,
Which thei ayein the Cite caste:
So that, whil thilke Mirour laste,
Ther was no lond which mihte achieve
With werre Rome forto grieve;
Wherof was gret envie tho.
And fell that ilke time so,
That Rome hadde werres stronge
Ayein Cartage, and stoden longe
The tuo Cites upon debat.
Cartage sith the stronge astat
Of Rome in thilke Mirour stonde,
And thoghte al prively to fonde
To overthrowe it be som wyle.
And Hanybal was thilke while
The Prince and ledere of Cartage,
Which hadde set al his corage
Upon knithod in such a wise,
That he be worthi and be wise
And be non othre was conseiled,
Wherof the world is yit merveiled
Of the maistries that he wroghte
Upon the marches whiche he soghte.

2030 thou schalt it] as thou schalt BT 2050 see v H XG seij AM 2057 knithod S knithod F knyuthode AJ in] on E B 2059 non ojre AJ, S, F non ojer C, B
And fell in thilke time also,
The king of Puile, which was tho,
Thoghte ayein Rome to rebelle,
And thus was take the querele,
Hou to destruie this Mirour.

Of Rome tho was Emperor
Crassus, which was so covetous,
That he was evere desirous
Of gold to gete the pilage;
Wherof that Puile and ek Cartage
With Philosophres wise and grete
Beginne of this matiere trete,
And ate laste in this degre
Ther weren Philosophres thre,
To do this thing whiche undertoke,
And therupon thei with hem toke
A gret tresor of gold in cophres,
To Rome and thus these philisophres
Togedre in compainie wente,
Bot noman wiste what thei mente.
Whan thei to Rome come were,
So prively thei duelte there,
As thei that thoghten to deceive:
Was non that mihte of hem perceive,
Til thei in sondri stedes have
Here gold under the ground begrave
In tuo tresors, that to beholde
Thei scholden seme as thei were olde.
And so forth thanne upon a day
Al openly in good arai
To themperour thei hem presente,
And tolden it was here entente
To duellen under his servise.
And he hem axeth in what wise;
And thei him tolde in such a plit,
That ech of hem hadde a spirit,
The which slepended a nyht appiereth
And hem be sondri dremes lereth
After the world that hath betid.
Under the ground if oght be hid
Of old tresor at eny throwe,
They schull it in here swevenes knowe;
And upon this condicioun,
Thei sein, what gold under the toun
Of Rome is hid, thei wole it finde,
Ther scholde noght be left behinde,
Be so that he the halvendel
Hem grante, and he assenteth wel;
And thus cam sleighte forto duelle
With Covoitise, as I thee telle.
This Emperour bad redily
That thei be logged faste by
Where he his oghne body lay;
And whan it was amorwe day,
That on of hem seith that he mette
Wher he a goldhord scholde fette:
Wherof this Emperour was glad,
And therupon anon he bad
His Mynours forto go and myne,
And he himself of that covine
Goth forth withal, and at his hond
The tresor redi there he fond,
Where as thei seide it scholde be;
And who was thanne glad bot he?
Upon that other dai seconde
Thei have an other goldhord founde,
Which the seconde maister tok
Upon his swevene and undertok.
And thus the sothe experience
To themperour yaf such credence,
That al his trist and al his feith
So sikerliche on hem he leith,
Of that he fond him so relieved,
That thei ben parfitli believed,
As thogh thei were goddes thre.
Nou herkne the soutilete.

P. ii. 198

P. ii. 199
The thridde maister scholde mete,  
Which, as thei seiden, was unmete  
Above hem alle, and couthe most;  
And he withoute noise or bost  
Al priveli, so as he wolde,  
Upon the morwe his swevene tolde  
To themperour riht in his Ere,  
And seide him that he wiste where  
A tresor was so plentivous  
Of gold and ek so precious  
Of jeueals and of riche stones,  
That unto alle his hore at ones  
It were a charge sufficant.  
This lord upon this covenant  
Was glad, and axeth where it was.  
The maister seide, under the glas,  
And tolde him eke, as for the Myn  
He wolde ordeigne such engin,  
That thei the werk schull undersette  
With Tymber, that withoute lette  
Men mai the tresor saufl delve,  
So that the Mirour be himselfe  
Withoute empeirement schal stonde:  
And this the maister upon honde  
Hath undertake in alle weie.  
This lord, which hadde his wit aweie  
And was with Covoitise blent,  
Anon therto yaf his assent;  
And thus they myne forth withal,  
The timber set up overal,  
Wherof the Piler stod upriht;  
Til it befell upon a nyht  
These clerkes, whan thei were war  
Hou that the timber only bar  
The Piler, wher the Mirour stod,—  
Here sleihte noman understod,—  
Thei go be nyhte unto the Myne
LIBER QUINTUS

With pich, with soulphre and with rosine,
And whan the Cite was a slepe,
A wylde fyr into the depe
They caste among the timberwerk,
And so forth, whil the nyht was derk,
Desguised in a povere arai
Thei passeden the toun er dai.
And whan thei come upon an hell,
Thei sihen how the Mirour fell,
Wherof thei maden joie ynowh,
And ech of hem with other lowh,
And seiden, 'Lo, what coveitise
Mai do with hem that be noght wise!'
And that was proved afterward,
For every lond, to Romeward
Which hadde be sougbt tofore,
Whan this Mirour was so forlore
And thei the wonder herde seie,
Anon begunne desobeie
With werres upon every side;
And thus hath Rome lost his pride
And was defouled overal.

For this I finde of Hanybal,
That he of Romeins in a dai,
Whan he hem fond out of arai,
So gret a multitude slowh,
That of goldringes, whiche he drowh
Of gentil handes that ben dede,
Buisshelles fulle thre, I rede,
He felde, and made a bregge also,
That he mihte over Tibre go
Upon the corps that dede were
Of the Romeins, whiche he slowh there.

Bot now to speke of the juise,
The which after the covoitise
Was take upon this Emperour,
For he destruide the Mirour;

2177 a slepe B, F aslepe AJ
2202 goldringes JE, S, F
gold ringes A, B 2208 Of þe comuns E . . . B2 (þo EC) Of þe
bomeins (?) M Of Romayns W
It is a wonder forto hiere.
The Romeins maden a chaier
And sette here Emperour therinne,
And seiden, for he wolde winne
Of gold the superfluite,
Of gold he scholde such plente
Receive, til he seide Ho:
And with gold, which thei hadde tho
Buillende hot withinne a panne,
Into his Mouth thei poure thanne.
And thus the thurst of gold was queynt,
With gold which hadde ben atteignyt.
Wherof, mi Sone, thou miht hiere,
Whan Covioitise hath lost the stiere
Of resonable governance,
Ther falleth ofte gret vengance.
For ther mai be no worse thing
Than Covioitise aboute a king:
If it in his persone be,
It doth the more adversite;
And if it in his conseil stonde,
It bringh alday meschief to honde
Of commun harm; and if it growe
Withinne his court, it wol be knowe,
For thanne schal the king be piled.
The man which hath hise londes tiled,
Awaiteth noght more redily
The Hervest, than thei gredily
Ne maken thanne warde and wacche,
Wher thei the profit mihten cacche;
And yit fulofte it falleth so,
As men mai sen among hem tho,
That he which most coveiteth faste
Hath lest avantage ate laste.
For whan fortune is therayein,
Thogh he coveite, it is in vein;
The happes be noght alle liche,
On is mad powere, an other riche,
The court to some doth profit,
And some ben evere in o plit;
And yit thei bothe aliche sore
Coveite, bot fortune is more
Unto that o part favorable.
And thoght it be noght resonable,
This thing a man mai sen alday,
Wherof that I thee telle may
A fair ensample in remembrance,
Hou every man mot take his chance
Or of richesse or of poverte.
Hou so it stonde of the decerte,
Hier is noght every thing aquit,
For ofte a man mai se this yit,
That who best doth, lest thonk schal have;
It helpeth noght the world to crave,
Which out of reule and of mesure
Hath evere stonde in aventure
Als wel in Court as elles where:
And hou in olde daies there
It stod, so as the thinges felle,
I thenke a tale forto telle.

In a Cronique this I rede.
Aboute a king, as moste nede,
Ther was of knyhtes and squiers
Gret route, and ek of Officers:
Some of long time him hadden served,
And thoghten that thei have deserved
Avancement, and gon without;
And some also ben of the route
That comen bot a while agon,
And thei advanced were anon.
These olde men upon this thing,
So as thei dorste, ayein the king
Among hemself compleignen ofte:
Bot ther is nothing seid so softe,
That it ne comth out ate laste;
The king it wiste, and als so faste,

Hic ponit Confessor exemplum contra il-
os, qui in domibus
Regum seruientes, pro
eo quod ipsi secundum
eorum cupiditatem
promoti non existunt,
de regio seruicio
quamuis in eorum
defectu indiscrete mur-
murant.
As he which was of hih Prudence, 
He schop therfore an evidence 
Of hem that pleignen in that cas, 
To knowe in whos defalte it was. 
And al withinne his oghne entente, 
That noman wiste what it mente, 
Anon he let tuo cofres make 
Of o semblance and of o make, 
So lich that no lif thilke throwe 
That on mai fro that other knowe: 
Thei were into his chambre broght, 
Bot noman wot why thei be wroght, 
And natheles the king hath bede 
That thei be set in prive stede. 
As he that was of wisdom slih, 
Whan he therto his time sih, 
Al prively, that non it wiste, 
Hise oghne hondes that o kiste 
Of fin gold and of fin perrie, 
The which out of his tresorie 
Was take, anon he felde full; 
That other cofre of straw and mull 
With Stones meind he felde also. 
Thus be thei fulle bothe tuo, 
So that erliche upon a day 
He bad withinne, ther he lay, 
Ther scholde be tofore his bed 
A bord upset and faire spred; 
And thanne he let the cofres fette, 
Upon the bord and dede hem sette. 
He knew the names wel of tho, 
The whiche ayein him grucche so, 
Bothe of his chambre and of his halle, 
Anon and sende for hem alle, 
And seide to hem in this wise: 
' Ther schal noman his happ despise; 
I wot wel ye have longe served, 
And god wot what ye have deserved: 
Bot if it is along on me
Of that ye unavanced be,
Or elles it be long on you,
The sothe schal be proved nou,
To stoppe with youre evele word.
Lo hier tuo cofres on the bord:
Ches which you list of bothe tuo;
And witeth wel that on of tho
Is with tresor so full begon,
That if ye happe therupon,
Ye schull be riche men for evere.
Now ches and tak which you is levere:
Bot be wel war, er that ye take;
For of that on I undertake
Ther is no maner good therinne,
Wherof ye mihten profit winne.
Now goth togedre of on assent
And taketh youre avisement,
For bot I you this dai avance,
It stant upon youre oghne chance
Al only in defalte of grace:
So schal be schewed in this place
Upon you alle well afyn,
That no defalte schal be myn.'
Thei knelen alle and with o vois
The king thei thonken of this chois:
And after that thei up arise,
And gon aside and hem avise,
And ate laste thei acorde;
Wherof her tale to recorde,
To what issue thei be falle,
A kniht schal speke for hem alle.
He kneleth doun unto the king,
And seith that thei upon this thing,
Or forto winne or forto lese,
Ben alle avised forto chese.
Tho tok this kniht a yerde on honde,
And goth there as the cofres stonde,
And with assent of everichon
He leith his yerde upon that on,
And seith the king how thilke same
Thei chese in reguerdoun be name,
And preith him that thei mote it have.
The king, which wolde his honour save,
When he hath herd the commun vois,
Hath granted hem here oghanchois
And tok hem therupon the keie.
Bot for he wolde it were seie
What good thei have, as thei suppose,
He bad anon the cofre unclove,
Which was fulfild with straw and stones: P. ii. 207
Thus be thei served al at ones.
This king thanne in the same stede
Anon that other cofre unde, 2380
Where as thei sihen gret richesse,
Wel more than thei couthen gesse.
‘Lo,’ seith the king, ‘nou mai ye se
That ther is no defalte in me;
Forthi misel I wolde aqyte,
And bereth ye youre oghne wyte
Of that fortune hath you refused.’
Thus was this wise king excused,
And thei lefte of her evele speche
And mercy of here king beseche.

Somdiel to this matiere lik
I finde a tale, hou Frederik,
Of Rome that time Emperour,
Herde, as he wente, a gret clamour
Of tuo beggers upon the weie.
That on of hem began to seie,
‘Ha lord, wel mai the man be riche
Whom that a king list forto riche.’
That other saide nothing so,
Bot, ‘He is riche and wel bego,
To whom that god wolde sende wele.’
And thus thei maden wordes fele,
Wherof this lord hath hiede nome,
And dede hem bothe forto come
To the Paleis, wher he schal ete,
And bad ordeine for here mete
Tuo Pastes, whiche he let do make. P. ii. 208
A capoun in that on was bake,
And in that other forto winne
Of florins al that mai withinne
He let do pute a gret richesse;
And evene aliche, as man mai gesse,
Outward thei were bothe tuo.
This begger was comanded tho,
He that which hield him to the king,
That he ferst chese upon this thing:
He sih hem, bot he felte hem noght,
So that upon his oghne thoght
He ches the Capoun and forsok
That other, which his fela tok.
Bot whanne he wiste hou that it ferde,
He seide alowd, that men it herde,
‘Nou have I certeinly conceived
That he mai lihtly be deceived,
That tristeth unto mannes helpe;
Bot wel is him whom god wol helpe,
For he stant on the siker side,
Which elles scholde go beside:
I se my fela wel recovere,
And I mot duelle stille povere.’
Thus spak this begger his entente,
And povere he cam and povere he wente;
Of that he hath richesse soght,
His infortune it wolde noght.
So mai it schewe in sondri wise,
Betwen fortune and covoitise
The chance is cast upon a Dee;
Bot yit fulofte a man mai se
Ynowe of suche nathesles,
Whiche evere pute hemself in press
To gete hem good, and yit thei faile.
And forto speke of this entale
Touchende of love in thi matiere,
Mi goode Sone, as thou miht hiere,
That riht as it with tho men stod
Of infortune of worldes good,
As thou hast herd me telle above,
Riht so fulofte it stant be love :
Thogh thou coveite it everemore,
Thou schalt noght have o diel the more,
Bot only that which thee is schape,
The remenant is bot a jape.
And natheles ynowe of tho
Ther ben, that nou coveiten so,
That where as thei a womman se,
Ye ten or twelve thogh ther be,
The love is nou so unavised,
That wher the beaute stant assised,
The mannes herte anon is there,
And rouneth tales in hire Ere,
And scith hou that he loveth streite,
And thus he set him to coveite,
An hundred thogh he sihe aday.
So wolde he more thanne he may;
Bot for the grete covoitise
Of sotie and of fol emprise
In ech of hem he fint somewhat
That pleseth him, or this or that;
Som on, for sche is whit of skin,
Som on, for sche is noble of kin,
Som on, for sche hath rodi chieke,
Som on, for that sche semeth mieke,
Som on, for sche hath yhen greie,
Som on, for sche can lawhe and pleie,
Som on, for sche is long and smal,
Som on, for sche is lyte and tall,
Som on, for sche is pale and bleche,
Som on, for sche is softe of speche,
Som on, for that sche is camused,
Som on, for sche hath noght ben used,
Som on, for sche can daunce and singe; So that som thing to his likinge He fint, and thogh nomore he fiele, Bot that sche hath a litel hiele, It is ynow that he therfore Hire love, and thus an hundred score, Whil thei be newe, he wolde he hadde; Whom he forsakth, sche schal be badde. The blinde man no colour demeth, But al is on, riht as him semeth; So hath his lust no juggement, Whom covoitise of love blent. Him thenkth that to his covoitise Hou al the world ne mai suffise, For be his wille he wolde have alle, If that it mihte so befalle: Thus is he commun as the Strete, I sette noght of his beyete. Mi Sone, hast thou such covoitise? Nai, fader, such love I despise, And whil I live schal don evere, For in good feith yit hadde I levere, Than to coveite in such a weie, To ben for evere til I deie As povere as Job, and loveles, Outaken on, for haveles His thonkes is noman alyve. For that a man scholde al unthryve Ther oghte no wisman coveite, The lawe was noght set so streite: Forthi miself withal to save, Such on ther is I wolde have, And non of al these othre mo. Mi Sone, of that thou woldest so, I am noght wroth, bot over this I wol thee tellen hou it is. For ther be men, whiche otherwise,
Riht only for the covoitise
Of that thei sen a womman riche,
Ther wol thei al here love affiche;
Nught for the beaute of hire face,
Ne yit for vertu ne for grace,
Which sche hath elles riht ynowh,
Bot for the Park and for the plowh,
And other thing which thereto longeth:
For in non other wise hem longeth
To love, bot thei profit finde;
And if the profit be behinde,
Here love is evere lesse and lesse,
For after that sche hath richesse,
Her love is of proporcion.
If thou hast such condicion,
Mi Sone, tell riht as it is.
Min holî fader, nay ywiss,
Condicion such have I non.
For trewli, fader, I love oon
So wel with al myn hertes thought,
That certes, thogh sche hadde noght,
And were as povere as Medea,
Which was exiled for Creusa,
I wolde hir noght the lasse love;
Ne thogh sche were at hire above,
As was the riche quen Candace,
Which to deserve love and grace
To Alisandre, that was king,
Yaf many a worthi riche thing,
Or elles as Pantasilee,
Which was the quen of Feminee,
And gret richesse with hir nam,
Whan sche for love of Hector cam
To Troie in rescousse of the toun,—
I am of such condicion,
That thogh mi ladi of hirselve
Were also riche as suche tuelve,
I couthe noght, thogh it wer so,
No betre love hir than I do. For I love in so plein a wise,
That forto speke of coveitise,
As for povert or for richesse
Mi love is nouther mor ne lesse. 2560
For in good feith I trowe this,
So coveitous noman ther is,
Forwhy and he mi ladi sihe,
That he thurgh lokinge of his yhe
Ne scholde have such a strok withinne,
That for no gold he mihte winne
He scholde noght hire love asterte,
Bot if he lefte there his herte;
Be so it were such a man,
That couse Skile of a womman.
For ther be men so ruide some,
Whan thei among the wommen come,
Thei gon under proteccioun,
That love and his affineccioun
Ne schal noght take hem be the slieve;
For thei ben out of that believe,
Hem lusteth of no ladi chiere,
Bot evere thenken there and hiere
Wher that here gold is in the cofre,
And wol non other love profre:
Bot who so wot what love amounteth
And be resoun trewliche acompteth,
Than mai he knowe and taken hiede
That al the lust of wommanhiede,
Which mai ben in a ladi face,
Mi ladi hath, and ek of grace
If men schull yiven hire a pris,
Thei mai wel seie hou sche is wys
And sobre and simple of contenance,
And al that to good governance  
Belongeth of a worthi wiht  
Sche hath pleinli: for thilke nyht  
That sche was bore, as for the nones  
Nature sette in hire at ones  
Beaute with bounte so besein,  
That I mai wel afferme and sein,  
I sawh yit nevere creature  
Of comlihied and of feture  
In eny kinges regioun  
Be lich hire in comparisoun:  
And therto, as I have you told,  
Yit hath sche more a thousandfold  
Of bounte, and schortli to telle,  
Sche is the pure hed and weile  
And Mirour and ensample of goode.  
Who so hir vertus understode,  
Me thenkth it oughte ynow suffise  
Withouten other covoitise  
To love such on and to serve,  
Which with hire chiere can deserve  
To be beloved betre ywiss  
Than sche per cas that richest is  
And hath of gold a Milion.  
Such hath be myn opinion  
And evere schal: bot natheles  
I seie noght sche is haveles,  
That sche nys riche and wel at ese,  
And hath ynow wherwith to plese  
Of worldes good whom that hire liste;  
Bot o thing wolde I wel ye wiste,  
That nevere for no worldes good  
Min herte untoward hire stod,  
Bot only riht for pure love;  
That wot the hihe god above.  
Nou, fader, what seic ye therto?  
Mi Sone, I seie it is wel do.  
For tak of this riht good believe,  

2590 of] to AJMXG vnto HiE ... Bs as Δ  
2610 To take  
2620 E ... Bs
What man that wolde himself relieve
To love in eny other wise,
He schal wel finde his coveitise
2630 Schal sore grieve him ate laste,
For such a love mai noght laste.
Bot nou, men sein, in oure daies
Men maken bot a fewe assaies,
Bot if the cause be richesse;
Forthi the love is wel the lesse.
And who that wolde ensamples telle,
Be olde daies as thei felle,
Than mihte a man wel understonde
Such love mai noght longe stonde.
Now herkne, Sone, and thou schalt hierc
A gret ensample of this matiere.

To trete upon the cas of love,
So as we tolden hier above,
I finde write a wonder thing.
Of Puile whilom was a king,
A man of hih complexioun
And yong, bot his afiecccioun
After the nature of his age
Was yit noght falle in his corage
The lust of wommen forto knowe.
So it betidde upon a throwe
This lord fell into gret seknesse:
Phisique hath don the besinesse
Of sondri cures manyon
To make him hol; and therupon
A worthi maister which ther was
Yaf him conseil upon this cas,
That if he wolde have parfit hele,
He scholde with a womman dele,
A freissh, a yong, a lusti wiht,
To don him compaignie a nyht;
For thanne he seide him redily,
That he schal be al hol therby,
2640

[Ensamplum contra istos qui non propter amorem sed propter diuiicias sponsalia sumunt. Et narrat de quodam Regis Apulie Seneschallo, qui non solum propter pecuniam vxorem duxit, set eciam pecuniae commercio vxor- em sibi desponsatam vendidit.

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2660]
And otherwise he knew no cure. This king, which stood in adventure Of life and death, for medicine Assented was, and of covine His steward, whom he tristeth wel, He took, and tolde him everydel, Hou that this maister hadde seid: And therupon he hath him preid And charged upon his ligance, That he do make porveance Of such on as be covenable For his plesance and delitable; And bad him, hou that evere it stod, That he schal spare for no good, For his will is riht wel to paie.

The steward seide he wolde assaie: Bot nou hierafter thou schalt wite, As I finde in the bokes write, What coveitise in love doth. This steward, forto telle soth, Amonges al the men alyve A lusti ladi hath to wyve, Which natheles for gold he tok And noght for love, as seith the bok. A riche Marchant of the lond Hir fader was, and hire fond So worthily, and such richesse Of worldes good and such largesse With hire he yaf in mariage, That only for thilke advantage Of good this steward hath hire take, For lucre and noght for loves sake, And that was afterward wel seen; Nou herkne what it wolde meene.

This steward in his oghne herte

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2666 The B E...B1 E...B2
hir(e) A...B4, S....Δ
2694 f. 2682 the om.
2696 And lucre E...B1

2670 The om. 2685 al the] alle (all) XE...B2 2690 hire] he

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Tale of the King and his Steward's Wife.
Sih that his lord mai noght asterte
His maladie, bot he have
A lusti womman him to save,
And thoghte he wolde yive ynowh
Of his tresor; wherof he drowh
Gret coveitise into his mynde,
And sette his honour fer behynde.
Thus he, whom gold hath overset, 2700
Was trapped in his oghne net;
The gold hath mad his wittes lame,
So that sechende his oghne schame 2710
He rouneth in the kinges Ere,
And seide him that he wiste where
A gentile and a lusti on
Tho was, and thider wolde he gon:
Bot he mot yive yiftes grete;
For bot it be thurgh gret beyete
Of gold, he seith, he schal noght spede.
The king him bad upon the nede
That take an hundred pound he scholde,
And yive it where that he wolde, 2720
Be so it were in worthi place:
And thus to stonde in loves grace
This king his gold hath abandouned.
And whan this tale was full rounded,
The Steward tok the gold and wente,
Withinne his herte and many a wente
Of coveitise thanne he caste,
Wherof a pourpos ate laste
Ayein love and ayein his riht
He tok, and seide hou thilke nyht 2730
His wif schal ligge be the king;
And goth thenkende upon this thing
Toward his In, til he cam hom
Into the chambre, and thanne he nom
His wif, and tolde hire al the cas.
And sche, which red for schame was,
With bothe hire handes hath him preid P. ii. 219
Kneelde and in this wise seid, 2740
That sche to reson and to skile
In what thing that he bidde wile
Is redy forto don his heste,
Bot this thing were noght honeste,
That he for gold hire scholde selle.
And he tho with his wordes felle
Forth with his gasty contienance
Seith that sche schal don obeissance
And folwe his will in every place;
And thus thurgh strengthe of his manace
Hir innocence is overlad,
Wherof sche was so sore adrad 2750
That sche his will mot nede obeie.
And therupon was schape a weie,
That he his oghne wif be nyhte
Hath out of alle mennes sihte
So prively that non it wiste
Broght to the king, which as him liste
Mai do with hire what he wolde.
For whan sche was ther as sche scholde,
With him abedde under the cloth,
The Steward tok his leve and goth 2760
Into a chambre faste by;
Bot hou he slep, that wot noght I,
For he sih cause of jelousie.

Bot he, which hath the compainie
Of such a lusti on as sche,
Him thoughte that of his degre
Ther was noman so wel at ese:  P. ii. 220
Sche doth al that sche mai to plese,
So that his herte al hol sche hadde;
And thus this king his joie ladde, 2770
Til it was nyh upon the day.
The Steward thanne wher sche lay
Cam to the bedd, and in his wise
Hath bede that sche scholde arise.

2738 seyde BT  2740 bidde] didde AM  2752 a weie MC, T
aweie AJ, B, F  2761 faste by AJ, B fasteb F  2771 nyh
om. E ... B  2773 his wise JR, BT, W
The king seith, 'Nay, sche schal noght go.'
His Steward seide ayein, 'Noght so;
For sche mot gon er it be knowe,
And so I swor at thilke throwe,
Whan I hire fette to you hiere.'
The king his tale wol noght hiere,
And seith hou that he hath hire boght,
Forthi sche schal departe noght,
Til he the brighte dai beholde.
And cawhte hire in his armes folde,
As he which liste forto pleie,
And bad his Steward gon his weie,
And so he dede ayein his wille.
And thus his wif abedde stille
Lay with the king the longe nyht,
Til that it was hih Sonne lyht;
Bot who sche was he knew nothing.
Tho cam the Steward to the king
And preide him that withoute schame
In savinge of hire goode name
He myhte leden hom ayein
This lady, and hath told him plein
Hou that it was his oghne wif.
The king his Ere unto this strif
Hath leid, and whan that he it herde,
Welnyh out of his wit he ferde,
And seide, 'Ha, catif most of alle,
Wher was it evere er this befalle,
That eny cokard in this wise
Betok his wif for coveitise?
Thou hast bothe hire and me beguiled
And ek thin oghne astat reviled,
Wherof that buxom unto thee
Hierafter schal sche nevere be.
For this avou to god I make,
After this day if I thee take,
Thou schalt ben honged and todrawe.

2776 The stiward BT Theward J seide no jing so B
2779 hire fette to] hire fette vnto C you fette vnto B 2780 wold(e)
Nou loke anon thou be withdrawe,
So that I se thee neveremore.'
This Steward thanne dradde him sore,
With al the haste that he mai
And fledde awei that same dai,
And was exiled out of londe.
Lo, there a nyce housebonde,
Which thus hath lost his wif for evere!
Bot natheles sche hadde a levere;
The king hire weddeth and honoureth,
Wherof hire name sche socoureth,
Which erst was lost thurgh coveitise
Of him, that ladde hire other wise,
And hath himself also forlore.
Mi Sone, be thou war therfore,
Wher thou schalt love ineny place,
That thou no covoitise embrace,
The which is noght of loves kinde.
Bot for al that a man mai finde
Nou in this time of thilke rage
Ful gret desese in mariage,
Whan venym melleth with the Sucre
And mariage is mad for lucre,
Or for the lust or for the hele:
What man that schal with outher dele,
He mai noght faile to repente.
Mi fader, such is myn entente:
Bot natheles good is to have,
For good mai ofte time save
The love which scholde elles spille.
Bot god, which wot myn hertes wille,
I dar wel take to witnesse,
Yit was I nevere for richesse
Beset with mariage non;
For al myn herte is upon on
So frely, that in the persone
Stant al my worldes joie al one:
I axe nouther Park ne Plowh,

2816 [c same E . . . Bz, S . . . Δ, WH3 2836 ousher] ojer
(ojer) M . . . Bz, AdBT, W eijer Δ
If I hire hadde, it were ynowh,
Hir love scholde me suffise
Withouten other coveitise.
Lo now, mi fader, as of this,
Touchende of me riht as it is,
Mi schrifte I am beknowe plein;
And if ye wole oght elles sein,
Of coveitise if ther be more
In love, agropeth out the sore.

Mi Sone, thou schalt understande
Hou Coveitise hath yit on honde
In special tuo counselours,
That ben also hise procurours.
The ferst of hem is Falswitnesse,
Which evere is redi to witnesse
What thing his maister wol him hote:
Perjurie is the seconde hote,
Which spareth noght to swere an oth,
Thogh it be fals and god be wroth.
That on schal falswitnesse bere,
That other schal the thing forswere,
Whan he is charged on the bok.
So what with hepe and what with crok
Thei make here maister ofte winne
And wol noght knowe what is sinne

Hic tractat super illis Auaricie specie-bus, quae falsum Testimonium et Periurium uncupantur; quorum fraudulenta circumvencio tam in cupiditatis quam in amoris causa sui desiderii propositum quamsepe fallaciter attingit.

2856 wold(e) RCLB₂, W
Latin Verses iv. 2 vere A . . . CB₂ vero L verba W 4-7 om. B
7 laudando F . . . B₂
2863 ferst J, S, F firste A 2863 margin super illis] semper A
2863 super illis . . . B₂ 2866 Periurie J, F Periure AC, B 2867 margin
2868 tam cupiditatis EC causa cup. RLB₂ tam in cupiditate H₁
2868 be wroth] wroth AMH₁ 2872 hepe J, B, F hipe T hupe C
hup A
[False Witness and Perjury.]

CONFESSION AMANTIS

For coveitise, and thus, men sain,
Thei maken many a fals bargain.  
Ther mai no trewe querele arise
In thilke queste and thilke assise,
Where as thei tuo the poeple enferme;
For thei kepe evere o maner forme,
That upon gold here conscience
Thei founde, and take here evidence;
And thus with falswitness and othes
Thei winne hem mete and drinke and clothes.

Riht so ther be, who that hem knewe,
Of thes lovers ful many untrewe:
Nou mai a womman finde ynowe,
That ech of hem, whan he schal wowe,
Anon he wole his hand doun lein
Upon a bok, and swere and sein
That he wole feith and trouthe bere;
And thus he profreth him to swere
To serven evere til he die,
And al is verai tricherie.
For whan the sothe himselven trieth,
The more he swerth, the more he lieth;
When he his feith makth althermest,
Than mai a womman truste him lest;
For til he mai his will achieve,
He is no lengere forto lieve.
Thus is the trouthe of love exiled,
And many a good womman beguiled.

And ek to speke of Falswitness,
There be nou many suche, I gesse,
That lich unto the provisors
Thei make here prive procurours,
To telle hou ther is such a man,
Which is worthi to love and can
Al that a good man scholde kunne;
So that with lesinge is begunne
The cause in which thei wole procede,
And also siker as the crede

2878 and] of BT in XE, W
2900 line om. B
2904 suche
J, SB such A, F
2906 hire AR, F
procurous B, F
Thei make of that thei known fals.
And thus fuloſte aboute the hals
Love is of false men embraced;
Bot love which is so pourchaced
Comth afterward to litel pris.
Forthi, mi Sone, if thou be wis,
Nou thou hast herd this evidence,
Thou miht thin oghne conscience
Oppose, if thou hast ben such on.
   Nai, god wot, fader, I am non,
Ne nevere was; for as men seith,
Whan that a man schal make his feith,
His herte and tunge moste acorde;
For if so be that thei discorde,
Thanne is he fals and elles noght:
And I dar seie, as of my thought,
In love it is noght descordable
Unto mi word, bot acordable.
   And in this wise, fader, I
Mai riht wel swere and salvely,
That I mi ladi love wel,
For that acordeth everydel.
It nedeth noght to mi sothsawe
That I witnesse scholde drawe,
Into this dai for nevere yit
Ne mihte it sinke into mi wit,
That I my conseil scholde seie
To eny wiht, or me bewreie
To sechen help in such manere,
Bot only of mi ladi diere.
And thogh a thousand men it wiste,
That I hire love, and thanne hem liste
With me to swere and to witnesse,
Yit were that no falswitnesse;
For I dar on this trouthe duelle,
I love hire mor than I can telle.
Thus am I, fader, gulteles,
CONFESSION AMANTIS

[False Witness.]

Confessor.

As ye have herd, and natheles
In youre dom I put it al.
Mi Sone, wite in special,
It schal noght comunliche faile,
Al thogh it for a time availe
That Falswitnesse his cause spede,
Upon the point of his falshiede
It schal wel afterward be kid;
Wherof, so as it is betid,
Ensample of suche things blinde
In a Cronique write I finde.

The Goddesse of the See Thetis,
Sche hadde a Sone, and his name is
Achilles, whom to kepe and warde,
Whil he was yong, as into warde
Sche thoghte him salfly to betake,
As sche which dradde for his sake
Of that was seid in prophecie,
That he at Troie scholde die,
Whan that the Cite was belein.
Forthi, so as the bokes sein,
Sche caste hire wit in sondri wise,
Hou sche him mihte so desguise
That noman scholde his bodi knowe :
And so befell that ilke throwe,
Whil that sche thoghte upon this dede,
Ther was a king, which Lichomede
Was hote, and he was wel began
With faire dowhtres manyon,
And duelte fer out in an yle.

Nou schalt thou hierc a wonder wyle : 
This queene, which the moder was
Of Achilles, upon this cas
Hire Sone, as he a Maiden were,
Let clothen in the same gere
Which longeth unto wommanhiede :
And he was yong and tok non hiede,

2951 put AJ, S, F (?) putte C, BT
2966 And AM ... B2, W 2967 in] of BT 2975 this] his AMH.X
Bot soffreth al that sche him dede.
Wherof sche hath hire wommen bede.
And charged be here othes alle,
Hou so it afterward befalle,
That thei discovere noght this thing,
Bot feigne and make a knowleching,
Upon the conseil which was nome,
In every place wher thei come
To telle and to witnesse this,
Hou he here ladi dowhter is.
And riht in such a maner wise
Sche bad thei scholde hire don servise,
So that Achilles underfongeth
As to a yong ladi belongeth
Honour, servise and reverence.
For Thetis with gret diligence
Him hath so tawht and so afaited,
That, hou so that it were awaited,
With sobre and goodli contenance
He scholde his wommanhiede avance,
That non the sothe knowe myhte,
Bot that in every mannes syhte
He scholde seme a pure Maide.
And in such wise as sche him saide,
Achilles, which that ilke while
Was yong, upon himself to smyle
Began, whan he was so besein.

And thus, after the bokes sein,
With frette of Perle upon his hed,
Al freissh betwen the whyt and red,
As he which tho was tendre of Age,
Stod the colour in his visage,
That forto loke upon his cheke
And sen his childly manere eke,
He was a womman to beholde.
And thanne his moder to him tolde,
That sche him hadde so begon
Be cause that sche thoghte gon
To Lichomede at thilke tyde,
Wher that sche seide he scholde abyde
Among hise dowhtres forto duelle.
Achilles herde his moder telle,
And wiste noght the cause why;
And natheles ful buxomly
He was redy to that sche bad,
Wherof his moder was riht glad,
To Lichomede and forth thei wente.
And whan the king knew hire entente,
And sih this yonge dowhter there,
And that it cam unto his Ere
Of such record, of such winnesse,
He hadde riht a gret gladnesse
Of that he bothe syh and herde,
As he that wot noght hou it ferde
Upon the conseil of the nede.
Bot for al that king Lichomede
Hath toward him this dowhter take,
And for Thetis his moder sake
He put hire into compainie
To duelle with Deidamie,
His oghne dowhter, the eldeste,
The faireste and the comelieste
Of alle his doghtres whiche he hadde.

Lo, thus Thetis the cause ladde,
And lefte there Achilles feigned,
As he which hath himself restreigned
In al that evere he mai and can
Out of the manere of a man,
And tok his wommannyshe chiere,
Wherof unto his beddefere
Deidamie he hath be nyhte.
Wher kinde wolde himselve rihte,
After the Philosophres sein,
Ther mai no wiht be therayein:
And that was thilke time scene.

P. ii. 229
P. ii. 230
The longe nyhtes hem betuene
Nature, which mai noght forbere,
Hath mad hem bothe forto stere:
Thei kessen ferst, and overmore
The hihe weie of loves lore
Thei gon, and al was don in dede,
Wherof lost is the maydenhede;
And that was afterward wel knowe.

For it befell that ilke throwe
At Troie, wher the Siege lay
Upon the cause of Menelay
And of his queene dame Heleine,
The Gregois hadden mochel peine
Alday to fite and to assaile.
Bot for thei mihten noght availe
So noble a Cite forto winne,
A prive conseil thei beginne,
In sondri wise wher thei trete;
And ate laste among the grete
Thei fellen unto this acord,
That Protheüs, of his record
Which was an Astronomien
And ek a gret Magicien,
Scholde of his calculacion
Seche after constellacion,
Hou thei the Cite mihten gete:
And he, which hadde noght foryte
Of that belongeth to a clerk,
His studie sette upon this werk.
So longe his wit aboute he caste,
Til that he fond out ate laste,
Bot if they hadden Achilles
Here werre schal ben endeles.
And over that he tolde hem plein
In what manere he was besein,
And in what place he schal be founde;
So that withinne a litel stounde
Ulixes forth with Diomede
Upon this point to Lichomede

3090 his werke E... B2, Δ the werke W
CONFESSION AMANTIS

[Tale of Achilles and Deidamia.]

Agamenon togedre sente.
Bot Ulixes, er he forth wente,
Which was on of the moste wise,
Ordeigned hath in such a wise,
That he the moste riche aray,
Wherof a womman mai be gay,
With him hath take manyfold,
And overmore, as it is told,
An harneis for a lusti kniht,
Which burned was as Selver bryht,
Of swerd, of plate and ek of maile,
As thogh he scholde to bataille,
He tok also with him be Schipe.
And thus togedre in felaschipe
Forth gon this Diomede and he
In hope til thei mihnten se
The place where Achilles is.

The wynd stod thanne noght amis,
Bot evene topseilcole it blew,
Til Ulixes the Marche knew,
Wher Lichomede his Regne hadde.  
P. ii. 232

The Stieresman so wel hem ladde,
That thei ben comen sauf to londe,
Wher thei gon out upon the stronde
Into the Burgh, wher that thei founde
The king, and he which hath facounde,
Ulixes, dede the message.
Bot the conseil of his corage,
Why that he cam, he tolde noght,
Bot undernethe he was bethoght
In what manere he mihte aspie
Achilles fro Deidamie
And fro these othre that ther were,
Full many a lusti ladi there.

Thei pleide hem there a day or tuo,
And as it was fortuned so,
It fell that time in such a wise,
To Bachus that a sacrific
Thes yonge ladys scholden make;
And for the strange mennes sake,
That comen fro the Siege of Troie,
Thei maden wel the more joie.
Ther was Revel, ther was daunsinge,
And every lif which coude singe
Of lusti wommen in the route
A freissh carole hath surnge aboute;
Bot for al this yit natheles
The Greks unknowe of Achilles
So weren, that in no degre
Thei couden wite which was he,
Ne be his vois, ne be his pas.
Ulixes thanne upon this cas
A thing of hih Prudence hath wroght:
For thilke aray, which he hath broght
To yive among the wommen there,
He let do fetten al the gere
Forth with a knihtes harneis eke,—
In al a contre forto seke
Men scholden noght a fairer se,—
And every thing in his degre
Endlong upon a bord he leide.
To Lichomede and thanne he preide
That every ladi chese scholde
What thing of alle that sche wolde,
And take it as be weie of yifte;
For thei hemself it scholde schifte,
He seide, after here oghne wil.
Achilles thanne stod noght stille:
Whan he the bryhte helm behield,
The swerd, the hauberk and the Schield,
His herte fell therto anon;
Of all that othre wolde he non,
The knihtes gere he underfongeth,
And thilke aray which that belongeth
Unto the wommen he forsook.
And in this wise, as seith the bok,
Thei knownen thanne which he was:
For he goth forth the grete pas
Into the chambre where he lay;
Anon, and made no delay,
He armeth him in knyhtli wise,
That bettre can noman devise,
And as fortune scholde falle,
He cam so forth tofore hem alle,
As he which tho was glad ynowh.
But Lichomede nothing lowh,
Whan that he syh hou that it ferde,
For thanne he wiste wel and herde,
His dowhter hadde be forlein;
Bot that he was so oversein,
The wonder overgoth his wit.
For in Cronique is write yit
Thing which schal nevere be foryte,
Hou that Achilles hath begete
Pirrus upon Deidamie,
Wherof cam out the tricherie
Of Falswitnesse, when thei saide
Hou that Achilles was a Maide.
Bot that was nothing sene tho,
For he is to the Siege go
Forth with Ulixe and Diomede.

Lo, thus was proved in the dede
And fulli spoke at thilke while:
If o womman an other guile,
Wher is ther eny sikernesse?
Whan Thetis, which was the goddesse,
Deidamie hath so bejaped,
I not hou it schal ben ascaped
With tho wommen whos innocence
Is nou alday thurgh such credence
Deceived ofte, as it is seele,
With men that such untrouthe meene.
For thei ben slyhe in such a wise,
That thei be sleihte and be queintise
Of Falswitnesse bringen inne
That doth hem ofte forto winne,
Wher thei ben noght worthi therto.
Forthi, my Sone, do noght so.

Mi fader, as of Falswitnesse
The trouthe and the matiere expresse,
Touchende of love hou it hath ferd,
As ye have told, I have well herd.
Bot for ye seiden otherwise,
Hou thilke vice of Cvoitise
Hath yit Perjurie of his acord,
If that you list of som record
To telle an other tale also
In loves cause of time ago,
What thing it is to be forswore,
I wolde preie you theryore,
Wherof I mihte ensample take.

Mi goode Sone, and for thi sake
Touchende of this I schal fulfille
Thin axinge at thin oghne wille,
And the matiere I schal declare,
Hou the wommen deceived are,
Whan thei so tendre herte bere,
Of that thei hieren men so swere;
Bot whan it comth unto thassay,
Thei finde it fals an other day:

As Jason dede to Medee,
Which stant yet of Auctorite
In tokne and in memorial;
Wherof the tale in special
Is in the bok of Troie write,
Which I schal do thee forto wite.

In Grece whilom was a king,
Of whom the tame and knowleching
Beleveth yit, and Peleüs
He hibte; bot it fell him thus,
That his fortune hir whiel so ladde
That he no child his oghne hadde
To regnen after his decess.
He hadde a brother natheles,
Whos rihte name was Eson,
And he the worthi kniht Jason
Begat, the which in every lond
Alle othre passede of his hond
In Armes, so that he the beste
Was named and the worthieste,
He soghte worsheipe overal.
Nou herkne, and I thee telle schal
An aventure that he soghte,
Which afterward ful dere he boghte.
Ther was an yle, which Colchos
Was cleped, and therof aros
Gret speche in every lond aboute,
That such merveile was non oute
In al the wyde world nawhere,
As tho was in that yle there.
Ther was a Schiep, as it was told,
The which his flees bar al of gold,
And so the goddes hadde it set,
That it ne mihte awei be fet
Be pouer of no worldes wiht:
And yit ful many a worthi kniht
It hadde assaied, as thei dorste,
And evere it fell hem to the worste.
Bot he, that wolde it noght forsake,
Bot of his knyhthod undertake
To do what thing therto belongeth,
This worthi Jason, sore alongeth
To se the strange regiouns
And knowe the condiciouns
Of othre Marches, where he wente;
And for that cause his hole entente

3261 margin illam senectam E... B2, BT illa senecta MH1
3281 jerto what jing A... B2
He sette Colchos forto seche,  
And therupon he made a speche  
To Peleüs his Em the king.  
And he wel paid was of that thing;  
And schop anon for his passage,  
And suche as were of his lignage,  
With othre knihtes whiche he ches,  
With him he tok, and Hercules,  
Which full was of chivalerie,  
With Jason wente in compaignie;  
And that was in the Monthe of Maii,  
When colde stormes were away.  
The wynd was good, the Schip was yare,  
Thei tok here leve, and forth thei fare  
Toward Colchos: bot on the weie  
What hem befell is long to seie;  
Hou Lamedon the king of Troie,  
Which oghte wel have mad hem joie,  
When thei to reste a while him preide,  
Out of his lond he hem congeide;  
And so fell the dissencion,  
Which after was destruccion  
Of that Cite, as men mai hiere:  
Bot that is noght to mi matiere.  
Bot thus this worthi folk Gregeis  
Fro that king, which was noght curteis,  
And fro his lond with Sail updrawe  
Thei wente hem forth, and many a sawe  
Thei made and many a gret manace,  
Til ate laste into that place  
Which as thei soghte thei aryve,  
And striken Sail, and forth as blyve  
Thei sente unto the king and tolden  
Who weren ther and what thei wolden.
When that he herde this tyding
Of Jason, which was comen there,
And of these othre, what thei were,
He thoghte don hem gret worshipe:
For thei anon come out of Schipe,
And strawht unto the king thei wente,
And be the hond Jason he hente,
And that was ate paleis gate,
So fer the king cam on his gate
Toward Jason to don him chiere;
And he, whom lacketh no manere,
Whan he the king sith in presence,
Yaf him ayein such reverence
As to a kinges stat belongeth.
And thus the king him underfongeth,
And Jason in his arm he cawhte,
And forth into the halle he strawhte,
And ther they siete and spieke of thinges,
And Jason tolde him tho tidinges,
Why he was come, and faire him preide
To haste his time, and the kyng seide,
‘Jason, thou art a worthi kniht,
Bot it lith in no mannes myht
To don that thou art come fore:
Ther hath be many a kniht forlore
Of that thei wolden it assaie.’
Bot Jason wolde him noght esmaie,
And seide, ‘Of every worldes cure
Fortune stant in aventure,
Per aunter wel, per aunter wo:
Bot hou as evere that it go,
It schal be with myn hond assaied.’
The king tho hield him noght wcl paied,
For he the Grekes sore dredde,
In aunter, if Jason ne spedde,
He mihnte therof bere a blame;
For tho was al the worldes fame
In Grece, as forto speke of Armes.
Forthi he dredde him of his harmses,
And gan to preche him and to preie;  P. ii. 240 [Tale of Jason and Medea.]

Bot Jason wolde noght obeie,
Bot seide he wolde his porpos holde
For ought that eny man him tolde.
The king, whan he thes wordes herde,
And sih hou that this kniht ansuerde,
Yit for he wolde make him glad,
After Medea gon he bad,
Which was his dowhter, and sche cam.
And Jason, which good hiede nam,
Whan he hire sih, ayein hire goth;
And sche, which was him nothing loth,
Welcomede him into that lond,
And softe tok him be the hond,
And doun thei seten bothe same.
Sche hadde herd spoke of his name
And of his grete worthinesse;
Forthi sche gan hir yhe impresse
Upon his face and his stature,
And thoghte hou nevere creature
Was so wel farende as was he.
And Jason riht in such degre
Ne mihte noght withholde his lok,
Bot so good hiede on hire he tok,
That him ne thoghte under the hevene
Of beaute sawh he nevere hir evene,
With al that fell to wommanhiede.
Thus ech of other token hiede,
Thogh ther no word was of record;
Here hertes bothe of on acord
Ben set to love, bot as tho
Ther mihten be no wordes mo.
The king made him gret joie and feste,
To alle his men he yaf an heste,
So as thei wolde his thonk deserve,
That thei scholde alle Jason serve,
Whil that he wolde there duelle.
And thus the dai, schortly to telle,
[Tale of Jason and Medea.]

With manye merthes thei despente,
Til nyht was come, and tho thei wente,
Echon of other tok his leve,
Whan thei no lengere myhten leve.
I not hou Jason that nyht slep,
Bot wel I wot that of the Schep,
For which he cam into that yle,
He thoghte bot a litel whyle;
Al was Medea that he thoghte,
So that in many a wise he soghte
His witt wakende er it was day,
Som time yee, som time nay,
Som time thus, som time so,
As he was stered to and fro
Of love, and ek of his conqueste
As he was holde of his beheste.
And thus he ros up be the morwe
And tok himself seint John to borwe,
And seide he wolde ferst beginne
At love, and after forto winne
The flees of gold, for which he com,
And thus to him good herte he nom.

Medea riht the same wise,  P. ii. 242
Til dai cam that sche moste arise,
Lay and bethoughte hire al the nyht,
Hou sche that noble worthi kniht
Be eny weie mihte wedde:
And wel sche wiste, if he ne spedde
Of thing which he hadde undertake,
Sche mihte hirself no porpos take;
For if he deide of his bataile,
Sche moste thanne algate faile
To geten him, whan he were ded.
Thus sche began to sette red
And torne aboute hir wittes alle,
To loke hou that it mihte falle
That sche with him hadde a leisir
To speke and telle of hir desir.
And so it fell that same day
That Jason with that suete may
Togedre sete and hadden space
To speke, and he besoughte hir grace.
And sche his tale goodli herde,
And afterward sche him ansuerde
And seide, 'Jason, as thou wilt,
Thou miht be sauf, thou miht be spilt;
For wite wel that nevere man,
Bot if he couthe that I can,
Ne mihte that fortune achieve
For which thou comst: bot as I lieve,
If thou wolt holde covenant
To love, of al the remenant
I schal thi lif and honour save,
That thou the flees of gold schalt have.'
He seide, 'Al at youre oghne wille,
Ma dame, I schal treuly fulfille
Youre heste, whil mi lif mai laste.'
Thus longe he preide, and ate laste
Sche granteth, and behihte him this,
That whan nyht comth and it time is,
Sche wolde him sende certeinely
Such on that scholde him prively
Al one into hire chambre bringe.
He thonketh hire of that tidinge,
For of that grace him is begonne
Him thenkth alle othre thinges wonne.

The dai made ende and lost his lyht,
And comen was the derke nyht,
Which al the daies yhe blente.
Jason tok leve and forth he wente,
And whan he cam out of the pres,
He tok to conseil Hercules,
And tolde him hou it was betid,
And preide it scholde wel ben hid,
And that he wolde loke aboute,
Therwhiles that he schal ben oute.
Thus as he stod and hiede nam,
A Mayden fro Medea cam
And to hir chambre Jason ledde,
Wher that he fond redi to bedde
The faireste and the wiseste eke;
And sche with simple chiere and meke,
When sche him sih, wax al aschamed.  P. ii. 244
Tho was here tale newe entamed;
For sikernesse of Mariage
Sche fette forth a riche ymage,
Which was figure of Jupiter,
And Jason swor and seide ther,
That also wiss god scholde him helpe,
That if Medea dede him helpe,
That he his pourpos myhte winne,
Thei scholde nevere parte atwinne,
Bot evere whil him lasteth lif,
He wolde hire holde for his wif.
And with that word thei kisten bothe;
And for thei scholden hem unclothe,
Ther cam a Maide, and in hir wise
Sche dede hem bothe full servise,
Til that thei were in bedde naked:
I wot that nyht was wel bewaked,
Thei hadden bothe what thei wolde.
And thanne of leisir sche him tolde,
And gan fro point to point enforme
Of his bataile and al the forme,
Which as he scholde finde there,
When he to thyle come were.
Sche seide, at entre of the pas
Hou Mars, which god of Armes was,
Hath set tuo Oxen sterne and stoute,
That caste fyr and flamme aboute
Bothe at the mouth and ate nase,
So that thei setten al on blase
What thing that passeth hem betwene: P. ii. 245
And furthermore upon the grene
Ther goth the flees of gold to kepe
A Serpent, which mai nevere slepe.
Thus who that evere scholde it winne,
The fyr to stoppe he mot beginne,
Which that the fierce bestes caste,
And daunte he mot hem ate laste,
So that he mai hem yoke and dryve;
And therupon he mot as blyve
The Serpent with such strengtheassaile,
That he mai slen him be bataile;
Of which he mot the teth outdrawe,
As it belongeth to that lawe,
And thanne he mot tho Oxen yoke,
Til thei have with a plowh tobroke
A furgh of lond, in which arowe
The teth of thaddre he moste sowe,
And therof schule arise knihtes
Wel armed up at alle rihtes.
Of hem is noght to taken hiede,
For ech of hem in hastihiede
Schal other slen with dethes wounde:
And thus whan thei ben leid to grounde,
Than mot he to the goddes preie,
And go so forth and take his preie.
Bot if he faile in eny wise
Of that ye hiere me devise,
Ther mai be set non other weie,
That he ne moste algates deie.

'Nou have I told the peril al:
I woll you tellen forth withal,'
Quod Medea to Jason tho,
'That ye schul knowen er ye go,
Aycin the venym and the fyr
What schal ben the recoverir.
Bot, Sire, for it is nyh day,
Ariseth up, so that I may
Delivere you what thing I have,
That mai youre lif and honour save.'

Thei weren bothe loth to rise,
Bot for thei weren bothe wise,
Up thei arisen ate laste:
Jason his clothes on him caste
And made him redi riht anon,
And sche hir scherte dede upon
And caste on hire a mantel clos,
Withoute more and thanne aros.
Tho tok sche forth a riche Tye
Mad al of gold and of Perrie,
Out of the which sche nam a Ring,
The Ston was worth al other thing.
Sche seide, whil he wolde it were,
Ther myhte no peril him dere,
In water mai it noght be dreynyt,
Wher as it comth the fyre is queynt,
It daunteth ek the cruel beste,
Ther may no qued that man areste,
Wher so he be on See or lond,
Which hath that ring upon his hond:
And over that sche gan to sein,
That if a man wol ben unsein,
Withinne his hond hold clos the Ston,
And he mai invisible gon.
The Ring to Jason sche betaunte,
And so forth after sche him tauhte
What sacrifise he scholde make;
And gan out of hire cofre take
Him thoughte an hevenely figure,
Which al be charme and be conjure
Was wroght, and ek it was thurgh write
With names, which he scholde wite,
As sche him tauhte tho to rede;
And bad him, as he wolde spede,
Withoute reste of eny while,
Whan he were lunded in that yle,
He scholde make his sacrifise
And rede his carecte in the wise
As sche him tauhte, on knes doun bent,
Thre sithes toward orient;
For so scholde he the goddes plese
And winne himselfeven mochel ese.
And whanne he hadde it thries rad,
To opne a buiste sche him bad,
Which sche ther tok him in present,
And was full of such oignement,
That ther was fyr ne venym non
That scholde fastnen him upon,
Whan that he were enoynt withal.
Forthi sche tauhte him hou he schal
Enoignte his armes al aboute,
And for he scholde nothing doute,
Sche tok him thanne a maner glu,
The which was of so gret vertu,
That where a man it wolde caste,
It scholde binde anon so faste
That noman mihte it don aweie.
And that sche bad be alle weie
He scholde into the mouthes throwen
Of tho tweie Oxen that fyr blowen,
Therof to stoppen the malice;
The glu schal serve of that office.
And over that hir oignement,
Hir Ring and hir enchantement
Ayein the Serpent scholde him were,
Til he him sle with swerd or spere:
And thanne he may sauflche ynowh
His Oxen yoke into the plowh
And the teth sowe in such a wise,
Til he the knyhtes se arise,
And ech of other doun be leid
In such manere as I have seid.

Lo, thus Medea for Jason
Ordeigneth, and preith therupon
That he nothing foryete scholde,
And ek sche preith him that he wolde,
Whan he hath alle his Armes don,
To grounde knele and thonke anon
The goddes, and so forth be ese
The flees of gold he scholde sese.
And whanne he hadde it sessed so,
That thanne he were sone ago
Withouten eny tariynge.

Whan this was seid, into wepinge
Sche fell, as sche that was thurgh nome
With love, and so fer overcome,
That al hir world on him sche sette.
Bot whan sche sith ther was no lette,
That he mot nedes parte hire fro,
Sche tok him in hire armes tuo,
An hundred time and gan him kisse,
And seide, 'O, al mi worldes blisse,
Mi trust, mi lust, mi lif, min hele,
To be thin helpe in this querele
I preie unto the goddes alle.'
And with that word sche gan doun falle
On swoune, and he hire uppe nam,
And forth with that the Maiden cam,
And thei to bedde anon hir broghte,
And thanne Jason hire besoghte,
And to hire seide in this manere:
'Mi worthi lusti ladi dere,
Conforteth you, for be my trouthe
It schal noght fallen in mi slouthe
That I ne wol thurghout fulfille
Youre hestes at youre oghne wille.
And yit I hope to you bringe
Withinne a while such tidinge,
The which schal make ous bothe game.'

Bot for he wolde kepe hir name,
Whan that he wiste it was nyh dai,
He seide, 'A dieu, mi swete mai.'
And forth with him he nam his gere,
Which as sche hadde take him there,
And strauht unto his chambre he wente,
And goth to bedde and slep him hente,
And lay, that noman him awok,
For Hercules hiede of him tok,
Til it was undren hih and more.
And thanne he gan to sighe sore
And sodeinliche abreide of slep;
And thei that token of him kep,
His chamberleins, be sone there,
And maden redí al his gere,
And he aros and to the king
He wente, and seide hou to that thing
For which he cam he wolde go.
The king therof was wonder wo,
And for he wolde him fain withdrawe,
He tolde him many a dredful sawe,
Bot Jason wolde it noght recorde,
And ate laste thei acorde.
Whan that he wolde noght abide,
A Bot was redy ate tyde,
In which this worthí kniht of Grece
Ful armed up at every piece,
To his bataile which belongeth,
Tok ore on honde and sore him longeth,
Til he the water passed were.

Whan he cam to that yle there,
He set him on his knes doun strauht,
And his carecte, as he was tawht,
He radde, and made his sacrifise,
And siththe enoignte him in that wise,
As Medea him hadde bede;
And thanne aros up fro that stede,
And with the glu the fyr he queynte,
And anon after he atteinte
The grete Serpent and him slowh.
Bot erst he hadde sorwe ynowh,
For that Serpent made him travaile
So harde and sore of his bataile,
That nou he stod and nou he fell:
For longe time it so befell,
That with his swerd ne with his spere
He mihte noght that Serpent dere.
He was so schered al aboute,
It hield all eggetol withoute,
He was so ruide and hard of skin,
Ther mihte nothing go therin;
Venym and fyr togedre he caste,
That he Jason so sore ablaste,
That if ne were his oignement,
His Ring and his enchantement,
Which Medea tok him tofore,
He hadde with that worm be lore;
Bot of vertu which therof cam
Jason the Dragon overcam.
And he anon the teth outdrouh,
And sette his Oxen in a plouh,
With which he brak a piece of lond
And sieu hem with his oghne hond.
Tho mihte he gret merveile se:
Of every toth in his degre
Sprong up a kniht with spere and schield,
Of whiche anon riht in the field
Echon slow other; and with that
Jason Medea noght foryat,
On bothe his knes he gan doun falle,
And yaf thonk to the goddes alle.
The Flees he tok and goth to Bote,
The Sonne schyneth bryhte and hote,
The Flees of gold schon forth withal,
The water glistreth overal.

Medea wepte and sigheth ofte,
And stod upon a Tour alofte:
Al prively withinne hirselves,
Ther herde it nouther ten ne twelue,
Sche preide, and seide, 'O, god him spede,
The kniht which hath mi maidenhiede!' And ay sche loketh toward thyle. Bot whan sche sih withinne a while The Flees glistrende ayein the Sonne, Sche saide, 'Ha lord, now al is wonne, Mi kniht the field hath overcome: Nou wolde god he were come; Ha lord, that he ne were alonde!' Bot I dar take this on honde, If that sche hadde wynges tuo, Sche wolde have flowe unto him tho Strawht ther he was into the Bot. 

The dai was clier, the Sonne hot, The Gregeis weren in grete doute, The whyle that here lord was oute: Thei wisten noght what scholde tyde, Bot waiten evere upon the tyde, To se what ende scholde falle. Ther stoden ek the nobles alle Forth with the comun of the toun; And as thei loken up and doun, Thei weren war withinne a throwe, Wher cam the bot, which thei wel knowe, And sihe hou Jason broghte his preie. And tho thei gonnen alle seie, And criden alle with o stevene, 'Ha, wher was evere under the hevene So noble a knyht as Jason is?' And welnyh alle seiden this, That Jason was a faie kniht, For it was nevere of mannes miht The Flees of gold so forto winne; And thus to talen thei beginne. With that the king com forth anon, And sib the Flees, hou that it schon;

3740 [Tale of Jason and Medea.]
And when Jason cam to the lond,
The king himselfe tok his hond
And kist him, and gret joie him made.
The Gregeis weren wonder glade,
And of that thing riht merie hem thoghte,
And forth with hem the Flees thei broghte, 3780
And ech on other gan to leyhe;  P. ii. 254
Bot wel was him that mihte neyhe,
To se therof the proprete.
And thus thei passen the cite
And gon unto the Paleis straght.
Medea, which foryat him naght,
Was redy there, and seide anon,
‘Welcome, O worthi kniht Jason.’
Sche wolde have kist him wonder fayn,
Bot schame tornede hire agayn;
It was noght the manere as tho,
Forthi sche dorste noght do so.
Sche tok hire leve, and Jason wente
Into his chambre, and sche him sente
Hire Maide to sen hou he ferde;
The which when that sche sikh and herde,
Hou that he hadde faren oute
And that it stod wel al aboute,
Sche tolde hire ladi what sche wiste,
And sche for joie hire Maiide kiste. 3800
The bathes weren thanne araied,
With herbes tempred and assaied,
And Jason was unarmed sone
And dede as it befell to done:
Into his bath he wente anon
And wyssh him clene as eny bon;
He tok a sop, and oute he cam,
And on his beste aray he nam,
And Kempde his hed, whan he was clad,
And goth him forth al merie and glad 3810
Riht strawht into the kinges halle.  P. ii. 255
The king cam with his knihtes alle
And maden him glad welcominge;
And he hem tolde the tidinge
Of this and that, hou it befell,
Whan that he wan the schepes fell.

Medea, whan sche was asent,
Com sone to that parlement,
And whan sche mihte Jason se,
Was non so glad of alle as sche.

Ther was no joie forto seche,
Of him mad every man a speche,
Som man seide on, som man seide other;
Bot thogh he were goddes brother
And mihte make fyr and thonder,
Ther mihte be nomore wonder
Than was of him in that cite.

Echon tauhte other, 'This is he,
Which hath in his pouer withinne
That al the world ne mihte winne:
Lo, hier the beste of alle goode.'
Thus saiden thei that there stode,
And ek that walkede up and doun,
Bothe of the Court and of the toun.

The time of Souper cam anon,
Thei wisshen and therto thei gon,
Medea was with Jason set:
Tho was ther many a deynte fet
And set tofore hem on the bord,
Bot non so likinge as the word
Which was ther spoke among hem tuo, P. ii. 256
So as thei dorste speke tho.
Bot thogh thei hadden litel space,
Yit thei acorden in that place
Hou Jason scholde come at nyht,
Whan every torche and every liht
Were oute, and thanne of other thinges
Thei spieke aloud for supposinges
Of hem that stoden there aboute:

3814 the] jo EC, B 3822 mad AJ, S, F made C, B 3823
seide . . . seide AC, B seid . . . seide S, F seid . . . seid J
3847 of om. E . . . B2, BT
For love is everemore in doute,
If that it be wisly governed
Of hem that ben of love lerned.

Whan al was don, that dissh and cuppe
And cloth and bord and al was uppe,
Thei waken whil hem lest to wake,
And after that thei leve take
And gon to bedde forto reste.
And whan him thoghte for the beste,
That every man was faste aslepe,
Jason, that wolde his time kepe,
Goth forth stalkende al privedly
Unto the chambre, and redely
Ther was a Maide, which him kepte.
Medea wok and nothing slepte,
Bot natheles sche was abedde,
And he with alle haste him spedde
And made him naked and al warm.
Anon he tok hire in his arm:
What nede is forto speke of ese?
Hem list ech other forto plesse,
So that thei hadden joie ynow:
And tho thei setten whanne and how
That sche with him awey schal stele.
With wordes suche and othre fele
Whan al was treted to an ende,
Jason tok leve and gan forth wende
Unto his oughne chambre in pes;
Ther wiste it non bot Hercules.

He slepte and ros whan it was time,
And whanne it fell towards prime,
He tok to him suche as he triste
In secre, that non other wiste,
And told hem of his conseil there,
And seide that his wille were
That thei to Schipe hadde alle thinge
So priveliche in thevenynge,
That noman mihte here dede aspie

3879 slepte]
Bot tho that were of compaignie:
For he woll go withoute leve,
And lengere woll he noght beleve;
Bot he ne wolde at thilke throwe
The king or queene scholde it knowe.
Thei saide, ‘Al this schal wel be do:’
And Jason truste wel therto.

Medea in the mene while,
Which thoghte hir fader to beguile,
The Tresor which hir fader hadde
With hire al priveli sche ladde,
And with Jason at time set
Awey sche stal and fond no let,
And straght sche goth hire unto schipe
Of Grece with that felaschipe,
And thei anon drowe up the Seil.
And al that nyht this was conseil,
Bot erly, whan the Sonne schon,
Men syhe hou that thei were agon,
And come unto the king and tolde:
And he the sothe knowe wolde,
And axeth where his dowhter was.
Ther was no word bot Out, Allas!
Sche was ago. The moder wepte,
The fader as a wod man lepte,
And gan the time forto warie,
And swor his oth he wol noght tarie,
That with Caliphe and with galeie
The same cours, the same weie,
Which Jason tok, he wolde take,
If that he mihte him overtake.
To this thei seiden alle yee:
Anon thei weren ate See,
And alle, as who seith, at a word
Thei gon withinne schipes bord,
The Sail goth up, and forth thei strauhte.
Bot non espleit therof thei cauhte,
And so thei tornen hom ayein,

| page 53 |
For al that labour was in vein.
Jason to Grece with his preie
Goth thurgh the See the rihte weie:
When he ther com and men it tolde,
Thei maden joie yonge and olde.
Eson, whan that he wiste of this,
Hou that his Sone comen is,
And hath achieved that he soughte
And hom with him Medea broughte,
In al the wyde world was non
So glad a man as he was on.
Togedre ben these lovers tho,
Til that thei hadden sones tuo,
Wherof thei weren bothe glade,
And olde Eson gret joie made
To sen thencress of his lignage;
For he was of so gret an Age,
That men awaiten every day,
Whan that he scholde gon away.
Jason, which sih his fader old,
Upon Medea made him bold,
Of art magique, which sche couthe,
And preith hire that his fader youthe
Sche wolde make ayeinward newe:
And sche, that was toward him trewe,
Behihte him that sche wolde it do,
Whan that sche time sawh therto.
Bot what sche dede in that matiere
It is a wonder thing to hiere,
Bot yit for the novellerie
I thenke tellen a partie.

Thus it befell upon a nyht,
Whan ther was noght bot sterreiht,
Sche was vanysshd riht as hir liste,
That no wyht bot hirselp it wiste,
And that was ate mydnyht tyde,
The world was stille on every side;

Nota quibus medicamentis Esonem senectute decrepitum ad sue iuventutis adolescenciam prudens Medea reduxit.
With open hed and fot al bare,
Hir her tosrad sche gan to fare,
Upon hir clothes gert sche was,
Al specheles and on the gras
Sche glod forth as an Addre doth:
Non otherwise sche ne goth,
Til sche cam to the freisshe flod,
And there a while sche withstod.
Thries sche torned hire aboute,
And thries ek sche gan doun loute
And in the flod sche wette hir her,
And thries on the water ther
Sche gaspeth with a dreechinge onde,
And tho sche tok hir speche on honde.
Ferst sche began to clepe and calle
Upward unto the sterres alle,
To Wynd, to Air, to See, to lond
Sche preide, and ek hield up hir honde
To Echates, and gan to crie,
Which is goddesse of Sorcerie.
Sche seide, 'Helpeth at this nede,
And as ye maden me to spede,
Whan Jason cam the Flees to seche,
So help me nou, I you beseche.'
With that sche loketh and was war,
Doun fro the Sky ther cam a char,
The which Dragouns aboute drowe:
And tho sche gan hir hed doun bowe,
And up sche styh, and faire and wel
Sche drof forth bothe char and whel
Above in thair among the Skyes.
The lond of Crete and tho parties
Sche soughte, and faste gan hire hye,
And there upon the hulles hyhe
Of Othrin and Olimpe also,
And ek of othre hulles mo,
Sche fond and gadreth herbes suote,
Sche pulleth up som be the rote,
And manye with a knyf sche scherth,
And alle into hir char sche berth.
Thus whan sche hath the hulles sought,
The flodes ther foryat sche nought,
Eridian and Amphrisos,
Peneie and ek Spercheidos,
To hem sche wente and ther sche nom
Bothe of the water and the fom,
The sond and ek the smale stones,
Whiche as sche ches out for the nones,
And of the rede See a part,
That was behovelich to hire art,
Sche tok, and after that aboute
Sche soughte sondri sedes oute
In feldes and in many greves,
And ek a part sche tok of leves:
Bot thing which mihte hire most availe
Sche fond in Crete and in Thessaile.

In daies and in nyhtes Nyne,
With gret travaile and with gret pyne,
Sche was pourveid of every piece,
And torneth homward into Grece.
Before the gates of Eson
Hir char sche let awai to gon,
And tok out ferst that was therinne;
For tho sche thoghte to beginne
Such thing as semeth impossible,
And made hirselsen invisible,
As sche that was with Air enclosed
And mihte of noman be desclosed.
Sche tok up turves of the lond
Withoute helpe of mannes hond,
Al heled with the grene gras,
Of which an Alter mad ther was

4006 Spertheidos XECB₂, BT
4008 and of þe AM... Bz.
BTΔΔ, W
4020 To make wiþ þis medicine B line om. TA
4024 Þis AMRC, T
4029 þat wiþ þe air YE... Bz, BT þat was
with þe air Δ þat was of air XG
Unto Echates the goddesse
Of art magique and the maistresse,
And eft an other to Juverte,
As sche which dede hir hole entente.
Tho tok sche fieldwode and verveyne,
Of herbes ben noght betre tueine,
Of which anon withoute let
These alters ben aboute set:
Tuo sondri puttes faste by
Sche made, and with that hastely
A wether which was blak sche slouh,
And out therof the blod sche drouh
And dede into the pettes tuo;
Warm melk sche putte also therto
With hony meynd: and in such wise
Sche gan to make hir sacrifice,
And cride and preide forth withal
To Pluto the god infernal,
And to the queene Proserpine.
And so sche soghte out al the line
Of hem that longen to that craft,
Behinde was no name laft,
And preide hem alle, as sche wel couthe,
To grante Eson his ferste youthe.
This olde Eson broght forth was tho,
Awei sche bad alle othre go
Upon peril that mihte falle;
And with that word thei wenten alle,
And leften there hem tuo al one.
And tho sche gan to gaspe and gone,
And made signes manyon,
And seide hir wordes therupon;
So that with spellinge of hir charmes
Sche tok Eson in both hire armes,
And made him forto slepe faste,
And him upon hire herbes caste.

4049 and in such wise] in such
4067 And
And hiewh the fleissh, as doth a cok; 
On either alter part sche leide, 
And with the charmes that sche seide 
A fyr doun fro the Sky alyhte 
And made it forto brenne lyhte. 
Bot whan Medea sawh it brenne, 
Anon sche gan to sterte and renne 
The fyr i aulters al aboute: 
Ther was no beste which goth oute 
More wylde than sche semeth ther: 
Aboute hir schuldres hyng hir her, 
As thogh sche were oute of hir mynde 
And torned in an other kynde. 
Tho lay ther certein wode cleft, 
Of which the pieces nou and eft 
Sche made hem in the pettes wete, 
And put hem in the fyrri hete, 
And tok the brond with al the blase, 
And thries sche began to rase 
Aboute Eson, ther as he slepte; 
And eft with water, which sche kepte, 
Sche made a cercle aboute him thries, 
And eft with fyr of sulphre twyes: 
Ful many an other thing sche dede, 
Which is noght written in this stede. 
Bot tho sche ran so up and doun, 
Sche made many a wonder soune, 
Somtime lich unto the cock, 
Somtime unto the Laverock, 
Somtime kacleth as a Hen, 
Somtime spekth as don the men: 
And riht so as hir jargoun strangeth, 
In sondri wise hir forme changeth, 
Sche semeth faie and no womman; 
For with the craftes that sche can 
Sche was, as who seith, a goddesse, 
And what hir liste, more or lesse, 
Sche dede, in bokes as we finde,
That passeth over manneskinde.
Bot who that wole of wondres hiere, P. ii. 265
What thing sche wroghte in this matiere,
To make an ende of that sche gan,
Such merveile herde never man.

Apointed in the newe Mone,
Whan it was time forto done,
Sche sette a caldron on the fyr,
In which was al the hole atir,
WHERON the medicine stod,
Of jus, of water and of blod,
And let it buile in such a plit,
Til that sche sawh the spume whyt;
And tho sche caste in rynde and rote,
And sed and flour that was for bote,
With many an herbe and many a ston,
Wherof sche hath ther many on:
And ek Cimpheius the Serpent
To hire hath alle his scales lent,
Cheleldre hire yaf his addres skin,
And sche to builen caste hem in;
A part ek of the horned Oule,
The which men hire on nyhtes houle;
And of a Raven, which was told
Of nyne hundred wynter old,
Sche tok the hed with al the bile;
And as the medicine it wile,
Sche tok thereafter the bouele
Of the Seewolf, and for the hele
Of Eson, with a thousand mo
Of thinges that sche hadde tho,
In that Caldroun togedre as blyve
Sche putte, and tok thanne of Olyve
A drie branche hem with to stere,
The which anon gan floure and bere
And waxe al freisshe and greny ayen.
Whan sche this vertu hadde sein,
Sche let the lest drope of alle
Upon the bare flor doun falle;
Anon ther sprong up flour and gras,
Where as the drope falle was,
And wox anon al medwe grene,
So that it mihte wel be sene.
Medea thanne knew and wiste
Hir medicine is forto triste,
And goth to Eson ther he lay,
And tok a swerd was of assay,
With which a wounde upon his side
Sche made, that therout mai slyde
The blod withinne, which was old
And sek and trouble and fieble and cold. 4160
And tho sche tok unto his us
Of herbes al the beste jus,
And poured it into his wounde;
That made his veynes fulle and sounde:
And tho sche made his wounde clos,
And tok his hand, and up he ros;
And tho sche yaf him drinke a drauhte,
Of which his youthe ayein he cauhte,
His hed, his herte and his visage
Lich unto twenty wynter Age;
Hise hore heres were away,
And lich unto the freisshe Maii,
Whan passed ben the colde schoures,
Riht so recovereth he his floures.
Lo, what mihte eny man devise,
A womman schewe in eny wise
Mor hertly love in every stede,
Than Medea to Jason dede?
Ferst sche made him the flees to winne,
And after that fro kiththe and kinne
With gret tresor with him sche stal,
And to his fader forth withal
His Elde hath torned into youthe,
Which thing non other womman couthe:
Bot hou it was to hire aquit,
The remembrance duelleth yit.
  King Peleüs his Em was ded,
  Jason bar corone on his hed,
  Medea hath fulfild his wille:
  Bot whanne he scholde of riht fulfille
The trouthe, which to hire afore
He hadde in thyle of Colchos swore,
Tho was Medea most deceived.
For he an other hath received,
Which dowhter was to king Creon,
Creusa sche hihte, and thus Jason,
As he that was to love untrewe,
Medea lefte and tok a newe.
Bot that was after sone aboght:
Medea with hire art hath wroght
Of cloth of gold a mantel riche,
Which semeth worth a kingscherche,
And that was unto Creusa sent
In name of yifte and of present,
For Sosterhode hem was betuene;
And whan that yonge freisshe queene
That mantel lappeth hire aboute,
Anon therof the fyre sprong outhe
And brente hir bothe fleissh and bon.
Tho cam Medea to Jason
With bothe his Sones on hire hond,
And seide, 'O thou of every lond
The moste untrewe creature,
Lo, this schal be thi forfeiture.'
With that sche bothe his Sones slouh
Before his yhe, and he outdrouh
His swerd and wold have slayn hir tho,
Bot farewel, sche was ago
Unto Pallas the Court above,
Wher as sche pleigneth upon love,
As sche that was with that goddesse,
And he was left in great destresse.

Thus miht thou se what sorwe it doth
To swere an oth which is noght soth,
In loves cause namely.
Mi Sone, be wel war forthi,
And kep that thou be noght forswore:
For this, which I have told tofore,
Ovide telleth everydel.

Mi fader, I may lieve it wel,
For I have herde it ofte seie
Hou Jason tok the flees aweie
Fro Colchos, bot yit herde I noght
Be whom it was ferst thider broght.
And for it were good to hiere,
If that you liste at mi preiere
To telle, I wolde you beseche.

Mi Sone, who that wolde it seche,
In bokes he mai finde it write;
And natheles, if thou wolt wite,
In the manere as thou hast preid
I schal the telle hou it is seid.

The fame of thilke schepes fell,
Which in Colchos, as it befell,
Was al of gold, schal nevere deie;
Wherof I thenke for to seie
Hou it cam ferst into that yle.
Ther was a king in thilke whyle
Towards Grece, and Athemas
The Cronique of his name was;
And hadde a wif, which Philen hihte,
Be whom, so as fortune it dihte,
He hadde of children yonge tuo.
Frixus the ferste was of tho,
A knave child, riht fair withalle;
A dowhter ek, the which men calle
Hellen, he hadde be this wif.
Bot for ther mai no mannens lif
Endure upon this Erthe hier,
This worthi queene, as thou miht hier,
Er that the children were of age,
Tok of hire ende the passage,
With gret worschipe and was begrave.

What thing it liketh god to have
It is gret reson to ben his;
Forthi this king, so as it is,
With gret suffrance it underfongeth:
And afterward, as him belongeth,
Whan it was time forto wedde,
A newe wif he tok to bedde,
Which Yno hihte and was a Mayde,
And ek the dowhter, as men saide,
Of Cadme, which a king also
Was holde in thilke daies tho.
Whan Yno was the kinges make,
Sche caste hou that sche mihte make
These children to here fader lothe,
And schope a wyle ayein hem bothe,
Which to the king was al unknowe.
A yeer or tuo sche let do sowe
The lond with sode whete aboute,
Wherof no corn mai springen oute;
And thus be sleyhte and be covine
Aros the derthe and the famine
Thurghout the lond in such a wise,
So that the king a sacrifice
Upon the point of this destresse
To Ceres, which is the goddesse
Of corn, hath schape him forto yive,
To loke if it mai be foryive,
The meschief which was in his lond.

Bot sche, which knew tofor the hond
The circumstance of al this thing,
Ayein the cominge of the king
Into the temple, hath schape so.

4266 margin cum solo vellere A ... B₂, B 4267 margin canitur
YGE, BTΔΔ canetur AMH:XRCLB₂, S, FH₃ habetur W 4276
Anon sche bigan for to make E ... B₂ She kest anone howe she
myght make W 4278 schope AJ, S, F schop (schoop) C, B
Of hire acord that alle tho
Whiche of the temple prestes were
Have seid and full declared there
Unto the king, bot if so be
That he delivere the contre
Of Frixus and of Hellen bothe,
With whom the goddes ben so wrothe,
That whil tho children ben therinne,
Such tilthe schal noman beginne,
Wherof to gete him eny corn.
Thus was it seid, thus was it sworn
Of all the Prestes that ther are;
And sche which causeth al this fare
Seid ek therto what that sche wolde,
And every man thanne after tolde
So as the queene hem hadde preid.
The king, which hath his Ere leid,
And lieveth al that evere he herde,
Unto here tale thus ansuerde,
And seith that levere him is to chese
Hise children bothe forto lese,
Than him and al the remenant
Of hem whiche are aportenant
Unto the lond which he schal kepe:
And bad his wif to take kepe
In what manere is best to done,
That thei delivered weren sone
Out of this world. And sche anon
Tuo men ordeigneth forto gon;
Bot ferst sche made hem forto swere
That thei the children scholden bere
Unto the See, that non it knowe,
And hem therinne bothe throwe.

The children to the See ben lad,
Wher in the wise as Yno bad
These men be redy forto do.
Bot the goddesse which Juno
Is hote, appiereth in the stede,
And hath unto the men forbede
That thei the children noght ne sle;
Bot bad hem loke into the See
And taken hiede of that thei sihen.
Ther swam a Schep tofore here yhen,
Whos flees of burned gold was al;
And this goddesse forth withal
Comandeth that withoute lette
Thei scholde anon these children sette
Above upon this Schepes bak;
And al was do, riht as sche spak,
Wherof the men gon hom ayein.
And fell so, as the bokes sein,
Hellen the yonge Mayden tho,
Which of the See was wo bego,
For pure drede hire herte hath lore,
That fro the Schep, which hath hire bore,
As sche that was swounende feint,
Sche fell, and hath hirselve dreint;
With Frixus and this Schep forth swam,
Til he to thyle of Colchos cam,
Where Juno the goddesse he fond,
Which tok the Schep unto the lond,
And sette it there in such a wise
As thou tofore hast herd devise,
Wherof cam after al the wo,
Why Jason was forswore so
Unto Medee, as it is spoke.

Mi fader, who that hath tobroke
His trouthe, as ye have told above,
He is noght worthi forto love
Ne be beloved, as me semeth:
Bot every newe love quemeth
To him which newefongel is.
And natheles nou after this,
If that you list to taken hiede
Upon mi Schrifte to procede,
In loves cause ayein the vice
Of covoitise and Avarice
What ther is more I wolde wite.

Mi Sone, this I finde write,
Ther is yit on of thilke brood,
Which only for the worldes good,
To make a Tresor of Moneie,
Put alle conscience aweie:
Wherof in thi confession
The name and the condicion
I schal hierafterward declare,
Which makth on riche, an other bare.

v. *Plus capit usura sibi quam debetur, et illud Fraude colorata sepe latenter agit.*

*Siæ amor excessus quasmsæpe suos vt auarus Spirat, et unius tres capit ipse loco.*

Upon the bench sittende on hih
With Avarice Usure I sih,
Full cloathed of his oghne suite,
Which after gold makth chace and suite
With his brocours, that renne aboute
Lich unto racches in a route.
Such lucre is non above grounde,
Which is noght of tho racches founde;
For wher thei se beyete sterte,
That schal hem in no wise asterte,
Bot thei it dryve into the net
Of lucre, which Usure hath set.
Usure with the riche duelleth,
To al that evere he beith and selleth
He hath ordeined of his sleyhte
Mesure double and double weyhte:
Outward he selleth be the lasse,
And with the more he makth his tasse,
Wherof his hous is full withinne.
He reccheth noght, be so he winne,
Though that ther lese ten or tuelve:
His love is al toward himselfe
And to non other, bot he se
That he mai winne suche thre;
For wher he schal oght yive or lene, P. ii. 275
He wol ayeinward take a bene,
Ther he hath lent the smale pese.
And riht so ther ben manye of these 4410
Lovers, that thogh thei love a lyte,
That scarsly wolde it weie a myte,
Yit wolde thei have a pound again,
As doth Usure in his bargain.
Bot certes such usure unliche
It falleth more unto the riche,
Als wel of love as of beyete,
Than unto hem that be noght grete,
And, as who seith, ben simple and povere;
For sielden is whan thei recovere, 4420
Bot if it be thurgh gret decerte.
And natheles men se poverte
With pursuite and continuance
Fulofte make a gret chevance
And take of love his avantage,
Forth with the help of his brocage,
That maken seme wher is noght.
And thus fulofte is love boght
For litel what, and mochel take,
With false weyhtes that thei make.

Nou, Sone, of that I seide above 4430
Thou wost what Usure is of love:
Tell me forthi what so thou wilt,
If thou therof hast eny gilt.

Mi fader, nay, for ought I hiere.
For of tho pointz ye tolden hiere.
I wol you be mi trouthe assure, P. ii. 276

4402 by so AMH:XRCLB₂, B so W
4411 thei] sche B
4413 wolde he H:XRCLB₂ 4423 of continuance BT and contenance LB₂, WH₃ 4425 his om. AM . . . B₂ 4427
wher it is A . . . B₃, FWKH₃
Mi weyhte of love and mi mesure
Hath be mor large and mor certein
Than evere I tok of love ayein:
For so yit couthe I nevere of sleyhte,
To take ayein be double weyhte
Of love mor than I have yive.
For als so wiss mot I be schrive
And have remission of Sinne,
As so yit couthe I nevere winne,
Ne yit so mochel, soth to sein,
That evere I mihte have half ayein
Of so full love as I have lent:
And if myn happe were so wel went,
That for the hole I mihte have half,
Me thenkth I were a goddeshalf.
For where Usure wol have double,
Mi conscience is noght so trouble,
I biede nevere as to my del
Bot of the hole an halvendel;
That is non excess, as me thenketh.
Bot natheles it me forthenketh;
For wel I wot that wol noght be,
For every day the betre I se
That hou so evere I yive or lene
Mi love in place ther I mene,
For oght that evere I axe or crave,
I can nothing ayeinward have.
Bot yit for that I wol noght lete,
What so befalle of mi beyete,
That I ne schal hire yive and lene
Mi love and al mi thoght so clene,
That toward me schal noght beleve.
And if sche of hire goode leve
Rewarde wol me noght again,
I wot the laste of my bargain
Schal stonde upon so gret a lost,
That I mai neveremor the cost
Recovere in this world til I die.

[Usury.]
So that touchende of this partie
I mai me wel excuse and schal;
And forto speke forth withal,
If eny brocour for me wente,
That point cam nevere in myn entente:
So that the more me merveilleth,
What thing it is mi ladi eilleth,
That al myn herte and al my time
Sche hath, and doth no betre bime.
I have herd seid that thoght is fre,
And natheles in privete
To you, mi fader, that ben hiere
Min hole schrifte forto hiere,
I dar min herte wel desclose.
Touchende usure, as I suppose,
Which as ye telle in love is used,
Mi ladi mai noght ben excused;
That for o lokinge of hire yë
Min hole herte til I dye
With al that evere I may and can
Sche hath me wonne to hire man:
Wherof, me thenkth, good reson wolde.
That sche somdel rewarde scholde,
And yive a part, ther sche hath al.
I not what falle hierafter schal,
Bot into nou yit dar I sein,
Hire liste nevere yive ayein
A goodli word in such a wise,
Wherof min hope mihte arise,
Mi grete love to compense.
I not hou sche hire conscience
Excuse wole of this usure;
Be large weyhte and gret mesure
Sche hath mi love, and I have noght
Of that which I have diere boght,
And with myn herte I have it paid;
Bot al that is asyde laid,
And I go loveles aboute.
Hire oghte stonde in ful gret doute,
Til sche redresce such a sinne,
That sche wole al mi love winne
And yifth me noght to live by:
Noght als so moche as 'grant mercy'
Hir list to seie, of which I mihte
Som of mi grete peyne allyhte.
Bot of this point, lo, thus I fare
As he that paith for his chaffare,
And beith it diere, and yit hath non,
So mot he nedes povere gon:
Thus beie I diere and have no love,
That I ne mai noght come above
To winne of love non encress.
Bot I me wole natheles
Touchende usure of love aquite;
And if mi ladi be to wyte,
I preie to god such grace hir sende
That sche be time it mot amende.

Mi Sone, of that thou hast ansered
Touchende Usure I have al herd,
Hou thou of love hast wonne smale:
Bot that thou tellest in thi tale
And thi ladi therof accusest,
Me thenkth tho wordes thou misusest.
For be thin oghne knowlechinge
Thou seist hou sche for o lokinge
Thin hole herte fro the tok:
Sche mai be such, that hire o lok
Is worth thin herte manyfold;
So hast thou wel thin herte sold,
Whan thou hast that is more worth.
And ek of that thou tellest forth,
Hou that hire weyhte of love unevene
Is unto thin, under the hevene
Stod nevere in evene that balance
Which stant in loves governance.

Such is the statut of his lawe,
That though thy love more drawe
And peise in the balance more,
Thou miht noght axe aycein thercore
Of duete, bot al of grace.
For love is lord in every place,
Ther mai no lawe him justesie
Be reddour ne be compaignie,
That he ne wole after his wille
Whom that him liketh spede or spille.

To love a man mai wel beginne,
Bot whether he schal lese or winne,
That wot noman til ate laste:
Forthi coveite noght to faste,
Mi Sone, bot abyd thin ende,
Per cas al mai to goode wende.
Bot that thou hast me told and said,
of o thing I am riht wel paid,
That thou be sleyhte ne be guile
Of no brecour hast otherwhile
Engined love, for such dede
Is sore venged, as I rede.

Brocours of love that deceiven,
No wonder is thogh thei receiven
After the wrong that thei decerven;
For whom as evere that thei serven
And do plesance for a whyle,
Yit ate laste here oghne guile
Upon here oghne hed descendeth,
Which god of his vengance sendeth,
As be example of time go
A man mai finde it hath be so.
It fell somtime, as it was sene,
The hihe goddesse and the queen
Juno tho hadde in compaignie
A Maiden full of tricherie;
For sche was evere in on acord

P. ii. 280
With Jupiter, that was hire lord,
To gete him othre loves newe,
Thurgh such brocage and was untrewe
Al otherwise than him nedeth.
Bot sche, which of no schame dredeth,
With queinte wordes and with slyhe
Blente in such wise hir lady yhe,
As sche to whom that Juno triste,
So that therof sche nothing wiste.
Bot so prive mai be nothing,
That it ne comth to knowleching;
Thing don upon the derke nyht
Is after knowe on daies liht:
So it befell, that ate laste
Al that this slyhe maiden caste
Was overcast and overthrowe.
For as the sothe mot be knowe,
To Juno was don understonde
In what manere hir housebonde
With fals brocage hath take usure
Of love mor than his mesure,
Whan he tok othre than his wif,
Wherof this mayden was gultif,
Which hadde ben of his assent.
And thus was al the game schent;
Sche soffreth him, as sche mot nede,
Bot the brocour of his misdede,
Sche which hir conseil yaf therto,
On hire is the vengance do:
For Juno with hire wordes hote,
This Maiden, which Eccho was hote,
Reproveth and seith in this wise:
'O traiteresse, of which servise
Hast thou thin oghne ladi served!
Thou hast gret peine wel deserved,
That thou canst maken it so queinte,
Thi slyhe wordes forto peinte
Towards me, that am thi queene,
Wherof thou madest me to wene

4595 that om. MH:XRCLB, Δ, W 4612 was om. AM
That myn housbonde trewe were,
Whan that he loveth elleswhere,
Al be it so him nedeth noght.
Bot upon thee it schal be boght,
Which art prive to tho doinges,
And me fulohte of thi lesinges
Deceived hast: nou is the day
That I thi while aquite may;
And for thou hast to me conceled
That my lord hath with othre deled,
I schal thee sette in such a kende,
That evere unto the worldes ende
Al that thou hierest thou schalt telle,
And clappe it out as doth a belle.'  
And with that word sche was forschape,
Ther may no vois hire mouth acscape,
What man that in the wodes crieth,
Withoute faile Eccho replieth,
And what word that him list to sein,
The same word sche seith ayein.
Thus sche, which whilom hadde leve
To duelle in chambre, mot beleve
In wodes and on helles bothe,
For such brocage as wyves lothe,
Which doth here lordes hertes change.
And love in other place strange.
Forthi, if evere it so befalle,
That thou, mi Sone, amonges alle
Be wedded man, hold that thou hast,
For thanne al other love is wast.
O wif schal wel to thee suffise,
And thanne, if thou for covoitise
Of love woldest axe more,
Thou scholdest don ayein the lore
Of alle hem that trewe be.
Mi fader, as in this degré
My conscience is noght accused.

4634 quite BT, W
4642 vice BT
4643 in the wodes]
euer in wodes AM...B2
4651 herte XEC, BT, W
4652 places XGLB2, B
CONFESSIO AMANTIS

For I no such brocage have used,
Wherof that lust of love is wonne.
Forthi spek forth, as ye begonne,
Of Avarice upon mi schrifte.

Mi Sone, I schal the branches schifte
Be ordre so as thei ben set,
On whom no good is wel beset.

Hic tractat super illa specie Avaricie que Parcimonia dicit-
ur, cuius natura tenax aliqualem sue substancie porcionem aut deo
aut hominibus participare nullatenus consentit.

vi. Pro verbis verba, munus pro munere reddi
Convenit, ut pondus equa statera gerat.
Propterea cupidō non dat sua dona Cupido,
Nam qui nullō serit, gramina nullō metet.

Blinde Avarice of his lignage
For conseil and for cousinage,
To be withholde ayen largesse,

Hath on, whos name is seid Skarsnesse,
The which is kepere of his hous,
And is so thurghout averous,
That he no good let out of honde;
Thogh god himself it wolde fonde,
Of yifte scholde he nothing have;
And if a man it wolde crave,
He moste thanne faile nede,
Wher god himselfe mai noght spede.
And thus Skarsnesse in every place
Be reson mai no thonk porchace,
And natheles in his degree
Above alle othre most prive
With Avarice stant he this.
For he governeth that ther is
In ech astat of his office
After the reule of thilke vice;
He takth, he kepth, he halt, he bint,
That lihtere is to fle the flint
Than gete of him in hard or neisse
Only the value of a reysshe
Of good in helpinge of an other,
Noght thogh it were his oghne brother.

4671 Blinde AJ, S, F  Blind C, B
4682 Whan EC
For in the cas of yifte and lone
Stant every man for him al one,
Him thenkth of his unkindeschipe
That him nedeth no felaschipe:
Be so the bagge and he acorden,
Him reccheth noght what men recorden
Of him, or it be evel or good.

For al his trust is on his good,
So that al one he falleth ofte,
When he best weneth stonde alofte,
Als wel in love as other wise;
For love is evere of som reprise
To him that wole his love holde.
Forthi, mi Sone, as thou art holde,
Touchende of this tell me thi schrifte:
Hast thou be scars or large of yifte
Unto thi love, whom thou servest?
For after that thou wel deservest
Of yifte, thou miht be the bet;
For that good holde I wel beset,
For why thou miht the betre fare;
Thanne is no wisdom forto spare.
For thus men sein, in every nede
He was wys that ferst made mede;
For where as mede mai noght spede,
I not what helpeth other dede:
Fulofte he faileth of his game
That wol with ydel hand reclame
His hauk, as many a nyce doth.
Forthi, mi Sone, tell me soth
And sei the trouthe, if thou hast be
Unto thy love or skars or fre.

Mi fader, it hath stonde thus,
That if the tresor of Cresus
And al the gold Octovien,
Forth with the richesse Yndien
Of Perles and of riche stones,
Were al togedre myn at ones,
I sette it at nomore acompte
Than wolde a bare straw amonte,
To yive it hire al in a day,
Be so that to that suete may
I myhte like or more or lesse.
And thus be cause of my scarsnesse
Ye mai wel understonde and lieve
That I schal noght the worse achieve
The pourpos which is in my thoght.
Bot yit I yaf hir nevere noght,
Ne therto dorste a profre make;
For wel I wot sche wol noght take,
And yive wol sche noght also,
She is eshu of bothe tuo.
And this I trowe be the skile
Towards me, for sche ne wile
That I have eny cause of hope,
Noght also mochel as a drope.
Bot toward othre, as I mai se,
Sche takth and yifth in such degre,
That as be weie of frendlihiede
Sche can so kepe hir wommanhiede,
That every man spekth of hir wel.
Bot sche Wolfe take of me no del,
And yit sche wot wel that I wolde
Vive and do bothe what I scholde
To plesen hire in al my myht:
Be reson this wot every wyht,
For that mai be no weie asterte,
Ther sche is maister of the herte,
Sche mot be maister of the good.
For god wot wel that al my mod
And al min herte and al mi thoght
And al mi good, whil I have oght,
Als freliche as god hath it vive,
It schal ben hires, while I live,
Riht as hir list hirself commande.
So that it nedeth no demande,
To axe of me if I be scars
To love, for as to tho pars
I wole ansuere and seie no.

Mi Sone, that is riht wel do.
For often times of scarsnesse
It hath be sen, that for the lesse
Is lost the more, as thou schalt hiere
A tale lich to this matiere.

Skarsnesse and love acorden never,
For every thing is wel the lever,
Whan that a man hath boght it diere:
And forto speke in this matiere,
For sparing of a litel cost
Fulofte time a man hath lost
The large cote for the hod.
What man that scars is of his good
And wol noght yive, he schal noght take:
With yifte a man mai undertake
The hihe god to plese and queme,
With yifte a man the world mai deme;
For every creature bore,
If thou him yive, is glad therfore,
And every gladschipe, as I finde,
Is confort unto loves kinde
And causeth ofte a man to spede.
So was he wys that ferst yaf mede,
For mede kepeth love in house;
Bot wher the men ben coveitouse
And sparen forto yive a part,
Thei knowe noght Cupides art:
For his fortune and his aprise
Desdeigneth alle coveitise
And hateth alle nygardie.
And forto loke of this partie,
A soth ensample, hou it is so,
I finde write of Babio;
Which hadde a love at his menage,
Ther was non fairere of hire age,  
And hihte Viola be name;  
Which full of youthe and ful of game  
Was of hirself, and large and fre,  
Bot such an other chinche as he  
Men wisten noght in al the lond,  
And hadde affaited to his hond  
His servant, the which Spodius  
Was hote. And in this wise thus  
The worldes good of sufficance  
Was had, bot likinge and plesance,  
Of that belongeth to richesse  
Of love, stod in gret destresse;  
So that this yonge lusty wyht  
Of thing which fell to loves riht  
Was evele served overal,  
That sche was wo bego withal,  
Til that Cupide and Venus eke  
A medicine for the seke  
Ordeigne wolden in this cas.  
So as fortune thanne was,  
Of love upon the destine  
It fell, riht as it scholde be,  
A freissh, a fre, a frendly man  
That noght of Avarice can,  
Which Croceus be name hihte,  
Toward this swete caste his sihte,  
And ther sche was cam in presence.  
Sche sih him large of his despence,  
And amorous and glad of chiere,  
So that hir liketh wel to hier  
The goodly wordes whiche he seide;  
And therupon of love he preide,  
Of love was al that he mente,  
To love and for sche scholde assente,  
He yaf hire yiftes evere among.  
Bot for men sein that mede is strong,  
It was wel seene at thilke tyde;
For as it scholde of ryht betyde,  
This Viola largesce hath take  
And the nygard sche hath forsake:  
Of Babio sche wol no more,  
For he was grucchende everemore,  
Ther was with him non other fare  
Bot forto prinche and forto spare,  
Of worldes muk to gete encrest.  
So goth the wrecche loveles,  
Bejaped for his Skarcete,  
And he that large was and fre  
And sette his herte to despende,  
This Croceus, the bowe bende,  
Which Venus tok him forto holde,  
And schotte als ofte as evere he wolde.

Lo, thus departeth love his lawe,  
That what man wol noght be felawe  
To yive and spende, as I thee telle,  
He is noght worthi forto duelle  
In loves court to be relieved.  
Forthi, my Sone, if I be lieved,  
Thou schalt be large of thi despence.

Mi fader, in mi conscience  
If ther be eny thing amis,  
I wol amende it after this,  
Toward mi love namely.

Mi Sone, wel and redely  
Thou seist, so that wel paid withal  
I am, and forthere if I schal  
Unto thi schrifte specifie  
Of Avarices progenie  
What vice suieth after this,  
Thou schalt have wonder hou it is,  
Among the folk in eny regne  
That such a vice myhte regne,  
Which is comun at alle assaies,  
As men mai finde nou adaies.
CONFESSIO AMANTIS

vii. *Cuncta creatura, deus et qui cuncta creavit,*
*Damnant ingratidictaquefactavirii.*
*Non dolor alongetstat, quosibi talis amicam*
*Traxit, et in fineserit esse suam.*

The vice lik unto the fend,
Which nevere yit was mannes frend,
And cleped is Unkindeschipe,
Of covine and of felaschipe
With Avarice he is withholde.
Him thenkth he scholde noght ben holde
Unto the moder which him bar;
Of him mai nevere man be war,
He wol noght knowe the merite,
For that he wolde it noght aquite;
Which in this world is mochel used,
And fewe ben therof excused.
To telle of him is endeles,
Bot this I seie natheles,
Wher as this vice comth to londe,
Ther takth noman his thonk on honde;
Thogh he with alle his myhtes serve,
He schal of him no thonk deserve.
He takth what eny man wol yive,
Bot whil he hath o day to live,
He wol nothing rewarde ayein;
He gruccheth forto yive o grein,
Wher he hath take a berne full.
That makth a kinde herte dull,
To sette his trust in such frendschipe,
Ther as he fint no kindeschipe;
And forto speke wordes pleine,
Thus hiere I many a man compleigne,
That nou on daies thou schalt finde
At nede fewe frendes kinde;
What thou hast don for hem tofore,
It is foryet, as it were lore.
The bokes spaken of this vice,
And telle hou god of his justice,

*Latin Verses* vii. 2 dicta que SBT dictaque AJM, FW dictique
(dicti que) HiE ... Ba 3 alonge AJ, F a longe SB
Be weie of kinde and ek nature
And every lifissh creature,
The lawe also, who that it kan,
Thei dampnen an unkinde man.

It is al on to seie unkinde
As thing which don is ayein kinde,
For it with kinde nevere stod
A man to yelden evel for good.
For who that wolde taken hede,
A beste is glad of a good dede,
And loveth thilke creature
After the lawe of his nature
Which doth him ese. And forto se
Of this matiire Auctorite,
Fulofte time it hath befalle ;
Wherof a tale amonges alle,
Which is of olde ensamplerie,
I thenke forto specefie.

To speke of an unkinde man,
I finde hou whilom Adrian,
Of Rome which a gret lord was,
Upon a day as he per cas
To wode in his huntinge wente,
It hapneth at a soudcin wente,
After his chace as he pursuith,
Thurgh happ, the which noman eschuieth,
He fell unwar into a pet,
Wher that it mihte noght be let.
The pet was dep and he fell lowe,
That of his men non myhte knowe
Wher he becam, for non was nyh,
Which of his fall the meschief syh.
And thus al one ther he lay
Clepende and criende al the day
For socour and deliverance,

4920 Dampnen þe vnkinde creature H1... B2 (Dampneth H1B2)
lifissh S, F liuissh BT liuyng AJM, Δ liflich (livelich) WHs
4921 who that it kan] þat it can AM by þat I can H1... B2 4935
olde AJ, S, F old C, B 4942 at] þat XECLB2 þat at H1R
4944 the om. H1... B2, BΔ
* * G
Til ayein Eve it fell per chance,
A while er it began to nyhte,
A povere man, which Bardus hihte,
Cam forth walkende with his asse,
And hadde gadred him a tasse
Of grene stickes and of dreie
To selle, who that wolde hem beie,
As he which hadde no lislode,
Bot whanne he myhte such a lode
To toune with his Asse carie.
And as it fell him forto tarie
That ilke time nyh the pet,
And hath the trusse faste knit,
He herde a vois, which cride dimme,
And he his Ere to the brimme
Hath leid, and herde it was a man, 4960
Which seide, 'Ha, help hier Adrian,
And I wol yiven half mi good.'

The povere man this understod,
As he that wolde gladly winne,
And to this lord which was withinne
He spak and seide, 'If I thee save,
What sikernesse schal I have
Of covenant, that afterward
Thou wolt me yive such reward
As thou behihtest nou tofore?'

That other hath his othes swore
Be hevene and be the goddes alle,
If that it myhte so befalle
That he out of the pet him broghte,
Of all the goodes whiche he oghte
He schal have evene halvendel.

This Bardus seide he wolde wel;
And with this word his Asse anon
He let untrusse, and therupon
Doun goth the corde into the pet,
To which he hath at ende knit
A staf, wherby, he seide, he wolde
That Adrian him scholde holde.
Bot it was tho per chance falle,
Into that pet was also falle
An Ape, which at thilke throwe,
Whan that the corde cam doun lowe,
Al sodeinli therfo he skipte
And it in bothe his armes clipte.
And Bardus with his Asse anon
Him hath updrawe, and he is gon.
But whan he sgh it was an Ape,
He wende al hadde ben a jape
Of faierie, and sore him dradde:
And Adrian eftsone gradde
For help, and cride and preide faste,
And he eftsone his corde caste;
Bot whan it cam unto the grounde,
A gret Serpent it hath bewounde,
The which Bardus anon up drouh.
And thanne him thoghte wel ynoh,
It was fantasme, bot yit he herde
The vois, and he therto ansuerde,
‘What wiht art thou in goddes name?’
‘I am,’ quod Adrian, ‘the same,
Whos good thou schalt have evene half.’
Quod Bardus, ‘Thanne a goddes half
The thridde tyme assaie I schal’: And caste his corde forth withal
Into the pet, and whan it cam
To him, this lord of Rome it nam,
And therupon him hath adresced,
And with his hand fulofte blessed,
And thanne he bad to Bardus hale.
And he, which understod his tale,
Betwen him and his Asse al softe
Hath drawe and set him up alofte

P. ii. 295
5000
5010
5020
CONFESSIO AMANTIS

Withouten harm al esely.
He seith noght ones 'grant merci,'
Bot strauhte him forth to the cite,
And let this povere Bardus be.
And natheles this simple man
His covenant, so as he can,
Hath axed; and that other seide,
If so be that he him umbreide
Of oght that hath be speke or do,
It schal ben venged on him so,
That him were betre to be ded.
And he can tho non other red,
But on his asse ayein he caste
His trusse, and hieth homward faste:
And whan that he cam hom to bedde,
He tolde his wif hou that he spedde.
Bot finaly to speke oght more
Unto this lord he dradde him sore,
So that a word ne dorste he sein:
And thus upon the morwe ayein,
In the manere as I recorde,
Forth with his Asse and with his corde
To gadre wode, as he dede er,
He goth; and whan that he cam ner
Unto the place where he wolde,
He hath his Ape anon beholde,
Which hadde gadred al aboute
Of stickes hiere and there a route,
And leide hem redy to his hond,
Wherof he made his trosse and bond;
Fro dai to dai and in this wise
This Ape profreth his servise,
So that he hadde of wode ynoth.
Upon a time and as he drouh
Toward the wode, he sih besyde
The grete gastli Serpent glyde,
Til that sche cam in his presence,
And in hir kinde a reverence
Sche hath him do, and forth withal
A Ston mor briht than a cristall
Out of hir mouth tofore his weie
Sche let doun falle, and wente aweie,
For that he schal noght ben adrad.
Tho was this povere Bardus glad,
Thonkende god, and to the Ston
He goth and takth it up anon,
And hath gret wonder in his wit
Hou that the beste him hath aquit,
Wher that the mannies Sone hath failed,
For whom he hadde most travailed.
Bot al he putte in goddes hond,
And torneth hom, and what he fond
Unto his wif he hath it schewed;
And thei, that weren bothe lewed,
Acorden that he scholde it selle.
And he no lengere wolde duelle,
Bot forth anon upon the tale
The Ston he profreth to the sale;
And riht as he himself it sette,
The jueler anon forth fette
The gold and made his paiement,
Therof was no delaient.

Thus whan this Ston was boght and sold, P. ii. 298
Homward with joie manyfold
This Bardus goth; and whan he cam
Hom to his hous and that he nam
His gold out of his Purs, withinne
He fond his Ston also therinne,
Wherof for joie his herte pleide,
Unto his wif and thus he seide,
‘Lo, hier my gold, lo, hier mi Ston!’
His wif hath wonder therupon,
And axeth him hou that mai be.
‘Nou be mi trouthe I not,’ quod he,
‘Bot I dar swere upon a bok,'
That to my Marchant I it tok,
And he it hadde whan I wente:
So knowe I noght to what entente
It is nou hier, bot it be grace.
Forthi tomorwe in other place
I wole it fonde forto selle,
And if it wol noght with him duelle,
Bot crepe into mi purs ayein,
Than dar I saufly swore and sein,
It is the vertu of the Ston.'
The morwe cam, and he is gon
To seche aboute in other stede
His Ston to selle, and he so dede,
And lefte it with his chapman there.
Bot whan that he cam elleswhere,
In presence of his wif at hom,
Out of his Purs and that he nom
His gold, he fond his Ston withal:
And thus it fell him overal,
Where he it solde in sondri place,
Such was the fortune and the grace.
Bot so wel may nothing ben hidd,
That it nys ate laste kidd:
This fame goth aboute Rome
So ferforth, that the wordes come
To themperour Justinian;
And he let sende for the man,
And axede him hou that it was.
And Bardus tolde him al the cas,
Hou that the worm and ek the beste,
Althogh thei maden no beheste,
His travail hadden wel aquit;
Bot he which hadde a mannes wit,
And made his covenant be mouthe
And swor therto al that he couthe
To parte and yiven half his good,
Hath nou foryete hou that it stod, 
As he which wol no trouthe holde. 
This Emperour al that he tolde 
Hath herd, and thilke unkindenesse 
He seide he wolde himself redresse. 
And thus in court of juggement 
This Adrian was thanne assent, 
And the querele in audience 
Declared was in the presence 
Of themperour and many mo; 
Wherof was mochel speche tho 
And gret wondringe among the press. P. ii. 300 
Bot ate laste natheles 
For the partie which hath pleigned 
The lawe hath diemed and ordeigned 
Be hem that were avised wel, 
That he schal have the halvendel 
Thurghout of Adrianes good. 
And thus of thilke unkinde blod 
Stant the memoire into this day, 
Wherof that every wysman may 
Ensamplen him, and take in mynde 
What schame it is to ben unkinde; 
Ayein the which reson debateth, 
And every creature it hateth. 
Forthi, mi Sone, in thin office 
I rede fle that ilke vice. 
For riht as the Cronique seith 
Of Adrian, hou he his feith 
Foryat for worldes covoitise, 
Fulofte in such a maner wise 
Of lovers nou a man mai se 
Full manye that unkinde be; 
For wel behote and evele laste 
That is here li; for ate laste, 
Whan that thei have here wille do, 
Here love is after sone ago. 
What seist thou, Sone, to this cas?
Mi fader, I wol seie Helas,
That evere such a man was bore,
Which whan he hath his trouthe suore
And hath of love what he wolde,
That he at eny time scholde
Evere after in his herte finde
To falsen and to ben unkinde.
Bot, fader, as touchende of me,
I mai noght stonde in that degre;
For I tok nevere of love why,
That I ne mai wel go therby
And do my profit elles where,
For eny sped I finde there.
I dar wel thenken al aboute,
Bot I ne dar noght speke it oute;
And if I dorste, I wolde pleigne,
That sche for whom I soffre peine
And love hir evere aliche hote,
That nouther yive ne behote
In rewardinge of mi servise
It list hire in no maner wise.
I wol noght say that sche is kinde,
And forto sai sche is unkinde,
That dar I noght; bot god above,
Which demeth every herte of love,
He wot that on myn oghne side
Schal non unkindeschipe abide:
If it schal with mi ladi duelle,
Therof dar I nomore telle.
Nou, goode fader, as it is,
Tell me what thenketh you of this.

Mi Sone, of that unkindeschipe,
The which toward thi ladischipe
Thou pleignest, for sche wol thee noght,
Thou art to blamen of that thoght.
For it mai be that thi desir,
Thogh it brenne evere as doth the fyr,
Per cas to hire honour missit,
Or elles time com noght yit,
Which standt upon thi destine:
Forthi, mi Sone, I rede thee,
Thenk wel, what evere the befalle;
For noman hath his lustes alle.
Bot as thou toldest me before
That thou to love art noght forswore,
And hast don non unkindenesse,
Thou miht therof thi grace blesse:
And lef noght that continuance;
For ther mai be no such gревance
To love, as is unkindeschipe.
Wherof to kepe thi worschiphe,
So as these olde bokes tale,
I schal thee telle a redi tale:
Nou herkne and be wel war therby,
For I wol telle it openly.

Mynos, as telleth the Poete,
The which whilom was king of Crete,
A Sone hadde and Androchee
He hihte: and so befell that he
Unto Athenes forto lere
Was send, and so he bar him there,
For that he was of hih lignage,
Such pride he tok in his corage,
That he foryeten hath the Scoles,
And in riote among the soles
He dede manye thinges wronge;
And useth thilke lif so longe,
Til ate laste of that he wroughte
He fond the meschief which he soghte,
Wherof it fell that he was slain.
His fader, which it herde sain,
Was wroth, and al that evere he mihte,
Of men of Armes he him dighete
A strong pouer, and forth he wente
Unto Athenys, where he brente
The pleine contre al aboute:
The Cites stode of him in doute,
As thei that no defence hadde
Ayein the pouer which he ladde.
Egeüs, which was there king,
His conseil tok upon this thing,
For he was thanne in the Cite:
So that of pes into tretee
Betwen Mynos and Egeüs
Thei felle, and ben acorded thus;
That king Mynos fro yer to yeere
Receive schal, as thou schalt here,
Out of Athenys for truage
Of men that were of myhti Age
Persones nyne, of whiche he schal
His wille don in special
For vengance of his Sones deth.
Non other grace ther ne geth,
Bot forto take the juise;
And that was don in such a wise,
Which stod upon a wonder cas.
For thilke time so it was,
Wherof that men yit rede and singe,
King Mynos hadde in his kepinge
A cruel Monstre, as seith the geste:
For he was half man and half beste,
And Minotaurus he was hote,
Which was begete in a riote
Upon Pasiphe, his oghne wif,
Whil he was oute upon the strif
Of thilke grete Siege at Troie.
Bot sche, which lost hath alle joie,
Whan that sche syh this Monstre bore,
Bad men ordeigne anon therfore:
And fell that ilke time thus,
Ther was a Clerk, on Dedalus,
Which hadde ben of hire assent

5252 cite Hi. . . Bz, T
5277 And] Of B
5281 of Troie
XC, S . . . A, W
5282 lost hath] lost(e) Hi . . . Bz
hath lost W
Of that hir world was so miswent;
And he made of his oghne wit,
Wherof the remembrance is yit,
For Minotaure such an hous,
Which was so strange and merveilous,
That what man that withinne wente,
Ther was so many a sondri wente,
That he ne scholde noght come outhe,
But gon amased al aboute.
And in this hous to loke and warde
Was Minotaurus put in warde,
That what lif that therinne cam,
Or man or beste, he overcam
And slow, and fedde him therupon;
And in this wise many on
Out of Athenys for truage
Devoured weren in that rage.
For every yeer thei schope hem so,
Thei of Athenys, er thei go
Toward that ilke wofull chance,
As it was set in ordinance,
Upon fortune here lot thei caste;
Til that Theseüs ate laste,
Which was the kinges Sone there,
Amonges othre that ther were
In thilke yeer, as it befell,
The lot upon his chance fell.
He was a worthi kniht withalle;
And whan he sih this chance falle,
He ferde as thogh he tok non hiede,
Bot al that evere he mihte spiede,
With him and with his felaschipe
Forth into Crete he goth be Schipe;
Wher that the king Mynos he soghte,
And profreth all that he him oghte
Upon the point of here acord.

5288 world] lord BT 5299 therinne] euer inne H i ... B2
5302 many AC, B manye (manie) S, F monie J 5308 As] And
X ... B2 5316 this] his L, BT 5321 the king] to king
E ... B2 kynge (om. the) X
This stern king, this cruel lord
Tok every day on of the Nyne,
And put him to the discipline
Of Minotaure, to be devoured;
Bot Theseüs was so favoured,
That he was kept til ate laste.
And in the meene while he caste
What thing him were best to do:
And fell that Adriagne tho,
Which was the dowther of Mynos,
And hadde herd the worthi los
Of Theseüs and of his myht,
And syh he was a lusti kniht,
Hire hole herte on him sche leide,
And he also of love hir preide,
So ferforth that thei were al on.
And sche ordeigneth thanne anon
In what manere he scholde him save,
And schop so that sche dede him have
A clue of thred, of which withinne
Ferst ate dore he schal beginne
With him to take that on ende,
That whan he wolde ayeinward wende,
He mihte go the same weie.
And over this, so as I seie,
Of pich sche tok him a pelote,
The which he scholde into the throte
Of Minotaure caste rihte:
Such wepne also for him sche dighte,
That he be reson mai noght faile
To make an ende of his bataile;
For sche him tawhte in sondri wise,
Til he was knowe of thilke emprise,
Hou he this beste schulde quelle.
And thus, schort tale forto telle,
So as this Maide him hadde tawht,
Theseüs with this Monstre fawht, Smot of his hed, the which he nam, And be the thred, so as he cam, He goth ayein, til he were oute. Tho was gret wonder al aboute: Mynos the tribut hath relessed, And so was al the werre cessed Betwen Athene and hem of Crete.

Bot now to speke of thilke suete, Whos beaute was withoute wane, This faire Maiden Adriane, Whan that sche sih Theseüs sound, Was nevere yit upon the ground A gladder wyht than sche was tho. Theseüs duelte a dai or tuo Wher that Mynos gret chiere him dede: Theseüs in a prive stede Hath with this Maiden spoke and rouned, That sche to him was abandouned In al that evere that sche couthe, So that of thilke lusty youthe Al prively betwen hem tweie The ferste flour he tok awei. For he so faire tho behiht That evere, whil he live mihre, He scholde hire take for his wif, And as his oghne hertes lif He scholde hire love and trouthe bere; And sche, which mihte noght forbere, So sore loveth him ayein, That what as evere he wolde sein With al hire herte sche believeth. And thus his pourpos he achieveth, So that assured of his trouthe With him sche wente, and that was routhe. Fedra hire yonger Soster eke, A lusti Maide, a sobre, a meke, Fulfield of alle curtesie,
For Sosterhode and compainie
Of love, which was hem betuene,
To sen hire Soster mad a queene,
Hire fader lefte and forth sche wente
With him, which al his ferste entente
Foryat withinne a litel throwe,
So that it was al overthrowe,
Whan sche best wende it scholde stonde.
The Schip was blowe fro the londe,
Wherin that thei seilende were;
This Adriagne hath mochel fere
Of that the wynd so loude bleu,
As sche which of the See ne kneu,
And preide forto reste a whyle.
And so fell that upon an yle,
Which Chyo hibte, thei ben drive,
Where he to hire his leve hath yive
That sche schal londe and take hire reste.
Bot that was nothing for the beste:
For whan sche was to londe broght,
Sche, which that time thoghte noght
Bot alle trouthe, and tok no kepe,
Hath leid hire softe forto slepe,
As sche which longe hath ben forwacched;
Bot certes sche was evele macched
And fer from alle loves kinde;
For more than the beste unkinde
Theseüis, which no trouthe kepte,
Whil that this yonge ladi slepte,
Fulfild of his unkindeschipe
Hath al foryete the goodschipe
Which Adriane him hadde do,
And bad unto the Schipmen tho
Hale up the seil and noght abyde,
And forth he goth the same tyde
Toward Athene, and hire alonde
He lefte, which lay nyh the stronde

And so fell |at vpon an ıle
Thei were wind drive wipiinne a while H1 ... B2
(driuen in a while L) 5427 his] alle B 5430 schipman H1 ... B2, W
Liber Quintus

Slepende, til that sche awok.
Bot whan that sche cast up hire lok
Toward the stronde and sih no wyht,
Hire herte was so sore aflyht,
That sche ne wiste what to thinke,
Bot drouh hire to the water brinke,
Wher sche behield the See at large.
Sche sih no Schip, sche sih no barge
Als ferforth as sche mihte kenne:
‘Ha lord,’ sche seide, ‘which a Senne,
As al the world schal after hiere,
Upon this woful womman hiere
This worthi kniht hath don and wroght!
I wende I hadde his love boght,
And so deserved ate nede,
Whan that he stod upon his drede,
And ek the love he me behilhte.
It is gret wonder hou he mihte
Towardes me nou ben unkinde,
And so to lete out of his mynde
Thing which he seide his oghne mouth.
Bot after this whan it is couth
And drawe into the worldes fame,
It schal ben hindringe of his name:
For wel he wot and so wot I,
He yaf his trouthe bodily,
That he myn honour scholde kepe.’
And with that word sche gan to wepe,
And, sorweth more than ynowh:
Hire faire tresces sche todrouh,
And with hirself tok such a strif,
That sche betwen the deth and lif
Swounende lay fuloft among.
And al was this on him along,
Which was to love unkinde so,
Whereof the wrong schal everemo

5438 afrinh (a fright &c.) A . . . B2 (except E), W
nede H1XRCLB2 5456 is] was H1E . . . B2 5457 into] to
S . . . A 5464 tresces AC tresses BT trescess J, S, F 5465
wip hir selue (self) took a strif H1 . . . B2 wip hirself sche took such
a s. B 5466 betwen(e) dep H1 . . . B2 5467 lay] wepee (wep) BT
Stonde in Cronique of remembrance.
And ek it asketh a vengance
To ben unkinde in loves cas,
So as Theseüs thanne was,
Al thogh he were a noble kniht;
For he the lawe of loves riht
Forfeted hath in alle weie,
That Adriagne he putte aweie,
Which was a gret unkinde dede:
And after this, so as I rede,
Fedra, the which hir Soster is,
He tok in stede of hire, and this
Fel afterward to mochel teene.
For thilke vice of which I meene,
Unkindeschipe, where it falleth,
The trouthe of mannes herte it palleth,
That he can no good dede aquite:
So mai he stonde of no merite
Towards god, and ek also
Men clepen him the worldes fo;
For he nomore than the fend
Unto non other man is frend,
Bot al toward himself al one.
Forthi, mi Sone, in thi persone
This vice above alle othre sle.

Mi fader, as ye techen me,
I thenke don in this matiere.
Bot over this nou wolde I hiere,
Wherof I schal me schryve more.

Mi goode Sone, and for thi lore,
After the reule of coveitise
I schal the proprete devise
Of every vice by and by.

Hic tractat super illa specie cupida que

viii. Viribus ex clara res tollit luce Rapina,
Floris et inuita virgine mella capit.

In the lignage of Avarice,
Mi Sone, yit ther is a vice,
His rihte name it is Ravine,
Which hath a route of his covine.
Ravine among the maistres duelleth,
And with his servantz, as men telleth,
Extorcion is nou withholde:
Ravinie of othre mennes folde
Makth his larder and paieth noght;
For wher as evere it mai be soght,
In his hous ther schal nothing lacke,
And that fuloste abyth the packe
Of povere men that duelle aboute.
Thus stant the comun poeple in doute,
Which can do non amendement;
For whanne him faileth paiement,
Ravinie makth non other skile,
Bot takth be strengthe what he wile.
So ben ther in the same wise
Lovers, as I thee schal devise,
That whan noght elles mai availe,
Anon with strengthe thei assaile
And gete of love the sesine,
Whan thei se time, be Ravine.
Forthi, mi Sone, schrif thee hier,
If thou hast ben a Raviner
Of love.
Certes, fader, no:
For I mi ladi love so,
That thogh I were as was Pompeie,
That al the world me wolde obeie,
Or elles such as Alisandre,
I wolde noght do such a sklaundre;
It is no good man, which so doth.
In good feith, Sone, thou seist soth:
For he that wole of pourveance
Be such a weie his luste avance,
CONFESSIO AMANTIS

He schal it after sore abie,
Bot if these olde ensamples lie.

Nou, goode fader, tell me on,
So as ye cunne manyon,
Touchende of love in this matiere.

Nou list, mi Sone, and thou schalt hier,
So as it hath befalle er this,
In loves cause hou that it is
A man to take be Ravine
The preie which is femeline.

[TALE OF TEREUS.]

Ther was a real noble king,
And riche of alle worldes thing,
Which of his propre inherittance
Athenes hadde in governance,
And who so thenke therupon,
His name was king Pandion.
Tuo douhtres hadde he be his wif,
The whiche he lovede as his lif;
The ferste douhter Progne hihte,
And the seconde, as sche wel mihte,
Was cleped faire Philomene,
To whom fell after mochel tene.
The fader of his pourveance
His daughter Progne wolde avance,
And yaf hire unto manage
A worthi king of hih lignage,
A noble kniht eke of his hond,
So was he kid in every lond,
Of Trace he hihte Tereüs;
The clerk Ovide telleth thus.
This Tereüs his wif hom ladde,
A lusti lif with hire he hadde;
Til it befell upon a tyde,
This Progne, as sche lay him besyde,
Bethoughte hir hou it mihte be
That sche hir Soster myhte se,

5546 lust AMCL listne A
5559 margin Terco A ... B
5560 wel om. H: E ... B
5561 margin cum om. A ... B
5563 margin sororis A ... B, B, W
And to hir lord hir will sche seide, 
With goodly wordes and him preide 
That sche to hire mihte go: 
And if it liked him noght so, 
That thanne he wolde himselfe wende, 
Or elles be som other sende, 
Which mihte hire diere Soster griete, 
And schape hou that thei mihten miete. 
Hir lord anon to that he herde 
Yaf his acord, and thus ansuerde: 
‘I wole,’ he seide, ‘for thi sake 
The weie after thi Soster take 
Miself, and bringe hire, if I may.’ 
And sche with that, there as he lay, 
Began him in hire armes clippe, 
And kist him with hire softe lippe, 
And seide, ‘Sire, grant mercy.’ 
And he sone after was redy, 
And tok his leve forto go; 
In sori time dede he so. 
This Tereuës goth forth to Schipe
With him and with his felaschipe; 
Be See the rihte cours he nam, 
Into the contre til he cam, 
Wher Philomene was duellinge, 
And of hir Soster the tidinge 
He tolde, and tho thei weren glade, 
And mochel joie of him thei made. 
The fader and the moder bothe 
To leve here douhter weren lothe, 
Bot if thei weren in presence; 
And natheles at reverence 
Of him, that wolde himselfe travaile, 
Thei wolden noght he scholde faile 
Of that he preide, and yive hire leve: 
And sche, that wolde noght beleve,
In alle haste made hire yare
Toward hir Soster forto fare,
With Tereüs and forth sche wente.
And he with al his hole entente,
Whan sche was fro hir frendes go,
Assoteth of hire love so,
His yhe myhte he noght withholde,
That he ne moste on hir beholde;
And with the sihte he gan desire,
And sette his oghne herte on fyre;
And fyr, whan it to tow aprocheth,
To him anon the strengthe acrocheth,
Til with his hete it be devoured,
The tow ne mai noght be socoured.
And so that tirant raviner,
Whan that sche was in his pouer,
And he therto sawh time and place,
As he that lost hath alle grace,
Foryat he was a wedded man,
And in a rage on hire he ran,
Riht as a wolf which takth his preie.
And sche began to crie and preie,
‘O fader, o mi moder diere,
Nou help!’ Bot thei ne mihte it hiere,
And sche was of to litel myht
Defense ayein so ruide a knyht
To make, whanne he was so wod
That he no reson understod,
Bot hield hire under in such wise,
That sche ne myhte noght arise,
Bot lay oppressed and desesed,
As if a goshauk hadde sesed,
A brid, which dorste noght for fere
Remue: and thus this tirant there
Braft hire such thing as men sein
Mai neveremor be yolde ayein,
And that was the virginite:
Of such Ravine it was pite.

5620
5630
5640
5650
Bot whan sche to hirselven com,
And of hir meschief hiede nom,
And knew hou that sche was no maide,
With wofull herte thus sche saide:
'O thou of alle men the worste,
Wher was ther evere man that dorste
Do such a dede as thou hast do? P. ii. 317
That dai schal falle, I hope so,
That I schal telle out al mi fille,
And with mi speche I schal fulfille
The wyde world in brede and lengthe.
That thou hast do to me be strengthe,
If I among the poeple duelle,
Unto the poeple I schal it telle;
And if I be withinne wall
Of Stones closed, thanne I schal
Unto the Stones clepe and crie,
And tellen hem thi felonie;
And if I to the wodes wende,
Ther schal I tellen tale and ende,
And crie it to the briddes oute,
That thei schul hiere it al aboute.
For I so loude it schal reherce,
That my vois schal the hevene perce,
That it schal soune in goddes Ere.
Ha, false man, where is thi fere?
O mor cruel than eny beste,
Hou hast thou holden thi beheste
Which thou unto my Soster madest?
O thou, which alle love ungladest,
And art ensample of alle untrewi,
Nou wolde god mi Soster knowe,
Of thin untrouthe, hou that it stod!
And he than as a Lyon wod
With his unhappi handes stronge

5667 jo stones EC  5670 tale] al BT
5671 f.  And crie it to briddes al aboute
How jou hast do to me purghoute H1 . . . B3
(to be briddes R)  5678 How schalt AM . . . B2  Euel has W
5684 a om. A
Hire cauht be the tresses longe,
With whiche he bond ther bothe hire armes,
That was a fieble dede of armes,
And to the grounde anon hire caste,
And out he clippeth also faste
Hire tunge with a peire scheres.
So what with blod and what with teres
Out of hire yhe and of hir mouth,
He made hire faire face uncouth:
Sche lay swounende unto the deth,
Ther was unethes eny breth;
Bot yit whan he hire tunge reste,
A litel part therof belefte,
Bot sche with al no word mai soune,
Bot chitre and as a brid jargoune.
And natheles that wode hound
Hir bodi hent up fro the ground,
And sente hir there as be his wille
Sche scholde abye in prison stille
For everemo: bot nou tak hiede
What after fell of this misdede.

Whanne al this meschief was befalle,
This Tereüs, that foule him falle,
Unto his contre hom he tyh;
And whan he com his paleis nyh,
His wif al redi there him kepte.
Whan he hir sigh, anon he wepte,
And that he dede for deceite,
For sche began to axe him streite,
‘Wher is mi Soster?’ And he seide
That sche was ded; and Progne abreide,
As sche that was a wofull wif,
And stod betuen hire deth and lif,
Of that sche herde such tidinge:
Bot for sche sigh hire lord wepinge,
She wende noght bot alle trouthe,
And hadde wel the more routhe.
The Perles weren tho forsake
To hire, and blake clothes take;
As sche that was gentil and kinde,
In worschippe of hir Sostres mynde
Sche made a riche enterement,
For sche fond non amendement
To syghen or to sobbe more:
So was ther guile under the gore.
   Nou leve we this king and queene,
And torne ayein to Philomene,
As I began to tellen erst.
Whan sche cam into prison ferst,
It thoghte a kingses douhter strange
To maken so soudein a change
Fro welthe unto so grete a wo;
And sche began to thenke tho,
Thogh sche be mouthe nothing preide,
Withinne hir herte thus sche seide:
   'O thou, almyhty Jupiter,
That hihe sist and lokest fer,
Thou soffrest many a wrong doinge,
And yit it is noght thi willinge.
To thee ther mai nothing ben hid,
Thou wost hou it is me betid:
I wolde I hadde noght be bore,
For thanne I hadde noght forlore
Mi speche and mi virginite.
Bot, goode lord, al is in thee,
Whan thou therof wolt do vengance
And schape mi deliverance.'
And evere among this ladi wepte,
And thoghte that sche nevere kepte
To ben a worldes womman more,
And that sche wissheth everemore.
Bot ofte unto hir Soster diere
Hire herte spekth in this manere,
And seide, 'Ha, Soster, if ye knewe
Of myn astat, ye wolde rewe,
I trowe, and my deliverance

5737 wele vnto E, B  welke into MHIC  grete A, S, F  gret
5740 and jus C  5743 wrongful jing X . . . B, C
5748 hadde I S . . . A

[Tale of Tereus.]
Ye wolde schape, and do vengance
On him that is so fals a man:
And natheles, so as I can,
I wol you sende som tokninge,
Wherof ye schul have knowlechinge
Of thing I wot, that schal you lothe,
The which you toucheth and me bothe.

And tho withinne a whyle als tyt
Sche waf a cloth of Selk al whyt
With letres and ymagerie,
In which was al the felonie,
Which Tereüs to hire hath do;
And lappede it togedre tho
And sette hir signet therupon
And sende it unto Progne anon.
The messager which forth it bar,
What it amonteth is noght war;
And natheles to Progne he goth
And prively takth hire the cloth,
And wente ayein riht as he cam,
The court of him non hiede nam.

Whan Progne of Philomene herde,
Sche wolde knowe hou that it ferde,
And opneth that the man hath broght,
And wot therby what hath be wroght
And what meschief ther is befalle.
In swoune tho sche gan doun falle,
And efte aros and gan to stonde,
And eft sche takth the cloth on honde.

Behield the lettres and thymages;
Bot ate laste, 'Of suche outrages,'
Sche seith, 'wepeinge is noght the bote:'
And swerth, if that sche live mote,
It schal be venged otherwise.
And with that sche gan hire avise
Hou ferst sche mihte unto hire winne
Hir Soster, that noman withinne,
Bot only thei that were suore,
It scholde knowe, and schop therfore
That Tereïüs nothing it wiste;
And yit riht as hirselven liste,
Hir Soster was delivered sone
Out of prison, and be the mone
To Progne sche was broght be nyhté.

Whan ech of other hadde a sihté,
In chambre, ther thei were al one,
Thei maden many a pitous mone;
Bot Progne most of sorwe made,
Which sihe hir Soster pale and fade
And specheles and deshonoured,
Of that sche hadde be defloured;
And ek upon hir lord sche thoghte,
Of that he so untreuly wroghte
And hadde his espousaile broke.
Sche makth a vou it schal be wroke,
And with that word sche kneleth doun
Wepinge in gret devocioun:
Unto Cupide and to Venus
Sche preide, and seide thanne thus:
‘O ye, to whom nothing asterte
Of love mai, for every herte
Ye knowe, as ye that ben above
The god and the goddesse of love;
Ye witen wel that evere yit
With al mi will and al my wit,
Sith ferst ye schopen me to wedde,
That I lay with mi lord abedde,
I have be trewe in mi degre,
And evere thoghte forto be,
And nevere love in other place,
Bot al only the king of Trace,
Which is mi lord and I his wif.
Bot nou allass this wofull strif!
That I him thus ayeinward finde
The most untrewe and most unkinde
That evere in ladi armes lay.  
And wel I wot that he ne may  
Amende his wrong, it is so gret;  
For he to lytel of me let,  
Whan he myn oughne Soster tok,  
And me that am his wif forsok.'  
Lo, thus to Venus and Cupide  
Sche preide, and furthermor sche cride  
Unto Appollo the hiheste,  
And seide, 'O myghti god of reste,  
Thou do vengance of this debat.  
Mi Soster and al hire astat  
Thou wost, and hou sche hath forlore  
Hir maidenhod, and I therfore  
In al the world schal bere a blame  
Of that mi Soster hath a schame,  
That Tereüs to hire I sente:  
And wel thou wost that myn entente  
Was al for worschipe and for goode.  
O lord, that yifst the lives fode  
To every wyht, I prei thee hire  
Thes wofull Sostres that ben hire,  
And let ouz noght to the ben lothe;  
We ben thin oughne wommen bothe.'  
'Thus pleigneth Progne and axeth wreche,  
And thogh hire Soster lacke speche,  
To him that alle things wot  
Hire sorwe is noght the lasse hot:  
Bot he that thanne had herd hem tuo,  
Him oughte have sorwed everemo  
For sorwe which was hem betuene.  
With signes pleigneth Philomene,  
And Progne seith, 'It schal be wreke,  
That al the world therof schal speke.'  
And Progne tho seknesse feigneth,  
Wherof unto hir lord sche pleigneth,  
And preith sche moste hire chambers kepe,  
And as hir liketh wake and slepe.
And he hire granteth to be so;  
And thus togedre ben thei tuo,  
That wolde him bot a litel good.  
Nou herk hierafter hou it stod  
Of wofull auntres that befelle:  
Thes Sostres, that ben bothe felle,—  
And that was noght on hem along,  
Bot onliche on the grete wrong  
Which Tereūs hem hadde do,—  
Thei schopen forto venge hem tho.  

This Tereūs be Progne his wif  
A Sone hath, which as his lif  
He loveth, and Ithis he hihte:  
His moder wiste wel sche mihte  
Do Tereūs no more grief  
Than sle this child, which was so lief.  
Thus sche, that was, as who seith, mad  
Of wo, which hath hir overlad,  
Without insihte of moderhede  
Foryat pite and loste drede,  
And in hir chambre prively  
This child withouten noise or cry  
Sche slou, and hieu him al to pieces: P. ii. 325  
And after with diverse spieces  
The fleissh, whan it was so toheewe,  
Sche takth, and makth therof a sewe,  
With which the fader at his mete  
Was served, til he hadde him ete;  
That he ne wiste hou that it stod,  
Bot thus his oughne fleissh and blod  
Himself devoureth ayein kinde,  
As he that was tofore unkinde.  
And thanne, er that he were arise,  
For that he scholde ben agrise,  
To schewen him the child was ded,  
This Philomene tok the hed  
Between tuo dissishes, and al wrothe
Tho comen forth the Sostres bothe,
And setten it upon the bord.
And Progne tho began the word,
And seide, 'O werste of alle wicke,
Of conscience whom no pricke
Mai stere, lo, what thou hast do!
Lo, hier ben nou we Sostres tuo;
O Raviner, lo hier thi preie,
With whom so falsliche on the weie
Thou hast thi tirannye wroght.
Lo, nou it is somdel aboght,
And bet it schal, for of thi dede
The world schal evere singe and rede
In remembrance of thi defame:
For thou to love hast do such schame,
That it schal nevere be forgote.'

With that he sterte up fro the mete,
And schof the bord unto the flor,
And cauhte a swerd anon and suor
That thei scholde of his handes dye.
And thei unto the goddes crie
Begunne with so loude a stevene,
That thei were herd unto the hevene;
And in a twincling of an yhe
The goddes, that the meschief syhe,
Here formes changen alle thre.
Echon of hem in his degre
Was torned into briddes kinde;
Diverseliche, as men mai finde,
After thatstat that thei were inne,
Here formes were set atwinne.
And as it telleth in the tale,
The ferst into a nythingale
Was schape, and that was Philomene,
Which in the wynter is noght sene,
For thanne ben the leves falle
And naked ben the buisshes alle.
For after that sche was a brid,
Hir will was evere to ben hid,
And forto duelle in prive place,
That noman scholde sen hir face
For schame, which mai noght be lassed,
Of thing that was tofore passed,
Whan that sche loste hir maidenhiede:
For evere upon hir wommanhiede,
Thogh that the goddes wolde hire change,
P. ii. 327.
Sche thenkth, and is the more strange,
And halt hir clos the wyntres day.
Bot whan the wynter goth away,
And that Nature the goddesse
Wole of hir oughne fre largesse
With herbes and with floures bothe
The feldes and the medwes clothe,
And ek the wodes and the greves
Ben heled al with grene leves,
So that a brid hire hyde mai,
Betwen Averil and March and Maii,
Sche that the wynter hield hir clos,
For pure schame and noght aros,
Whan that sche seth the bowes thikke,
And that ther is no bare sticke,
Bot al is hid with leves grene,
To wode comth this Philomene
And makth hir ferste yeres flyht;
Wher as sche singeth day and nyht,
And in hir song al openly
Sche makth hir pleignete and seith, ‘O why,
O why ne were I yit a maide?’
For so these olde wise saide,
Which understoden what sche mente,
Hire notes ben of such entente.

5958 Sche thenkth] Sche was H1 . . . B2 5962 larchesse F
5966 al] and AM . . . L om. B2 5971 sigh (sigh &c.)
E, AdBT, WH3 saw Δ (sej S) 5974 Ie Philomene H1 . . . B2
Which AJ, S, F Whiche B
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[Tale of Tereus.]

And ek thei scide hou in hir song
Sche makth gret joie and merthe among,
And seith, ‘Ha, nou I am a brid,
Ha, nou mi face mai ben hid:
Thogh I have lost mi Maidenhede, P. ii. 328
Schal noman se my chekes rede.’
Thus medleth sche with joie wo
And with hir sorwe merthe also,
So that of loves maladie
Sche makth diverse melodie,
And seith love is a wofful blisse,
A wisdom which can noman wisse,
A lusti fievere, a wounde softe:
This note sche reherceth ofte
To hem whiche understonde hir tale.
Nou have I of this nyhtingale,
Which erst was cleped Philomene,
Told al that evere I wolde mene,
Bothe of hir forme and of hir note,
Wherof men mai the storie note.
And of hir Soster Progne I finde,
Hou sche was turned out of kinde
Into a Swalwe swift of winge,
Which ek in wynter lith swounynge,
Ther as sche mai nothing be sene:
Bot whan the world is woxe grene
And comen is the Somertide,
Than fleth sche forth and ginth to chide, 6010
And chitreth out in hir langage
What falshod is in mariaghe,
And telleth in a maner speche
Of Tereüs the Spousebreche.
Sche wol noght in the wodes duelle,
For sche wolde openliche telle;
And ek for that sche was a spouse, P. ii. 329
Among the folk sche comth to house,
To do thers wyves understonde
The falshod of hire housebonde,
That thei of hem he war also,
For ther ben manye untrewen of tho.
Thus ben the Sostres briddles bothe,
And ben toward the men so lothe,
That thei ne wole of pure schame
Unto no mannnes hand be tame;
For evere it duelleth in here mynde
Of that thei founde a man unkinde,
And that was false Tereiis.
If such on be amonges ous
I not, bot his condicion
Men sein in every region
Withinne toune and ek withoute
Nou regneth comunliche aboute.
And natheles in remembrance
I wol declare what vengance
The goddes hadden him ordeneid,
Of that the Sostres hadden pleigned:
For anon after he was changed
And from his oghne kinde stranged,
A lappewincke mad he was,
And thus he hoppeth on the gras,
And on his hed ther stant upriht
A creste in tokne he was a kniht;
And yit unto this dai men seith,
A lappewincke hath lore his feith
And is the brid falseste of alle.  

Bewar, mi Sone, er thee so falle;
For if thou be of such covine,
To gete of love be Ravine
Thi lust, it mai thee falle thus,
As it befell of Tereiis.

Mi fader, goddes forebode!

6020 falshod A, F  falshode J, SB  falshed C hire] here (her)
H,E.RL, Add, FHs  6026 no om. AM, Ad  pe X, W  6042
in Hi,E...Bz  6044 he was of a BT  6046 The l. A...Bz.
Add, WHs  6048 Bewar F Be war AJC, SB  6052 to Tereus
BT  6053 goddes forebode] nay god it forbede X...Bz  nay
god for bede Hi (goddes forbode AJM, AdT, WHs)
Me were levere be fortrode
With wilde hors and be todrawe,
Er I ayein love and his lawe
Dede eny thing or loude or stille,
Which were noght mi ladi wille.

Men sein that every love hath drede;
So folweth it that I hire drede,
For I hire love, and who so dredeth,
To plese his love and serve him nedeth.
Thus mai ye knownen be this skile
That no Ravine don I wile
Ayein hir will be such a weie;
Bot while I live, I wol obeie
Abidinge on hire courtesie,
If eny merci wolde hir plie.

Forthi, mi fader, as of this
I wot noght I have don amis:
Bot furthermore I you beseche,
Som other point that ye me teche,
And axeth forth, if ther be auht,
That I mai be the betre tauht.

Whan Covoitise in povere astat
Stant with himself upon debat
Thurgh lacke of his misgovernance,
That he unto his sustienance
Ne can non other weie finde
To gete him good, thanne as the blinde,
Which seth noght what schal after falle,
That ilke vice which men calle
Of Robberie, he takth on honde;
Wherof be water and be londe
Of thing which othre men beswinke
He get him cloth and mete and drinke.  
Him reccheth noght what he beginne,  
Thurgh thefte so that he mai winne:  
Forthi to maken his pourchas  
He lith awaitende on the pas,  
And what thing that he seth ther passe,  
He takth his part, or more or lasse,  
If it be worthi to be take.  
He can the packes wel ransake,  
So prively berth non aboute  
His gold, that he ne fint it oute,  
Or other juel, what it be;  
He takth it as his propretie.  
In wodes and in feldes eke  
Thus Robberie goth to seke,  
Wher as he mai his pourpos finde.  
And riht so in the same kinde,  
My goode Sone, as thou miht hier,  
To speke of love in the matiere  
And make a verrai resemblance,  
Riht as a thief makth his chevance  
And robbeth mennes good aboute  
In wode and field, wher he goth oute,  
So be ther of these lovers some,  
In wylde stedes wher thei come  
And finden there a woman able,  
And thereto place covenable,  
Withoute leve, er that thei fare,  
Thei take a parte of that chaffare:  
Yee, though sche were a Scheperdesse,  
Yit wol the lord of wantounesse  
Assaie, althogh sche be unmete,  
For other mennes good is swete.  
Bot therof wot nothing the wif  
At hom, which loveth as hir lif  
Hir lord, and sitt alday wisshinge  
After hir lordes hom comynge:  
Bot whan that he comth hom at eve,
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Anon he makth his wif beleve,
For sche noght elles scholde knowe:
He telth hire hou his hunte hath blowe,
And hou his houndes have wel runne,
And hou ther schon a merye Sunne,
And hou his haukes flowen wel;
Bot he wol telle her nevere a diel
Hou he to love untrew was,
Of that he robbede in the pas,
And tok his lust under the schawe
Ayein love and ayein his lawe.
Which thing, mi Sone, I thee forbede,
For it is an ungoodly dede.
For who that takth be Robberie
His love, he mai noght justefie
His cause, and so fulofte sithe
For ones that he hath be blithe
He schal ben after sory thries.
Ensample of suche Robberies
I finde write, as thou schalt hier,
Acordende unto this matiere.

He loquitur contra istos in amoris causa
predones, qui cum in suam furtuq e concupiscenciam aspirant, fortuna in contrarium operatur. Et narrat quod cum Neptunus quamdam virginem nomine Cornicem sola
lam iuxta mare dum bulantem opprimere suo furto voluisse, supernieniens Pallas ipsam e manibus eius virginitate seruata
gracius liberauit.

[Neptune and Cornix.]
Ther cam Neptunus in the weie,
Which hath the See in governance;
And in his herte such plesance
He tok, whan he this Maide sih,
That al his herte aros on hih,
For he so sodeinliche unwar
Beheld the beaule that sche bar.
And caste anon withinne his herte
That sche him schal no weie asterte,
Bot if he take in avantage
Fro thilke maide som pilage,
Noght of the broches ne the Ringes,
Bot of some othre smale thinges
He thoghtte parte, er that sche wente;
And hire in bothe hise armes hente,
And putte his hond toward the cofre,
Wher forto robbe he made a profre,
That lusti tresor forto stele,
Which passeth othre goodes fele
And cleped is the maidenhede,
Which is the flour of wommanhede.
This Maiden, which Cornix be name
Was hote, dredende alle schame,
Sih that sche mihte noght debate,
And wel sche wiste he wolde algale
Fulfille his lust of Robberie,
Anon began to wepe and crie,
And seide, 'O Pallas, noble queene,
Scheu nou thi myht and let be sene,
To kepe and save myn honour:
Help, that I lese noght mi flour,
Which nou under thi keie is loke.'
That word was noght so sone spoke,
Whan Pallas schop recoverir
After the will and the desir
Of hire, which a Maiden was,
And sodeinliche upon this cas
Out of hire wommanishe kinde
Into a briddes like I finde
Sche was transformed forth withal,
So that Neptunus nothing stal
Of such thing as he wolde have stole.
With fetheres blake as any cole
Out of hire armes in a throwe
Sche flih before his yhe a Crowe;
Which was to hire a more delit,
To kepe hire maidenhede whit
Under the wede of fetheres blake,
In Perles whyte than forsaike
That no lif mai restore ayein.
Bot thus Neptune his herte in vein
Hath upon Robberie sett;
The bridd is flowe and he was let,
The faire Maide him hath escaped,
Wherof for evere he was bejaped
And scorned of that he hath lore.

Mi Sone, be thou war therfore
That thou no maidenhode stele,
Wherof men sen deseses fele
Aldai befalle in sondri wise;
So as I schal thee yit devise
An other tale therupon,
Which fell be olde daies gon.

King Lichaon upon his wif
A dowhter hadde, a goodly lif,
A clene Maide of worthi fame,
Calistona whos rihte name
Was cleped, and of many a lord
Sche was besoght, bot hire acord
To love myhte noman winne,
As sche which hath no lust therinne;
Bot swor withinne hir herte and saide
That sche wolde evere ben a Maide.
Wherof to kepe hireself in pes,
With such as Amadriades
Were cleped, wodemaydes, tho,
And with the Nymphes ek also
Upon the spring of freisshe welles
Sche schop to duelle and nagher elles.
And thus cam this Calistona
Into the wode of Tegea,
Wher sche virginite behihte
Unto Diane, and therto plihte
Her trouthe upon the bowes grene,
To kepe hir maidenhode clene.
Which afterward upon a day
Was priveliche stole away;
For Jupiter thurgh his queintise
From hire it tok in such a wise,
That sodeinliche forth withal
Hire wombe aros and sche toswal,
So that it mihte noght ben hidd.
And therupon it is betidd,
Diane, which it herde telle,
In prive place unto a welle
With Nymphes al a compainie
Was come, and in a ragerie
Sche seide that sche bathe wolde,
And bad that every maide scholde
With hire al naked bathe also.
And tho began the prive wo,
Calistona wax red for schame;
Bot thei that knewe noght the game,
To whom no such thing was befalle,
Anon thei made hem naked alle,
As thei that nothing wolden hyde:
Bot sche withdrouh hire evere asyde,
And natheles into the flod,
Wher that Diane hirselve stod,
Sche thoghte come unaperceived.
Bot therof sche was al deceived;
For whan sche cam a litel nyh,
And that Diane hire wombe syh,
Sche seide, 'Awey, thou foule beste,
For thin astat is noght honeste
This chaste water forto touche;
For thou hast take such a touche,
Which nevere mai ben hol ayein.'
And thus goth sche which was forlein
With schame, and fro the Nimphes fledde,
Til whanne that nature hire spedde,
That of a Sone, which Archas
Was named, sche delivered was.
And tho Juno, which was the wif
Of Jupiter, wroth and hastif,
In pourpos forto do vengance
Cam forth upon this ilke chance,
And to Calistona sche spak,
And sette upon hir many a lak,
And seide, 'Ha, nou thou art atake,
That thou thi werk myht noght forsake.
Ha, thou ungoodlich ypocrite,
Hou thou art gretyl forto wyte!
Bot nou thou schalt ful sore abie
That ilke stelthe and micherie,
Which thou hast bothe take and do;
Wherof thi fader Lichao
Schal noght be glad, whan he it wot,
Of that his dowhter was so hot,
That sche hath broke hire chaste avou.
Bot I thee schal chastise nou;
Thi grete beaute schal be torned,
Thurgh which that thou hast be mistorned,
Thi large fround, thin yhen greie,
I schal hem change in other weie,
And al the feture of thi face
In such a wise I schal deface,
That every man thee schal forbere.'
With that the liknesse of a bere
Sche tok and was forschape anon.

6289 he AdBT  6293 vngoodlich JC, SB, F  vngoodliche A
6296 of micherye B  6302 chastie EC  6304 that om. AM, Ad
Withinne a time and therupon
Befell that with a bowe on honde,
To hunte and gamen forto fonde,
Into that wode goth to pleie
Hir Sone Archas, and in his weie
It hapneth that this bere cam.
And whan that sche good hiede nam,
Wher that he stod under the bowh,
Sche kneu him wel and to him drouh;
For thogh sche hadde hire forme lore,
The love was noght lost therfore
Which kinde hath set under his lawe.
Whan sche under the wodesschawe
Hire child behield, sche was so glad,
That sche with bothe hire armes sprad,
As thogh sche were in wommanhiede,
Toward him cam, and tok non hiede
Of that he bar a bowe bent.
And he with that an Arwe hath hent
And gan to teise it in his bowe,
As he that can non other knowe,
Bot that it was a beste wylde.
Bot Jupiter, which wolde schylde
The Moder and the Sone also,
Ordeineth for hem bothe so,
That thei for evere were save.

Bot thus, mi Sone, thou myht have
Ensample, hou that it is to fle
To robbe the virginite
Of a yong innocent aweie:
And overthis be other weie,
In olde bokes as I rede,
Such Robberie is forto drede,
And nameliche of thilke good
Which every womman that is good
Desireth forto kepe and holde,
As whilom was be daies olde.
For if thou se mi tale wel
Of that was tho, thou miht somdiel
Of old ensample taken hiede,
Hou that the flour of maidenhiede
Was thilke time holde in pris.
And so it was, and so it is,
And so it schal for evere stonde :
And for thou schalt it understande,
Nou herkne a tale next suyende,
Hou maidenhod is to commende.

Hic loquitur de virginitatis commendacione, vbi dicit quod nuper Imperatores ob tantis status dignitatem virginibus cedebant in via.

Of Rome among the gestes olde
I finde hou that Valerie tolde
That what man tho was Emperour
Of Rome, he scholde don honour
To the virgine, and in the weie,
Wher he hire mette, he scholde obeie
In worschipe of virginite,
Which tho was of gret dignite.
Noght onliche of the wommen tho,
Bot of the chaste men also
It was commended overal :
And forto speke in special
Touchende of men, ensample I finde, P. ii. 341
Phyrns, which was of mannes kinde
Above alle othre the fairest
Of Rome and ek the comelieste,
That wel was hire which him mihte
Beholde and have of him a slihte.
Thus was he tempted ofte sore ;

6351 olde ensamples AdBT, W
Latin Verses x. om. here and ins. later S . . . Δ (ins. here Δ)
6361 That whilom was an emp. H1E That whilom ]er was emp.
XRCLB2 ]at what man was ]o emp. Δ 6363 and ] and AMR in LB2 6364 margin sedebant H1RCLB2 6366 of]
a AdBT 6367 womman H1 . . . B2, W 6372 Phirus AM
Bot for he wolde be nomore
Among the wommen so coveited,
The beaute of his face streited
He hath, and threste out bothe his e hen,
That alle wommen whiche him syhen
Thanne afterward, of him ne roghte:
And thus his maidehiede he boghte.
So mai I prove wel forthi,
Above alle othre under the Sky,
Who that the vertus wolde peise,
Virginite is forto preise,
Which, as thapocalips recordeth,
To Crist in hevene best acordeth.
So mai it schewe wel therfore,
As I have told it hier tofore,
In hevene and ek in Erthe also
It is accept to bothe tuo*.
And if I schal more over this
Declare what this vertu is,
I finde write upon this thing

* Out of his flesshe a man to live
Gregoire hath this ensample yive,
And seith it schal rather be told
Lich to an Angel manyfold,
Than to the lif of mannes kinde.
Ther is no reson forto finde,
Bot only thurgh the grace above,
In flesshe withoute flesshe love
A man to live chaste hiere:
And natheles a man mai hiere
Of suche that have ben er this,
And yit ther ben; bot for it is
A vertu which is sielde wonne,
Now I this matiere have begonne,
Of Valentinian the king
And Emperour be thilke daies,
A worthi knyht at alle assaies,
Hou he withoute Mariage
Was of an hundred wynter Age,

I thenke tellen overmore,
Which is, mi Sone, for thi lore,
If that the list to taken hiede.

To trete upon the maidenhiede,
The bok seith that a mannes lif
Upon knythhode in werre and strif
Is sett among his enemys:
The frele fleissh, whos nature is
Ai redy forto sporne and falle,
The ferste foman is of alle;
For thilke werre is redi ai,
It werreth nyht, it werreth dai,
So that a man hath nevere reste.
For thi is thilke knyht the beste,
Thurgh myht and grace of goddes sonde
Which that bataille mai withstone:
Wherof yt duelleth the memoire
Of hem that whilom the victoire
Of thilke dedely werre hadden;
The hih prouesse which thei ladden,
Wherof the Soule stod amended,
Upon this erthe is yt commended.

An Emperour be olde dayes
Ther was, and he at alle assaies
A worthi knyht was of his hond,
Ther was non such in al the lond;

* * *

Milicia est vita hominis super terram.
And hadde ben a worthi kniht
Bothe of his lawe and of his myht.
Bot whan men wolde his dedes peise
And his knythode of Armes preise,
Of that he dede with his hondes,
Whan he the kinges and the londes
To his subjeccion put under,
Of al that pris hath he no wonder,
For he it sette of non acompte,
And seide al that may noght amonte
Ayeins o point which he hath nome,
That he his fleissh hath overcome:
He was a virgine, as he seide;
On that bataille his pris he leide.
Lo nou, my Sone, avise thee.
Yee, fader, al this wel mai be,
Bot if alle othre dede so,
The world of men were sone go:
And in the lawe a man mai finde,
Hou god to man be weie of kinde
Hath set the world to multeplie;
And who that wol him justefie,
It is ynoth to do the lawe.
And natheles youre goode sawe
Is good to kepe, who so may,
I wol noght therayein seie nay.
Mi Sone, take it as I seie;
If maidenhod be take aweie
Withoute lawes ordinance,

Bot yit for al his vasselage
He stod unwedded al his age,
And in Cronique as it is told,
He was an hundred wynter old.
Bot whan men wolde etc. (as 6405 ff.)

6408 and] of AdBT 6409 put AJ, S, F putte B 6418 My fader Hi... Bz, Ad mai wel AMEC, S... AΛ 6429 take AJ, F tak SB 6436* stood BT stode S margin contra sue om. B 6439* margin castissime B
It mai noght failen of vengance.
And if thou wolt the sothe wite,
Behold a tale which is write,
Hou that the King Agamenon,
When he the Cite of Lesbon
Hath wonne, a Maiden ther he fond,
Which was the faireste of the Lond
In thilke time that men wiste.
He tok of hire what him liste
Of thing which was most precious,
Wherof that sche was dangerous.
This faire Maiden cleped is
Criseide, douhter of Crisis,
Which was that time in special
Of thilke temple principal,
Wher Phebus hadde his sacrifice,
So was it wel the more vice.
Agamenon was thanne in weie
To Troieward, and tok aweie
This Maiden, which he with him ladde,
So grete a lust in hire he hadde.
Bot Phebus, which hath gret desdeign
Of that his Maiden was forlein,
Anon as he to Troie cam,
Vengance upon this dcede he nam
And sende a comun pestilence.
Thei soghten thanne here evidence
And maden calculacion,
To knowe in what condicion
This deth cam in so sodeinly;
And ate laste redyly
The cause and ek the man thei founde:
And forth withal the same stounde
Agamenon opposed was,
Which hath beknown al the cas
Of the folie which he wroghte.

And therupon mercy thei soghte  
Toward the god in sondri wise  
With preiere and with sacrifise,  
The Maide and hom ayein thei sende,  
And yive hire good ynouh to spende  
For evere whil sche scholde live:  
And thus the Senne was foryive  
And al the pestilence cessed.

Lo, what it is to ben encreesed  
Of love which is evele wonne.  
It were betre noght begonne  
Than take a thing withoute leve,  
Which thou most after nedes leve,  
And yit have malgre forth withal.  
Forthi to robben overal  
In loves cause if thou beginne,  
I not what ese thou schalt winne.  
Mi Sone, be wel war of this,  
For thus of Robberie it is.

Mi fader, youre ensamplerie  
In loves cause of Robberie  
I have it riht wel understande.  
Bot overthis, hou so it stonde,  
Yit wolde I wite of youre aprise  
What thing is more of Covoitise.

With Covoitise yit I finde  
A Servant of the same kinde,  
Which Stelthe is hote, and Mecherie  
With him is evere in compainie.

[STEALTH AND MICHERY.]

Hic tractat super illa Cupiditatis specie,  
que secretum latro-
Of whom if I schal telle soth,
He stalketh as a Pocok doth,
And takth his preie so covert,
That noman wot it in apert.
For whan he wot the lord from home,
Than wol he stalke aboute and rome;
And what thing he fint in his weie,
Whan that he seth the men aweie,
He stelth it and goth forth withal,
That therof noman knowe schal.
And ek fulofte he goth a nyht
Withoute Mone or sterreiht,
And with his craft the dore unpiketh,
And takth therinne what him liketh:
And if the dore be so schet,
That he be of his entre let,
He wole in ate wyndou crepe,
And whil the lord is faste aslepe,
He stelth what thing as him best list,
And goth his weie er it be wist.
Fulofte also be lyhte of day
Yit wole he stele and make assay;
Under the cote his hond he put,
Til he the mannnes Purs have cut,
And rifleth that he fint therinne.
And thus he auntreth him to winne,
And berth an horn and noght ne bloweth,
For noman of his conseil knoweth;
What he mai gete of his Michinge,
It is al bile under the winge.
And as an hound that goth to folde
And hath ther taken what he wolde,
His mouth upon the gras he wypeth,
And so with feigned chiere him slypeth,
That what as evere of schep he strangle,
Ther is noman therof schal jangle,
As forto knowen who it dede;
Riht so doth Stelthe in every stede,
Where as him list his preie take.
He can so wel his cause make
And so wel feigne and so wel close,
That ther ne schal noman suppose,
Bot that he were an innocent,
And thus a mannes yhe he blent:
So that this crafte I mai remene
Withouten help of any mene.

Ther be lovers of that degre,
Which al here lust in privete,
As who seith, geten al be Stelthe,
And ofte atteignen to gret welthe
As for the time that it lasteth.
For love awaiteth evere and casteth
Hou he mai stele and cacche his preie,
When he therto mai finde a weie:
For be it nyht or be it day,
He takth his part, when that he may,
And if he mai nomore do,
Yit wol he stele a cuss or tuo.

Mi Sone, what seist thou therto?
Tell if thou dedest evere so.

Mi fader, hou?

Mi Sone, thus,—
If thou hast stolen any cuss
Or other thing which therto longeth,
For noman suche thieves hongeth:
Tell on forthi and sei the trouthe.

Mi fader, nay, and that is routhe,
For be mi will I am a thief;
Bot sche that is to me most lief,
Yit dorste I nevere in privete
Noght ones take hire be the kne,
To stele of hire or this or that,
And if I dorste, I wot wel what:
And natheles, bot if I lie,
Be Stelthe ne be Robberie
Of love, which fell in mi thoght,
To hire dede I nevere noght.

6547 And for AdBT, W
Bot as men sein, wher herte is failed,
Ther schal no castell ben assailed;
Bot thogh I hadde hertes ten,
And were als strong as alle men,
If I be noght myn oghne man
And dar noght usen that I can,
I mai miselve noght recovere.
Thogh I be nevery man so povere,
I bere an herte and hire it is,
So that me faileth wit in this,
Hou that I scholde of myn acord
The servant lede ayein the lord:
For if mi fot wolde awher go,
Or that min hand wolde elles do,
Whan that myn herte is therayein,
The remenant is al in vein.
And thus me lacketh alle wele,
And yit ne dar I nothing stele
Of thing which longeth unto love:
And ek it is so hyh above,
I mai noght wel therto areche,
Bot if so be at time of speche,
Ful selde if thanne I stele may
A word or tuo and go my way.
Betwen hire hih astat and me
Comparison ther mai non be,
So that I fiele and wel I wot,
Al is to hevy and to hot
To sette on hond withoute leve:
And thus I mot algate leve
To stele that I mai noght take,
And in this wise I mot forsake
To ben a thief ayein mi wille
Of thing which I mai noght fulfille.
For that Serpent which nevery slepte
The flees of gold so wel ne kepte
In Colchos, as the tale is told,
That mi ladi a thousandfold
Nys betre yemed and bewaked,
Wher sche be clothed or be naked.
To kepe hir bodi nyht and day,
Sche hath a wardein redi ay,
Which is so wonderful a wyht,
That him ne mai no mannes myht (6650*)
With swerd ne with no wepne daunte,
Ne with no sleihte of charme enchaunte,
Wherof he mihte be mad tame,
And Danger is his rihte name;
Which under lock and under keie, P. ii. 351
That noman mai it stele aweie,
Hath al the Tresor underfonge
That unto love mai belonge.
The leste lokinge of hire yhe
Mai noght be stole, if he it syhe;
And who so gruccheth for so lyte,
He wolde sone sette a wyte
On him that wolde stele more.
And that me grieveth wonder sore, 6630
For this proverbe is evere newe,
That stronge lokes maken trewe
Of hem that wolden stele and pyke:
For so wel can ther noman slyke
Be him ne be non other mene,
To whom Danger wol yive or lene
Of that tresor he hath to kepe.
So thogh I wolde stalke and crepe,
And wayte on eve and ek on morwe,
Of Danger schal I nothing borwe, 6640
And stele I wot wel may I noght:
And thus I am riht wel bethoght,
Whil Danger stant in his office,
Of Stelthe, which ye clepe a vice,
I schal be gultif neveremo.
Therfore I wolde he were ago
So fer that I nevere of him herde,
Hou so that afterward it ferde:

[Stealth of Lovers.]
For thanne I mihte yit per cas
Of love make som pourchas
Be Stelthe or be som other weie,
That nou fro me stant fer aweie.

Bot, fader, as ye tolde above,
Hou Stelthe goth a nyht for love,
I mai noght wel that point forsake,
That ofte times I ne wake
On nyhtes, whan that othre slepe;
Bot hou, I prei you taketh kepe.
When I am loged in such wise
That I be nyhte mai arise,
At som wyndowe and loken oute
And se the housinge al aboute,
So that I mai the chambre knowe
In which mi ladi, as I trowe,
Lyth in hir bed and slepeth softe,
Thanne is myn herte a thief fulofte:
For there I stonde to beholde
The longe nyhtes that ben colde,
And thenke on hire that lyth there.
And thanne I wishe that I were
Als wys as was Nectanabus
Or elles as was Protheüs,
That couthen bothe of nigromaunce
In what liknesse, in what semblaunce,
Riht as hem liste, hemself transforme:
For if I were of such a forme,
I seie thanne I wolde fle
Into the chambre forto se
If eny grace wolde falle,
So that I mihte under the palle
Som thing of love pyke and stele.
And thus I thenke thoghtes fele,
And thogh therof nothing be soth,
Yit ese as for a time it doth:
Bot ate laste whanne I finde
That I am falle into my mynde,
And se that I have stonde longe
And have no profit underfonge,
Than stalke I to mi bedd withinne.
And this is al that evere I winne
Of love, whanne I walke on nyht:
Mi will is good, bot of mi myht
Me lacketh bothe and of mi grace;
For what so that mi thoght embrace,
Yit have I noght the betre ferd.
Mi fader, lo, nou have ye herd
What I be Stelthe of love have do,
And hou mi will hath be therto:
If I be worthy to penance
I put it on your ordinance.

Mi Sone, of Stelthe I the behiete,
Thogh it be for a time swete,
At ende it doth bot litel good,
As be ensample hou that it stod
Whilom, I mai thee telle nou.

I preie you, fader, sei me hou.

Mi Sone, of him which goth be daie
Be weie of Stelthe to asaie,
In loves cause and takth his preie,
Ovide seide as I schal seie,
And in his Methamor he tolde
A tale, which is good to holde.

The Poete upon this matiere
Of Stelthe wrot in this manere.
Venus, which hath this lawe in honde
Of thing which mai noght be withstonde,
As sche which the tresor to warde
Of love hath withinne hir warde,
Phebus to love hath so constreigned,
That he withoute reste is peined
With al his herte to coveite

\[ \text{Tale of Leucothoe.} \]
A Maiden, which was warded streyte
Withinne chambre and kept so clos,
That seldom was whan sche descloes
Goth with hir moder forto pleie.
Leuchotoe, so as men seie,
This Maiden hihte, and Orchanamus
Hir fader was; and befell thus.
This daughter, that was kept so deere,
And hadde be fro yer to yeere
Under hir moder discipline
A clene Maide and a Virgine,
Upon the whos nativite
Of comelihiede and of beaute
Nature hath set al that sche may,
That lich unto the fresshe Maii,
Which othr monthes of the yeer
Surmonteth, so withoute pier
Was of this Maiden the future.
Wherof Phebus out of mesure
Hire loveth, and on every syde
Awaiteth, if so mai betyde,
That he thurgh eny sleihte myhte
Hire lusti maidenhod unrihte,
The which were al his worldes welthe.
And thus lurkende upon his stelthe
In his await so longe he lai,
Til it befell upon a dai,
That he thurghout hir chambre wall
Cam in al sodeinliche, and stall
That thing which was to him so lief.
Bot wo the while, he was a thief!
For Venus, which was enemie
Of thilke loves micherie,
Discovereth al the pleine cas
To Clymene, which thanne was

6728 margin matre nescia) matre H; RCLB2. matre nesciente X, B
nesciente matre E 6731 margin quem om. AMHiE . . . B2
6732 margin nunc H. . . B2 6742 if om. AM 6746 thus
befell and how it was Hi . . . B2
Toward Phebus his concubine.
And sche to lette the covine
Of thilke love, dedli wroth
To pleigne upon this Maide goth,
And told hire fader hou it stod;
Werof for sorwe welyn h wod
Unto hire moder thus he saide:
'Lo, what it is to kepe a Maide!
To Phebus dar I nothing speke,
Bot upon hire I schal be wreke,
So that these Maidens after this
Mow take ensample, what it is
To soffre her maidenhed be stole,
Werof that sche the deth schal thole.'
And bad with that do make a pet,
Wherinne he hath his douhter set,
As he that wol no pite have,
So that sche was al quik begrave
And deide anon in his presence.
Bot Phebus, for the reverence
Of that sche hadde be his love,
Hath wroght thurgh his pouser above,
That sche sprong up out of the molde
Into a flour was named golde,
Which stant governed of the Sonne.
And thus whan love is evele wonne,
Fulofte it comth to repentaile.
Mi fader, that is no mervaile,
Whan that the conseil is bewreid.
Bot ofte time love hath pleid
And stole many a prive game,
Which nevere yit cam into blame,
Whan that the thinges weren hidde.
Bot in youre tale, as it betidde,
Venus discoverede al the cas,
And ek also brod dai it was,
Whan Phebus such a Stelthe wroghte,
Wherof the Maide in blame he broghte,
That afterward sche was so lore.
Bot for ye seiden nou tofore
Hou stelthe of love goth be nyhte,
And doth hish thinges out of syhte,
Therof me liste also to hiere
A tale lich to the matiere,
Wherof I myhte ensample take.

Confessor.

The myhtieste of alle men
When Hercules with Eolen,
Which was the love of his corage,
Togedre upon a Pelrinage
6810
Towardes Rome scholden go,
It fell hem be the weie so,
That thei upon a dai a Cave
Withinne a roche founden have,
Which was real and glorious
And of Entaile curious,
6850*
Be name and Thophis it was hote.
The Sonne schon tho wonder hote,
As it was in the Somer tyde;
This Hercules, which be his syde
6820
Hath Eolen his love there,
Whan thei at thilke cave were,
He seide it thoghte him for the beste
That sche hire for the hete reste
Al thilke day and thilke nyht;
And sche, that was a lusti wyht,
It liketh hire al that he seide:
And thus thei duelle there and pleide
The longe dai. And so befell,
This Cave was under the hell Of Tymolus, which was begrowe With vines, and at thilke throwe Faunus with Saba the goddesse, Be whom the large wildernesse In thilke time stod governed, Weere in a place, as I am lerned, Nyh by, which Bachus wode hihte. This Faunus tok a gret insihte Of Eolen, that was so nyh; For whan that he hire beaute syh, Out of his wit he was assoted, And in his herte it hath so noted, That he forsok the Nymphes alle, And seide he wolde, hou so it falle, Assaie an other forto winne; So that his hertes thought withinne He sette and caste hou that he myhte Of love pyke awey be nyhte That he be daie in other wise To stele mihte noght suffise: And therupon his time he waiteth. Nou tak good hiede hou love afaiteth Him which withal is overcome. Faire Eolen, whan sche was come With Hercules into the Cave, Sche seide him that sche wolde have Hise clothes of and hires bothe, That ech of hem scholde other clothe. And al was do riht as sche bad, He hath hire in his clothes clad

6830 [Tale of Hercules and Faunus.] P. ii. 358 ditur; quem senciens Hercules manibus apprehensum ipsum ad terram ita fortiter allsit, ut impotens sui corporis effectus usque mane ibidem requieuit, vbi Saba cum Nimphis siluestribus superueniens ipsum sic illusum deridebat.

6836 Weere FWere AC, B Wher(e) JG
HXRCLB2 him E 6846 herte HXRCLB2
For 6848-6851 X has—
That he by daye in oþer stede
for ouȝte þat he hāþ prayde and bede
To stele myȝte nouȝt suȝise
Beþouȝte him in a noþer wise
And þer vpon his time awaiteþ

And caste on hire his gulion,
Which of the Skyn of a Leoun
Was mad, as he upon the weie
It slouh, and overthis to pleie
Sche tok his grete Mace also
And knet it at hir gerdil tho.
So was sche lich the man arraied,
And Hercules thanne hath assaied
To clothen him in hire array:
And thus thei jape forth the dai,
Til that her Souper redy were.
And whan thei hadden souped there,
Thei schopen hem to gon to reste;
And as it thoghte hem for the beste,
Thei bede, as for that ilke nyht,
Tuo sondri beddes to be dyht,
For thei togedre ligge nolde,
Be cause that thei offre wolde
Upon the morwe here sacrifice.
The servantz deden here office
And sondri beddes made anon,
Wherin that thei to reste gon
Ech be himself in sondri place.
Faire Eole hath set the Mace
Beside hire beddes hed above,
And with the clothes of hire love
Sche heled al hire bed aboute;
And he, which hadde of nothing doute,
Hire wympel wond aboute his cheke,
Hire kertell and hire mantel eke
Abrod upon his bed he spredde.
And thus thei slepen bothe abedde;
And what of travall, what of wyn,
The servantz lich to drunke Swyn
Beginne forto route faste.

This Faunus, which his Stelthe caste,
Was thanne come to the Cave,
And fond thei weren alle save

6867 the man] to man H1 ... B2
hemself B 6883 Ech AJC, B Eche F
6895 Beginne H1 ... B2 (except C), AdBT
Withoute noise, and in he wente.
The derke nyht his sihte blente,  
And yit it happeth him to go  
Where Eolen abedde tho  
Was leid al one for to slepe;  
Bot for he wolde take kepe  
Whos bed it was, he made assai,  
And of the Leoun, where it lay,  
The Cote he fond, and ek he sieleth  
The Mace, and thanne his herte kieleth,  
That there dorste he noght abyde,  
Bot stalketh upon every side  
And soghte aboute with his hond,  
That other bedd til that he fond,  
Wher lai bewympled a visage.  
Tho was he glad in his corage,  
For he hir kertell fond also  
And ek hir mantell bothe tuo  
Bespred upon the bed alofte.  
He made him naked thanne, and softe  
Into the bedd unwar he crepte,  
Wher Hercules that time slepte,  
And wende wel it were sche;  
And thus in stede of Eole  
Anon he profreth him to love.  
But he, which felte a man above,  
This Hercules, him threw to grounde  
So sore, that thei have him founde  
Liggende there upon the morwe;  
And tho was noght a litel sorwe,  
That Faunus of himselfe made,  
Bot elles thei were alle glade  
And lowhen him to scorne aboute:  
Saba with Nimphis al a route  
Cam doun to loke hou that he ferde,  
And whan that thei the sothe herde,  
He was bejaped overal.  
Mi Sone, be thou war withal  

[Tale of Hercules and Faunus.]
To seche suche mecheries,
Bot if thou have the betre aspies,
In aunter if the so betyde
As Faunus dede thilke tyde,
Wherof thou miht be schamed so.

Min holi fader, certes no.
Bot if I hadde riht good leve,
Such mecherie I thenke leve:
Mi feinte herte wol noght serve;
For malgre wolde I noght deserve
In thilke place wher I love.

Mi Sone, if I be order suie
The vices, as thei stonde arowe,
Of Covoitise thou schalt knowe
Ther is yit on, which is the laste;
In whom ther mai no vertu laste,
For he with god himself debateth,
Wherof that al the hevene him hateth.

The hihe god, which alle goode
Pourveied hath for mannes fode
Of clothes and of mete and drinke,
Bad Adam that he scholde swinke
To geten him his sustienance;
And ek he sette an ordinance
Upon the lawe of Moïses,
That though a man be haveles,
Yit schal he noght be thefte stele.
Bot nou adaies ther ben fele,
That wol no labour undertake,
Bot what thei mai be Stelthe take
Thei holde it sikerliche wonne.
And thus the lawe is overronne,
Which god hath set, and namely
With hem that so untrewely
The goodes robbe of holi cherche.
The thefte which thei thanne werche
Be name is cleped Sacrilegge,
Ayein the whom I thanke alegge.*
Of his condicion to telle,
Which rifleth bothe bok and belle,
So forth with al the remenant

* Upon the pointz as we ben taught
Stant sacrilege, and elles nought.
   The firste point is for to seye,
Whan that a thief schal stele aweye
   The holy thing from holy place.
   The seconde is, if he pourchace
By wey of thefte unholy thing,
Which he upon his knowleching
Fro holy place aweie took.
   The thridde point, as seith the book,
Is such as, wher as euer it be,
In woode, in feld or in Cite,
Schal no man stele by no wise
That halwed is to the servise
Of god which alle thinges wot.
But ther is nouther cold ne hot,
Which he for god or man wol spare,
So that the body may wel fare;
And that he may the world aschape,
The hevene him thenkth is but a jape:
And thus, the sothe for to telle,
He rifleth bothe book and belle,
So forth with al, etc. (as 6983 ff.)

7015* 7036* Only in AdBTA (not Δ)  S is here defective, but did not contain the passage. Text follows B 7015* f. taght: naght T 7025* euer T euer B 7034* penkeb B thinkth T 7036* rifleth T ruyfleb B
To goddes hous appourtenant,  
Wher that he scholde bidde his bede,  
He doth his thefte in holi stede,  
And takth what thing he fint therinne: P. ii. 364
For whan he seth that he mai winne,  
He wondeth for no cursednesse,  
That he ne brekth the holinesse 6990  
And doth to god no reverence;  
For he hath lost his conscience,  
That though the Prest therfore curse,  
He seith he fareth noght the wurse.

And forto speke it otherwise,  
What man that lasseth the franchise (7050*)  
And takth of holi cherche his preie,  
I not what bedes he schal preie.  
When he fro god, which hath yive al,  
The Pourpartie in special,  
Which unto Crist himself is due,  
Benymth, he mai noght wel eschue  
The peine comende afterward;  
For he hath mad his foreward  
With Sacrilegge forto duelle,  
Which hath his heritage in helle.  
And if we rede of tholde lawe,  
I finde write, in thilke dawe  
Of Princes hou ther weren thre
Coupable sore in this degre. 7010  
That on of hem was cleped thus,  
The proude king Antiochus;  
That other Nabuzardan hihte,  
Which of his cruelte behyhte  
The temple to destruie and waste,  
And so he dede in alle haste;  
The thridde, which was after schamed, P. ii. 365  
Was Nabugodonosor named,
And he Jerusalem putte under,  
Of Sacrilegge and many a wonder  
There in the holi temple he wroghte,  
Which Baltazar his heir aboghte,  
Whan Mane, Techel, Phares write  
Was on the wal, as thou miht wite,  
So as the bible it hath declared.  
Bot for al that it is noght spared  
Yit nou aday, that men ne pile,  
And maken argument and skile  
To Sacrilegge as it belongeth,  
For what man that ther after longeth,  
He takth non hiede what he doth.*

And riht so, forto telle soth,  
In loves cause if I schal trete,

*And if a man schal telle soth,  
Of guile and of soubtilite  
Is non so slyh in his degre  
To feigne a thing for his beyete,  
As is this vice of which I trete.  
He can so priveliche pyke,  
He can so wel hise wordes slyke  
To putte away suspicioun,  
That in his excusacioun,  
Ther schal noman defalte finde.  
And thus fuloiste men be blinde,  
That stonden of his word deceived,  
Er his queintise be perceived.  
Bot natheles yit otherwhile,  
For al his sleyhte and al his guile,  
Of that he wolde his werk forsake,  
He is atteint and overtake;  
Wherof thou schalt a tale rede,  
In Rome as it befell in dede.
Ther ben of suche smale and grete:
If thei no leisir fynden elles,
Thei wol noght wonten for the belles,

Er Rome cam to the creance
Of Cristes feith, it fell per chance,
Cesar, which tho was Emperour,
Him liste forto don honour
Unto the temple Apollinis,
And made an ymage upon this,
The which was cleped Apollo.
Was non so riche in Rome tho;
Of plate of gold a berd he hadde,
The which his brest al overspradde;
Of gold also withoute faile
His mantell was of large entaille,
Beset with perrie al aboute,
Forthriht he strawhte his finger oute,
Upon the which he hadde a rynge,
To sen it was a riche thing,
A fin Carbuncle for the nones,
Most precious of alle Stones.

And fell that time in Rome thus:
Ther was a clerk, on Lucius,
A Courteour, a famous man,
Of every witt somwhat he can,
Outake that him lacketh reule
His oghne astat to guide and reule;
How so it stod of his spekinge,
He was noght wys in his doinge.

Bot every riot ate laste
Mot nedes falle and mai noght laste:
After the meede of his decerte,
So fell this clerk into poverta
And wiste noght how forto ryse;
Wherof in many a sondri wyse

7121* charboncle AdT charbocle B 7126* margin barbam ab co] barbam a deo BA (margin om. AdT) 7128* margin volui] nolui BA 7129* margin qui ante—templo om. B 7132* margin set honestate] sed ex honestate BA
Ne thogh thei sen the Prest at masse;
That wol thei leten overpasse.
If that thei finde here love there,

He caste his wittes hier and ther,
He loketh nyh, he loketh fer,
Til on a tyme that he com
Into the temple, and hiede he nom
Wher that the god Apollo stod.
He sith the richesse and the good,
And thoghte he wolde be som weie
The tresor pyke and stele aweie;
And therupon so slyhly wroghte,
That his pourpos aboute he broghte,
And wente awey unaparceived.
Thus hath the man his god deceived,
His ryng, his mantell and his beerd,
As he which nothing was a seerde,
Al prively with him he bar:
And whan the wardeins weren war
Of that here god despuiled was,
Hem thoghte it was a wonder cas,
How that a man for eny wele
Durste in so holy place stele,
And namely so gret a thing.
This tale cam unto the king,
And was thurgh spoken overal:
Bot forto knowe in special
What maner man hath do the dede,
Thei soghten help upon the nede
And maden calculacioun,
Wherof be demonstracioun
The man was founde with the good.
In juggement and whan he stood,
The king hath axed of him thus:
‘Sey, thou unsely Lucius,
Whi hast thou don this sacrilege?’
CONFESSION AMANTIS

[Sacrilege of Lovers.]
Thei stonde and tellen in hire Ere, And axe of god non other grace, Whyl thei ben in that holi place;

[Tale of Lucius and the Statue.]

'Mi lord, if I the cause allegge,' Quod he ayein, 'me thenketh this, That I have do nothing amis. Thre pointz ther ben whiche I have do, Wherof the ferste point stant so, That I the ryng have take aweie. As unto that this wole I seie: When I the god behield aboute, I sih how he his hond strawhte oute And profred me the ryng to yive; And I, which wolde gladly live Out of povert of his largesse, It underfeng, so that I gesse, As therof I am noght to wyte. And overmore I wol me quite, Of gold that I the mantell tok: Gold in his kinde, as seith the bok, Is hevy bothe and cold also; And for that it was hevy so, Me thouhte it was no garnement Unto the god convenient, To clothen him the somer tide; I thouhte upon that other side How gold is cold, and such a cloth Be resoun oghte to be loth In wynter time for the chele. And thus thenkende thoughtes fele, As I myn yhe aboute caste, His large beerd thanne ate laste I syh, and thoughte anon therfore How that his fader him before, Which stod upon the same place, Was beerdles with a yongly face: And in such wise as ye have herd

7040 P. ii. 370
7170* P. ii. 369
7190*
LIBER QUINTUS

Bot er thei gon som avantage
Ther wol thei have, and som pilage
Of goodli word or of beheste,
Or elles thei take ate leste
Out of hir hand or ring or glove,
So nyh the weder thei wol love,
As who seith sche schal noght foryete,
Nou I this tokne of hire have gete:
Thus halwe thei the hihe feste.
Such thefte mai no cherche areste,
For al is leveful that hem liketh,
To whom that elles it misliketh.
And ek riht in the selve kinde
In grete Cites men mai finde
This lusti folk, that make it gay,
And waite upon the haliday:
In cherches and in Menstres eke
Thei gon the wommen forto seke,
And wher that such on goth aboute,
Tofore the faireste of the route,
Wher as thei sitten alle arewe,
Ther wol he most his bodi schewe,
His croket kembd and theron set
A Nouche with a chapelet,
Or elles on of grene leves,
Which late com out of the greves,
Al for he scholde seme freisshe.
And thus he loketh on the fleisshe,

I tok away the Sones berd,
For that his fader hadde non,
To make hem liche, and hier upon
I axe forto ben excused.'
Lo thus, wher Sacrilege is used,
A man can feigne his conscience ;
And riht upon such evidence
In loves cause, &c. (as 7033 ff.)
Confessio Amantis

Sacrilege of Lovers.

Riht as an hauk which hath a sihte
Upon the foul, ther he schal lihte;
And as he were of faierie,
He scheweth him tofore here yhe
In holi place wher thei sitte,
Al forto make here hertes flitte.

His yhe nawher wole abyde,
Bot loke and prie on every syde
On hire and hire, as him best lyketh:
And otherwhile among he syketh;
Thenkth on of hem, 'That was for me,'
And so ther thenken tuo or thre,
And yit he loveth non of alle,
Bot wher as evere his chance falle.
And natheles to seie a soth,
The cause why that he so doth
Is forto stele an herte or tuo,
Out of the cherche er that he go:

And as I seide it hier above,
Al is that Sacrilege of love;
For wel mai be he stelth away
That he nevere after yelde may.
Tell me forthi, my Sone, anon,
Hast thou do Sacrilege, or non,
As I have said in this manere?

Mi fader, as of this matiere
I wole you tellen redely
What I have do; bot trewely
I mai excuse min entente,
That nevere I yit to cherche wente
In such manere as ye me schryve,
For no womman that is on lyve.
The cause why I have it laft
Mai be for I unto that craft
Am nothing able so to stele,
Thogh ther be wommen noght so fele.
Bot yit wol I noght seie this,
When I am ther mi ladi is,

P. ii. 371
(7250*)
In whom the holy my querele,
And the to cherche or to chapele
Wol go to matins or to messe,—
That time I waite wel and gesse,
To cherche I come and there I stonde,
And thoghe I take a bok on honde,
Mi contienance is on the bok,
Bot toward hire is al my lok;
And if so falle that I preie
Unto mi god, and somewhat seie
Of Paternoster or of Crede,
Al is for that I wolde spede,
So that mi bede in holi cherche
Ther mihte som miracle werche
Mi ladi herte forte chaunge,
Which evere hath be to me so strange.
So that al mi devotion
And al mi contemplacion
With al min herte and mi corage
Is only set on hire ymage;
And evere I waite upon the tyde.
If sche loke eny thing asyde,
That I me mai of hire avise,
Anon I am with covoitise
So smite, that me were lief
To ben in holi cherche a thief;
Bot noght to stele a vestement,
For that is nothing mi talent,
Bot I wold stele, if that I mihte,
A glad word or a goodly syhte;
And evere mi service I profre,
And namly whan sche wol gon ofre,
For thanne I lede hire, if I may,
For somewhat wolde I stele away.
Whan I beclippe hire on the wast,
Yit ate leste I stele a tast,
And otherwhile 'grant mercy'
Sche seith, and so winne I therby

7119 or of of a AM  7124 to me hap be strange H1... B4, W
7131 on hire A... B2  on here H1  7137 wold C, S, F  wolde AJ, B
Sacrilege of Lovers.

A lusti touch, a good word eke,
Bot al the remenant to seke
Is fro mi pourpos wonder ferr.
So mai I seie, as I seide er,
In holy cherche if that I wowe,
My conscience it wolde allowe,
Be so that up amendement
I mihte gete assignement
Wher forto spede in other place:
Such Sacrilege I holde a grace.
And thus, mi fader, soth to seie,
In cherche riht as in the weie,
If I mihte oght of love take,
Such hansell have I noght forsake.
Bot finali I me confesse,
Ther is in me non holinesse,
Whil I hire se in eny stede;
And yit, for oght that evere I dede,
No Sacrilege of hire I tok,
Bot if it were of word or lok,
Or elles if that I hir fredde,
When I toward offringe hir ledde,
Take therof what I take may,
For elles bere I noght away:
For thogh I wolde oght elles have,
Alle othre thinges ben so save
And kept with such a privilege,
That I mai do no Sacrilege.
God wot mi Wille nathelies,
Thogh I mot nedes kepe pes
And malgre myn so let it passe,
Mi will therto is noght the lasse,
If I mihte other wise aweie.
Forthi, mi fader, I you preie,
Tell what you thentheth therupon,
If I therof have gult or non.

7152 I wolde AdBTA 7160 I om. AMR
7163 eny] holi S . . . ΔΔ 7166 as it were Hi . . . B2 5if I were J 7172 so]
to AM 7177 so] sone Hı . . . B2 7181 3e ſenken AM
3ou ſenken HiXRCL ye thingeth W
Thy will, mi Sone, is forto blame, 
The remenant is bot a game, 
That I have herd the telle as yit. 
Bot tak this lore into thi wit, 
That alle thing hath time and stede, 
The cherche serveth for the bede, 
The chambre is of an other speche. 
Bot if thou wistest of the wrecche, 
Hou Sacrilege it hath aboght, 
Thou woldest betre ben bethoght; 
And for thou schalt the more amende, 
A tale I wole on the despende.

To alle men, as who seith, knowe 
It is, and in the world thurgh blowe, 
Hou that of Troie Lamedon 
To Hercules and to Jasoun, 
Whan toward Colchos out of Grece 
Be See sailende upon a piece 
Of lond of Troie reste preide,— 
Bot he hem wrathfulli congeide: 
And for thei founde him so vilein, 
Whan thei come into Greece ayen, 
With pouer that thei gete myhte 
Towards Troie thei hem dyhte, 
And ther thei token such vengance, 
Wherof stant yit the remembrance; 
For thei destruide king and al, 
And leften bot the brente wal. 
The Grecs of Troiens many slowe 
And prisoners thei toke ynowe, 
Among the whiche ther was on, 
The kinges daughter Lamedon, 
Esiona, that faire thing, 
Which unto Thelamon the king 
Be Hercules and be thassent 
Of al the hole parlement

[Top of page]
Was at his wille yove and granted.
And thus hath Grece Troie danted, 7220
And hom thei torne in such manere: P. ii. 376
Bot after this nou schalt thou hiere
The cause why this tale I telle,
Upon the chances that befelle.

King Lamedon, which deide thus,
He hadde a Sone, on Priamus,
Which was noght thilke time at hom:
Bot whan he herde of this, he com,
And fond hou the Cite was falle,
Which he began anon to walle 7230
And made ther a cite newe,
That thei whiche othre londes knewe
Tho seiden, that of lym and Ston
In al the world so fair was non.
And on that o side of the toun
The king let maken Ylioun,
That hihe Tour, that stronge place,
Which was adrad of no manace
Of quarel nor of non engin;
And thogh men wolde make a Myn, 7240
No mannes craft it mihte aproche,
For it was sett upon a roche.
The walles of the toun aboute,
Hem stod of al the world no doute,
And after the proporcio
Sex gates weren of the toun
Of such a forme, of such entaille,
That hem to se was gret mervaile:
The diches weren brode and depe,
A fewe men it mihte kepe 7250
From al the world, as semeth tho,
Bot if the goddes weren fo.
Gret presse unto that cite drouh,
So that ther was of poeple ynowh,
Of Burgeis that therinne duellen;
Ther mai no mannes tunge tellen

7223[le tale H1... B2 ] 7236 maken)] make an B
Hou that cite was riche of good. Whan al was mad and al wel stod, King Priamus tho him bethoghte What thei of Grece whilom wroghte, And what was of her swerd devoured, And hou his Soster deshonoured With Thelamon away was lad: And so thenkende he wax unglad, And sette anon a parlement, To which the lordes were assent. In many a wise ther was spoke, Hou that thei mihten ben awroke, Bot ate laste natheles Thei seiden alle, 'Acord and pes.' To setten either part in reste It thoghte hem thanne for the beste With resonable amendement; And thus was Anthenor forth sent To axe Esionam ayein And witen what thei wolden sein. So passeth he the See be barge To Grece forto seie his charge, The which he seide redely Unto the lordes by and by: Bot where he spak in Grece aboute, He herde noght bot wordes stoute, And nameliche of Thelamon; The maiden wolde he noght forgon, He seide, for no maner thing, And bad him gon hom to his king, For there gat he non amende For oght he couthe do or sende. This Anthenor ayein goth hom Unto his king, and whan he com, He tolde in Grece of that he herde, And hou that Thelamon answerde,
And hou thei were at here above,
That thei wol nouther pes ne love,
Bot every man schal don his beste.
Bot for men sein that nyht hath reste,
The king bethoghte him al that nyht,
And erli, whan the dai was lyht,
He tok conseil of this matiere;
And thei acorde in this manere,
That he withouten eny lette
A certein time scholde sette
Of Parlement to ben avised:
And in the wise it was devised,
Of parlement he sette a day,
And that was in the Monthe of Maii.
This Priamus hadde in his yhte
A wif, and Hecuba sche hyhte,
Be whom that time ek hadde he
Of Sones fyve, and douhtres thre
Besiden hem, and thrity mo,
And weren knyhtes alle tho,
Bot noght upon his wif begete,
Bot elles where he myhte hem gete
Of wommen whiche he hadde knowe;
Such was the world at thilke throwe:
So that he was of children riche,
As therof was noman his liche.
Of Parlement the dai was come,
Ther ben the lordes alle and some;
Tho was pronounced and pourposed,
And al the cause hem was desclosed,
Hou Anthenor in Grece ferde.
Thei seten alle stille and herde,
And tho spak every man aboute:
Ther was alegged many a doute,
And many a proud word spoke also;
Bot for the moste part as tho
Thei wisten noght what was the beste,  
Or forto werre or forto reste.  
Bot he that was withoute fere,  
Hector, among the lorde there  
His tale tolde in such a wise,  
And seide, 'Lorde, ye ben wise,  
Ye knowen this als wel as I,  
Above all othre most worthi'  
Stant nou in Grece the manhode  
Of worthinesse and of kniithode;  
For who so wolde it wel agrope,  
To hem belongeth al Europe,  
Which is the thridde parti evene  
Of al the world under the hevene;  
And we be bot of folk a fewe.  
So were it reson forto schewe  
The peril, er we falle thrinne:  
Betre is to leve, than beginne  
Thing which as mai noght ben achieved;  
He is noght wys that fint him grieved,  
And doth so that his griefe be more;  
For who that loketh al tofore  
And wol noght se what is behinde,  
He mai fulofte his harmes finde:  
Wicke is to stryve and have the worse.  
We have encheson forto corse,  
This wot I wel, and forto hate  
The Greks; bot er that we debate  
With hem that ben of such a myht,  
It is ful good that every wiht  
Be of himself riht wel bethoght.  
Bot as for me this seie I noght;  
For while that mi lif wol stonde,  
If that ye taken werre on honde,  
Falle it to beste or to the werste,  
I schal miselven be the ferste  
To grieven hem, what evere I may.

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7336 all S, F alle A, B  
(for teschewe &c.) H1 . . . B2  
falle it to werste H1:B2  
7344 forto schewe] forto eschewe  
7363 or to werste JXERCL, Hs
I wol noght ones seie nay
To thing which that youre conseil demeth,
For unto me wel more it quameth
The werre certes than the quemeth
Bot this I seie natheles,
As me belongeth forto seie.
Nou schape ye the beste weie.' 7370

Whan Hector hath seid his avis,
Next after him tho spak Paris,
Which was his brother, and alleide
What him best thoghte, and thus he seide:
'Strong thing it is to soffre wrong,
And suffre schame is more strong,
Bot we have suffred bothe tuo;
And for al that yit have we do
What so we mihnte to reforme
The pes, whan we in such a forme
Sente Anthenor, as ye wel knowe.
And thei here grete wordes blowe
Upon her wrongful dedes eke;
And who that wolde himself noght meke
To pes, and list no reson take,
Men sein reson him wol forsake:
For in the multitude of men
Is noght the strengthe, for with ten
It hath be sen in trew querele
Ayein an hundred false dele,
And had the betre of goddes grace.
This hath befallen in many place;
And if it like unto you alle,
I wolde assaie, hou so it falle,
Oure enemis if I mai grieve;
For I have cawht a gret believe
Upon a point I wol declare.

This ender day, as I gan fare
To hunte unto the grete hert,
Which was tofore myn houndes stert,
And every man went on his syde
Him to poursuie, and I to ryde
Began the chace, and soth to seie,
Withinne a while out of mi weie
I rod, and nyste where I was.
And slep me cauhte, and on the gras
Beside a welle I lay me doun
To slepe, and in a visioun
To me the god Mercurie cam;
Goddesses thre with him he nam,
Minerve, Venus and Juno,
And in his hond an Appel tho
He hield of gold with lettres write:
And this he dede me to wite,
Hou that thei putt hem upon me,
That to the faireste of hem thre
Of gold that Appel scholde I yive.
With ech of hem tho was I schrive,
And echon faire me behihte;
Bot Venus seide, if that sche mihte
That Appel of mi yifte gete,
Sche wolde it neveremor foryte,
And seide hou that in Grece lond
Sche wolde bringe unto myn hond
Of al this Erthe the faireste;
So that me thoghte it for the beste,
To hire and yaf that Appel tho.
Thus hope I wel, if that I go,
That sche for me wol so ordeine,
That thei matiere forto pleigne
Schul have, er that I come ayein.
Nou have ye herd that I wol sein:
Sey ye what stant in youre avis.'
And every man tho seide his,
And sundri causes thei recorde,
Bot ate laste thei acorde
That Paris schal to Grece wende,
And thus the parlement tok ende.
   Cassandra, whan sche herde of this,
The which to Paris Soster is,
   Anon sche gan to wepe and weile,
   Ne wol noght lete ous stonde wel:
For this I dar wel undertake,
   That if Paris his weie take,
As it is seid that he schal do,
   We ben for evere thanne undo.'
    This, which Cassandre thanne hihete,
In al the world as it berth sihte,
   In bokes as men finde write,
Is that Sibille of whom ye wite,
That alle men yit clepen sage.
    Whan that sche wiste of this viage,
Hou Paris schal to Greece fare,
   No womman mihte worse fare
   Ne sorwe more than sche dede;
And riht so in the same stede
   Ferde Helenus, which was hir brother, P. ii. 384
Of prophecie and such an other:
And al was holde bot a jape,
   So that the pourpos which was schape,
Or were hem lief or were hem loth,
   Was holde, and into Greece goth
This Paris with his retenance.
   And as it fell upon his chance,
Of Greece he londeth in an yle,
And him was told the same whyle
   Of folk which he began to freyne,
Tho was in thyle queene Heleyne,
   And ek of contres there aboute
Of ladis many a lusti route,
With mochel worthi poeple also.
   And why thei comen theder tho,
The cause stod in such a wise,—

7441 Cassandra H₁ ... B₂
7464 the om. AM ... B₂
7470 Æ at same XRCLB₂, T
For worship and for sacrifice  
That thei to Venus wolden make,  
As thei tofore hadde undertake,  
Some of good will, some of beheste,  
For thanne was hire hihe feste  
Withinne a temple which was there.  

When Paris wiste what thei were,  
Anon he schop his ordinance  
To gon and don his obeissance  
To Venus on hire holi day,  
And dede upon his beste aray.  
With grete richesse he him behongeth,  
As it to such a lord belongeth,  
He was noght armed natheles,  
Bot as it were in lond of pes,  
And thus he goth forth out of Schipe  
And takth with him his felaschipe:  
In such manere as I you seie  
Unto the temple he hield his weie.  
Tydinge, which goth overal  
To grete and smale, forth withal  
Com to the queenes Ere and tolde  
Hou Paris com, and that he wolde  
Do sacrificise to Venus:  
And whan sche herde telle thus,  
She thoghte, hou that it evere be,  
That sche wole him abyde and se.  

Forth comth Paris with glad visage  
Into the temple on pelrinage,  
Wher unto Venus the goddesse  
He yifth and offreth grete richesse,  
And preith hir that he preie wolde.  
And thanne aside he gan beholde,  
And sikh wher that this ladi stod;  
And he forth in his freisshe mod  
Goth ther sche was and made hir chiere,  
As he wel couthe in his manere,  
That of his wordes such plesance  
Sche tok, that al hire aqueintance,
Als ferforth as the herte lay,
He stal er that he wente away.
So goth he forth and tok his leve,
And thoghte, anon as it was eve,
He wolde don his Sacrilegge,
That many a man it scholde abegge.

Whan he to Schipe ayein was come,
To him he hath his conseil nome,
And al devised the matiere
In such a wise as thou schalt hier.
Withinne nyht al prively
His men he warneth by and by,
That thei be redy armed sone
For certein thing which was to done:
And thei anon ben redi alle,
And ech on other gan to calle,
And went hem out upon the stronde
And tok a pourpos ther alonde
Of what thing that thei wolden do,
Toward the temple and forth thei go.
So fell it, of devocion
Heleine in contemplacion
With many an other worthi wiht
Was in the temple and wok al nyht,
To bidde and preie unto thymage
Of Venus, as was thanne usage;
So that Paris riht as him liste
Into the temple, er thei it wiste,
Com with his men al sodeinly,
And alle at ones sette ascry
In hem whiche in the temple were,
For tho was mochel poeple there;
Bot of defense was no bote,
So soffren thei that soffre mote.

Paris unto the queene wente,
And hire in bothe hise armes hente
With him and with his felaschipe,
And forth thei bere hire unto Schipe.
Up goth the Seil and forth thei wente,
And such a wynd fortune hem sente,
Til thei the havene of Troie cauhte;
Where out of Schipe anon thei strauhte
And gon hem forth toward the toun,
The which cam with processioun
Ayein Paris to sen his preie.
And every man began to seie
To Paris and his felaschipe
Al that thei couthen of worshipe;
Was non so litel man in Troie,
That he ne made merthe and joie
Of that Paris hath wonne Heleine.
Bot al that merthe is sorwe and peine
To Helenus and to Cassaundre;
For thei it token schame and sklaundre
And lost of al the comun grace,
That Paris out of holi place
Be Stelthe hath take a mannes wif,
Wherof that he schal lese his lif
And many a worthi man therto,
And al the Cite be fordo,
Which nevere schal be mad ayein.
And so it fell, riht as thei sein,
The Sacrilege which he wroghte
Was cause why the Gregois soughte
Unto the toun and it beleie,
And wolden nevere parte aweie,
Til what be sleihte and what be strengthe
Thei hadde it wonne in brede and lengthe,
And brent and slayn that was withinne.
Now se, mi Sone, which a sinne
Is Sacrilege in holy stede:
Be war therfore and bidd thi bede,
And do nothing in holy cherche,
Bot that thou miht be reson werche.
And ek tak hiede of Achilles,
Whan he unto his love ches
Polixena, that was also

7570 token] tolden S...Δ
In holi temple of Appollo,  
Which was the cause why he dyde  
And al his lust was leyd asyde.  
And Troilus upon Criseide  
Also his ferste love leide  
In holi place, and hou it ferde,  
As who seith, al the world it herde;  
Forsake he was for Diomede,  
Such was of love his laste mede.  
  
Forthi, mi Sone, I wolde rede,  
Be this ensample as thou myht rede,  
Sech elles, wher thou wolt, thi grace,  
And war the wel in holi place  
What thou to love do or speke,  
In aunter if it so be wreke  
As thou hast herd me told before.  
And tak good hiede also therfore  
Upon what forme, of Avarice  
Mor than of eny other vice,  
I have divided in parties  
The branches, whiche of companies  
Thurghout the world in general  
Ben nou the leders overal,  
Of Covoitise and of Perjure,  
Of fals brocage and of Usure,  
Of Skarsnesse and Unkindeschipe,  
Which nevere drouh to felaschipe,  
Of Robberie and privi Stelthe,  
Which don is for the worldes welthe,  
Of Ravine and of Sacrilegge,  
Which makth the conscience agregge;  
Althogh it mai richesse atteigne,  
It floureth, bot it schal noght greine  
Unto the fruit of rihtwisnesse.  
Bot who that wolde do largesse  
Upon the reule as it is yive,  
So myhte a man in trouthe live
Toward his god, and ek also
Toward the world, for bothe tuo
Largesse awaiteth as belongeth,
To neither part that he ne wrongeth;
He kepeth himself, he kepeth his frendes.
So stant he sauf to bothe hise endes,
That he exceedeth no mesure,
So wel he can himself mesure:
Wherof, mi Sone, thou schalt wite,
So as the Philosophre hath write.

xiii. Prodegus et parcus duo sunt extrema, que largus
Est horum medius, plebis in ore bonus.

Betwen the tuo extremites
Of vertu stant the propretes
Of vertu, and to prove it so
Tak Avarice and tak also
The vice of Prodegalitete;
Betwen hem Liberalite,
Which is the vertu of Largesse,
Stant and governeth his noblesse.
For tho tuo vices in discord
Stonde evere, as I finde of record;
So that betwen here tuo debat
Largesse reuleth his astat.
For in such wise as Avarice,
As I tofore have told the vice,
Thurgh streit holdinge and thurgh skarsnesse
Stant in contraire to Largesse,
Riht so stant Prodegalite
Revers, bot noght in such degre.
For so as Avarice spareth,
And forto kepe his tresor careth,
That other al hisoghne and more
Ayein the wise mannes lore
Yifth and despendeth hier and there,
So that him reccheth neverere where.
While he mai borwe, he wol despende,

7640 partie (party) hat he wronge\(\text{AM...B}\)

Latin Verses xiii. 1 extrema que C, B extremaque J, F

Nota hic de virtute
Largitatis, que ad oppositum Avaricie
inter duo extrema, videlicet Parcimoni-
am et Prodegalitatem, specialiter consistit.
Til ate laste he seith, 'I wende';
Bot that is spoken al to late,
For thanne is poverté ate gate
And takth him evene be the slieue;
For erst wol he no wisdom lieve.
And riht as Avarice is Sinne,
That wolde his tresor kepe and winne,
Riht so is Prodegalite:
Bot of Largesse in his degre,
Which evene stant betwen the tuo,
The hihe god and man also
The vertu ech of hem commendeth.
For he himselven erst amendeth,
That overal his name spredeth,
And to alle othre, where it nedeth,
He yifth his good in such a wise,
That he makth many a man arise,
Which elles scholde falle lowe.
Largesce mai noght ben unknowe;
For what lond that he regneth inne,
It mai noght faile forto winne
Thurgh his decerte love and grace,
Wher it schal faile in other place.
And thus betwen tomoche and lyte
Largesce, which is noght to wyte,
Halt evere forth the middel weic:
Bot who that torne wole aweie
Fro that to Prodegalite,
Anon he lest the proprete
Of vertu and goth to the vice;
For in such wise as Avarice
Lest for scarsnesse his goode name,
Riht so that other is to blame,
Which thurgh his wast mesure excedeth,
For noman wot what harm that bredeth.

7689 tomoche E, S, F to moche AJ, BT tuo (two) moche
H₁...B₂ (except E) the moche W 7694 lost AM...B₂
(except E) loseth W leueth Δ 7700 it bredeþ A...B₂
7701-7746 Forty-six lines om. S...Δ (ins. A)
Wher that largesse an herte guydeth:
For his mesure is so governed,
That he to bothe partz is lerned,
To god and to the world also,
He doth reson to bothe tuo.
The povere folk of his almesse
Relieved ben in the destresse
Of thurst, of hunger and of cold;
The yifte of him was nevere sold,
Bot frely yive, and natheles
The myhti god of his encess
Rewardeth him of double grace;
The hevene he doth him to pourchace
And yifth him ek the worldes good:
And thus the Cote for the hod
Largesse takth, and yit no Sinne
He doth, hou so that evere he winne.

What man hath hors men yive him hors,
And who non hath of him no fors,
For he mai thanne on fote go;
The world hath evere stonde so.
Bot forto loken of the tweie,
A man to go the siker weie,
Betre is to yive than to take:
With yifte a man mai frends make,
Bot who that takth or gret or smal,
He takth a charge forth withal,
And stant noght fre til it be quit.
So forto deme in mannes wit,
It helpeth more a man to have
His oghne good, than forto crave
Of othre men and make him bounde,
Wher elles he mai stonde unbounde.

Senec conseileth in this wise,
And seith, 'Bot if thi good suffise
Unto the liking of thi wille,
Withdrawh thi lust and hold the stille,
And be to thi good sufficant.'

7725 margin Beacius—accipere om. A ... B: accipere] ac-pere F
For that thing is appourtenant
To trouthe and causeth to be fre
After the reule of charite,
Which ferst beginneth of himselfe.
For if thou richest othre twelve,
Wherof thou schalt thyselbe povere,
I not what thonk thou miht recovere.
    Whil that a man hath good to yive,
With grete routes he mai live
And hath his frendes overal,
And everich of him telle schal.
    Therwhile he hath his fulle packe,
Thei seie, 'A good felawe is Jacke';
Bot whanne it faileth ate laste,
Anon his pris thei overcaste,
For thanne is ther non other lawe
Bot, 'Jacke was a good felawe.'
When thei him povere and nedy se, P. ii. 394
    Thei lete him passe and farwel he;
Al that he wende of compainie
Is thanne torned to folie.
    Bot nou to speke in other kinde
Of love, a man mai suche finde,
That wher thei come in every route
Thei caste and waste her love aboute,
Til al here time is overgon,
And thanne have thei love non:
For who that loveth overal,
It is no reson that he schal
Of love have eny propretie.
Forthi, mi Sone, avise thee
If thou of love hast be to large,
For such a man is noght to charge:
And if it so be that thou hast
Despended al thi time in wast
And set thi love in sondri place,
Though thou the substance of thi grace

\[Prodigality and Largess.\]
Apostolus. Ordinata caritas incipit a scipsa.

\[Prodigality of Lovers.\]
Lese ate laste, it is no wonder;
For he that put himselven under,
As who seith, comun overal,
He lest the love special
Of eny on, if sche be wys;
For love schal noght bere his pris
Be reson, whanne it passeth on.
So have I sen ful many on,
That were of love wel at ese,
Whiche after felle in gret desese
Thurgh wast of love, that thei spente P. ii. 395
In sondri places wher thei wente.
   Riht so, mi Sone, I axe of thee
If thou with Prodegalite
Hast hier and ther thi love wasted.
   Mi fader, nay; bot I have tasted
In many a place as I have go,
And yit love I nevere on of tho,
Bot forto drive forth the dai.
For lieveth wel, myn herte is ay
Withoute mo for everemore
Al upon on, for I nomore
Desire bot hire love al one:
So make I many a prive mone,
For wel I fiele I have despended
Mi longe love and nóght amended
Mi sped, for oght I finde yit.
If this be wast to youre wit
Of love, and Prodegalite,
Nou, goode fader, demeth ye:
Bot of o thing I wol me schryve,
That I schal for no love thryve,
Bot if hirself me wol relieve.
   Mi Sone, that I mai wel lieve:
And natheles me semeth so,
For oght that thou hast yit misdo
Of time which thou hast despended,
It mai with grace ben amended.

7784 sene (sen) many on H₁...B₂ 7804 to] vnto E, B
7809 wol me AdBT, W me wolde M
For thing which mai be worth the cost
Per chaunce is nouther wast ne lost;
For what thing stant on aventure,
That can no worldes creature
Telle in certein hou it schal wende,
Til he therof mai sen an ende.
So that I not as yit therfore
If thou, mi Sone, hast wonne or lore:
For ofte time, as it is sene,
Whan Somer hath lost al his grene
And is with Wynter wast and bare,
That him is left nothing to spare,
Al is recovered in a throwe;
The colde wyndes overblowe,
And stille be the scharpe schoures,
And soudeinliche ayein his floures
The Somer hapneth and is riche:
And so per cas thi graces liche,
Mi Sone, thogh thou be nou povere
Of love, yit thou miht recover.
Mi fader, certes grant merci:
Ye have me tawht so redeli,
That evere whil I live schal
The betre I mai be war withai
Of thing which ye have seid er this.
Bot overmore hou that it is,
Toward mi schriftte as it belongeth,
To wite of othre pointz me longeth;
Wherof that ye me wolden teche
With al myn herte I you beseche.

Explicit Liber Quintus.

7817 in aventure AM... B2, W 7819 Telle JC, SB Tell A, F
7823 tymes AdBTΔ 7829 stilled S... Δ 7840 euermore
H1XRB3, BΔ, W
Incipit Liber Sextus

i. Est gula que nostrum maculavit prima parentem P. iii. 1

Ex vetito pomo, quo dolet omnis homo.
Hec agit ut corpus animae contraria spirat,
Quo caro fit crassa, spiritus atque macer.
Intus et externus si que virtutis habentur,
Potibus ebrietates conuiciata ruit.
Mersa sopore, labris, que Bacchus inebriet hospes,
Indignata Venus oscula raro premit.

The grete Senne original,
Which every man in general
Upon his berthe hath envenymed,
In Paradis it was mystymed:
Whan Adam of thilke Appel bot,
His swete morscel was to hot,
Which dedly made the mankinde.
And in the bokes as I finde,
This vice, which so out of rule
Hath sette ous alle, is cleped Gule;
Of which the branches ben so grete,
That of hem alle I wol noght trete,
Bot only as touchende of tuo
I thenke speke and of no mo;
Wherof the ferste is Dronkeschipe,
Which berth the cuppe felaschipe.
Ful many a wonder doth this vice,
He can make of a wisman nyce,
And of a fool, that him schal seme
That he can al the lawe deme,
And yiven every juggement
Which longeth to the firmament
Bothe of the sterre and of the mone;

Hic in sexto libro tractare intendit de illo capitali vicio quod Gula dicitur, nec non et de eiusdem duabus solummodospeciebus, videlicet Ebrietate et Delicacia, ex quibus humane concupiscencia oblectamentum habundanciasaugmentatur.

[i. Drunkenness.]
And thus he makth a gret clerk sone
Of him that is a lewed man.
Ther is nothing which he ne can,
Whil he hath Dronkeschipe on honde,
He knowth the See, he knowth the stronde,
He is a noble man of armes,
And yit no strengthe is in his armes:
Ther he was strong ynouh tofore,
With Dronkeschipe it is forlore,
And al is changed his astat,
And wext anon so fieble and mat,
That he mai nouther go ne come,
Bot al togedre him is benome
The pouer bothe of hond and fot,
So that algate abide he mot.
And alle his wittes he foryet,
The which is to him such a let,
That he wot nevere what he doth,
Ne which is fals, ne which is soth,
Ne which is dai, ne which is nyht,
And for the time he knowth no wyht,
That he ne wot so moche as this,
What maner thing himselfen is,
Or he be man, or he be beste.
That holde I riht a sori feste,
Whan he that reson understod
So soudeinliche is woxe wod,
Or elles lich the dede man,
Which nouther go ne speke can.
Thus ofte he is to bedde broght,
Bot where he lith yit wot he noght,
Til he arise upon the morwe;
And thanne he seith, 'O, which a sorwe
It is a man be drinkeles!'
So that halfdrunke in such a res
With dreie mouth he sterte him uppe,
And seith, 'Nou baillez qa the cuppe.'
That made him lese his wit at eve
Is thanne a morwe al his beleve;
The cuppe is al that evere him pleseth,
And also that him most deseseth;
It is the cuppe whom he serveth,
Which alle cares fro him kerveth
And alle bales to him bringeth:
In joie he wepeth, in sorwe he singeth,
For Dronkeschipe is so divers,
It may no whyle stonde in vers.

He drinkth the wyn, bot ate laste P. iii. 4
The wyn drynkth him and bint him faste,
And leith him drunke be the wal,
As him which is his bonde thral
And al in his subjeccion.

And lich to such condicion,
As forto speke it other wise,
It falleth that the moste wise
Ben otherwhile of love adoted,
And so bewhaped and assoted,
Of drunke men that nevere yit
Was non, which half so loste his wit
Of drinke, as thei of such thing do
Which cleped is the jolif wo;
And waxen of here oghne thought
So drunke, that thei knowe noght
What reson is, or more or lesse.
Such is the kinde of that sieknesse,
And that is noght for lacke of brain,
Bot love is of so gret a main,
That where he takth an herte on honde,
Ther mai nothing his mihte withstonde:
The wise Salomon was nome,
And stronge Sampson overcome,
The knihtli David him ne mihte
Rescoue, that he with the sihte
Of Bersabee ne was bestad,
Virgile also was overlad,
And Aristotle was put under.
Forthi, mi Sone, it is no wonder
If thou be drunke of love among,
Which is above alle othre strong:
And if so is that thou so be,
Tell me thi Schrifte in privite;
It is no schame of such a thew
A yong man to be dronkelew.
Of such Phisique I can a part,
And as me semeth be that art,
Thou scholdest be Phisonomie
Be schapen to that maladie
Of lovedrunke, and that is routhe.

Ha, holi fader, al is trouthe
That ye me telle: I am beknowe
That I with love am so bethrowe,
And al myn herte is so thurgh sunke,
That I am verraliche drunke,
And yit I mai bothe speke and go.
Bot I am overcome so,
And torned fro miself so clene,
That ofte I wot noght what I mene;
So that excusen I ne mai
Min herte, fro the ferste day
That I cam to mi ladi kiththe,
I was yit sobre nevere siththe.
Wher I hire se or se hire noght,
With musinge of min oghne thoght,
Of love, which min herte assaileth,
So drunke I am, that mi wit faileth
And al mi brain is overtorned,
And mi manere so mistorned,
That I foryete al that I can
And stonde lich a mased man;
That ofte, whanne I scholde pleie,
It makth me drawe out of the weie
In soulein place be miselvye,
As doth a labourer to delve,
Which can no gentil mannes chere
Or elles as a lewed Frere,
Whan he is put to his penance,
Riht so lese I mi contienance.
And if it nedes so betyde,
That I in compainie abyde,
Wher as I moste daunce and singe
The hovedance and carolinge,
Or forto go the newefot,
I mai noght wel heve up mi fot,
If that sche be noght in the weie;
For thanne is al mi merthe aweie,
And waxe anon of thoght so ful,
Wherof mi limes ben so dull,
I mai unethes gon the pas.
For thus it is and evere was,
Whanne I on suche thoghtes muse,
The lust and merthe that men use,
Whan I se noght mi ladi bye me,
Al is foryte for the time
So ferforth that mi wittes changen
And alle lustes fro me strangen,
That thei seie alle trewely,
And swere, that it am noght I.
For as the man which ofte drinketh,
With win that in his stomac sinketh
Wext drunke and witles for a throwe,
Riht so mi lust is overthrowe,
And of myn oghne thoght so mat
I wexe, that to myn astat
Ther is no lime wol me serve,
Bot as a drunke man I swerve,
And suffre such a Passion,
That men have gret compassion,
And everich be himself merveilleth
What thing it is that me so eilleth.
Such is the manere of mi wo
Which time that I am hire fro,

145 newefot S, F the rest newe foot (fot)
151 a pas Hi ... B2
152 euer(e) it was AdBT 160 I am H:WERC 162 With
The AM ... B2 172 so om. Hi ... B2
Til eft ayein that I hire se.
Bot thanne it were a nycete
To telle you hou that I fare:
For whanne I mai upon hire stare,
Hire wommanhede, hire gentilesse,
Myn herte is full of such gladnesse,
That overpasseth so mi wit,
That I wot nevere where it sit,
Bot am so drunken of that sihte,
Me thenkth that for the time I mihte
Riht sterte thurgh the hole wall;
And thanne I mai wel, if I schal,
Bothe singe and daunce and lepe aboute,
And holde forth the lusti route.
Bot natheles it falleth so
Fulofte, that I fro hire go
Ne mai, bot as it were a stake, P. iii. 8
I stonde avisement to take
And loke upon hire faire face;
That for the while out of the place
For al the world ne myhte I wende.
Such lust comth thanne into mi mende,
So that withoute mete or drinke,
Of lusti thoughtes whiche I thinke
Me thenkth I mihte stonden evere;
And so it were to me leve
Than such a sihte forto leve,
If that sche wolde yif me leve
To have so mochel of mi wille.
And thus thenkende I stonde stille
Withoute blenchinge of myn yhe,
Riht as me thoghte that I syhe
Of Paradis the moste joie:
And so therwhile I me rejoice,
Into myn herte a gret desir,
The which is hotere than the fyr,
Al soudeinliche upon me renneth,
That al mi thoghth withinne brenneth,
And am so ferforth overcome,  
That I not where I am become;  
So that among the hetes stronge  
In stede of drinke I underfonge  
A thought so swete in mi corage,  
That nevere Pyment ne vernage  
Was half so swete forto drinke.  
For as I wolde, thanne I thinke  
As thogh I were at myn above,  
For so thurgh drunke I am of love,  
That al that mi sotye demeth  
Is soth, as thanne it to me semeth.  
And whyle I mai tho thoghtes kepe,  
Me thenkth as thogh I were aslepe  
And that I were in goddes barm;  
Bot whanne I se myn oghne harm,  
And that I soudeinliche awake  
Out of my thought, and hiede take  
Hou that the sothe stant in dede,  
Thanne is mi sekernesse in drede  
And joie torned into wo,  
So that the hete is al ago  
Of such sotie as I was inne.  
And thanne ayeinward I beginne  
To take of love a newe thorst,  
The which me grieveth altherworst,  
For thanne comth the blanche fievere,  
With chele and makth me so to chiever,  
And so it coldeth at myn herte,  
That wonder is hou I asterte,  
In such a point that I ne deie:  
For certes ther was nevere keie  
Ne frozen ys upon the wal  
More inly cold than I am al.  
And thus soffre I the hote chele,  
Which passeth othre peines fele;  
In cold I brenne and frese in hete:  
And thanne I drinke a biter swete
With dreie lippe and yhen wete.
Lo, thus I tempre mi diete,
And take a drauhte of such reles,
That al mi wit is herteles,
And al myn herte, ther it sit,
Is, as who seith, withoute wit;
So that to prove it be reson
In makinge of comparison
Ther mai no difference be
Betwen a drunke man and me.
Bot al the worste of everychon
Is evere that I thurste in on;
The more that myn herte drinketh,
The more I may; so that me thinketh,
My thurst schal never ben aqueint.
God schilde that I be noght dreint
Of such a superfluite:
For wel I fiele in mi degre
That al mi wit is overcast,
Wherof I am the more agast,
That in defaulfte of ladischipe
Per chance in such a drunkescipe
I mai be ded er I be war.
For certes, fader, this I dar
Beknowe and in mi schrifte telle:
Bot I a drauhte have of that welle,
In which mi deth is and mi liif,
Mi joie is torned into strif,
That sobre schal I nevere worthe,
Bot as a drunke man forworthe;
So that in londe where I fare
The lust is lore of mi welfare,
As he that mai no bote finde.
Bot this me thenkth a wonder kinde,
As I am drunke of that I drinke,
So am I ek for falte of drinke;
Of which I finde no reles:
Bot if I myhte natheles

260 jruste M, Δ  trust e) AdBT, W
281 wher jat AMG, H
285 line om. B
Of such a drinke as I coveite,
So as me liste, have o receite,
I scholde assobre and fare wel.
Bot so fortune upon hire whiel
On hih me deigneth noght to sette,
For everemore I finde a lette:
The boteler is noght mi frende,
Which hath the keie be the bend;
I mai wel wisse and that is wast,
For wel I wot, so freisshe a tast,
Bot if mi grace be the more,
I schal assaie neveremore.
Thus am I drunke of that I se,
For tastinge is defended me,
And I can noght miselven stanche:
So that, mi fader, of this branche
I am gultif, to telle trouthe.

Mi Sone, that me thenketh routhe;
For lovedrunke is the meschief
Above alle othre the most chief,
If he no lusti thought assaie,
Which mai his sori thurst allaie:
As for the time yit it lisseth
To him which other joie misseth.
Forthi, mi Sone, aboven alle
Thenk wel, hou so it the befalle,
And kep thi wittes that thou hast,
And let hem noght be drunke in wast:
Bot natheles ther is no wyht
That mai withstonde loves miht.
Bot why the cause is, as I finde,
Of that ther is diverse kinde
Of lovedrunke, why men pleigneth
After the court which al ordeigneth,
I wol the tellen the manere;
Nou lest, mi Sone, and thou schalt hiere.

For the fortune of every chance
After the goddes pourveance
To man it groweth from above,
So that the sped of every love
Is schape there, er it befall
For Jupiter aboven alle,
Which is of goddes soverein,
Hath in his celier, as men sein,
Tuo tonnes fulle of love drinke,
That maken many an herte sinke
And many an herte also to flete,
Or of the soure or of the swete.
That on is full of such piment,
Which passeth all entendement
Of mannes witt, if he it taste,
And makth a jolif herte in haste:
That other biter as the galle,
Which makth a mannes herte palle,
Whos drunkeschipe is a sicknesse
Thurgh fielinge of the biternesse.
Cupide is boteler of bothe,
Which to the lieve and to the lothe
Yifth of the swete and of the soure,
That some lawhe, and some loure.
Bot for so moche as he blind is,
Fulofte time he goth amis
And takth the badde for the goode,
Which hindreth many a mannes fode
Without cause, and forthreth eke.
So be ther some of love seke,
Whiche oghte of reson to ben hole,
And som comen to the dole
In happ and as hemselve leste
Drinke undeserved of the beste.
And thus this blinde Boteler
Yifth of the trouble in stede of cler
And ek the cler in stede of trouble:
Lo, hou he can the hertes trouble,
And makth men drunke al upon chaunce

329 be falle JH:ERBz, BT 339 caste AdBT, H 354 of be
seke AM . . . Bz 357 In iape AM 358 vnserued AM, W
363 drinke al H:X, AdBT drunken (om. al) E all (om. drunke) B
dronke and W
LIBER SEXTUS

Withoute lawe of governance.
If he drawe of the swete tonne,
Thanne is the sorwe al overronne
Of lovedrunke, and schalt noght greven
So to be drunken every even,
For al is thanne bot a game.
Bot whanne it is noght of the same,
And he the biter tonne draweth,
Such drunkeshipe an herte gnaweth
And fiebleth al a mannes thoght,
That betre him were have drunke noght
And al his bred have eten dreie;
For thanne he lest his lusti weie
With drunkeshipe, and wot noght whider
To go, the weies ben so slider,
In which he mai per cas so falle,
That he schal breke his wittes alle.
And in this wise men be drunke
After the drink that thei have drunke:
Bot alle dranken noght alike,
For som schal singe and som schal syke,
So that it me nothing merveil leth,
Mi Sone, of love that thee eil leth;
For wel I knowe be thi tale,
That thou hast drunken of the duale,
Which biter is, til god the sende
Such grace that thou miht amende.
Bot, Sone, thou schalt bidde and preie
In such a wise as I schal seie,
That thou the lusti welle atteigne
Thi wofull thurstes to restreigne
Of love, and taste the sweetnesse;
As Bachus dede in his distresse,
Whan bodiliche thurst him hente
In strange londes where he wente.
This Bachus Sone of Jupiter

[Prayer. Bacchus in the Desert.]
CONFESSIO AMANTIS

Was hote, and as he wente fer
Be his fadres assignement
To make a werre in Orient,
And gret pouer with him he ladde,
So that the heiere hond he hadde
And victoire of his enemys,
And torneth homward with his pris,
In such a contre which was dreie
A meschief fell upon the weie.
As he rod with his compainie
Nyh to the strondes of Lubie,
Ther myhte thei no drinke finde
Of water nor of other kinde,
So that himself and al his host
Were of defalte of drinke almost
Distruid, and thanne Bachus preide
To Jupiter, and thus he seide:
‘O hihe fader, that sest al,
To whom is reson that I schal
Beseche and preie in every nede,
Behold, mi fader, and tak hiede
This wofull thurst that we ben inne
To staunche, and grante ous forto winne,
And sauf unto the contre fare,
Wher thatoure lusti loves are
Waitende upon oure hom cominge.’
And with the vois of his preiynge,
Which herd was to the goddes hihe,
He syh anon tofore his yhe
A wether, which the ground hath sporned;
And wher he hath it overtorned,
Ther sprang a welle freisshe and cler,
Wherof his oghne boteler
After the lustes of his wille
Was every man to drinke his fille.
And for this ilke grete grace
Bachus upon the same place
A riche temple let arere,  
Which evere scholde stonde there  
To thursti men in remembrance.  

Forthi, mi Sone, after this chance  
It sit thee wel to taken hiede  
So forto preie upon thi nede,  
As Bachus preide for the welle;  
And thenk, as thou hast herd me telle,  
Hou grace he gradde and grace he hadde.  
He was no fol that first so radde,  
For selden get a domb man lond:  
Tak that proverbe, and understond  
That wordes ben of vertu grete.  
Forthi to speke thou ne lete,  
And axe and prei erli and late  
Thi thurst to quenche, and thenk algate,  
The boteler which berth the keie  
Is blind, as thou hast herd me seie;  
And if it mihte so betyde,  
That he upon the blinde side  
Per cas the swete tonne arauhte,  
Than schalt thou have a lusti drauhte  
And waxe of lovedrunke sobre.  
And thus I rede thou assobre  
Thin herte in hope of such a grace;  

For drunkeschipe in every place,  
To whether side that it torne,  
Doth harm and makth a man to sporne  
And ofte falle in such a wise,  
Wher he per cas mai noght arise.  

And forto loke in evidence  
Upon the sothe experience,  
So as it hath befaller er this,  
In every mannes mouth it is  
Hou Tristram was of love drunke  
With Bele Ysolde, whan thei drunke  
The drink which Brangwein hem betok,  
Er that king Marc his Eem hire tok  

[Love-Drunkenness.  
Tristram.]  
Hic de amoris ebrietate ponit exemplum,  
qualiter Tristrans ob potum, quem Brangweyne in naui ei por- 
rexit, de amore Bele 
Isolde inebriatus ex-
titit.
CONFESSIO AMANTIS

To wyve, as it was after knowe.
And ek, mi Sone, if thou wolt knowe,
As it hath fallen overmore
In loves cause, and what is more
Of drunkeschippe forto drede,
As it whilom befell in dede,
Wherof thou miht the betre eschuie
Of drunke men that thou ne suie
The compaignie in no manere,
A gret ensample thou schalt hiere.

This finde I write in Poesie
Of thilke faire Ipotacie,
Of whos beaute ther as sche was
Spak every man,—and fell per cas,
That Pirotois so him spedde,
That he to wyve hire scholde wedde,
Wherof that he gret joie made.

And for he wolde his love glade,
Ayein the day of mariadge
Be mouthe bothe and be message
Hise frendes to the feste he preide,
With gret worschipe and, as men seide,
He hath this yonge ladi spoused.
And whan that thei were alle housed,
And set and served ate mete,
Ther was no wyn which mai be gete,
That ther ne was plente ynoh:
Bot Bachus thilke tonne drouh,
Wherof be weie of drunkeschippe
The greteste of the felaschippe
Were oute of reson overtake;
And Venus, which hath also take
The cause most in special,
Hath yove hem drinke forth withal
Of thilke cuppe which exciteth
The lust wherinne a man deliteth:

488 margin contigentibus F
495 feste AJ, B fest C, F
497 margin in om. Hi... Bs, BΔ, W 500 be gete] begete
(bigete) AX, SAdTΔ 508 30ue B, F 3eue A 3iue J, C
And thus be double weie drunke,
Of lust that ilke fyri funke
Hath mad hem, as who seith, halfwode,
That thei no reson understode,
Ne to non other thing thei syhen,
Bot hire, which tofore here yhen
Was wedded thilke same day,
That freisshe wif, that lusti May,
On hire it was al that thei thoghten.
And so ferforth here lustes soghten,
That thei the whiche named were
Centauri, ate feste there
Of on assent, of on acord
This yonge wif malgre hire lord
In such a rage awei forth ladden,
As thei whiche non insihte hadden
Bot only to her drunke fare,
Which many a man hath mad misfare
In love als wel as other weie.
Wherof, if I schal more seie
Upon the nature of the vice,
Of costume and of exercice
The mannes grace hou it fordoth,
A tale, which was whilom soth,
Of foolest that so drunken were,
I schal reherce unto thine Ere.

I rede in a Cronique thus
Of Galba and of Vitellus,
The whiche of Spaigne bothe were
The greteste of alle othre there,
And bothe of o condicion
After the disposicion
Of glotonie and drunkeschipe.
That was a sori felaschipe:
For this thou miht wel understonde,
That man mai wel noght longe stonde
Which is wyndrunke of comun us;

[Marriage of Piri-thous.]
For he hath lore the vertus,
Wherof reson him scholde clothe;
And that was seene upon hem bothe.  
Men sein ther is non evidence,  P. iii. 20
Wherof to knowe a difference
Betwen the drunken and the wode,
For thei be nevere nouther goode;
For wher that wyn doth wit aweie,
Wisdom hath lost the rihte weie,
That he no maner vice dredeth;
Nomore than a blind man thredeth
His nedle be the Sonnes lyht,
Nomore is reson thanne of myht,
When he with drunkeschip is blent.
And in this point thei weren schent,
This Galba bothe and ek Vitelle,
Upon the cause as I schal telle,
Wherof good is to taken hiede.
For thei tuo thurgh her drunkenhiede
Of witles excitacioun
Oppressede al the nacion
Of Spaigne; for of fool usance,
Which don was of continuance
Of hem, whiche alday drunken were,
Ther was no wif ne maiden there,
What so thei were, or faire or foule,
Whom thei ne token to defoule,
Wherof the lond was often wo:
And ek in othre thinges mo
Thei wroghten many a sondri wrong.
Bot hou so that the dai be long,
The derke nyht comth ate laste:
God wolde noght thei scholden laste,
And schop the lawe in such a wise,
That thei thurgh dom to the juise
Be damped forto be forlore.
Liber Sextus

Bot thei, that hadden ben tofore
Enclin to alle drunkenesse,—
Here ende thanne bar witnesse;
For thei in hope to assuage
The peine of deth, upon the rage
That thei the lasse scholden fiele,
Of wyn let fille full a Miele,
And dronken til so was befalle
That thei her strengths losten alle
Withouten wit of eny brain;
And thus thei ben halfdede slain,
That hem ne grieveth bot a lyte.

Mi Sone, if thou be forto wyte
In eny point which I have seid,
Wherof thi wittes ben unteid,
I rede clepe hem hom ayein.

I schal do, fader, as ye sein,
Als ferforth as I mai suffise:
Bot wel I wot that in no wise
The drunkeschipe of love arie
I mai remue be no weie,
It stant noght upon my fortune.
Bot if you liste to comune
Of the seconde Glotonie,
Which cleped is Delicacie,
Wherof ye spicken hier tofore,
Beseche I wolde you therfore.

Mi Sone, as of that ilke vice,
Which of alle othre is the Norrice,
And stant upon the retene
Of Venus, so as it is due,
The propreté hou that it fareth
The bok hierafter nou declareth.

ii. Delicie cum diuiciis sunt iura potentum,
In quibus orta Venus excitat ora gule.
Non sunt deliciæ tales, que corpora pascunt,
Ex quibus implets gaudia venter agit,
Hic tractat super illa specie Gule que Delicacia nuncupatur; cujus mollicies voluptuose carnii in personis precipue potentibus queque complacencia corporaliter ministrat.

Of this chapitre in which we trete
There is yit on of such diete,
To which no povere mai atteigne;
For al is Past of paindemeine
And sondri wyn and sondri drinke,
Wherof that he wole ete and drinke:
Hise cokes ben for him affaited,
So that his body is awaited,
That him schal lacke no delit,
Als ferforth as his appetit
Sufficeth to the metes hote.
Wherof this lusti vice is hote
Of Gule the Delicacie,
Which al the hole progenie
Of lusti folk hath undertake
To feede, whil that he mai take
Richesses wherof to be founde:
Of Abstinence he wot no bounde,
To what profit it scholde serve.
And yit phisique of his conserve
Makth many a restauracioun
Unto his recreacioun,
Which wolde be to Venus lief.
Thus for the point of his relief
The coc which schal his mete arraie,
Bot he the betre his mouth assaie,
His lordes thonk schal ofte lese,
Er he be served to the cheze:
For ther mai lacke noght so lyte,
That he ne sint anon a wyte;
For bot his lust be fully served,
Ther hath no wiht his thonk deserved.
And yit for mannes sustenance,
To kepe and holde in governance,

*Latin Verses* ii. 6 fatur H\(1\) ..., B\(2\), B

620 is Past of] his past of AJ is past(e) as BT his past is Ad
621 margin molliciis A ..., B\(2\)
623 margin quoque AMHiXBa, W
633 Richesse AMHi, H\(3\) Riches W 647 For bot] But if AdB'T
To him that wole his hele gete
Is non so good as comun mete:
For who that loketh on the bokes,
It seith, concoccion of cokes,
A man him scholde wel avise
Hou he it toke and in what wise.
For who that useth that he knoweth,
Ful seldom sekenesse on him groweth,
And who that useth metes strange,
Though his nature empeire and change
It is no wonder, lieve Sone,
Whan that he doth ayein his wone;
For in Phisique this I finde,
Usage is the seconde kinde.
   And riht so changeth his astat
He that of love is delicat:
For though he hadde to his hond
The beste wif of al the lond,
Or the faireste love of alle,
Yit wolde his herte on othre falle
And thenke hem mor delicious
Than he hath in his oghne hous:
Men sein it is nou ofte so;
Avise hem wel, thei that so do.
And forto speke in other weie,
Fulofte time I have herd seie,
That he which hath no love achieved,
Him thenkth that he is noght relieved,
Thogh that his ladi make him chiere,
So as sche mai in good manere
Hir honour and hir name save,
Bot he the surplus mihte have.
Nothing withstonndende hire astat,
Of love more delicat
He set hire chiere at no delit,
Bot he have al his appetit.
Mi Sone, if it be with thee so,
Tell me.

Myn holi fader, no:
For delicat in such a wise
Of love, as ye to me devise,
Ne was I nevere yit gultif;
For if I hadde such a wif
As ye speke of, what scholde I more?
For thanne I wolde neveremore
For lust of eny wommanhiede
Myn herte upon non other fiede:
And if I dede, it were a wast.
Bot al withoute such repast
Of lust, as ye me tolde above,
Of wif, or yit of other love,
I faste, and mai no fode gete;
So that for lacke of deinte mete,
Of which an herte mai be fedd,
I go fastende to my bedd.
Bot myhte I geten, as ye tolde,
So mochel that mi ladi wolde
Me fede with hir glad semblant,
Though me lacke al the remenant,
Yit scholde I somdel ben abeched
And for the time wel refreched.
Bot certes, fader, sche ne doth;
For in good feith, to telle soth,
I trowe, thogh I scholde sterve,
Sche wolde noght hire yhe swerve,
Min herte with o goodly lok
To fede, and thus for such a cok
I mai go fastinge everemo:
Bot if so is that eny wo
Mai fede a mannes herte wel,
Therof I have at every meel
Of plente more than ynowh;
Bot that is of himself so towth,
Mi stomach mai it noght defie.  
Lo, such is the delicacie  
Of love, which myn herte fedeth;  
Thus have I lacke of that me nedeth.

Bot for al this yit natheles  
I seie noght I am gylteles,  
That I somdel am delicat:  
For elles were I fulli mat,  
Bot if that I som lusti stounde  
Of confort and of ese founde,  
To take of love som repast;  
For thogh I with the fulle tast  
The lust of love mai noght fiele,  
Min hunger otherwise I kiele  
Of smale lustes whiche I pike,  
And for a time yit thei like;  
If that ye wisten what I mene.

Nou, goode Sone, schrif thee clene  
Of suche deyntes as ben goode,  
Wherof thou takst thin hertes fode.

Mi fader, I you schal reherce,  
Hou that mi fodes ben diverse,  
So as thei fallen in degre.  
O fiedinge is of that I se,  
An other is of that I here,  
The thridde, as I schal tellen here,  
It groweth of min oghne thoght:  
And elles scholde I live noght;  
For whom that failleth fode of herte,  
He mai noght wel the deth asterte.

Of sihte is al mi ferste fode,  
Thurgh which myn yhe of alle goode  
Hath that to him is acordant,  
A lusti fode sufficant.  
Whan that I go toward the place  
Wher I schal se my ladi face,  
Min yhe, which is loth to faste,  
Beginth to hungre anon so faste,
That him thenkth of on houre thre,
Til I ther come and he hire se:
And thanne after his appetit
He takth a fode of such delit,
That him non other deynte nedeth.
Of sondri sihtes he him fedeth:
He seth hire face of such colour,
That freisshere is than eny flour,
He seth hire front is large and plein
Withoute fronce of eny grein,
He seth hire yhen lich an hevene,
He seth hire nase strauht and evene,
He seth hire rode upon the cheke,
He seth hire rede lippes eke,
Hire chyn acordeth to the face,
Al that he seth is full of grace,
He seth hire necke round and clene,
Therinne mai no bon be sene,
He seth hire handes faire and whyte;
For al this thing withoute wyte
He mai se naked ate leste,
So is it wel the more feste
And wel the mor Delicacie
Unto the fiedinge of myn yhe.
He seth hire schapthe forth withal,
Hire bodi round, hire middel smal,
So wel begun with good array,
Which passeth al the lust of Maii,
Whan he is most with softe schoures
Ful clothed in his lusti floures.
With suche sihtes by and by
Min yhe is fed; bot finaly,
Whan he the port and the manere
Seth of hire wommanyshe chere,
Than hath he such delice on honde,
Him thenkth he mihte stille stonde,
And that he hath ful sufficance
Of liffode and of sustienance

762 he hire] to hir(e) AdBT 784 myn] his AM . . . Bz
785 schap[e S, F  the rest schape (schappe &c.)
As to his part for everemo.
And if it thoghte alle othre so,
Fro thenne wolde he nevere wende,
Bot there unto the worldes ende
He wolde abyde, if that he mihte,
And fieden him upon the syhte.
For thogh I mihte stonden ay
Into the time of domesday
And loke upon hire evere in on,
Yit whanne I scholde fro hire gon,
Min yhe wolde, as thogh he faste,
Ben hungerstorven al so faste,
Til eftre ayein that he hire syhe.
Such is the nature of myn yhe:
Ther is no lust so deintefull,
Of which a man schal noght be full,
Of that the stomac underfongeth,
Bot evere in on myn yhe longeth:
For loke hou that a goshauk tireth,
Riht so doth he, whan that he pireth
And toteth on hire wommanhiede;
For he mai nevere fulli fiede
His lust, bot evere aliche sore
Him hungreth, so that he the more
Desireth to be fed algate:
And thus myn yhe is mad the gate,
Thurgh which the deyntes of my thoght
Of lust ben to myn herte broght.
Riht as myn yhe with his lok
Is to myn herte a lusti coc
Of loves fode delicat,
Riht so myn Ere in his astat,
Wher as myn yhe mai noght serve,
Can wel myn herties thonk deserve
And fieden him fro day to day
With suche deyntes as he may.
For thus it is, that overal,
Wher as I come in special,
I mai hierie of mi ladi pris;

827 Paragraph at l. 830 in MSS.
I hiere on seith that sche is wys,
An other seith that sche is good,
And som men sein, of worthi blod
That sche is come, and is also
So fair, that nawher is non so;
And som men preise hire goodli chiere:
Thus every thing that I mai hiere,
Which soundeth to mi ladi goode,
Is to myn Ere a lusti foode.
And ek min Ere hath over this
A deynte feste, whan so is
That I mai hiere hirselves speke;
For thanne anon mi faste I breke
On suche wordes as sche seith,
That full of trouthe and full of feith
Thei ben, and of so good desport,
That to myn Ere gret confort
Thei don, as thei that ben delices.
For al the metes and the spices,
That eny Lombard couthe make,
Ne be so lusti forto take
Ne so ferforth restauratif,
I seie as for myn oghne lif,
As ben the wordes of hire mouth:
For as the wyndes of the South
Ben most of alle debonaire,
So whan hir list to speke faire,
The vertu of hire goodly speche
Is verraily myn hertes leche.
And if it so befalle among,
That sche carole upon a song,
When I it hiere I am so fedd,
That I am fro miself so ledd
As thogh I were in paradis;
For certes, as to myn avis,
When I here of hir vois the stevene,
Me thenkth it is a blisse of hevene.

And ek in other wise also
Fulofte time it falleth so,
Min Ere with a good pitance
Is fedd of redinge of romance
Of Ydoine and of Amadas,
That whilom weren in mi cas,
And eke of othre many a score,
That loveden longe er I was bore.
For whan I of here loves rede,
Min Ere with the tale I fede;
And with the lust of here histoire
Somtime I drawe into memoire
Hou sorwe mai noght evere laste;
And so comth hope in ate laste,
Whan I non other fode knowe.
And that endureth bot a throwe,
Riht as it were a cherie feste;
Bot forto compten ate leste,
As for the while yit it eseth
And somdel of myn herte appeseth:
For what thing to myn Ere spreadeth,
Which is plesant, somdel it feedeth
With wordes suche as he mai gete
Mi lust, in stede of other mete.

Lo thus, mi fader, as I seie,
Of lust the which myn yhe hath seie,
And ek of that myn Ere hath herd,
Fulofte I have the betre ferd.
And tho tuo bringen in the thridde,
The which hath in myn herte amidde
His place take, to arraie
The lusti fode, which assaie
I mot; and nameliche on nyhtes,
Whan that me lacketh alle sihtes,
And that myn heringe is aweie,
Thanne is he redy in the weie
Mi reresouper forto make,
Of which myn hertes fode I take.
This lusti cokes name is hote

892 for tacompten B
899 as I je seye B
906 fode]
Thoght, which hath evere his(e) pottes hote
Of love buillende on the fyr
With fantasie and with desir,
Of whiche er this fulo(ste) he fedde
Min herte, whanne I was abedde;
And thanne he set upon my bord
Bothe every syhte and every word
Of lust, which I have herd or sein.
Bot yit is noght mi feste al plein,
Bot al of woldes and of wishes,
Therof have I my fulle dish(es),
Bot as of fielinge and of tast,
Yit mihte I nevere have o repast.
And thus, as I have seid afo(m),
I licke hony on the thorn,
And as who scith, upon the bridel
I chiewe, so that al is yd(e)
As in effect the fode I have.
Bot as a man that wolde him save,
Whan he is sek, be medicine,
Riht so of love the famine
I fonde in al that evere I mai
To fiede and dryve forth the day,
Til I mai have the grete feste,
Which al myn hunger myhte areste.
Lo suche ben mi lustes thre;  
Of that I thenke and hiere and se
I take of love my fiedinge
Withoute tastinge or fielinge:
And as the Plover doth of Eir
I live, and am in good espeir
That for no such delicacie
I trowe I do no glotonie.
And natheles to youre avis,
Min holi fader, that be wis,
I recomande myn astat
Of that I have be delicat.

Mi Sone, I understonde wel
That thou hast told hier everydel,
And as me thenketh be thi tale,
It ben delices smale,
Wherof thou takst thi loves fode.
Bot, Sone, if that thou understode
What is to ben delicious,
Thou woldest noght be curious
Upon the lust of thin astat
To ben to sore delicat,
Wherof that thou reson exceede:
For in the bokes thou myht rede,
If mannes wisdom schal be suied,
It oghte wel to ben eschuied
In love als wel as other weie;
For, as these holi bokes seie,
The bodely delices alle
In every point, hou so thei falle,
Unto the Soule don grievance.
And forto take in remembrance,
A tale acordant unto this,
Which of gret understondinge is
To mannes soule resonable,
I thenke telle, and is no fable.

Of Cristes word, who wolde it rede,
Hou that this vice is forto drede
In thevangile it telleth pleine,
Which mot algate be certein,
For Crist himselfe it berth witnesse.
And thogh the clerk and the clergesse
In latin tunge it rede and singe,
Yit for the more knoulechinge
Of trouthe, which is good to wite,
I schal declare as it is write
In Engleissh, for thus it began.
Crist seith: 'Ther was a riche man,
A mihti lord of gret astat,
And he was ek so delicat
Of his clothing, that everyday
Of pourpre and bisse he made him gay,
And eet and drank therto his fille
After the lustes of his wille,
As he which al stod in delice
And tok non hiede of thilke vice.
And as it scholde so betyde,
A povere lazre upon a tyde
Cam to the gate and axed mete:
Bot there mihte he nothing gete
His dedly hunger forto stanche;
For he, which hadde his fulle panche
Of alle lustes ate bord,
Ne deigneth noght to speke a word,
Onliche a Crumme forto yive,
Wherof the povere myhte live
Upon the yifte of his almesse.
Thus lai this povere in gret destresse
Acold and hungred ate gate,
Fro which he mihte go no gate,
So was he wofulli besein.
And as these holi bokes sein,
The houndes comen fro the halle,
Wher that this sike man was falle,
And as he lay ther forto die,
The woundes of his maladie
Thei licken forto don him ese.
Bot he was full of such desese,
That he mai noght the deth eschape;
Bot as it was that time schape,
The Soule fro the bodi passeth,
And he whom nothing overpasseth,
The hihe god, up to the hevene
Him tok, wher he hath set him evene
In Habrahammes barm on hyh,
Wher he the hevene joie syh

993 As] And AdBT stood al H1... B2, Ad, W 998 he] be
AMXRB2 1004 his p. S... Δ 1006 he p. S... Δ 1008
for AdBT 1010 these] he AM... B2, H3 1023 Habrahammes
J, F rest Abrahames (Abrahams &c.): so 1039, 1046, 1073
And hadde al that he have wolde.
And fell, as it befalle scholde,
This riche man the same throwe
With soudein deth was overthrowe,
And forth withouten eny wente
Into the helle straght he wente;
The fend into the fyr him drouh,
Wher that he hadde peine ynouh
Of flamme which that evere brenneth.
And as his yhe aboute renneth,
Toward the hevene he cast his lok,
Wher that he syh and hiede tok
Hou Lazar set was in his Se
Als ferr as evere he mihte se
With Habraham; and thanne he preide
Unto the Patriarch and seide:
"Send Lazar doun fro thilke Sete,
And do that he his finger wete
In water, so that he mai droppe
Upon my tunge, forto stoppe
The grete hete in which I brenne."
Bot Habraham answerde thenne
And seide to him in this wise:
"Mi Sone, thou thee miht avise
And take into thi remembrance,
Hou Lazar hadde gret penance,
Whyl he was in that other lif,
Bot thou in al thi lust jolif
The bodily delices soghtest:
Forthi, so as thou thanne wroghtest,
Nou schalt thou take thi reward
Of dedly peine hierafterward
In helle, which schal evere laste;
And this Lazar nou ate laste
The worldes peine is overronne,
In hevene and hath his lif begonne
Of joie, which is endeles.
Bot that thou preiest natheles,
That I schal Lazar to the sende
With water on his finger ende,
Thin hote tunge forto kiele,
Thou schalt no suche graces fiele;
For to that foule place of Sinne,
For evere in which thou schalt ben inne,
Comth non out of this place thider,
Ne non of you mai come hider;
Thus be yee parted nou atuo."

The riche ayeinward cride tho:
"O Habraham, sithe it so is,
That Lazar mai noght do me this
Which I have axed in this place,
I wolde preie an other grace.
For I have yit of brethren fyve,
That with mi fader ben alyve
Togedre duellende in on hous;
To whom, as thou art gracious,
I preie that thou woldest sende
Lazar, so that he mihte wende
To warne hem hou the world is went,
That afterward thei be noght schent
Of suche peines as I drye.
P. iii. 38
Lo, this I preie and this I crie,
Now I may noght miself amende."
The Patriarch anon suiende
To his preiere ansuerde nay;
And seide him hou that everyday
His brethren mihten knowe and hiere
Of Moises on Erthe hiere
And of prophetes othre mo,
What hem was best. And he seith no;
Bot if ther mihte a man arysye
Fro deth to lyve in such a wise,
To tellen hem hou that it were,
He seide hou thanne of pure fere
Thei scholden wel be war therby.

1085 I drye] hey drye E
1089 his] his (this) H, AdBTA | his S
1093 hou om. S . . . Δ
Quod Habraham: "Nay sikerly; For if thei nou wol noght obeie To suche as techen hem the weie, And alday preche and alday telle Hou that it stant of hevene and helle, Thei wol noght thanne taken hiede, Thogh it befelle so in dede That eny ded man were arered, To ben of him no betre lered Than of an other man alyve."

If thou, mi Sone, canst descriye This tale, as Crist himself it tolde, Thou schalt have cause to beholde, To se so gret an evidence, Wherof the sothe experience Hath schewed openliche at ye, That bodili delicacie Of him which yeveth non almesse Schal after falle in gret destresse. And that was sene upon the riche: For he ne wolde unto his liche A Crumme yiven of his bred, Thanne afterward, whan he was ded, A drope of water him was werned. Thus mai a mannes wit be lerned Of hem that so delices taken; Whan thei with deth ben overtaken, That erst was swete is thanne sour. Bot he that is a governour Of worldes good, if he be wys, Withinne his herte he set no pris Of al the world, and yit he useth The good, that he nothing refuseth, As he which lord is of the thinges. The Nouches and the riche rings, The cloth of gold and the Perrie He takth, and yit delicacie
CONFESSIO AMANTIS

He leveth, thogh he were al this. The beste mete that ther is
He ett, and drinkth the beste drinke; Bot hou that evere he ete or drinke, 1140
Delicacie he put aweie,
As he which goth the rihte weie
Noght only forto fiede and clothe
His bodi, bot his soule bothe.
Bot thei that taken otherwise
Here lustes, ben none of the wise;
And that whilom was sch wed eke,
If thou these olde bokes seke,
Als wel be reson as be kinde,
Of olde ensample as men mai finde. 1150

What man that wolde him wel avise,
Delicacie is to despise,
Whan kinde acordeth noght withal;
Wherof ensample in special
Of Nero whilom mai be told,
Which ayein kinde manyfold
Hise lustes tok, til ate laste
That god him wolde al overcaste;
Of whom the Cronique is so plein,
Me list nomore of him to sein. 1160
And natheles for glotonie
Of bodili Delicacie,
To knowe his stomak hou it ferde,
Of that noman tofore herde,
Which he withinne himself bethoghte,
A wonder soubtil thing he wroghte.
Thre men upon eleccioun

After 1146 SAdBTΔΔ have the following six lines (omitting the two 1147f.), and then insert the passage 665–964. The text here is that of S:—
Bot now a dai a man mai se
The world so full of vanite,
That noman tak̂ of reson hiede
Or forto clôe or forto fiede,
Bot al is sett vnto je vice
To newe and changen his delice.
And riht so etc. (as 665 ff.)

1151 That man X... Bz (not G', W 1155 margin minus om. B
Of age and of complexioun
Lich to himself be alle weie
He tok towards him to pleie,
And ete and drinke als wel as he.
Therof was no diversite;
For every day whan that thei eete,
Tofore his oghne bord thei seete,
And of such mete as he was served,
Althogh thei hadde it noght deserved,
Thei token service of the same.
Bot afterward al thilke game
Was into wofull ernest torned;
For whan thei weren thus sojorned,
Withinne a time at after mete
Nero, which hadde noght foryte
The lustes of his frele asstat,
As he which al was delicat,
To knowe thilke experience,
The men let come in his presence:
And to that on the same tyde,
A courser that he scholde ryde
Into the feld, anon he bad;
Wherof this man was wonder glad,
And goth to prike and prance aboute.
That other, whil that he was oute,
He leide upon his bedd to slepe:
The thridde, which he wolde kepe
Withinne his chambre, faire and softe
He goth now doun nou up fulofte,
Walkende a pass, that he ne slepte,
Til he which on the courser lepte
Was come fro the field ayein.
Nero thanne, as the bokes sein,
These men doth taken alle thre
And slouh hem, for he wolde se
The whos stomak was best defied:
And whanne he hath the sothe tryed,
He fond that he which goth the pass
Defyed best of alle was,

1186 let C, BT lete AJ, S, F
Which afterward he usede ay.
And thus what thing unto his pay
Was most plesant, he lefte non:
With every lust he was begon,
Wherof the bodi myhte glade,
For he non abstinence made;
Bot most above alle erthli things
Of wommen unto the likinges
Nero sette al his hole herte,
For that lust scholde him noght asterte.
Whan that the thurst of love him cawhte,
Wher that him list he tok a drauhte,
He spareth nouther wif ne maide,
That such an other, as men saide,
In al this world was nevere yit.
He was so drunke in al his wit
Thurgh sondri lustes whiche he tok,
That evere, whil ther is a bok,
Of Nero men schul rede and singe
Unto the worldes knowlechinge,
Mi goode Sone, as thou hast herd.
For evere yit it hath so ferd,
Delicacie in loves cas
Withoute reson is and was;
For wher that love his herte set,
Him thenkth it myhte be no bet;
And thogh it be noght fulli mete,
The lust of love is evere swete.
Lo, thus togedre of felaschipe
Delicacie and drunkeschipe,
Wherof reson stant out of herre,
Have mad full many a wisman erre
In loves cause most of alle:
For thanne hou so that evere it falle,
Wit can no reson understonde,
Bot let the governance stonde
To Will, which thanne wext so wylde.
That he can noght himselve schylde
Fro no peril, bot out of feere
The weie he secheth hiere and there,
Him recheth noght upon what syde:
For ofttyme he goth beside,
And doth such thing withoute drede,
Wherof him oghte wel to drede.
Bot whan that love assoteth sore,
It passeth alle mennes lore;
What lust it is that he ordeigneth,
Ther is no mannes miht restreigneth,
And of the godd takth he non hiede:
Bot lawele withoute drede,
His pourpos for he wolde achieve
Ayeins the pointz of the believe,
He tempteth hevene and erthe and helie,
Hierafterward as I schal telle.

iii. *Dum stimulatur amor, quicquid iubet orta voluptas,*
*Audet et aggreditur, nulla timenda timens.*
*Omne quod astra quemt herbarum siue potestas,*
*Seu vigor inferni, singula temptat amans.*
*Quod nequit ipse deo mediane parare sinistrum,*
*Demonis hoc magica credulus arte parat.*
*Sic sibi non curat ad opus que recia tendit,*
*Dummodo nudatam prendere possit auem.*

Who dar do thing which love ne dar? P. iii. 44
To love is every lawe unwar,
Bot to the lawes of his hethe
The fissch, the foul, the man, the beste
Of al the worldes kinde louteth.
For love is he which nothing douteth:
In mannes herte where he sit,
He compteth noght toward his wit
The wo nomore than the wele,
No mor the hethe than the chele,
No mor the wete than the dreie,
No mor to live than to deie,

1245 no] te B2, AdBT jat M 1254 is] as A...B2 1257 wol(e)
AH1...B2 1267 he] it G, B margin Sortilegio SBTΔ λ Sacrilegio
AX...B2, FH3 sacrilegis H1 sacri legis M (Latin om. J, Ad, W)
So that tofore ne behinde
He seth nothing, bot as the blinde
Withoute insyhte of his corage
He doth merveilles in his rage.
To what thing that he wole him drawe,
Ther is no god, ther is no lawe,
Of whom that he takth eny hiede;
Bot as Baiard the blinde stede,
Til he falle in the dich amidde,
He goth ther noman wole him bidde;
He stant so ferforth out of reule,
Ther is no wit that mai him reule.
And thus to telle of him in soth,
Ful many a wonder thing he doth,
That were betre to be laft,
Among the whiche is wichechcraft,
That som men clepen Sorcerie,
Which forto winne his druerie
With many a circumstance he useth,
Ther is no point which he refuseth.

The craft which that Saturnus fond,
To make prickes in the Sond,
That Geomance cleped is,
Fulofte he useth it amis;
And of the flod his Ydromance,
And of the fyr the Piromance,
With questions echon of tho
He tempteth ofte, and ek also
Aëremance in juggement
To love he bringth of his assent:
For these craftes, as I finde,
A man mai do be weie of kinde,
Be so it be to good entente.
Bot he goth al an other wente;
For rathere er he scholde faile,
With Nigromance he wole assaile
To make his incantacioun
With hot subfumigacioun.

Nota de Auctorum necnon et delibrorum tam naturalis quam execrabilis magice nominibus.
Thilke art which Spatula is hote,  
And used is of comun rote  
Among Paiens, with that craft ek  
Of which is Auctor Thosz the Grek,  
He worcheth on and on be rowe:  
Razel is noght to him unknowe,  
Ne Salomones Candarie,  
His Ydeac, his Eutonye;  
The figure and the bok withal  
Of Balamuz, and of Ghenbal

The Seal, and therupon thymage  
Of Thebith, for his advantage  
He takth, and somwhat of Gibiere,  
Which helplich is to this matiere.

Babilla with hire Sonessevene,  
Which hath renonced to the hevene,  
With Cernes bothe square and rounde,  
He traceth ofte upon the grounde,  
Makende his invocacioun;  
And for full enformacioun

The Scole which Honorius  
Wrot, he pursuith: and lo, thus  
Magique he useth forto winne  
His love, and spareth for no Sinne.  
And over that of his Sotie,  
Riht as he secheth Sorcerie  
Of hem that ben Magiciens,  
Riht so of the Naturiens  
Upon the Sterres from above  
His weie he secheth unto love,  
Als fer as he hem understondeth.

In many a sondry wise he fondeth:  
He makth ymage, he makth sculpture,  
He makth writinge, he makth figure,  
He makth his calculacions,  
He makth his demonstracione;  
His houres of Astronomie  
He kepeth as for that partie
Which longeth to thinspeccion
Of love and his afeccion;
He wolde into the helte seche
The devel himselfe to beseche,
If that he wiste forto spede,
To gete of love his lusti mede:
Wher that he hath his herte set,
He bede nevere fare bet
Ne wite of other hevene more.

Mi Sone, if thou of such a lore
Hast ben er this, I red thee leve.

Min holi fader, be youre leve
Of al that ye have spoken hiere
Which toucheth unto this matiere,
To telle soth riht as I wene,
I wot noght o word what ye mene.
I wol noght seie, if that I couthe,
That I nolde in mi lusti youthe
Benethe in helte and ek above
To winne with mi ladi love
Don al that evere that I mihte;
For therof have I non insihte
Wher afterward that I become,
To that I wonne and overcome
Hire love, which I most coveite.

Mi Sone, that goth wonder streite:
For this I mai wel telle soth,
Ther is noman the which so doth,
For al the craft that he can caste,
That he nabeith it ate laste.
For often he that wol beguile
Is guiled with the same guile,
And thus the guilour is beguiled;
As I finde in a bok compiled
To this matiere an old histoire,
The which comth nou to mi memoire,
And is of gret essamplerie
Ayein the vice of Sorcerie,
Wherof non ende mai be good.
Bot hou whilom therof it stod,
A tale which is good to knowe
To thee, mi Sone, I schal beknowe.

Among hem whiche at Troie were,
Uluxes ate Siege there
Was on be name in special;
Of whom yit the memorial
Abit, for whyl ther is a mouth,
For evere his name schal be couth.
He was a worthi knyht and king
And clerk knowende of every thing;
He was a gret rethorien,
He was a gret magicien;
Of Tullius the rethorique,
Of king Zorastes the magique,
Of Tholome thastronomicie,
Of Plato the Philosophie,
Of Daniel the slepi dremes,
Of Neptune ek the water stremes,
Of Salomon and the proverbs,
Of Macer al the strethge of herbes,
And the Phisique of Ypocras,
And lich unto Pictagoras
Of Surgerie he knew the cures.
Bot somwhat of his aventures,
Which schal to mi matiere acorde,
To thee, mi Sone, I wol recorde.

This king, of which thou hast herd sein,
Fro Troie as he goth hom ayein
Be Schipe, he fond the See divers,
With many a wyndi storm revers.
Bot he thurgh wisdom that he schapeth
Ful many a gret peril ascapeth,
Of whiche I thanke tellen on,
Hou that malgre the nedle and ston
Wynddrive he was al soudeinly
Upon the strondes of Cilly,

NOTA CONTRA ISTOS OB AMORIS CAUSAM SORTILEGOS: VBI NARRAT IN EXEMPLUM QUOD, CUM VLUXES A SUBUERSIONE TROIE REPATRIARE NAVIGIO VOLUISET, IPSUM IN INSULA CILLY, VBI ILLA EXPERTISSISSIMA MAGA NOMINE CIRCES REGNAUIT, CONTIGIT APPLICISSE; QUEM VT IN SUI AMORIS CONCUPISCENCIAM EXARDESCERET, CIRCES OMNIBUS SUIS INCANTACIONIBUS VINCREASE CONABATUR. VLUXES TANEN MAGICA POTENCIOR IPSAM IN AMORE SUBEGIT, EX QUA FILIUM NOMINE THELEGONUM GENUIT, QUI POSTEA PATREM SUUM INTERFECIT: ET SIC CONTRA FIDEI NATURAM GENITUS, NATURAM PATRICIDIUM OPERATUS EST.
Wher that he moste abyde a whyle.
Tuo queenes weren in that yle
Calipsa named and Circes;
And whan they herde hou Uluxes
Is londed ther upon the ryve,
For him thei senden als so blive.
With him suche as he wolde he nam
And to the court to hem he cam.
Thei queenes were as tuo goddesses
Of Art magique Sorceresses,
That what lord comth to that rivage,
Thei make him love in such a rage
And upon hem assote so,
That thei wol have, or that he go,
Al that he hath of worldes good.
Uluxes wel this understod,
Thei couthe moche, he couthe more; P. iii. 50
Thei schape and caste ayein him sore
And wroghte many a soutil wyle,
Bot yit thei mihte him noght beguile.
Bot of the men of his navie
Thei tuo forschope a gret partie,
Mai non of hem withstonde here hestes;
Som part thei schopen into bestes,
Som part thei schopen into foules,
To beres, tigres, Apes, oubles,
Or elles be som other weie;
Ther myhte hem nothing desobeie,
Such craft thei hadde above kinde.
Bot that Art couthe thei noght finde,
Of which Uluxes was deceived,
That he ne hath hem alle weyved,
And broght hem into such a rote,
That upon him thei bothe assote;
And thurgh the science of his art
He tok of hem so wel his part,
That he begat Circes with childe.
He kepe him sobre and made hem wilde,

1432 of hem AdBT
1437 And] That AM... B2 (not G)
1442 schope S... A
1444 And 3it AM... B2
He sette himselfe so above,
That with here good and with here love,
Who that therof be lief or loth,
Al quit into his Schip he goth.
Circes toswolle bothe sides
He lefte, and waiteth on the tydes,
And straigt thurghout the salte fom
He takth his cours and comth him hom,
Where as he fond Penolope;
A betre wif ther mai non be,
And yit ther ben ynowhe of goode.
Bot who hir goodschipe understode
Fro ferst that sche wifhode tok,
Hou many loves sche forsok
And hou sche bar hire al aboute,
Ther whiles that hire lord was oute,
He mihte make a gret avant
Amonges al the remenant
That sche was on of al the beste.
Wel myhte he sette his herte in reste,
This king, whan he hir fond in hele;
For as he couthe in wisdom dele,
So couthe sche in wommanhiede:
And whan sche syh withoute drede
Hire lord upon his oghne ground,
That he was come sauf and sound,
In al this world ne mihte be
A gladdere womman than was sche.

The fame, which mai noght ben hidd,
Thurghout the lond is sone kidd,
Here king is come hom ayein:
Ther mai noman the fulle sein,
Hou that thei weren alle glade,
So mochel joie of him thei made.
The presens every day be newed,
He was with yiftes al besnewed;
The people was of him so glad,
That thogh non other man hem bad,
Taillage upon hemself thei sette,
And as it were of pure dette
Thei yeve here goodes to the king:
This was a glad hom welcomyng.
Thus hath Uluxes what he wolde,
His wif was such as sche be scholde,
His poeple was to him sougit,
Him lacketh nothing of delit.

Bot fortune is of such a sleyhte,
That whan a man is most on heyhte,
Sche makth him rathest forto falle:
Ther wot noman what schal befalle,
The happes over mannnes hed
Ben honged with a tendre thred.
That proved was on Uluxes;
For whan he was most in his pes,
Fortune gan to make him werre
And sette his welthe al out of herre.
Upon a dai as he was merie,
As thogh ther mihte him nothing derie,
Whan nyht was come, he goth to bedde,
With slep and bothe his yhen fedde.
And while he slepte, he mette a swevene:
Him thoghte he syh a stature evene,
Which brihtere than the sonne schon;
A man it semeth was it non,
Bot yit it was as in figure
Most lich to mannyssh creature,
Bot as of beaute hevenelich
It was most to an Angel lich:
And thus betwen angel and man
Beholden it this king began,
And such a lust tok of the sihte,
That fain he wolde, if that he mihte,
The forme of that figure embrace;
And goth him forth toward the place,
Wher he sith that ymage tho,
And takth it in his Armes tuo, 
And it embraceth him ayein 
And to the king thus gan it sein: 
'Uluxes, understond wel this, 
The tokne of our aqueintance is 
Hierafterward to mochel tene: 
The love that is ous betuene, 
Of that we nou such joie make, 
That on of ous the deth schal take, 
Whan time comth of destine; 
It may non other wise be.' 
Uluxes tho began to preie 
That this figure wolde him seie 
What wyht he is that seith him so. 
This wyht upon a spere tho 
A pensel which was wel begun, 
Embrouded, scheweth him anon: 
Thre fisshes alle of o colour 
In manere as it were a tour 
Upon the pensel were wroght. 
Uluxes kneu this tokne noght, 
And preith to wite in som partie 
What thing it myhte signefie, 
'A signe it is,' the wyht ansuerde, 
'Of an Empire:' and forth he ferde 
Al sodeinly, whan he that seide. 
Uluxes out of slep abreide, 
And that was riht ayein the day, 
That lengere slepen he ne may. 
Men sein, a man hath knowleching 
Save of himself of alle thing; 
His oghne chance noman knoweth, 
Bot as fortune it on him throweth: 
Was nevere yit so wys a clerk, 
Which mihte knowe al goddes werk, 
Ne the secret which god hath set 
Ayein a man mai noght be let. 
Uluxes, thogh that he be wys,
CONFESSIO AMANTIS

With al his wit in his avis,
The mor that he his swevene acompteth,
The lasse he wom what it amonteth:
For al his calculacion,
He seth no demonstracion
Al pleiny forto knowe an ende;
Bot natheles hou so it wende,
He dradde him of his oghne Sone.
That makth him wel the more astone,
And schop therfore anon withal,
So that withinne castel wall
Thelamachum his Sone he schette,
And upon him strong warde he sette.
The sothe furthere he ne knew,
Til that fortune him overthreu;
Bot natheles for sikernesse,
Wher that he mihte wite and gesse
A place strengest in his lond,
Ther let he make of lym and sond
A strengthe where he wolde duelle;
Was nevere man yit herde telle
Of such an other as it was.
And forto strengthe him in that cas,
Of al his lond the sekereste
Of servantz and the worthieste,
To kepen him withinne warde,
He sette his bodi forto warde;
And made such an ordinance,
For love ne for aqueintance,
That were it erly, were it late,
Thei scholde lete in ate gate
No maner man, what so betydde,
Bot if so were himself it bidde.
Bot al that myhte him noght availe,
For whom fortune wole assaile,
Ther mai be non such resistence,
Which mihte make a man defence;

1581 As S...Δ 1598 τε cas JM, Δ ja cas A 1602
He] His F He charged hem ἦν scholde harde H1...B2 (but
warde E)
Al that schal be mot falle algate.
This Circes, which I spak of late,
On whom Uluxes hath begete
A child, thogh he it have foryete,
Whan time com, as it was won,
Sche was delivered of a Sone,
Which cleped is Thelogonus.
This child, whan he was bore thus,
Aboute his moder to ful age,
That he can reson and langage,
In good astat was drawe forth:
And whan he was so mochel worth
To stonden in a mannes stede,
Circes his moder hath him bede
That he schal to his fader go,
And tolde him al togedre tho
What man he was that him begat.
And whan Thelogonus of that
Was war and hath ful knowleching
Hou that his fader was a king,
He preith his moder faire this,
To go wher that his fader is;
And sche him granteth that he schal,
And made him redi forth withal.
It was that time such usance,
That every man the conoiscance
Of his contre bar in his hond,
Whan he wente into strange lond;
And thus was every man therfore
Wel knowe, wher that he was bore:
For espiaile and mistrowinges
They dede thanne suche thinges,
That every man mai other knowe.
So it befell that ilke throwe
Thelogonus as in this cas;
Of his contre the signe was
Thre fisshes, whiche he scholde bere
Upon the penon of a spere:
And whan that he was thus arraied
And hath his harneis al assaied,
That he was redy everydel,
His moder bad him farewell,
And seide him that he scholde swithe
His fader griete a thousand sithe.

Thelgonus his moder kiste
And tok his leve, and wher he wiste
His fader was, the weie nam,
Til he unto Nachaie cam,
Which of that lond the chief Cite
Was cleped, and ther axeth he
Wher was the king and hou he ferde.
And whan that he the sothe herde,
Wher that the king Uluxes was,
Al one upon his hors gret pas
He rod him forth, and in his hond
He bar the signal of his lond
With fisshes thre, as I have told;
And thus he wente unto that hold,
Wher that his oghne fader duelleth.
The cause why he comth he telleth
Unto the kepers of the gate,
And wolde have comen in therate,
Bot schortli thei him seide nay:
And he als faire as evere he may
Besoghte and tolde hem ofte this,
Hou that the king his fader is;
Bot they with proude wordes grete
Begunne to manace and threte,
Bot he go fro the gate faste,
Thei wolde him take and sette faste.
Fro wordes unto strokes thus
Thei felle, and so Thelgonus
Was sore hurt and welnyh ded;
Bot with his scharpe speres hed
He makth defence, hou so it falle,
And wan the gate upon hem alle,
And hath slain of the beste fyve;

\[1669\] Which A
\[1680\] and to hrete JH:CBz, A, WK
And thei ascriden als so blyve
Thurghout the castell al aboute.
On every syde men come oute,
Wherof the kinges herte afflihte,
And he with al the haste he mihte
A spere cauhte and out he goth,
As he that was nyh wod for wroth.
He sih the gates ful of blod,
Thelogonus and wher he stod
He sih also, bot he ne knew
What man it was, and to him threw
His Spere, and he sterte out asyde.
Bot destine, which schal betide,
Befell that ilke time so,
Thelogonus knew nothing tho
What man it was that to him caste,
And while his oghne spere laste,
With al the signe therupon
He caste unto the king anon,
And smot him with a dedly wounde.
Uluxe fell anon to grounde;
Tho every man, ‘The king! the king!’
P. iii. 59
Began to crie, and of this thing
Thelogonus, which sih the cas,
On knes he fell and seide, ‘Helas!
I have min oghne fader slain:
Nou wolde I deie wonder fain,
Nou sle me who that evere wile,
For certes it is riht good skile.’
He crith, he wepeth, he seith thersore,
‘Helas, that evere was I bore,
That this unhappi destine
So woffulli comth in be me!’
This king, which yit hath lif ynowh,
His herte ayein to him he drouh,
And to that vois an Ere he leide.
And understod al that he seide, 1730
And gan to speke, and seide on hih,
'Bring me this man.' And whan he sib
Thelogonus, his thoght he sette
Upon the swevene which he mette,
And axeth that he myhte se
His spere, on which the fisshes thre
He sib upon a pensel wroght.
Tho wiste he wel it faileth noght,
And badd him that he telle scholde
Fro whenne he cam and what he wolde.

Thelogonus in sorghe and wo
So as he mihte tolde tho
Unto Uluxes al the cas,
Hou that Circes his moder was, 1740
And so forth seide him everydel,
Hou that his moder gret him wel,
And in what wise sche him sente.
Tho wiste Uluxes what it mente,
And tok him in hise Armes softe,
And al bledende he kest him ofte,
And seide, 'Sone, whil I live,
This infortune I thee foryive.'
After his other Sone in haste
He sende, and he began him haste
And cam unto his fader tyt.
Bot whan he sib him in such plit,
He wolde have ronne upon that other
Anon, and slain his oghne brother,
Ne hadde be that Uluxes
Betwen hem made acord and pes,
And to his heir Thelamachus
He bad that he Thelogonus
With al his pouer scholde kepe,
Til he were of his woundes depe
Al hol, and thanne he scholde him yive
Lond wher upon he mihte live.
Thelamachus, when he this herde,
Unto his fader he ansuerde
And seide he wolde don his wille.
So duelle thei togedre stille,
These brethren, and the fader sterveth.
   Lo, wherof Sorcerie serveth.
Thurgh Sorcerie his lust he wan,
Thurgh Sorcerie his wo began,
Thurgh Sorcerie his love he ches,
The child was gete in Sorcerie,
The which dede al this felonie:
Thing which was ayein kynde wroght
Unkindeliche it was aboght;
The child his oghne fader slowh,
That was unkindeschipe ynowh.
Forthi tak hiede hou that it is,
So forto winne love amis,
Which endeth al his joie in wo:
For of this Art I finde also,
That hath be do for loves sake,
Wherof thou miht ensample take,
A gret Cronique imperial,
Which evere into memorial
Among the men, hou so it wende,
Schal duelle to the worldes ende.

The hihe creatour of thinges,
Which is the king of alle kinges,
Ful many a wonder worldes chance
Let slyden under his suffrance;
Ther wot noman the cause why,
Bot he the which is almyhty.
And that was proved whilom thus,
Whan that the king Nectanabus,
Which hadde Egipte forto lede,—
Bot for he sih tofor the dede
Thurgh magique of his Sorcerie,
Wherof he couthe a gret partie,
Hise enemys to him comende, P. iii. 62
Fro whom he mihte him noght defende,
Out of his oghne lond he fledde;
And in the wise as he him dredde
It fell, for al his wicchecraft,
So that Egipte him was beraft,
And he desguised fledde aweie
Be schipe, and hield the rihte weie
To Macedoine, wher that he
Aryveth ate chief Cite.
Thre yomen of his chambre there
Al only forto serve him were,
The whiche he trusteth wonder wel,
For thei were trewe as eny stiel;
And hapneth that thei with him ladde
Part of the beste good he hadde.
Thei take logginge in the toun
After the disposicion
Wher as him thoght best to duelle:
He axeth thanne and herde telle
Hou that the king was oute go
Upon a werre he hadde tho;
But in that Cite thanne was
The queene, which Olimpias
Was hote, and with sollempnete
The feste of hir nativite,
As it befell, was thanne holde;
And for hire list to be beholde
And preised of the poeple aboute,
Sche schop hir forto ridden oute
At after mete al openly.
Anon were alle men redy,
And that was in the monthe of Maii,
This lusti queene in good arrai
Was set upon a Mule whyt:
To sen it was a gret delit
The joie that the cite made;
With freisshe thinges and with glade
LIBER SEXTUS

The noble town was all behonged,
And every wiht was sore alonged
To see this lusty ladie ryde.
Ther was gret merthe on alle syde;
Wher as sche passeth be the strete,
Ther was ful many a tymbre bete
And many a maide carolende:
And thus thorghout the toun pleiende
This queene unto a pleine rod,
Wher that sche hoved and abod
To see diverse game pleie,
The lusti folk jouste and tourneie;
And so forth every other man,
Which pleie couthe, his pleie began,
To plese with this noble queene.

Nectanabus cam to the grene
Amonges othre and drouh him nyh.
Bot whan that he this ladi sih
And of hir beaute hiede tok,
He couthe noght withdraye his lok
To see noght elles in the field,
Bot stod and only hire behield.
Of his clothinge and of his gere
He was unlich alle othre there,
So that it hapneth ate laste,
The queene on him hire yhe caste,
And knew that he was strange anon:
Bot he beheld hire evere in on
Withoute blenchinge of his chere.
Sche tok good hiede of his manere,
And wondreth why he dede so,
And bad men scholde for him go.
He cam and dede hire reverence,
And sche him axeth in silence
Fro whenne he cam and what he wolde.
And he with sobre wordes tolde,
And seith, 'Ma dame, a clerk I am,
To you and in message I cam,
The which I mai noght tellen hire;
Bot if it liketh you to hiere,
It mot be seid al prively,
Wher non schall be bot ye and I.'
Thus for the time he tok his leve.
The dai goth forth til it was eve,
That every man mot lete his werk;
And sché thoghte evere upon this clerk,
What thing it is he wolde mene:
And in this wise abod the queene,
And passeth over thilke nyht,
Til it was on the morwe liht.
Sché sende for him, and he com,
With him his Astellabre he nom,
Which was of fin gold precious
With pointz and cercles merveilous;
And ek the hevenely figures
Wroght in a bok ful of peintures
He tok this ladi forto schewe,
And tolde of ech of hem be rewe
The cours and the condicion.
And sché with gret afeccion
Sat stille and herde what he wolde:
And thus whan he sih time, he tolde,
And feigneth with hise wordes wise
A tale, and seith in such a wise:

'Ma dame, bot a while ago,
Wher I was in Egipte tho,
And radde in scole of this science,
It fell into mi conscience
That I unto the temple wente,
And ther with al myn hole entente
As I mi sacrifice dede,
On of the goddes hath me bede
That I you warne prively,
So that ye make you redy,
And that ye be nothing agast;
For he such love hath to you cast,
That ye schul ben his oghne diere,
And he schal be your beddefiere,
Til ye conceive and be with childe.'
And with that word sche wax al mylde,
And somdel red becam for schame,
And axeth him that goddes name,
Which so wol don hire compainie. P. iii. 66
And he seide, 'Amos of Lubie.'
And sche seith, 'That mai I noght lieve,
Bot if I sihe a betre prieve.'
'Ma dame,' quod Nectanabus,
'In tokne that it schal be thus,
This nyht for enformacion
Ye schul have an avision:
That Amos schal to you appiere,
To schewe and teche in what manere
The thing schal afterward befalle.
Ye oughten wel aboven alle
To make joie of such a lord;
For whan ye ben of on acord,
He schal a Sone of you begete,
Which with his swerd schal winne and gete
The wyde world in lengthe and brede;
Alle erthli kings schull him drede,
And in such wise, I you behote,
The god of erthe he schal be hote.'
'If this be soth,' tho quod the queene,
'This nyht, thou seist, it schal be sene.
And if it falle into mi grace,
Of god Amos that I pourchace
To take of him so gret worschipe,
I wol do thee such ladischipe,
Wherof thou schalt for everemo
Be riche.' And he hir thonketh tho,
And tok his leve and forth he wente.
Sche wiste litel what he mente,
For it was guile and Sorcerie, P. iii. 67
Al that sche tok for Prophecie.

Nectanabus thurghout the day,
Whan he cam hom wher as he lay,
His chambre be himselfe tok,
And overtorneth many a bok,
And thurgh the craft of Artemage
Of wex he forgeth an ymage.
He loketh his equacions
And ek the constellacions,
He loketh the conjuncions,
He loketh the recepcions,
His signe, his houre, his ascendent,
And drawth fortune of his assent:
The name of queene Olimpias
In thilke ymage write was
Amiddes in the front above.
And thus to winne his lust of love
Nectanabus this werk hath diht;
And whan it cam withinne nyht,
That every wyht is falle aslepe,
He thoghte he wolde his time kepe,
As he which hath his houre apointed.
And thanne ferst he hath enoignted
With sondri herbes that figure,
And therupon he gan conjure,
So that thurgh his enchantement
This ladi, which was innocent
And wiste nothing of this guile,
Mette, as sche slepte thilke while,
Hou fro the hevene cam a lyht,
Which al hir chambre made lyht;
And as sche loketh to and fro,
Sche sih, hir thoghte, a dragoun tho,
Whos scherdes schynen as the Sonne,
And hath his softe pas begonne
With al the chiere that he may
Toward the bedd ther as sche lay,
Til he cam to the beddes side.
And sche lai stille and nothing cride,
For he dede alle his thinges faire
And was courteis and debonaire:

1954 wher yat A . . . B2 {except E} ther as W
And as he stod hire fasteby,
His forme he changeth sodeinly,
And the figure of man he nom,
To hire and into bedde he com,
And such thing there of love he wroghte,
Wherof, so as hire thanne thoghtе,
Thurgh likinge of this god Amos
With childe anon hire wombe aros,
And sche was wonder glad withal.
Nectanabus, which causeth al
Of this metredе the substance,
Whan he sиh time, his nigromance
He stinte and nothing more seide
Of his carecte, and sche abreide
Out of hir slep, and lieveth wel
That it is soth thanne everydel
Of that this clerk hire hadde told,
And was the gladdere manyfold
In hope of such a glad metrede,
Which after schal befalle in dedе.
Sche longeth sore after the dai,
That sche hir swevene telle mai
To this guilour in privete,
Which kneu it als so wel as sche:
And natheles on morwe sone
Sche lefte alle other thing to done,
And for him sende, and al the cas
Sche tolde him pleinly as it was,
And seide hou thanne wel sche wiste
That sche his wordes mihte triste,
For sche fond hire Avisioun
Riht after the condicion
Which he hire hadde told tofore;
And preide him hertely therfore
That he hire holde covenant
So forth of al the remenant,
That sche may thurgh his ordinance
Toward the god do such plesance,
That sche wakende myhte him kepe  
In such wise as sche mette aslepe.  
And he, that couthe of guile ynohu,  
Whan he this herde, of joie he louh,  
And seith, ‘Ma dame, it schal be do.  
Bot this I warne you thereto:  
This nyht, whan that he comth to pleie,  
That ther be no lif in the weie  
Bot I, that schal at his likinge  
Ordeine so for his cominge,  
That ye ne schull noght of him faile.  
For this, ma dame, I you consaile,  
That ye it kepe so prive,  
That no wiht elles bot we thre  
Have knowlechinge hou that it is;  
For elles mihte it fare amis,  
If ye dede oght that scholde him grieve.’  
And thus he makth hire to believe,  
And feigneth under guile feith:  
Bot natheles al that he seith  
Sche troweth; and ayein the nyht  
Sche hath withinne hire chambre dyht,  
Wher as this guilor faste by  
Upon this god schal prively  
Awaite, as he makth hire to wene:  
And thus this noble gentil queene,  
Whan sche most trusteth, was deceived.

The nyht com, and the chambre is weyved,  
Nectanabus hath take his place,  
And whan he sih the time and space,  
Thurgh the deceipte of his magique  
He putte him out of mannes like,  
And of a dragoun tok the forme,  
As he which wolde him al conforme  
To that sche sih in swevene er this;
And thus to chambre come he is. The queene lay abedde and sih, And hopeth evere, as he com nyh, That he god of Luby e were, So hath sche wel the lasse fere. Bot for he wolde hire more assure, Yit eft he changeth his figure, And of a wether the liknesse He tok, in signe of his noblesse With large hornes for the nones : Of fin gold and of riche stones A corone on his hed he bar, And soudeinly, er sche was war, As he which alle guile can, His forme he torneth into man, And cam to bedde, and sche lai stille, Wher as sche sofreth al his wille, As sche which wende noght misdo. Bot natheles it hapneth so, Althogh sche were in part deceived, Yit for al that sche hath conceived The worthieste of alle kiththe, Which evere was tofore or siththe Of conqueste and chivalerie; So that thurgh guile and Sorcerie Ther was that noble knyht begunne, Which al the world hath after wunne. Thus fell the thing which falle scholde, Nectanabus hath that he wolde ; With guile he hath his love sped, With guile he cam into the bed, With guile he goth him out ayein : He was a schrewed chamberlein, So to beguile a worthi queene, And that on him was after scene. Bot natheles the thing is do ; This false god was sone go,
CONFESSIO AMANTIS

With his deceipte and hield him clos,
Til morwe cam, that he aros.
And tho, whan time and leisir was,
The queene tolde him al the cas,
As sche that guile non supposeth;
And of tuo pointz sche him opposeth.
On was, if that this god nomore
Wol come ayein, and overmore,
Hou sche schal stonden in acord
With king Philippe hire oghne lord,
Whan he comth hom and seth hire grone.
"Ma dame," he seith, "let me alone:
As for the god I undertake
That whan it liketh you to take
His compaignie at eny throwe,
If I a day tofore it knowe,
He schal be with you on the nyht;
And he is wel of such a myht
To kepe you from alle blame.
Forthi conforte you, ma dame,
Ther schal non other cause be."
Thus tok he leve and forth goth he,
And tho began he forto muse
Hou he the queene mihte excuse
Toward the king of that is falle;
And fond a craft amonges alle,
Thurgh which he hath a See foul daunted,
With his magique and so enchant\ed,
That he flyh forth, whan it was nyht, P. iii. 73
Unto the kinges tente riht,
Wher that he lay amidde his host:
And whanne he was aslepe most,
With that the See foul to him broghte
And othre charmes, whiche he wroghte
At hom withinne his chambre stille,
The king he torneth at his wille,
And makth him forto dreme and se
The dragoun and the privete
Which was betuen him and the queene.

2136 Anofer charme H i... Bt
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And over that he made him wene
In swevene, hou that the god Amos,
Whan he up fro the queene aros,
Tok forth a ring, wherinne a ston
Was set, and grave therupon
A Sonne, in which, whan he cam nyh,
A leoun with a swerd he sith;
And with that priente, as he tho mette,
Upon the queenes wombe he sette
A Seal, and goth him forth his weie.
With that the swevene wente aweie,
And tho began the king awake
And sigheth for his wyves sake,
Wher as he lay withinne his tente,
And hath gret wonder what it mente.
With that he hasteth him to ryse
Anon, and sende after the wise,
Among the whiche ther was on,
A cler, his name is Amphion:
Whan he the kinges swevene herde,
What it betokneth he ansuerde,
And seith, 'So siker as the lif,
A god hath leie be thi wif,
And gete a Sone, which schal winne
The world and al that is withinne.
As leon is the king of bestes,
So schal the world obeie his hestes,
Which with his swerd schal al be wonne,
Als ferr as schyneth eny Sonne.'

The king was doubtif of this dom;
Bot natheles, whan that he com
Ayein into his oghne lond,
His wif with childe gret he fond.
He mihte noght himselfe stiere,
That he ne made hire hevy chiere;
Bot he which couthe of alle sorwe,
Nectanabus, upon the morwe
Thurgh the deceipte and nigromance
Tok of a dragoun the semblance,
And wher the king sat in his halle,
Com in rampende among hem alle
With such a noise and such a rore,
That thei agast were also sore
As thogh thei scholde deie anon.
And natheles he griefeth non,
Bot goth toward the deyss on hih;
And whan he cam the queene nyh,
He stinte his noise, and in his wise
To hire he profreth his servise,
And leith his hed upon hire barm;
And sche with goodly chiere hire arm
Aboute his necke ayeinward leide,
And thus the queene with him pleide
In sihte of alle men aboute.
And ate laste he gan to loute
And obeissance unto hire make,
As he that wolde his leve take;
And sodeinly his lothly forme
Into an Egle he gan transforme,
And flyh and sette him on a raile;
Wherof the king hath gret mervaile,
For there he pruneth him and piketh,
As doth an hauk whan him wel liketh,
And after that himself he schok,
Wherof that al the halle quok,
As it a terremote were;
Thei seiden alle, god was there:
In such a res and forth he flyh.

The king, which al this wonder syh,
Whan he cam to his chambre alone,
Unto the queene he made his mone
And of foryivenesse hir preide;
For thanne he knew wel, as he seide,
Sche was with childe with a godd.
Thus was the king withoute rodd
Chastised, and the queene excused
Of that sche hadde ben accused.

he om. B
Liber Sextus

And for the gretere evidence,
Yit after that in the presence
Of king Philipp and othre mo,
Whan thei ride in the fieldes tho,
A Phesant cam before here yhe,
The which anon as thei hire syhe,
Fleende let an ey doun falle,
And it tobrak tofore hem alle:
And as thei token therof kepe,
Thei syhe out of the schelle crepe
A litel Serpent on the ground,
Which rampeth al aboute round,
And in ayein it wolde have wonne,
Bot for the brennynge of the Sonne
It mihte noght, and so it deide.
And therupon the clarkes seide,
'As the Serpent, whan it was outhe,
Went enviroun the schelle aboute
And mihte noght torne in ayein,
So schal it fallen in certein :
This child the world schal environe,
And above alle the corone
Him schal befalle, and in yong Age
He schal desire in his corage,
Whan al the world is in his hond,
To torn ayein into the lond
Wher he was bore, and in his weie
Homward he schal with puison deie.'

The king, which al this sih and herde,
Fro that dai forth, hou so it ferde,
His jalousie hath al foryete.
Bot he which hath the child begethe,
Nectanabus, in privete
The time of his nativite
Upon the constellacioun
Awaiteth, and relacion
Makth to the queene hou sche schal do,
And every houre apointeth so,  
That no mynut therof was lore.  
So that in due time is bore  
This child, and forth with therupon  
Ther felle wondres many on  
Of terremote universiel:  
The Sonne tok colour of stiel  
And loste his lyht, the wyndes blewe,  
And manye strengths overthrew ;  
The See his propre kinde changeth,  
And al the world his forme strangeth ;  
The thonder with his fyri levene  
So cruel was upon the hevene,  
That every erthli creature  
Tho thoughte his lif in aventure.  
The tempeste ate laste cesseth,  
The child is kept, his age encresseth,  
And Alisandre his name is hote,  
To whom Calistre and Aristote  
To techen him Philosophie  
Entenden, and Astronomic,  
With othre thinges whiche he couthe  
Also, to teche him in his youthe  
Nectanabus tok upon honde.  

Bot every man mai understande,  
Of Sorcerie hou that it wende,  
It wolde himselfe prove at ende,  
And namely forto beguile  
A lady, which withoute guile  
Supposeth trouthe al that sche hiereth :  
Bot often he that evele stiere th  
His Schip is dreynyt therinne amidde ;  
And in this cas riht so betidde.  
Nectanabus upon a nyht,  
Whan it was fair and sterre lyht,  
This yonge lord ladde up on hih  
Above a tour, wher as he sith  
The sterres suche as he acompteth,  
And seith what ech of hem amonteth,
As thogh he knewe of alle thing;
Bot yit hath he no knowleching
What schal unto himself befalle.
When he hath told his wordes alle,
This yonge lord thanne him opposeth,
And axeth if that he supposeth
What deth he schal himselfe deie.
He seith, 'Or fortune is aweie
And every sterre hath lost his won,
Or elles of myn oghne Sone
I schal be slain, I mai noght fle.'
Thoghte Alisandre in privete,
'Hierof this olde dotard lieth':
And er that other oght aspieth,
Al sodeinliche his olde bones
He schof over the wal at ones,
And seith him, 'Ly doun there apart: P.iii.79
Wherof nou serveth al thin art?
Thou knewe alle othre mennes chance
And of thiself hast ignorance:
That thou hast seid amonges alle
Of thi persone, is noght befalle.'

Nectanabus, which hath his deth,
Yit while him lasteth lif and breth,
To Alisandre he spak and seide
That he with wrong blame on him leide;
Fro point to point and al the cas
He tolde, hou he his Sone was.
Tho he, which sory was ynowh,
Out of the dich his fader drouh,
And tolde his moder hou it ferde
In conseil; and whan sche it herde
And kneu the toknes whiche he tolde,
Sche nyste what sche seie scholde,
Bot stod abayssht as for the while
Of his magique and al the guile.
Sche thoghte hou that sche was deceived,
CONFESSIO AMANTIS

That sche hath of a man conceived,
And wende a god it hadde be.
Bot natheles in such degre,
So as sche mihte hire honour save,
Sche schop the body was begrave.

And thus Nectanabus aboghte
The Sorcerie which he wroghte:
Thogh he upon the creatures
Thurgh his carectes and figures
The maistrie and the pouver hadde,
His creatour to noght him ladde,
Ayein whos lawe his craft he useth,
Whan he for lust his god refuseth,
And tok him to the dieules craft.
Lo, what profit him is belaft:
That thing thurgh which he wende have stonde,
Ferst him exiled out of londe
Which was his oghne, and from a king
Made him to ben an underling;
And siththen to deceive a queene,
That torneth him to mochel teene;
Thurgh lust of love he gat him hate,
That ende couthe he noght abate.
His olde sleyhtes whiche he caste,
Yonge Alisaundre hem overcaste,
His fader, which him misbegat,
He slouh, a grete mishap was that;
Bot for o mis an other mys
Was yolde, and so fulofte it is;
Nectanabus his craft miswente,
So it misfell him er he wente.
I not what helpeth that clergie
Which makth a man to do folic,
And nameliche of nigromance,
Which stant upon the mescreance.

And forto se more evidence,
Zorastes, which theexperience
Of Art magique first forth drouh,
Anon as he was bore, he louh, Which tokne was of wo suinge:
For of his oghne controvinge
He fond magique and tauhte it forth;
Bot al that was him litel worth,
For of Surrie a worthy king
Him slou, and that was his endyng.
Bot yit thurgh him this craft is used,
And he thurgh al the world accused,
For it schal nevere wel achieve
That stant noght riht with the believe:
Bot lich to wolle is evele sponne,
Who lest himself hath litel wonne,
An ende proveth every thing.
Saül, which was of Juys king,
Up peine of deth forbad this art,
And yit he tok therof his part.
The Phitonesse in Samarie
Yaf him conseil be Sorcerie,
Which after fell to mochel sorwe,
For he was slain upon the morwe.
To conne moche thing it helpeth,
Bot of to mochel noman yelpeth:
So forto loke on every side,
Magique mai noght wel betyde.
Forthi, my Sone, I wolde rede
That thou of these ensamples drede,
That for no lust of erthli love
Thou seche so to come above,
Wherof as in the worldes wonder
Thou schalt for evere be put under.
Mi goode fader, grant mercy,
For evere I schal be war therby:
Of love what me so befalle,
Such Sorcerie aboven alle
Fro this dai forth I schal eschuie,
That so ne wol I noght pursuie
Mi lust of love forto seche.
Bot this I wolde you beseche,
Beside that me stant of love,
As I you herde speke above
Hou Alisandre was betawht
To Aristotle, and so wel tawht
Of al that to a king belongeth,
Wherof min herte sore longeth
To wite what it wolde mene.
For be reson I wolde wene
That if I herde of thinges strange,
Yit for a time it scholde change
Mi peine, and lisse me somdiel.
Mi goode Sone, thou seist wel.
For wisdom, hou that evere it stonde,
To him that can it understonde
Doth gret profit in sondri wise;
Bot touchende of so hih aprise,
Which is noght unto Venus knowe,
I mai it noght miselve knowe,
Which of hir court am al forthdrawe
And can nothing bot of hir lawe.
Bot natheles to knowe more
Als wel as thou me longeth sore;
And for it helpeth to comune,
Al ben thei noght to me comune,
The scoles of Philosopher,
Yit thenke I forto specesfe,
In boke as it is comprehended,
Wherof thou mihtest ben amended.
For thogh I be noght al cunnynge
Upon the forme of this wrytynge,
Som part therof yit have I herd,
In this matiere hou it hath ferd.

Explicit Liber Sextus.
Incipit Liber Septimus. P. iii. 84

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

I Genius, the prest of love,
Mi Sone, as thou hast preid above
That I the Scole schal declare
Of Aristotle and ek the fare
Of Alisandre, hou he was tauht,
I am somdel therof destrauht;
For it is noght to the matiere
Of love, why we sitten hiera
To schryve, so as Venus bad.
Bot natheles, for it is glad,
So as thou seist, for thin aprise
To hier of suche things wise,
Wherof thou myht the time lisse,
So as I can, I schal the wisse:
For wisdom is at every throwe
Above alle other thing to knowe
In loves cause and elleswhere.
Forthi, my Sone, unto thin Ere,
Though it be noght in the registre
Of Venus, yit of that Calistre
And Aristotle whylom write
To Alisandre, thou schalt wite.
Bot for the lores ben diverse,

[The Education of Alexander.]
I thenke ferst to the reherce
The nature of Philosophie,
Which Aristotle of his clergie,
Wys and expert in the sciences,
Declareth thilke intelligences,
As of thre pointz in principal.

Wherof the ferste in special
Is Theorique, which is grounded
On him which al the world hath founded,
Which comprehendeth al the lore.

And forto loken overmore,
Next of sciences the seconde
Is Rethorique, whos faconde
Above alle othrre is eloquent:
To telle a tale in juggement
So wel can noman speke as he.

The laste science of the thre
It is Practique, whos office
The vertu tryeth fro the vice,
And techeth upon goode thewes
To fle the compagnie of schrewes,
Which stant in disposicion
Of mannes free eleccion.
Practique enformeth ek the reule,
Hou that a worthi king schal reule
His Realme bothe in werre and pes.

Lo, thus danz Aristotiles
These thre sciences hath divided
And the nature also decided,
Wherof that ech of hem schal serve.

The ferste, which is the conserve
And kepere of the remnant,
As that which is most sufficant
And chief of the Philosophic,
If I therof schal specefie
So as the Philosophre toilde,
Nou herkne, and kep that thou it holde.
ii. Prima creatorem dat scire scienza summum:
Qui caput agnoscit, sufficit illud ei.
Plura viros quandoque iuuat nescire, set illud
Quod videt expediens, sobrius ille sapit.

Of Theorique principal
The Philosophre in special
The proprettees hath determined,
As thilke which is enlumined
Of wisdom' and of hih prudence
Above alle othre in his science:
And stant departed upon thre,
The ferste of which in his degre
Is cleped in Philosophie
The science of Theologie,
That other named is Phisique,
The thridde is seid Mathematique.
Theologie is that science
Which unto man yifth evidence
Of thing which is noght bodely,
Wherof men knowe redely
The hihe almyhti Trinite,
Which is o god in unite
Withouten ende and beginnynge
And creatour of alle thinge,
Of hevene, of erthe and ek of helle.
Wherof, as olde bokes telle,
The Philosophre in his resoun
Wrot upon this conclusioun,
And of his wrytinge in a clause
He clepeth god the ferste cause,
Which of himself is thilke good,
Withoute whom nothing is good,
Of which that every creature
Hath his beinge and his nature.
After the beinge of the thinges
Ther ben thre formes of beinges:
Thing which began and ende schal,
That thing is cleped temporal;
Ther is also be other weie
Thing which began and schal noght deie,
As Soules, that ben spiritiel,
Here beinge is perpetuel:
Bot ther is on above the Sonne,
Whos time nevere was begonne,
And endeles schal evere be;
That is the god, whos mageste
Alle othre thinges schal governe,
And his beinge is sempiterne.
The god, to whom that al honour
Belongeth, he is creatour,
And othre ben hise creatures:
The god commandeth the natures
That thei to him obeien alle;
Withouten him, what so befalle,
Her myht is non, and he mai al:
The god was evere and evere schal,
And thei begonne of his assent;
The times alle be present
To god, to hem and alle unknowe,
Bot what him liketh that thei knowe:
Thus bothe an angel and a man,
The whiche of al that god began
Be chief, obeien goddes myht,
And he stant endeles upriht.
To this science ben prive
The clerces of divinite,
The whiche unto the poeple prechen
The feith of holi cherche and techen,
Which in som cas upon believe
Stant more than thei conne prieve
Be weie of Argument sensible:
Bot natheles it is credible,
And doth a man gret meede have,
To him that thenkth himself to save.

Theologie in such a wise

108 The god] And he B The T He Ad 109 That] And AdBT
119 By chief AM . . . C, W je chief L
Of hih science and hih aprise
Above alle othre stant unlike,
And is the ferste of Theorique.
Phisique is after the secounde,
Thurgh which the Philosophre hath founde
To techen sondri knowlechinges
Upon the bodiliche things.
Of man, of beste, of herbe, of ston,
Of fissch, of foughl, of everychon
That ben of bodely substance,
The nature and the circumstance
Thurgh this science it is ful soght,
Which vai leth and which vai leth noght.

The thridde point of Theorique,
Which cleped is Mathematique,
Devided is in sondri wise
And stant upon diverse aprise.
The ferste of whiche is Arsmetique,
And the secounde is seid Musique,
The thridde is ek Geometrie,
Also the ferthe Astronomie.

Of Arsmetique the matiere
Is that of which a man mai liere
What Algorisme in nombre amonteth,
Whan that the wise man acompteth
After the formel proprete
Of Algorismes Abece:
Be which multiplicacioun
Is mad and diminucioun
Of sommes be theexperience
Of this Art and of this science.

The seconde of Mathematique,
Which is the science of Musique,
That techeth upon Armonie
A man to make melodie
Be vois and soun of instrument
Thurgh notes of acordement,
The whiche men pronounce alofte,
Nou scharpe notes and nou softe,
Nota de tercia specie Artis Mathematicae, quam Geometriam vocant.

Mathematique of his science
Hath yit the thridde intelligence
Full of wisdom and of clergie
And cleped is Geometrie,
Thurgh which a man hath thilke slyhte,
Of lengthe, of brede, of depthe, of heyhte
To knowe the proporcion
Be verryal calculacion
Of this science: and in this wise
These olde Philosophres wise,
Of al this worldes erthe round,
Hou large, hou thikke was the ground,
Controeveden theexperience;
The cercle and the circumference
Of every thing unto the hevene
Thei setten point and mesure evene.

Mathematique above therthe
Of hyh science hath yit the fertyhe,
Which spekth upon Astronomie
And techeth of the sterres hihe,
Beginynge upward fro the mone.
Bot ferst, as it was forto done,
This Aristotle in other thing
Unto this worthi yonge king
The kinde of every element
Which stant under the firmament,
Hou it is mad and in what wise,
Fro point to point he gan devise.

Quatuor omnipotens elementa creauit origo,
Quatuor et venti partibus ora dabat.
Nostraque quadruplici complexio sorte creatur;
Corpore sique suo stat variatus homo.

Tofore the creacion
Of eyny worldes stacion,
Of hevene, of erthe, or eke of helle,
So as these olde bokes telle,
As soun tofore the song is set
And yit thei ben togedere knet,
Riht so the hihe pourveance
Tho hadde under his ordinance
A gret substance, a gret matiere,
Of which he wolde in his manere
These othre thinges make and forme.
For yit withouten eny forme
Was that matiere universal,
Which hihte Ylem in special.
Of Ylem, as I am enformed,
These elementz ben mad and formed,
Of Ylem elementz they hote
After the Scole of Aristote,
Of whiche if more I schal reherce,
Foure elementz ther ben diverse.
The ferste of hem men erthe calle,
Which is the lowest of hem alle,
And in his forme is schape round,
Substantial, strong, sadd and sound,
As that which mad is sufficant
To bere up al the remenant.
For as the point in a compas
Stant evene amiddes, riht so was
This erthe set and schal abyde,
That it may swerve to no side,
And hath his centre after the lawe
Of kinde, and to that centre drawe
Desireth every worldes thing,
If ther ne were no lettyng.

Above therthe kepth his bounde
The water, which is the secounde
Of elementz, and al whoute
It environeth therthe aboute.
But as it scheweth, noght forthi
This soustil water myhtely,

[Creation of the Four Elements.]
Hic interim tractat de creacione quatuor Elementorum, scilicet terre, aque, aeris et ignis, necnon et de eorum naturis, nam et singulis proprietates singule attribuuntur.
Thogh it be of himselfe softe,
The strengthe of therthe perceth ofte;
For riht as veines ben of blod
In man, riht so the water flod
Therthe of his cours makth ful of veines,
Als wel the helles as the pleines.
And that a man may sen at yé,
For wher the hulles ben most hyhe,
Ther mai men welle stremes finde:
So proveth it be weie of kinde
The water heyher than the lond.

And over this nou understand,
Air is the thridde of elementz,
Of whos kinde his aspirementz
Takth every lifissh creature,
The which schal upon erthe endure:
For as the fissh, if it be dreie,
Mot in defaute of water deie,
Riht so withouten Air on lyve
No man ne beste myhte thrive,
The which is mad of fleissh and bon;
There is outake of alle non.

This Air in Periferies thre
Divided is of such degre,
Benethe is on and on amidde,
To whiche above is set the thridde:
And upon the divisions
There ben diverse impressions
Of moist and ek of drye also,
Whiche of the Sonne bothe tuo
Ben drawe and haled upon hy,
And maken cloudes in the Sky,
As schewed is at mannes sihte;
Wherof be day and ek be nyhte
After the times of the yer
Among ous upon Erthe her
In sondri wise thinges falle.

The ferste Periferie of alle
Engendreth Myst and overmore
The dewes and the Frostes hore,
After thilke intersticion
In which thei take impression.
  Fro the seconde, as bokes sein,
The moiste dropes of the reyn
Descenden into Middilerthe,
And tempreth it to sed and Erthe,
And doth to springe grass and flour.
And ofte also the grete schour
Out of such place it mai be take,
That it the forme schal forsake
Of reyn, and into snow be torned;
And ek it mai be so sojorned
In sondri places up alofte,
That into hail it torneth ofte.
  The thridde of thair after the lawe
Thurgh such matiere as up is drawe
Of dreie thing, as it is ofte,
Among the cloudes upon lofte,
And is so clos, it may noght oute, —
Thanne is it chased sore aboute,
Til it to fyr and leyt be falle,
And thanne it brekth the cloudes alle,
The whiche of so gret noyse craken,
That thei the feerful thonder maken.
The thonderstrok smit er it leyte,
And yit men sen the fyr and leyt,
The thonderstrok er that men hiere:
So mai it wel be proeved hiere
In thing which schewed is fro feer,
A mannes yhe is there nerr
Thanne is the soun to mannes Ere.
And natheles it is gret feere
Bothe of the strok and of the fyr,
Of which is no recoverir
In place wher that thei descende,
Bot if god wolde his grace sende.

De secunda Aeris Periferia.

De tercia Aeris Periferia.

P. iii. 95
And forto spoken over this,
In this partie of thair it is
That men fuloðte sen be nyhte
The fyr in sondri forme alyhte.
Somtime the fyrdake it semeth,
And so the lewed poeple it demeth;
Somtime it semeth as it were
A Sterre, which that glydeth there:
Bot it is nouther of the tuo,
The Philosophre telteh so,
And seith that of impressions
Thurgh diverse exalacions
Upon the cause and the matiere
Men sen diverse forme appiere
Of fyr, the which hath sondri name.
Assub, he seith, is thilke same,
The which in sondry place is founde,
Whanne it is falle doun to grounde,
So as the fyr it hath aneled,
Lich unto slym which is congeled.
Of exalacion I finde
Fyr kinled of the fame kinde,
Bot it is of an other forme;
Whereof, if that I schal conforme
The figure unto that it is,
These olde clerkes tellen this,
That it is lik a Got skippende,
And for that it is such semende,
It hatte Capra saliens.
And ek these Astronomiens
An other fyr also, be nyhte
Which scheweth him to mannes syhte,
Thei clepen Eges, the which brenneth
Lik to the corrant fyr that renneth
Upon a corde, as thou hast sein,
Whan it with poudre is so besein
Of Sulphre and othre thinges mo.
   Ther is an other fyr also,
Which semeth to a mannes yhe
Be nyhtes time as thogh ther flyhe
A dragon brennende in the Sky,
   And that is cleepe proprely
Daaly, wherof men sein fuloeste,
   'Lo, wher the fyri drake alofte
Fleth up in thair!' and so thei demen.
Bot why the fyres suche semen
Of sondri formes to beholde,
The wise Philosophre tolde,
So as tofore it hath ben herd.
   Lo thus, my Sone, hou it hath ferd:
Of Air the due propretie
In sondri wise thou myht se,
   And hou under the firmament
It is ek the thridde element,
Which environeth bothe tuo,
The water and the lond also.
   And forto telle overthis
Of elementz which the ferthe is,
That is the fyr in his degre,
Which environeth thother thre
And is withoute moist al drye.
Bot lest nou what seith the clergie;
For upon hem that I have seid
The creatour hath set and leid
The kinde and the complexion
Of alle mennes nacion.
Foure elementz sondri ther be,
Lich unto whiche of that degre
Among the men ther ben also
Complexions foure and nomo,
Wherof the Philosophre treteth,
That he nothing behinde leteth,
   And seith hou that thei ben diverse,
[The Four Complexions of Man.]

Nota hie qualiter secundum naturam quatuor elementorum quatuor in humano corpore complexiones, scilicet Malencolia, Fleuma, Sanguis et Colera, naturaliter constituuntur: vnde primo de Malencolia dicendum est.

De complexione Fleumatis.

De complexione Sanguinis.

De complexione Colere.

CONFESSIO AMANTIS

So as I schal to thee reherse.

He which natureth every kinde,
The myhti god, so as I finde,
Of man, which is his creature,
Hath so devided the nature,
That non til other wel acordeth:
And be the cause it so discordeth,
The lif which fieleth the seknesse
Mai stonde upon no sekernesse.
Of therthe, which is cold and drye,
The kinde of man Malencolie
Is cleped, and that is the ferste,
The most ungoodlich and the werste:
For unto loves werk on nyht
Him lacketh bothe will and myht:
No wonder is, in lusty place
Of love though he lese grace.
What man hath that complexion,
Full of ymaginacion
Of dredes and of wrathful thoghtes,
He fret himselfen al to noghtes.

The water, which is moyste and cold.
Makth fleume, which is manyfold
Foryetel, slou and wery sone
Of every thing which is to done:
He is of kinde sufficant
To holde love his covenant,
Bot that him lacketh appetit,
Which longeth unto such delit.

What man that takth his kinde of thair,
He schal be lyht, he schal be fair,
For his complexion is blood.
Of alle ther is non so good,
For he hath bothe will and myht
To plese and paiue love his riht:
Wher as he hath love undertake,
Wrong is if that he be forsake.

The fyr of his condicion
Appropreth the complexion
Which in a man is Colre hote,
Whos propretres ben dreie and hote:
It makth a man ben enginous
And swift of fote and ek irous;
Of contek and folhastifnesse
He hath a riht gret besinesse,
To thenke of love and litel may:
Though he behote wel a day,
On nyht whan that he wole assaie,
He may ful evele his dette paie.

After the kinde of thelement,
Thus stant a mannnes kinde went,
As touchende his complexion,
Upon sondri division
Of dreie, of moiste, of chele, of hete,
And ech of hem his oghne sete
Appropred hath withinne a man.
And ferst to telle as I began,
   The Splen is to Malencolie
Assigned for herbergerie:
   The moiste fleume with his cold
Hath in the lunges for his hold
Ordeined him a propre stede,
To duelle ther as he is bede:
   To the Sanguin complexion
Nature of hire inspeccion
A propre hous hath in the livere
For his duellinge mad delivere:
   The dreie Colre with his hete
Be weie of kinde his propre sete
Hath in the galle, wher he duelleth,
So as the Philosophre telleth.

Nou over this is forto wite,
As it is in Phisique write
Of livere, of lunge, of galle, of splen,

[The Four Complexions of Man.]
Thei alle unto the herte ben Servantz, and ech in his office Entendeth to don him service, As he which is chief lord above. The livere makth him forto love, The lunge yifth him weie of speche, The galle serveth to do wrecche, The Splen doth him to lawhe and pleie, Whan al unclemmesse is aweie:

Lo, thus hath ech of hem his dede. And to sustienen hem and fede .

In time of recreacion, Nature hath in creacion The Stomach for a comun Coc Ordeined, so as seith the boc. The Stomach coc is for the halle, And builleth mete for hem alle, To make hem myghty forto serve The herte, that he schal noght sterve:

For as a king in his Empire Above alle othre is lord and Sire, So is the herte principal, P. iii. 101 To whom reson in special Is yove as for the governance. And thus nature his pourveance Hath mad for man to liven hiere;

Bot god, which hath the Soule diere, Hath formed it in other wise.

That can noman pleinli devise;

Bot as the clerkes ous enforme, That lich to god it hath a forme, Thurgh which figure and which liknesse The Soule hath many an hyh noblesse Appropred to his oghne kinde. Bot ofte hir wittes be mad blinde Al onliche of this ilke point, That hir abydinge is conjoint
Forth with the bodi forto duelle:
That on desireth toward helle,
That other upward to the hevene;
So schul thei nevere stonde in evene,
Bot if the fleissh be overcome
And that the Soule have holi nome
The governance, and that is selde,
Whil that the fleissh him mai bewelde.
Al erthli thing which god began
Was only mad to serve man;
Bot he the Soule al only made
Himself ven forto serve and glade.
Alle othre bestes that men finde
Thei serve unto here oghne kinde,
Bot to reson the Soule serveth;
Wherof the man his thonk deserveth
And get him with his werkis goode
The perdurable lyves foode.

Of what matiere it schal be told,
A tale lyketh manyfold
The betre, if it be spoke plein:
Thus thinke I forto torne ayein
And telle plenerly therfore
Of therthe, wherof nou tofore
I spak, and of the water eke,
So as these olde clerkes spieke,
And sette proprely the bounde
After the forme of Mappemounde,
Thurgh which the ground be pourparties
Departed is in thre parties,
That is Asie, Aufrique, Europe,
The whiche under the hevene cope,
Als ferr as strecceth eny ground,
Begripeth al this Erthe round.
Bot after that the hihe wriech
The water weies let out seche

Hic loquitur vte-rius dediisione Terre
que post diluuium tribus filiis Noe in tres
partes, scilicet Asiam, Aftricam et Europam
diuidebatur.
And overgo the helles hye,
Which every kinde made dye
That upon Middelerethe stod,
Outake Noë and his blod,
His Sones and his doughtres thre,
Thei were sauf and so was he;—
Here names who that rede rihte,
Sem, Cam, Japhet the brethren hihte;—
And whanne thilke almyhty hond
Withdrouh the water fro the lond,
And al the rage was aweie,
And Erthe was the mannes weie,
The Sones thre, of whiche I tolde,
Riht after that hemselve wolde,
This world departe thei begonne.

Asie, which lay to the Sonne
Upon the Marche of orient,
Was graunited be comun assent
To Sem, which was the Sone eldeste;
For that partie was the beste
And double as moche as othre tuo.
And was that time bounded so;
Wher as the flod which men Nil calleth
Departeth fro his cours and falleth
Into the See Alexandrine,
Ther takth Asie firste seisme
Toward the West, and over this
Of Canahim wher the flod is
Into the grete See rennende,
Fro that into the worldes ende
Estward, Asie it is algyges,
Til that men come unto the gates
Of Paradis, and there ho.
And schortly for to speke it so,
Of Orient in general
Withinne his bounde Asie hath al.
And thanne upon that other syde
Westward, as it fell thilke tyde,
The brother which was hote Cham
Upon his part Aufrique nam.
Japhet Europe tho tok he,
Thus parten thei the world on thre.
Bot yit ther ben of londes fele
In occident as for the chele,
In orient as for the hete,
Which of the peole be forlete
As lond desert that is unable,
For it mai noght ben habitable.

The water eke hath sondri bounde,
After the lond wher it is founde,
And takth his name of thilke londes
Wher that it renneth on the strondes:
Bot thilke See which hath no wane
Is cleped the gret Occean, 
Out of the which arise and come
The hyhe fordes alle and some;
Is non so litel welle spring,
Which ther ne takth his beginnyng,
And lich a man that haleth breth
Be weie of kinde, so it geth
Out of the See and in ayein,
The water, as the bokes sein.

Of Elementz the propretres
Hou that they stonden be degres,
As I have told, nou myht thou hiere,
Mi goode Sone, al the matiere
Of Erthe, of water, Air and fyr.
And for thou saist that thi desir
Is forto witen overmore
The forme of Aristotles lore,
He seith in his entendement,
That yit ther is an Element
Above the foure, and is the fift,
Set of the hihe goddes yfte,
The which that Orbis cleped is.

Nota de mari quod magnum Oceanum dicitur.
Nota hic secundum philosophum de quinto Elemento, quod omnia sub celo creatæ infra suum ambitum continet, cui nomen Orbis specialiter appropria-tum est.
And therupon he telleth this,
That as the schelle hol and sound
Encloseth al aboute round
What thing withinne an Ey belongeth,
Riht so this Orbis underfongeth
These elementz alle everychon,
Which I have spoke of on and on.

Bot overthis nou tak good hiede,
Mi Sone, for I wol procede
To speke upon Mathematique,
Which grounded is on Theorique.
The science of Astronomie
I thinke forto specifie,
Withoute which, to telle plein,
Alle othre science is in vein
Toward the scole of erthli thinges:
For as an Egle with his winges
Fleth above alle that men finde,
So doth this science in his kinde.

Hic loquitur de Artis Mathematicae quarta specie, que Astronomia nuncupata est, cui eciam Astrologia soci connumeratur: set primo de septem planetis, que inter astra potenciores existunt, incipiend a luna scorsum tractare intendit.

iv. Lege planetarum magis inferiora reguntur,
Ista set interdum regula fallit opus.
Vir mediante deo sapiens dominabitur astra,
Fata nec immemento quid noulutatis agunt.

Of alle things the matiere,
As tellen ous thei that ben lerned,
Of thing above it stant governed,
That is to sein of the Planetes.
The cheles bothe and ek the hetes,
The chances of the world also,
That we fortune clepen so,
Among the mennes nacion
Al is thurgh constellation,
Wherof that som man hath the wele,
And som man hath deseses fele
In love als wel as othre thinges;

620 Which AJ, S, F Whiche B 621 good JC, SB goode A, F
628 Alle oþre AJ, S, F Alle (Al) oþer EC, B
Latin Verses iv 4 quod H... B, B quis T
The stat of realmes and of kinges
In time of pes, in time of werre
It is conceived of the Sterre:
And thus seith the naturien
Which is an Astronomien.
Bot the divin seith otherwise,
That if men weren goode and wise
And plesant unto the godhede,
Thei scholden noght the sterres drede;
For o man, if him wel befalle,
Is more worth than ben thei alle
Towardses him that weldeth al.
Bot yit the lawe original,
Which he hath set in the natures,
Mot worchen in the creatures,
That therof mai be non obstacle,
Bot if it stonde upon miracle
Thurgh preiere of som holy man. P. iii. 107
And forthi, so as I began
To speke upon Astronomie,
As it is write in the clergie,
To telle hou the planetes fare,
Som part I thenke to declare,
Mi Sone, unto thin Audience.

Astronomie is the science
Of wisdom and of hih connynge,
Which makth a man have knowlechinge
Of Sterres in the firmament,
Figure, cercle and moevement
Of ech of hem in sondri place,
And what betwen hem is of space,
Hou so thei moeve or stonde faste,
Al this it telleth to the laste.

Assembled with Astronomie
Is ek that ilke Astrologie,
The which in juggementz acompteth
Theffect, what every sterre amonteth,
And hou thei causen many a wonder
To tho climatz that stonde hem under.
And forto telle it more plein,
These olde philosophres sein
That Orbis, which I spak of err,
Is that which we fro therthe a ferr
Beholde, and firmament it calle,
In which the sterres stonden alle,
Among the whiche in special
Planetes sefne principal
Ther ben, that mannes sihte demeth, P. iii. 108
Bot thorizonte, as to ous semeth.
And also ther ben signes twelve,
Whiche have her cercles be hemselve
Compassed in the zodiaque,
In which thei have here places take.
And as thei stonden in degre,
Here cercles more or lasse be,
Mad after the proporcion
Of therthe, whos condicion
Is set to be the foundement
To sustiene up the firmament.
And be this skile a man mai knowe,
The more that thei stonden lowe,
The more ben the cercles lasse;
That causeth why that some passe
Here due cours tofore an other.
Bot nou, mi lieve dere brother,
As thou desirest forto wite
What I finde in the bokes write,
To telle of the planetes severne,
Hou that thei stonde upon the hevene
And in what point that thei ben inne,
Tak hiede, for I wol beginne,
So as the Philosophre tauhte
To Alisandre and it betaughte,
Wherof that he was fulli tawht
Of wisdom, which was him betaught.
Benethe alle othre stant the Mone,
The which hath with the See to done:
Of floses hihe and ebbes lowe
Upon his change it schal be knowe;
And every fissh which hath a schelle
Mot in his governance duelle,
To wexe and wane in his dege,
As be the Mone a man mai se;
And al that stant upon the grounde
Of his moisture it mot be founde.
Alle othre sterres, as men finde,
Be schynende of here oghne kinde
Outake only the monelyht,
Which is noght of himselve bright,
Bot as he takth it of the Sonne.
And yit he hath noght al fulwonne
His lyht, that he nys somdiel derk;
Bot what the lette is of that werk
In Almageste it telleth this:
The Mones cercle so lowe is,
Wherof the Sonne out of his stage
Ne seth him noght with full visage,
For he is with the ground beschaded,
So that the Mone is somdiel faded
And may noght fully schyne cler.
Bot what man under his pouer
Is bore, he schal his places change
And seche manye londes strange:
And as of this condicion
The Mones disposicion
Upon the lond of Alemaigne
Is set, and ek upon Bretaigne,
Which nou is cleped Engelond;
For thei travaile in every lond.

Of the Planetes the secounde
Above the Mone hath take his bounde,
Mercurie, and his nature is this,
That under him who that bore is,
In boke he schal be studious
And in wrytinge curious,

724 schalbeknoweSa,FK 736 fulwonneFK restfulwonne
CONFESSIO AMANTIS

And slouh and lustles to travaile
In thing which elles myhte availe:
He loveth ese, he loveth reste,
So is he noght the worthieste;
Bot yit with somdiel besinesse
His herte is set upon richesse.
And as in this condicion,
Theeffect and disposicion
Of this Planete and of his chance
Is most in Burgoigne and in France.

Next to Mercurie, as wol befalle,
Stant that Planete which men calle
Venus, whos constellacion
Governeth al the nacion
Of lovers, wher thei spiede or non,
Of whiche I trowe thou be on:
Bot whiderward thin happes wende,
Schal this planete schewe at ende,
As it hath do to many mo,
To some wel, to some wo.
And natheles of this Planete
The moste part is softe and swete;
For who that therof takth his berthe, P. iii. 111
He schal desire joie and merthe,
Gentil, courteis and debonaire,
To speke his wordes softe and faire,
Such schal he be be weie of kinde,
And overal wher he may finde
Plesance of love, his herte boweth
With al his myht and there he woweth.

He is so ferforth Amourous,
He not what thing is vicious
Touchende love, for that lawe
Ther mai no maner man withdrawe,
The which venerien is bore
Be weie of kinde, and therefore
Venus of love the goddesse
Is cleped: bot of wantounesse

769 and om. AMH:XGR
798 wantounesse JC, B, F
wantonesse S wantonesse T
The climat of hir lecherie
Is most commun in Lombardie.

Next unto this Planete of love
The brighte Sonne stant above,
Which is the hindrere of the nyht
And forthrere of the daies lyht,
As he which is the worldes ye,
Thurgh whom the lusti compaignie
Of foules be the morwe singe,
The freisshe floures sprede and springe,
The hihe tre the ground beschadeth,
And every mannes herte gladeth.

And for it is the hed Planete,
Hou that he sitteth in his sete,
Of what richesse, of what nobleie,
These bokes telle, and thus thei seie.

Of gold glistrengde Spoke and whiel
The Sonne his carte hath faire and wiel,
In which he sitt, and is coroned
With brighte stones environed;
Of whiche if that I speke schal,
Ther be tofore in special
Set in the front of his corone
Thre Stones, whiche no persone
Hath upon Erthe, and the ferste is
Be name cleped Licuchis;
That othre tuo be cleped thus,
Astrices and Ceramius.
In his corone also behinde,
Be olde bokes as I finde,
Ther ben of worthi Stones thre
Set ech of hem in his degré:
Wherof a Cristall is that on,
Which that corone is set upon;
The seconde is an Adamant;
The thridde is noble and avenant,
Which cleped is Ydriades.
And over this yit natheles
Upon the sydes of the werk,
After the wrytinge of the clerk, 
Ther sitten fyve Stones mo:
The smaragdine is on of tho, 
Jaspis and Elitropius 
And Dendides and Jacinctus. 
Lo, thus the corone is beset, 
Wherof it schyneth wel the bet; 
And in such wise his liht to sprede 
Sit with his Diademe on hede 
The Sonne schynende in his carte. 
And forto lede him swithe and smarte 
After the bryhte daies lawe, 
Ther ben ordeined forto drawe 
Foure hors his Char and him withal, 
Wherof the names telle I schal: 
Eritheüs the ferste is hote, 
The which is red and schyneth hote, 
The seconde Acteos the bryhte, 
Lampes the thridde coursier hihte, 
And Philogeüs is the ferthe, 
That bringen lyht unto this erthe, 
And gon so swift upon the hevene, 
In foure and twenty housres evene 
The carte with the bryhte Sonne 
Thei drawe, so that overronne 
Thei have under the cercles hihe 
Al Middelerthe in such an hye. 
And thus the Sonne is overal 
The chief Planete imperial, 
Above him and benethe him thre: 
And thus betwen hem regneth he, 
As he that hath the middel place 
Among the Sevene, and of his face 
Be glade alle erthly creatures, 
And taken after the natures 
Here ese and recreacion. 
And in his constellacion 
Who that is bore in special, 
Of good will and of liberal 
He schal be founde in alle place,
And also stonde in mochel grace
Toward the lordes forto serve
And grete profit and thonk deserve.
And over that it causeth yet
A man to be soubtil of wit
To worche in gold, and to be wys
In every thing which is of pris.
Bot forto speken in what cost
Of al this erthe he regneth most
As for wisdom, it is in Grece,
Wher is apropred thilke spiece.

Mars the Planete bataillous
Next to the Sonne glorious
Above stant, and doth mervaiies
Upon the fortune of batailes.
The conquerours be daies olde
Were unto this planete holde:
Bot who that his nativite
Hath take upon the proprete
Of Martes disposicioun
Be weie of constellacioun,
He schal be fiers and folhastif
And desirous of werre and strif.
Bot forto telle redely
In what climat most comunly
That this planete hath his effect,
Seid is that he hath his aspect
Upon the holi lond so cast,
That there is no pes stedefast.

Above Mars upon the hevene,
The sexte Planete of the sevne,
Stant Jupiter the delicat,
Which causeth pes and no debat.
For he is cleped that Planete
Which of his kinde softe and swete
Attempreth al that to him longeth;
And whom this planete underfongeth
To stonde upon his regiment,
He schal be meke and pacient

Nota de quinta planeta, que Mars dicitur.

Nota de sexta planeta, que Jupiter dicitur.
And fortunat to Marchandie
And lusti to delicacie
In every thing which he schal do.
This Jupiter is cause also
Of the science of lyhte werkes,
And in this wise tellen clerkes
He is the Planete of delices.
Bot in Egipte of his offices
He regneth most in special:
For ther be lustes overal
Of al that to this lif befalleth;
For ther no stormy weder falleth,
Which myhte grieve man or beste,
And ek the lond is so honeste
That it is plenteuous and plein,
Ther is non ydel ground in vein;
And upon such felicite
Stant Jupiter in his degre.

The heyeste and aboven alle
Stant that planete which men calle
Saturnus, whos complexion
Is cold, and his condicion
Causeth malice and cruelte
To him the whos nativite
Is set under his governance.
For alle hise werkes ben grevance
And enemy to mannes hele,
In what degre that he schal dele.
His climat is in Orient,
Wher that he is most violent.

Of the Planetes by and by,
Hou that thei stonde upon the Sky,
Fro point to point as thou myht hierc,
Was Alisandre mad to liere.
Bot overthis touchende his lore,
Of thing that thei him tawhte more
Upon the scoles of clergie
Now herkne the Philosophie.

De septima plane-
ta, que reliquis celsior
Saturnus dictus est.
He which departeth dai fro nyht,
That on derk and that other lyht,
Of sevene daies made a weke,
A Monthe of fourwe wekes eke
He hath ordeigned in his lawe,
Of Monthes twelue and ek forthdrawe
He hath also the longe yeeer.
And as he sette of his pouer
Acordant to the daies sevene
Planetes Sevene upon the hevene,
As thou toefore hast herd devise,
To every Monthe be himselfe
Upon the hevene of Signes twelue
He hath after his Ordinal
Assigned on in special,
Wherof, so as I schal rehersen,
The tydes of the yer diversen.
Bot pleinly forto make it knowe
Hou that the Signes sitte arowe,
Ech after other be degre
In substance and in proprete
The zodiaque comprehendeth
Withinne his cercle, as it appendeth.

The ferste of whiche natheles
Be name is cleped Aries,
Which lich a wether of stature
Resembled is in his figure.
And as it seith in Almageste,
Of Sterres twelue upon this beste
Ben set, wherof in his degre
The wombe hath tuo, the heved hath thre,
The Tail hath sevene, and in this wise,
As thou myht hiere me divise,
Stant Aries, which hot and drye
Is of himself, and in partie

Postquam dictum est de vii. Planetis, quibus singuli septimanae dies singulariter attitulantur, dicendum est iam de xii. Signis, per que xii. Menses Annivariestemporibus effectus varios assequuntur.

Nota hic de primo Signo, quod Aries dicitur, cui Mensis Marcii specialiter appropriatus est.
Quo deus in primo produxit adesse creata.
He is the receipte and the hous
Of myhty Mars the bataillous.
And overmore ek, as I finde,
The creatour of alle kinde
Upon this Signe ferst began
The world, whan that he made man.
And of this constellacioun
The verray operacioun
Availeth, if a man therinne
The pourpos of his werk beginne;
For thanne he hath of proprete
Good sped and gret felicite.

The twelve Monthes of the yeer
Attitled under the pouer
Of these twelve Signes stonde;
Wherof that thou schalt understonde
This Aries on of the twelve
Hath March attitled for himselfe,
Whan every bridd schal chese his make,
And every neddre and every Snake
And every Reptil which mai moeve,
His myht assaieth forto proeve,
To crepen out ayein the Sonne,
Whan Ver his Seson hath begonne.

Taurus the seconde after this
Of Signes, which figured is
Unto a Bole, is dreie and cold;
And as it is in bokes told,
He is the hous appourtienant
To Venus, somdiel discordant.
This Bole is ek with sterres set,
Thurgh whiche he hath hise hornes knet
Unto the tail of Aries,
So is he noght ther sterreles.
Upon his brest ek eyhtetiene
He hath, and ek, as it is sene,
Upon his tail stonde othre tuo.
His Monthe assigned ek also
Is Averil, which of his schoures
Ministreth weie unto the floures.

The thridde signe is Gemini,
Which is figured redely
Lich to tuo twinne of mankinde,
That naked stonde; and as I finde,
Thei be with Sterres wel bego:
The heved hath part of thilke tuo
That schyne upon the boles tail,
So be thei bothe of o parail;
But on the wombe of Gemini
Ben fyve sterres noght forthi,
And ek upon the feet be tweie,
So as these olde bokes seie,
That wise Tholomeius wrot.
His propre Monthe wel I wot
Assigned is the lusti Maii,
Whanne every brid upon his lay
Among the griene leves singeth,
And love of his pointure stingeth
After the lawes of nature
The youthe of every creature.

Cancer after the reule and space
Of Signes halt the ferthe place.
Like to the crabbe he hath semblance,
And hath unto his retienance
Sextiene sterres, wherof ten,
So as these olde wise men
Descrive, he berth on him tofore,
And in the middel tuo be bore,
And foure he hath upon his ende.
Thus goth he sterred in his kende,
And of himself is moiste and cold,
And is the propre hous and hold
Which appartieneth to the Mone,
And doth what longeth him to done.
The Monthe of Juin unto this Signe
Thou schalt after the reule assigne.

The fifte Signe is Leo hote,
Whos kinde is schape dreie and hote,
In whom the Sonne hath herbergage.
And the semblance of his ymage
Is a leoun, which in baillie
Of sterres hath his pourpartie:
The foure, which as Cancer hath
Upon his ende, Leo tath
Upon his heved, and thanne nest
He hath ek foure upon his brest,
And on upon his tail behinde,
In olde bokes as we finde.
His propre Monthe is Juyl be name,
In which men pleien many a game.

After Leo Virgo the nexte
Of Signes cleped is the sexte,
Wherof the figure is a Maide;
And as the Philosophre saide,
Sche is the welthe and the risinge,
The lust, the joie and the likinge
Unto Mercurie: and soth to seie
Sche is with sterres wel beseie,
Wherof Leo hath lent hire on,
Which sit on hih hir heved upon,
Hire wombe hath fythe, hir feet also
Have other fyve: and overmo
Touchende as of complexion,
Be kindly disposicion
Of dreie and cold this Maiden is.
And forto tellen over this
Hir Monthe, thou schalt understonde,
Whan every feld hath corn in honde
And many a man his bak hath plied,
Unto this Signe is Augst applied.

After Virgo to reknen evene
Libra sit in the nombre of sevene,
Which hath figure and resemblance
Unto a man which a balance
Berth in his hond as forto weie:
In boke and as it mai be seie,
Diverse sterres to him longeth,
Whereof on hevede he underfongeth
Ferst thre, and ek his wombe hath tuo,
And doun benethe eighte othire mo.
This Signe is hot and moiste bothe,
The whiche thinges be noght lothe
Unto Venus, so that alofte
Sche resteth in his hous fulofte,
And ek Saturnus often hyed
Is in this Signe and magnefied.
His propre Monthe is seid Septembre,
Which yifth men cause to remembre,
If eny Sor be left behinde
Of thing which grieve mai to kinde.

Among the Signes upon heighte
The Signe which is nombred eighte
Is Scorpio, which as feloun
Figured is a Scorpioun.
Bot for al that yit natheles
Is Scorpio noght sterreles;
For Libra granteth him his ende
Of eighte sterres, wher he wende,
The whiche upon his heved assised
He berth, and ek ther ben divised
Upon his wombe sterres thre,
And eighte upon his tail hath he.
Which of his kinde is moiste and cold
And unbehovely manyfold;
He harmeth Venus and empeireth,
Bot Mars unto his hous repeireth,
Bot war whan thei togedre duellen.
CONFESSIO AMANTIS

His propre Monthe is, as men tellen, Octobre, which bringth the kalende Of wynter, that comth next suiende.

The nynthe Signe in nombre also, Which folweth after Scorpio, Is cleped Sagittarius, The whos figure is marked thus, A Monstre with a bowe on honde: On whom that sondri sterres stonde, Thilke eighte of whiche I spak tofoire, The whiche upon the tail ben bore Of Scorpio, the heved al faire Bespreden of the Sagittaire; And eighte of othre stonden evene Upon his wombe, and othre sevene Ther stonde upon his tail behinde. And he is hot and dreie of kinde: To Jupiter his hous is fre, Bot to Mercurie in his degre, For thei ben noght of on assent, He worcheth gret empeirement. This Signe hath of his proprete P. iii. 124

A Monthe, which of duete After the sesoun that befalleth The Plowed Oxe in wynter stalleth; And fyr into the halle he bringeth, And thilke drinke of which men singeth, He torneth must into the wyn; Thanne is the larder of the swyn; That is Novembre which I meene, Whan that the lef hath lost his greene.

The tenth Signe dreie and cold, The which is Capricornus told, Unto a Got hath resemblance: For whos love and whos acquaintance Withinne hise houses to sojorne It liketh wel unto Satorne, Bot to the Mone it liketh noght,
For no profit is there wroght.  
This Signe as of his proprete  
Upon his heved hath sterres thre,  
And ek upon his wombe tuo,  
And tweie upon his tail also.  
Decembre after the yeeres forme,  
So as the bokes ous conforme,  
With daies schorte and nyhtes longe  
This ilke Signe hath underfonge.

Of tho that sitte upon the hevene  
Of Signes in the nombre ellevene  
Aquarius hath take his place,  
And stant wel in Satornes grace,  
Which duelleth in his herbergage,  
Bot to the Sonne he doth oultrage.  
This Signe is verraily resembled  
Lich to a man which halt assembled  
In eyther hand a water spoute,  
Wherof the stremes rennen oute.  
He is of kinde moiste and hot,  
And he that of the sterres wot  
Seith that he hath of sterres tuo  
Upon his heved, and ben of tho  
That Capricorn hath on his ende;  
And as the bokes maken mende,  
That Tholomeiüs made himselfe,  
He hath ek on his wombe twelve,  
And tweie upon his ende stonde.  
Thou schalt also this understonde,  
The frosti colde Janever,  
Whan comen is the newe yeer,  
That Janus with his double face  
In his chaiere hath take his place  
And loketh upon bothe sides,  
Somdiel toward the wynter tydes,  
Somdiel toward the yeer suiende,  
That is the Monthe belonginge  
Unto this Signe, and of his dole

1181 f. formes ... enformes AdBT
[The Signs.]

Duodecimum Signum Piscis dicitur, cuius Mensis Februarius est.
Quo pluie torrens riparum concitat amnies.

He yifth the ferste Primerole.
The tuelfthe, which is last of alle
Of Signes, Piscis men it calle,
The which, as tellethe the scripture,
Berth of tuo fisses the figure.
So is he cold and moiste of kinde,
And ek with sterres, as I finde,
Beset in sondri wise, as thus:
Tuo of his ende Aquarius
Hath lent unto his heved, and tuo
This Signe hath of his oghne also
Upon his wombe, and over this
Upon his ende also ther is
A nombre of twenty sterres bryghte,
Which is to sen a wonder sighte.
Toward this Signe into his hous
Comth Jupiter the glorious,
And Venus ek with him acordeth
To duellen, as the bok recordeth.
The Monthe unto this Signe oderined
Is Februer, which is bereined,
And with londflodes in his rage
At Fordes letteth the passage.

Nou hast thou herd the proprete
Of Signes, bot in his degre
Albumazar yit over this
Seith, so as therthe parted is
In foure, riht so ben divisid
The Signes tuelve and stonde assised,
That ech of hem for his partie
Hath his climat to justefic.
Whereof the ferste regiment
Toward the part of Orient
From Antioche and that contre
Governed is of Signes thre,
That is Cancer, Virgo, Leo:
And toward Occident also
From Armenie, as I am lerned,
Of Capricorn it stant governed, Of Pisces and Aquarius:
And after hem I finde thus,
Southward from Alisandre forth
Tho Signes whiche most ben worth
In governance of that doaire,
Libra thei ben and Sagittaire
With Scorpio, which is conjoint
With hem to stonde upon that point:
Constantinopyle the Cite,
So as the bokes tellen me,
The laste of this division
Stant untoward Septemtrion,
Wher as be weie of pourvance
Hath Aries the governance
Forth with Taurus and Gemini.
Thus ben the Signes proprili
Divided, as it is reherced,
Wherof the londes ben diversed.

Lo thus, mi Sone, as thou myht hier,
Was Alisandre mad to liere
Of hem that weren for his lore.
But nou to loken overmore,
Of othre sterres hou thei fare
I thanke hierafter to declare,
So as king Alisandre in youthe
Of him that suche thinges couthe
Enformed was tofore his yhe
Be nyhte upon the sterres hihe.

Upon sondri creacion
Stant sondri operacion,
Som worcheth this, som worcheth that;
The fyr is hot in his astat
And brenneth what he mai atteigne,
The water mai the fyr restreigne,
The which is cold and moist also.
Of other thing it farth riht so
Upon this erthe among ous here;
And forto speke in this manere,
Upon the hevene, as men mai finde,
The sterres ben of sondri kinde
And worchen manye sondri thinges
To ous, that ben here underlinges.
Among the whiche forth withal
Nectanabus in special,
Which was an Astronomien
And ek a gret Magicien,
And undertake hath thilke emprise
To Alisandre in his aprise
As of Magique naturel
To knowe, enformeth him somdel
Of certein sterres what thei mene;
Of whiche, he seith, ther ben fiftene,
And sondrily to everich on
A gras belongeth and a Ston,
Wherof men worchen many a wonder
To sette thing bothe up and under.
To telle riht as he began,
The ferste sterre Aldeboran,
The cliereste and the moste of alle,
Be rihte name men it calle;
Which lich is of condicion
To Mars, and of complexion
To Venus, and hath therupon
Carbunculum his propre Ston:
His herbe is Anabulla named,
Which is of gret vertu proclamed.
The seconde is noght vertules;
Clota or elles Pliades
It hatte, and of the mones kinde
He is, and also this I finde,
He takth of Mars complexion:
And lich to such condicion
His Ston appropred is Cristall,
And ek his herbe in special
The vertuous Fenele it is.
LIBER SEPTIMUS

The thridde, which comth after this,
Is hote Algol the clere rede,
Which of Satorne, as I may rede,
His kinde takth, and ek of Jove
Complexion to his behove.
His propre Ston is Dyamant,
Which is to him most acordant;
His herbe, which is him betake,
Is hote Eleborum the blake.

So as it falleth upon lot,
The ferthe sterre is Alhaiot,
Which in the wise as I seide er
Of Satorne and of Jupiter
Hath take his kinde; and therupon
The Saphir is his propre Ston,
Marrubium his herbe also,
The whiche acorden bothe tuo.

And Canis maior in his like
The fifte sterre is of Magique,
The whos kinde is venerien,
As seith this Astronomien.
His propre Ston is seid Berille,
Bot forto worche and to fulfille
Thing which to this science falleth,
Ther is an herbe which men calleth
Saveine, and that behoveth nede
To him that wole his pourpos spede.

The sexte suiende after this
Be name Canis minor is;
The which sterre is Mercurial
Be weie of kinde, and forth withal,
As it is writen in the carte,
Complexion he takth of Marte.
His Ston and herbe, as seith the Scole,
Ben Achates and Primerole.

The sefnthe sterre in special
Of this science is Arial,
Which sondri nature underfongeth.  

[THE FIFTEEN STARS.]

Tercia stella vocatur Algol, cuius lapis
Dyamans et herba Eleborum nigrum est.

Quarta stella vocatur Alhaiot, cuius
lapis Saphirus et herba Marrubium est.

Quinta stella vocatur Canis maior, cuius
lapis Berillus et herba Savina est.

Sexta stella vocatur
Canis minor, cuius
lapis Achates et herba
Primula est.

Septima stella vocatur
Arial, cuius lapis
Gorgonza et herba
Celidonia est.

1346 margin Berillis A . . B2, W 1361 as þe scole (om. seith)
AMHiXRLB2 after þis scole E (as seij þe scole JGC)
CONFESSIO AMANTIS

The Ston which propre unto him longeth, Gorgonza proprely it hihte:
His herbe also, which he schal rihte
Upon the worchinge as I mene,
Is Celidoine freisssh and grene.

Sterre Ala Corvi upon heihte
Hath take his place in nombre of eighte,
Which of his kinde mot parforne
The will of Marte and of Satorne:
To whom Lapacia the grete
Is herbe, but of no beyete;
His Ston is Honochinus hote,
Thurgh which men worchen gret riote.

The nynthe sterre faire and wel
Be name is hote Alaezel,
Which takth his propre kinde thus
Bothe of Mercurie and of Venus.
His Ston is the grene Amyraude,
To whom is yoven many a laude:
Salge is his herbe appourtenant
Aboven al the remenant.

The tenthe sterre is Almareth,
Which upon lif and upon deth
Thurgh kinde of Jupiter and Mart
He doth what longeth to his part.
His Ston is Jaspe, and of Planteine
He hath his herbe sovereignty.

The sterre ellefthe is Venenas,
The whos nature is as it was
Take of Venus and of the Mone,
In thing which he hath forto done.
Of Adamant is that perrie
In which he worcheth his maistrie;
Thilke herbe also which him befalleth,
Cicorea the bok it calleth.

Alpheta in the nombre sit,
And is the twelfthe sterre yit;

Octaua stella vocatur Ala Corui, cuius lapis Honochinus et herba Lapacia est.

Nona stella vocatur Alaezel, cuius lapis Smaragdus et herba Salgea est.

Decima stella vocatur Almareth, cuius lapis Iaspis et herba Plantago est.

Vndecima stella vocatur Venenas, cuius lapis Adamans et herba Cicorea est.

Duodecima stella vocatur Alpheta, cuius
Of Scorpio which is governed, 
And takth his kinde, as I am lerned; 
And hath his vertu in the Ston 
Which cleped is Topazion: 
His herbe propre is Rosmarine, 
Which schapen is for his covine.

Of these sterres, whiche I mene, 
Cor Scorpionis is thritiene; 
The whos nature Mart and Jove 
Have yoven unto his behove. 
His herbe is Aristologie, 
Which folweth his Astronomie: 
The Ston which that this sterre alloweth, 
Is Sardis, which unto him boweth.

The sterre which stant next the laste, 
Nature on him this name caste 
And clepeth him Botercadent; 
Which of his kinde obedient 
Is to Mercurie and to Venus. 
His Ston is seid Crisolitus, 
His herbe is cleped Satureie, 
So as these olde bokes seie.

Bot nou the laste sterre of alle 
The tail of Scorpio men calle, 
Which to Mercurie and to Satorne 
Be weie of kinde mot returne 
After the preparacion 
Of due constellacion.
The Calcedoine unto him longeth, 
Which for his Ston he underfongeth; 
Of Majorane his herbe is grounded. 
Thus have I seid hou thei be founded, 
Of every sterre in special, 
Which hath his herbe and Ston withal, 
As Hermes in his bokes olde 
Witnesse berth of that I tolde.
The science of Astronomie, Which principal is of clergie
To diene betwen wo and wel
In thinges that be naturel,
Thei hadde a gret travall on honde
That made it ferst ben understonde;
And thei also whiche overmore
Here studie sette upon this lore,
Thei weren gracious and wys
And worthi forto bire a pris.
And whom it liketh forto wite
Of hem that this science write,
On of the ferste which it wrot
After Noë, it was Nembrot,
To his disciple Ychonithon
And made a bok forth therupon
The which Megaster cleped was.
An other Auctor in this cas
Is Arachel, the which men note;
His bok is Abbategnyh hote.
Danz Tholome is noght the lest,
Which makth the bok of Almageste;
And Alfraganus doth the same,
Whos bok is Chatemuz be name.
Gebuz and Alpetragus eke
Of Planisperie, which men seke,
The bokes made: and over this
Ful many a worthi clerck ther is,
That written upon this clergie
The bokes of Altemetrie,
Planemetrie and eke also,
Whiche as belongen bothe tuo,
So as thei ben naturiens,
Unto these Astronomiens.
Men sein that Habraham was on;
Bot whether that he wrot or non,
That finde I noght; and Moïses
Ek was an other: bot Hermes

1445 which AJ, S, F whiche B
1473 Habraham JX, F rest Abraham
Above alle othre in this science
He hadde a grete experience;
Thurgh him was many a sterre assised,
Whos bokes yit ben auctorized.
I maie noght knowen alle tho
That writen in the time tho
Of this science; bot I finde,
Of jugement be weie of kinde
That in o point thei alle acorden: P. iii. 135
Of sterres whiche thei recorden
That men maie sen upon the hevene,
Ther ben a thousand sterres evene
And tuo and twenty, to the syhte
Whiche aren of hemself so bryhte,
That men maie dieme what thei be,
The nature and the proprete.

Nou hast thou herd, in which a wise
These noble Philosophres wise
Enformeden this yonge king,
And made him have a knowleching
Of thing which ferst to the partic
Belongeth of Philosophie,
Which Theorique cleped is,
As thou tofore hast herd er this.
Bot nou to speke of the secounde,
Which Aristotle hath also founde,
And techeth hou to speke faire,
Which is a thing full necessaire
To contrepcise the balance,
Wher lacketh other sufficance.

v. Compositi pulera sermonis verba placere
Principio poterunt, veraque fine placent.
Herba, lapis, sermo, tria sunt virtute repleta,
Vis tamen ex verbi pondere plura facit.

Above alle erthli creatures
The hihe makere of natures
The word to man hath yove alone,  
So that the speche of his persone,  
Or fortö lese or fortö winne,  
The hertes thought which is withinne  
Mai schewe, what it wolde mene;  
And that is nogwhere elles sene  
Of kinde with non other beste.  
So scholde he be the more honeste,  
To whom god yaf so gret a yifte,  
And loke wel that he ne schifte  
Hise wordes to no wicked us;  
For word the techer of vertus  
Is eleped in Philosophie.  
Wherof touchende this partie,  
Is Rethorique the science  
Appropred to the reverence  
Of wordes that ben resonable:  
And for this art schal be vailable  
With goodli wordes fortö like,  
It hath Gramaire, it hath Logique,  
That serven bothe unto the speche.  
Gramaire ferste hath fortö teche  
To speke upon congreute:  
Logique hath eke in his degre  
Betwen the trouthe and the falshode  
The pleine wordes fortö schole,  
So that nothing schal go beside,  
That he the riht ne schal decide,  
Wherof full many a gret debat  
Reformed is to good asetat,  
And pes sustiened up alofte  
With esy wordes and with softe,  
Wher strengthe scholde lete it falle.  
The Philosophre amonges alle  
Forthi commendeth this science,  
Which hath the reule of eloquence.  
In Ston and gras vertu ther is,  
Bot yit the bokes tellen this,
That word above alle erthli things
Is vertuous in his doinges,
Wher so it be to evele or goode.
For if the wordes semen goode
And ben wel spoke at mannes Ere,
Whan that ther is no trouthe there,
Thei don fuloeste gret deceipte;
For whan the word to the conceipte
Descordeth in so double a wise,
Such Rethorique is to despise
In every place, and forto drede.
For of Uluxes thus I rede,
As in the bok of Troie is founde,
His eloquence and his facounde
Of goodly wordes whiche he tolde,
Hath mad that Anthenor him solde
The toun, which he with tresoun wan.
Word hath beguiled many a man;
With word the wilde beste is daunted,
With word the Serpent is enchaunted,
Of word among the men of Armes
Ben woundes heeled with the charmes,
Wher lacketh other medicine;
Word hath under his discipline
Of Sorcerie the karectes.
The wordes ben of sondri sectes,
Of evele and eke of goode also;
The wordes maken frend of fo,
And fo of frend, and pes of werre,
And werre of pes, and out of herre
The word this worldes cause entriketh,
And reconsileth whan him liketh.
The word under the coupe of hevene
Set every thing or odde or evene;
With word the hihe god is plesed,
With word the wordes ben appesed,
The softe word the loude stilleth;
Wher lacketh good, the word fulfilleth,
To make amendes for the wrong;
CONFESSIO AMANTIS

Whan wordes medlen with the song,
It doth plesance wel the more.
Bot forto loke upon the lore
Hou Tullius his Rethorique
Componeth, ther a man mai pike
Hou that he schal hise wordes sette,
Hou he schal lose, hou he schal knette,
And in what wise he schal pronounce
His tale plein withoute frounce.
Wherof ensample if thou wolt seche,
Tak hiede and red whilom the speche
Of Julius and Cithero,
Which consul was of Rome tho,
Of Catoun eke and of Cillene,
Behold the wordes hem betwene,
Whan the tresoun of Cateline
Descoevered was, and the covine
Of hem that were of his assent
Was knowe and spoke in parlement,
And axed hou and in what wise
Men scholde don hem to juise.
Cillenus ferst his tale tolde,
To trouthe and as he was beholde,
The comun profit forto save,
He seide hou tresoun scholde have
A cruel deth; and thus thei spliceke,
The Consul bothe and Catoun eke,
And seiden that for such a wrong
THER mai no peine be to strong.
Bot Julius with wordes wise
His tale tolde al otherwise,
As he which wolde her deth respite,
And fondeth hou he mihte excite
The jugges thurgh his eloquence
Fro deth to torne the sentence
And sette here hertes to pite.
Nou tolden thei, nou toldhe ;

1588 his lore A ... B
(Taak) AC, SB Take J, F
men A me M 1619 lugge AdBT
1589 his] le AdBT 1596 Tak
1597 and of AMR 1618 he]
Thei spieken pleyn after the lawe,
Bot he the wordes of his sawe
Coloureth in an other weie
Spekende, and thus betwen the tweie,
To trete upon this juggement,
Made ech of hem his Argument.
Wherof the tales forto hiere,
Ther mai a man the Scole liere
Of Rethoriqes eloquences,
Which is the secounde of sciences
Touchende to Philosophie;
Wherof a man schal justifie
Hise wordes in disputeisoun,
And knette upon conclusioun
His Argument in such a forme,
Which mai the pleine trouthe enforme
And the soubtil cautele abate,
Which every trewman schal debate.

vi Practica quemque statum pars tercia Philosophie
Ad regimen recte ducit in orbe vie:
Set quanto maior Rex est, tanto magis ipsum
Hec scola concernit, qua sua regna regul.

The ferste, which is Theorique,
And the secounde Rethorique,
Sciences of Philosophie,
I have hem told as in partie,
So as the Philosophre it tolde
To Alisandre: and nou I wolde
Telle of the thridde what it is,
The which Practique cleped is.

Practique stant upon thre thinges
Toward the governance of kinges;
Wherof the ferst Etique is named,
The whos science stant proclamed
To teche of vertu thilke reule,
Hou that a king himself schal reule
Of his moral condicion
With worthi disposicion
Of good livinge in his persone,
Which is the chief of his corone.
It makth a king also to lerne
Hou he his body schal governe,
Hou he schal wake, hou he schal slepe,
Hou that he schal his hele kepe
In mete, in drinke, in cloathinge eke:
Ther is no wisdom forto seke
As for the reule of his persone,
The which that this science al one
Ne techeth as be weie of kinde,
That ther is nothing left behinde.
That other point which to Practique
Belongeth is Iconomique,
Which techeth thilke honestete
Thurgh which a king in his degré
His wif and child schal reule and guie,
So forth with al the companie
Which in his houshold schal abyde,
And his astat on every syde
In such manere forto lede,
That he his houshold ne mislede.
Practique hath yit the thridde aprise,
Which techeth hou and in what wise
Thurgh hih pourveied ordinance
A king schal sette in governance
His Realme, and that is Policie,
Which longeth unto Regalie
In time of werre, in time of pes,
To worschip and to good encrease
Of clerk, of kniht and of Marchant,
And so forth of the remenant
Of al the comun poeple aboute,
Withinne Burgh and ek withoute,
Of hem that ben Artificiers,  
Whiche use craftes and mestiers,  
Whos Art is cleped Mechanique.  
And though thei ben noght alle like,  
Yit natheles, hou so it falle,  
O lawe mot governe hem alle,  
Or that thei lese or that thei winne,  
After thastat that thei ben inne.

Lo, thus this worthi yonge king 
Was fulli tauht of every thing,  
Which mihte yive entendement  
Of good reule and good regiment  
To such a worthi Prince as he.

Bot of verray necessite  
The Philosophre him hath betake 
Fyf pointz, whiche he hath undertake  
To kepe and holde in observance,  
As for the worthi governance  
Which longeth to his Regalie,  
After the reule of Policie.

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vii. Moribus ornatus regit hic qui regna moderna.  
Cercius expectat ceptra futura poli.  
Et quia veridica virtus supereminenet omnes,  
Regis ab ore boni fabula nulla sonat.

To every man behoveth lore,  
Bot to noman belongeth more  
Than to a king, which hath to lede  
The peuple; for of his kinghede  
He mai hem bothe save and spille.  
And for it stant upon his wille,  
It sit him wel to ben avised,  
And the vertus whiche are assissed  
Unto a kinges Regiment,  
To take in his entendement:  
Wherof to tellen, as thei stonde,  
Hierafterward nou woll I fonde.

---

Hic secundum Policiam tractare intendit  
precipue super quinque regularum Articulis,  
que ad Principis Regimen obseruande specialius existunt,  
quarum prima veritas nuncupatur. Perquam  
veridicus fit sermo Regis ad omnes.
CONFESSIO AMANTIS

Among the vertus on is chief,
And that is trouthe, which is lief
To god and ek to man also.
And for it hath ben evere so,
Tawhite Aristotle, as he wel couthe,
To Alisandre, hou in his youthe
He scholde of trouthe thilke grace
With al his hole herte embrace,
So that his word be trewe and plein,
Toward the world and so certein
That in him be no double speche:
For if men scholde trouthe seche
And founde it noght withinne a king,
It were an unsittende thing.
The word is tokne of that withinne,
Ther schal a worthi king beginne
To kepe his tunge and to be trewe,
So schal his pris ben evere newe.
Avise him every man tofore,
And be wel war, er he be swore,
For afterward it is to late,
If that he wolde his word debate.
For as a king in special
Above all othre is principal
Of his pouer, so scholde he be
Most vertuous in his degre;
And that mai wel be signefied
Be his corone and specified.
The gold betokneth excellence,
That men schull don him reverence
As to here liege sovereign.
The Stones, as the bokes sein,
Commended ben in treble wise:
Ferst thei ben harde, and thilke assisse
Betokeneth in a king Constance,
So that ther schal no variance
Be founde in his condicion;
And also be descripccion

Nota super hiis que in corona Regis designantur.
The vertu which is in the stones
A verrai Signe is for the nones
Of that a king schal ben honeste
And holde trewly his beheste
Of thing which longeth to kinghede:
The bryhte colour, as I rede,
Which in the stones is schynende,
Is in figure betoknende
The Cronique of this worldes fame,
Which stant upon his goode name.

Is tokne of al the lond withoute,
Which stant under his Gerarchie,
That he it schal wel kepe and guye.
And for that trouthe, hou so it falle,
Is the vertu soverain of alle,
That longeth unto regiment,
A tale, which is evident
Of trouthe in comendacioun,
Toward thin enfornacion,
Mi Sone, hierafter thou schalt hire
Of a Cronique in this matiere.

As the Cronique it doth reherce,
A Soldan whilom was of Perce,
Which Daires hihte, and Ytaspis
His fader was; and soth it is
That thurgh wisdom and hih prudence
Mor than for eny reverence
Of his lignage as be descente
The regne of thilke empire he hente:
And as he was himselfe wys,
The wisemen he hield in pris
And soghte hem oute on every side,
That toward him thei scholde abide.
Among the whiche thre ther were
That most service unto him bere,
As thei which in his chambre lyen
And al his conseil herde and syhen.
Here names ben of strange note,
Arpahges was the ferste hote,
And Manachaz was the secownde,
Zorobabel, as it is founde
In the Cronique, was the thridde.  
P. iii. 146

This Soldan, what so him betidde,
To hem he triste most of alle,
Wherof the cas is so befallen:
This lord, which hath conceipites depe,
Upon a nyht whan he hath slepe,
As he which hath his wit deseised,
Touchende a point hem hath opposed.

The kinges question was this;
Of thinges thre which strengest is,
The wyn, the womman or the king:
And that thei scholde upon this thing
Of here answere avised be,
He yaf hem fulli daies thre,
And hath behote hem be his feith
That who the beste reson seith,
He schal resceive a worthi mede.

Upon this thing thei token hiede
And stoden in desputeison,
That be diverse opinion
Of Argumentz that thei have holde
Arpahges ferst his tale tolde,
And seide hou that the strengthe of kinges
Is myhtiest of alle thinges.
For king hath pouer over man,
And man is he which reson can,
As he which is of his nature
The moste noble creature
Of alle tho that god hath wroght:
And be that skile it semeth noght,
He seith, that eny erthly thing

P. iii. 147
Mai be so myhty as a king.
A king mai spille, a king mai save,
A king mai make of lord a knave
And of a knave a lord also:
The pouer of a king stant so,
That he the lawes overpasseth;
What he wol make lasse, he lasseth,
What he wol make more, he moreth;
And as the gentil facon soreth,
He fleth, that noman him reclameth;
Bot he al one alle othre tameth,
And stant himself of lawe fre.
Lo, thus a kinges myht, seith he,
So as his reson can argue,
Is strengest and of most value.

Bot Manachaz seide otherwise,
That wyn is of the more emprise;
And that he scheweth be this weie.
The wyn fulofte takth aweie
The reson fro the mannes herte;
The wyn can make a krepel sterte,
And a delivere man unwelde;
It makth a blind man to behelde,
And a bryht yhed seme derk;
It makth a lewed man a clerk,
And fro the clerkes the clergie
It takth aweie, and couardie
It torneth into hardiesse;
Of Avarice it makth largesse.
The wyn makth ek the goode blod,
In which the Soule which is good
Hath chosen hire a resting place,
Whil that the lif hir wolc embrace.
And be this skile Manachas
Answered hath upon this cas,
And seith that wyn be weie of kinde
Is thing which mai the hertes binde
Well more than the regalie.

Zorobabel for his partie
Seide, as him thoghte for the beste,
That wommen ben the myhtieste.
The king and the vinour also
Of wommen comen bothe tuo;
And ek he seide hou that manhede
Thurgh strengthe unto the wommanhede
Of love, wher he wole or non,
Obeie schal; and therupon,
To schewe of wommen the maistrie,
A tale which he syh with yhe
As for ensample he tolde this,—

Hou Apemen, of Besazis
Which dowhter was, in the paleis
Sittende upon his hihe des,
Whan he was hotest in his ire
Toward the grete of his empire,
Cirus the king tirant sche tok,
And only with hire goodly lok
Sche made him debonaire and meke,
And be the chyn and be the cheke
Sche luggeth him riht as hir liste,
That nou sche japeth, nou sche kiste,
And doth with him what evere hir liketh;
Whan that sche loureth, thanne he siketh,
And whan sche gladeth, he is glad:
And thus this king was overlad
With hire which his lemmam was.
Among the men is no solas,
If that ther be no womman there;
For bot if that the wommen were,
This worldes joie were aweie:
Thurgh hem men finden out the weie
To knihthode and to worldes fame;
Thei make a man to drede shanche,
And honour forto be desired:
Thurgh the beaute of hem is fyred
The Dart of which Cupide throweth,
Wherof the jolif peine groweth,
Which al the world hath under fote. 
A womman is the mannes bote, 
His lif, his deth, his wo, his wel; 
And this thing mai be schewed wel, 
Hou that wommen ben goode and kinde, 
For in ensample this I finde.

Whan that the duk Ametus lay 
Sek in his bedd, that every day 
Men waiten when he scholde deie, 
Alceste his wif goth forto preie, 
As sche which wolde thonk deserve, 
With Sacrifice unto Minerve, 
To wite ansuere of the goddesse 
Hou that hir lord of his seknesse, 
Wherof he was so wo besein, 
Recovere myyte his hele ayein.

Lo, thus sche cride and thus sche preide, 
Til ate laste a vois hir seide, 
That if sche wolde for his sake 
The maladie soffe and take, 
And deie hirself, he scholde live. 
Of this ansuere Alceste hath yive 
Unto Minerve gret thonkinge, 
So that hir deth and his livinge 
Sche ches with al hire hole entente, 
And thus acorded hom sche wente. 
Into the chambre and whan sche cam, 
Hire housebonde anon sche nam 
In bothe hire Armes and him kiste, 
And spak unto him what hire liste; 
And therupon withinne a throwe 
This goode wif was overthrowe 
And deide, and he was hool in haste. 
So mai a man be reson taste, 
Hou next after the god above 
The trouthe of wommen and the love, 
In whom that alle grace is founde, 
Is myhtiest upon this grounde 
And most behovely manyfold.

Note de fidelitate
Coniugis, qualiter Alcesta vxor Ameti, vt maritum suum viuificaret, seipsam morti spontane subegit.

[King, Wine, Woman and Truth.]
Lo, thus Zorobabel hath told
The tale of his opinion:
Bot for final conclusion
What strengest is of erthli thinges,
The wyn, the wommen or the kinges,
He seith that trouthe above hem alle
Is myhtiest, hou evere it falle.
The trouthe, hou so it evere come,
Mai for nothing ben overcome;
It mai wel soffre for a throwe,
Bot ate laste it schal be knowe.
The proverbe is, who that is trewe,
Him schal his while nevere rewe:
For hou so that the cause wende,
The trouthe is schameles ate ende,
Bot what thing that is trouteles,
It mai noght wel be schameles,
And schame hindereth every wyht:
So proveth it, ther is no myht
Withoute trouthe in no degre.
And thus for trouthe of his decre
Zorobabel was most commended,
Wherof the question was ended,
And he resceived hath his mede
For trouthe, which to mannes nede
Is most behoveliche overal.
Forthi was trouthe in special
The ferste point in observance
Betake unto the governance
Of Alisandre, as it is seid:
For therupon the ground is leid
Of every kinges regiment,
As thing which most convenient
Is forto sette a king in evene
Bothe in this world and ek in hevene.

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The tale of his opinion:
Bot for final conclusion
What strengest is of erthli thinges,
The wyn, the wommen or the kinges,
He seith that trouthe above hem alle
Is myhtiest, hou evere it falle.
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Betake unto the governance
Of Alisandre, as it is seid:
For therupon the ground is leid
Of every kinges regiment,
As thing which most convenient
Is forto sette a king in evene
Bothe in this world and ek in hevene.
Next after trouthe the secounde,
In Policie as it is founde,
Which serveth to the worldes fame
In worschip of a kinges name,
Largesse it is, whos privilegge
Ther mai non Avarice abregge.
The worldes good was first comune,
Bot afterward upon fortune
Was thilke comun profit cessed:
For whan the poeple stod encresced
And the lignages waxen grete,
Anon for singuler beyete
Drouh every man to his partie;
Werof cam in the ferste envie
With gret debat and werres stronge,
And laste among the men so longe,
Til noman wiste who was who,
Ne which was frend ne which was so.
Til ate laste in every lond
Withinne hemself the poeple fond
That it was good to make a king,
Which mihte appesen al this thing
And yive riht to the lignages
In partinge of here heritages
And ek of al here other good;
And thus above hem alle stod
The king upon his Regalie,
As he which hath to justifie
The worldes good fro covoitise.
So sit it wel in alle wise
A king betwen the more and lesse
To sette his herte upon largesse
Toward himself and ek also
Toward his poeple; and if noght so,
That is to sein, if that he be

2015 bitwene (betwen) more AM . . . B2, Δ, WHs
Nota super hoc quod Aristotiles Alexandrum exemplificavit de exaccionibus Regis Chaldeorum.

Toward himselven large and fre
And of his poeple take and pile,
Largesse be no weie of skile
It mai be seid, bot Avarice,
Which in a king is a gret vice.
A king behoveth ek to fle
The vice of Prodegalite,
That he mesure in his expence
So kepe, that of indigence
He mai be sauf: for who that nedeth,
In al his werk the worse he spedeth.
As Aristotle upon Chaldee
Ensample of gret Auctorite
Unto king Alisandre tauhte
Of thilke folk that were unsauhte
Toward here king for his pilage:
Wherof he bad, in his corage
That he unto thre pointz entende,
Wher that he wolde his good despended.
Ferst scholde he loke, hou that it stod, P. iii. 154
That al were of his oghne good
The yiftes whiche he wolde yive;
So myhte he wel the betre live:
And ek he moste taken hiede
If ther be cause of eny nede,
Which oghte forto be defended,
Er that his goodes be despended:
He mot ek, as it is befalle,
Amonges othre thinges alle
Se the decertes of his men;
And after that thei ben of ken
And of astat .and of merite,
He schal hem largeliche aquite,
Or for the werre, or for the pes,
That non honour falle in descres,
Which mihte torne into defame,
Bot that he kepe his goode name,
So that he be noght holde unkinde.
For in Cronique a tale I finde,
Which spekth somdiel of this matiere, Hierafterward as thou schalt hier.

In Rome, to poursuie his riht, Ther was a worthi povere kniht, Which cam al one forto sein His cause, when the court was plein, Wher Julius was in presence. And for him lacketh of despence, Ther was with him non advocat To make ple for his astat.

Bot thogh him lacke forto plede, Him lacketh nothing of manhede; He wiste wel his pours was povere, Bot yit he thoghte his riht recovere, And openly poverte alleide, To themerour and thus he seide: 'O Julius, lord of the lawe, Behold, mi conseil is withdrawe For lacke of gold: do thin office After the lawes of justice: Help that I hadde conseil hier Upon the trouthe of mi matiere.' And Julius with that anon Assigned him a worthi on, Bot he himself no word ne spak. This kniht was wroth and fond a lak In themerour, and seide thus: 'O thou unkinde Julius, Whan thou in thi bataille were Up in Aufrique, and I was there, Mi myht for thi rescousse I dede And putte noman in my stede, Thou wost what woundes ther I hadde: Bot hier I finde thee so badde, That thee ne liste speke o word Thin oghne mouth, nor of thin hord

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**Note:** The text has been transcribed as accurately as possible, with the understanding that the original Latin is the primary language and English is provided as a translation. The transcription includes marginal notes and variants, which are explained in the margin.
To yive a florin me to helpe.  
Hou scholde I thanne me beyelpe  
Fro this dai forth of thi largesse,  
Whan such a gret unkindenesse  
Is founde in such a lord as thou?

This Julius knew wel ynoo  
That al was soth which he him tolde;  
And for he wolde noght ben holde  
Unkinde, he tok his cause on honde,  
And as it were of goddes sonde,  
He yaf him good ynoouh to spende  
For evere into his lives ende.  
And thus scholde every worthi king  
Take of his knihtes knowleching,  
Whan that he syh thei hadden nede,  
For every service axeth mede:  
Bot othre, whiche have noght deserved  
Thurgh vertu, bot of japes served,  
A king schal noght deserve grace,  
Thogh he be large in such a place.

It sit wel every king to have  
Discrecion, whan men him crave,  
So that he mai his yifte wite:  
Wherof I finde a tale write,  
Hou Cinichus a povere kniht  
A Somme which was over myht  
Preide of his king Antigonus.  
The king ansuerde to him thus,  
And seide hou such a yifte passeth  
His povere astat: and thanne he lasseth,  
And axeth bot a litel peny,  
If that the king wol yive him eny.  
The king ansuerde, it was to smal  
For him, which was a lord real;  
To yive a man so litel thing  
It were unworschipe in a king.  
Be this ensample a king mai lere
That forto yive is in manere:
For if a king his tresor lasseth
Withoute honour and thonkles passeth,
Whan he himself wol so beguile,
I not who schal compleigne his while,
Ne who be rihte him schal relieve.
Bot natheles this I believe,
To helpe with his oghne lond
Behoveth every man his hond
To sette upon necessite;
And ek his kinges realte
Mot every liege man conforte,
With good and bodi to supporte,
Whan thei se cause resonable:
For who that is noght entendable
To holde upriht his kinges name,
Him oghte forto be to blame.

Of Policie and overmore
To speke in this matiere more,
So as the Philosophre tolde,
A king after the reule is holde
To modifie and to adresce
Hise yiftes upon such largesse
That he mesure noght excede:
For if a king falle into nede,
It causeth ofte sondri thinges
Whiche are ungoodly to the kinges.
What man wol noght himself mesure, P. iii. 158
Men sen fuloste that mesure
Him hath forsake: and so doth he
That useth Prodegalite,
Which is the moder of povertye,
Wherof the londes ben deserte;
And namely whan thilke vice
Aboute a king stant in office
And hath withholde of his partie
The covoitouse flaterie,
CONFESSIO AMANTIS

Which many a worthi king deceiveth,
Er he the fallas aperceiveth
Of hem that serven to the glose.
For thei that cunnen plese and glose,
Ben, as men tellen, the norrices
Unto the fostringe of the vices,
Wherof fuloste natheles
A king is blamed gulteles.

A Philosophre, as thou schalt hiere,
Spak to a king of this matiere,
And seide him wel hou that flatours
Coupable were of thre errors.
On was toward the goddes hihe,
That weren wrothe of that thei sihe
The meschief which befalle scholde
Of that the false flatour tolde.
Toward the king an other was,
Whan thei be sleihte and be fallas
Of feigned wordes make him wene
That blak is whyt and blew is grene
Touchende of his condicion:
For whanne he doth extorcion
With manye an other vice mo,
Men schal noght finden on of tho
To groucche or speke therayen,
Bot holden up his oil and sein
That al is wel, what evere he doth;
And thus of fals thei maken soth,
So that here kinges yhe is blent
And wot not hou the world is went.
The thridde errour is harm comune,
With which the people mot commune
Of wronges that thei bringen inne:
And thus thei worchen treble sinne,
That ben flatours aboute a king.
Ther myhte be no worse thing
Aboute a kinges regalie,
Thanne is the vice of flaterie.

2198 not A, F nought S nought J, B 2199 margin Tercio contra populum om. B, W
And natheles it hath ben used,
That it was nevere yit refused
As forto speke in court real;
For there it is most special,
And mai noght longe be forbore.
Bot whan this vice of hem is bore,
That scholden the vertus forthbringe,
And trouthe is torned to lesinge,
It is, as who seith, ayein kinde,
Wherof an old ensample I finde.

Among these othre tales wise
Of Philosophres, in this wise
I rede, how whilom tuo ther were,
And to the Scole forto lere
Unto Athenes fro Cartage
Here frendes, whan thei were of Age,
Hem sende; and ther thei stoden longe,
Til thei such lore have underfonge,
That in here time thei surmonte
Alle othre men, that to acompte
Of hem was tho the grete fame.
The ferste of hem his rihte name
Was Diogenes thanne hote,
In whom was founde no riote:
His felaw Arisippus hyhte,
Which mochel couthe and mochel myhte.
Bot ate laste, soth to sein,
Thei bothe tornen hom ayein
Unto Cartage and scole lete.
This Diogenes no beyete

[Tale of Diogenes
and Aristippus.]
Of worldes good or lasse or more
Ne soghte for his longingh lore,
Bot tok him only forto duelle
At hom ; and as the bokes telle,
2240
His hous was nyh to the rivere
Besyde a bregge, as thou schalt hiere.
Ther duelleth he to take his reste,
So as it thoughte him for the beste,
To studie in his Philosophie,
As he which wolde so desie.
The worldes pompe on every syde.

Bot Arisippe his bok aside
Hath leid, and to the court he went, P. iii. 161
Wher many a wyle and many a wente 2250
With flaterie and wordes softe
He caste, and hath compassed ofte
Hou he his Prince myhte plesse ;
And in this wise he gat him ese
Of vein honour and worldes good.
The londes reule upon him stod,
The king of him was wonder glad,
And all was do, what thing he bad,
Bothe in the court and ek withoute.
2260
With flaterie he broghte aboute
His pourpos of the worldes werk,
Which was ayein the stat of clerk,
So that Philosophie he lefte
And to richesse himself upleste :
Lo, thus hadde Arisippe his wille.

Bot Diogenes duelt stille
At home and loked on his bok :
He soghte noght the worldes crok
For vein honour ne for richesse,
Bot all his hertes besinesse 2270
He settte to be vertuous ;
And thus withinne his oghne hous
He liveth to the sufficance
Of his havinge. And fell per chance,
This Diogene upon a day,
And that was in the Monthe of May,
Whan that these herbes ben holsome,
He walketh forto gadre some
In his gardin, of whiche his joutes
He thoghte have, and thus aboutes
Whanne he hath gadred what him liketh,
He satte him thanne doun and pyketh,
And wyssh his herbes in the flod
Upon the which his gardin stod,
Nyh to the bregge, as I tolde er.
And hapneth, whil he sitteth ther,
Cam Arisippes be the strete
With manye hors and routes grete,
And straught unto the bregge he rod,
Wher that he hoved and abod;
For as he caste his yhe nyh,
His felaw Diogene he syh,
And what he dede he syh also,
Wherof he seide to him so:
‘O Diogene, god thee spede.
It were certes litel nede
To sitte there and wortes pyke,
If thou thi Prince couthest lyke,
So as I can in my degre.’
‘O Arisippe,’ ayein quod he,
‘If that thou couthist, so as I,
Thi wortes pyke, trewely
It were als litel nede or lasse,
That thou so worldly wolt compasse
With flaterie forto serve,
Wherof thou thenkest to deserve
Thi princes thonk, and to pourchace
Hou thou myht stonden in his grace,
For getinge of a litel good.
If thou wolt take into thi mod
Reson, thou myht be reson deeme
That so thi prince forto queeme
CONFESSIO AMANTIS

Is nought to reson acordant,
Bot it is gretly discordant
Unto the Scoles of Athene.'
Lo, thus ansuerde Diogene
Ayein the clerkes flaterie.
    Bot yit men sen thessamplerie
Of Arisippe is wel received,
And thilke of Diogene is weyved.
Office in court and gold in cofre
Is nou, men sein, the philosophre
Which hath the worschipe in the halle;
Bot flaterie passeth alle
In chambre, whom the court avanceth;
For upon thilke lot it chanceth
To be beloved nou aday.
* I not if it be ye or nay,
Bot as the comun vois it telleth;
Bot wher that flaterie duelleth
In eny lond under the Sonne,
Ther is ful many a thing begonne

* I not if it be ye or nay.
    How Dante the poete answerde
To a flatour, the tale I herde.
    Upon a strif bitwen hem tuo
He seide him, 'Ther ben many mo
Of thy servantes than of myne.
For the poete of his covyne
Hath non that wol him clothe and fede.
But a flatour may reule and lede
A king with al his lond aboute.'
So stant the wise man in doute
Of hem that to folic drawe:
For such is now the newe lawe,
And as the comune vois it telleth,
Wher now that flaterie duelleth
In every lond etc. (as 2331 ff.)

2318 sein B  sayne W  2329 Bot] And AdBT A  2330 Bot
wher] And wher AM . . . B1  Wher now AdBT A  2331 every AdBT
2329*.2340* only in AdBT A (not SA)  2332* seid T  sayd B
Which were betre to be left; That hath be schewed nou and eft. Bot if a Prince wolde him reule Of the Romeins after the reule, In thilke time as it was used, This vice scholde be refused, Wherof the Princes ben assoted. Bot wher the pleine trouthe is noted, Ther may a Prince wel conceive, That he schal noght himsell deceive, Of that he hiereth wordes pleine; For him thar noght be reson pleigne, That warned is er him be wo. And that was fully proeved tho, Whan Rome was the worldes chief, The Sothseiere tho was lief, Which wolde noght the trouthe spare, Bot with his wordes pleine and bare To Themperour hise sothes tolde, As in Cronique is yit withholde, Hierafterward as thou schalt hier Acordende unto this matiere.

To se this olde ensamplerie, That whilom was no flaterie Toward the Princes wel I finde; Wherof so as it comth to mynde, Mi Sone, a tale unto thin Ere, Whil that the worthi princes were At Rome, I thanke forto tellen. For whan the chances so befallen
That eny Emperour as tho
Victoire hadde upon his fo,
And so forth cam to Rome ayein,
Of treble honour he was certein,
Wherof that he was magnifed.
The ferste, as it is specefied,
Was, whan he cam at thilke tyde,
The Charr in which he scholde ryde
Foure whyte Stiedes scholden drawe;
Of Jupiter he thilke lawe
The Cote he scholde were also;
Hise prisoners ek scholden go
Endlong the Charr on eyther hond,
And alle the nobles of the lond
Tofore and after with him come
Ridende and broghten him to Rome,
In thonk of his chivalerie
And for non other flaterie.
And that was schewed forth withal;
Wher he sat in his Charr real,
Beside him was a Ribald set,
Which hadde hise wordes so beset,
To themperour in al his gloire  P. iii. 166
He seide, ‘Tak into memoire,
For al this pompe and al this pride
Let no justice gon aside,
Bot know thiself, what so befalle.
For men sen ofte time falle
Thing which men wende siker stonde:
Thogh thou victoire have nou on honde,
Fortune mai noght stonde alway;
The whiel per chance an other day
Mai torne, and thou myht overthrowe;
Ther lasteth nothing bot a throwe.’
With these wordes and with mo
This Ribald, which sat with him tho,
To Themperour his tale tolde:

2363 eny om. AM  2376 of loond A  2377 margin fortunata
A...B  2378 margin fuerit] fuit B  sint H1...L  2379
margin forte om. AM tokne S...A  2384 word(e) AMXLB2
And overmore what ever he wolde,
Or were it evel or were it good,
So plieynly as the trouthe stod,
He spareth noght, bot spekth it oute;
And so myhte every man aboute
The day of that solemnate
His tale telle als well as he
To Themperour al openly.
And al was this the cause why;
That whil he stod in that noblesse,
He scholde his vanite represse
With suche wordes as he herde.

Lo nou, hou thilke time it ferde
Toward so hih a worthi lord:
For this I finde ek of record,
Which the Cronique hath auctorized.
What Emperour was entronized,
The ferste day of his corone,
Wher he was in his real Throne
And hield his feste in the paleis
Sittende upon his hihe deis
With al the lust that mai be gete,
Whan he was gladdest at his mete,
And every mensral hadde pleid,
And every Disour hadde seid
What most was plesant to his Ere,
Than ate laste komen there
Hise Macons, for thei scholden crave
Wher that he wolde be begrave,
And of what Ston his sepulture
Thei scholden make, and what sculpture
He wolde ordeine therupon.
Tho was ther flaterie non

2409 that] his B 2412 it om. J, AdBT 2414 ff. margin
Hic eciam—reprimeret] Hic ponit exemplum super eodem; et narrat quod eodem die quo imperator intronizatus est in palacio suo regio ad consilium in majori leticia sedisset, ministri sui sculptores coram ipso procederent alta voce dicentes, 'O imperator, dic nobis cuius formae et vbi tumbam sculpture tue faciemus,' vt sic morte remorsus huius vite blandiciones obtemeraret. SBAΔA but procederant SBA (Lat. om. AdT) 2424 Disour] Gestour AM... B2 2428 be om. AM
The worthi princes to bejape; 
The thing was other wise schape
With good conseil; and otherwise
Thei were hemselven thanne wise,
And understoden wel and knewen.
Whan suche softe wyndes blewen
Of flaterie into here Ere,
Thei setten noght here hertes there;
Bot whan thei herden wordes feigned,
The pleine trouthe it hath desdeigned
Of hem that weren so discrete.
So tok the flatour no beyete
Of him that was his prince tho:
And forto proven it is so,
A tale which befell in dede
In a Cronique of Rome I rede.

Cesar upon his real throne
Wher that he sat in his persone
And was hyest in al his pris,
A man, which wolde make him wys,
Fell doun knelende in his presence,
And dede him such a reverence,
As thogh the hihe god it were:
Men hadden gret mervaille there
Of the worschiepe which he dede.
This man aros fro thilke stede,
And forth with al the same tyde
He goth him up and be his side
He set him doun as pier and pier,
And seide, 'If thou that sittest hier
Art god, which alle thinges myht.
Thanne have I do worschipé arihnt
As to the god; and other wise,
If thou be noght of thilke assisse,
Bot art a man such as am I,
Than mai I sitte faste by,

2434 thing] king B2, AdBT
2460 be one, AM
2444 Tho took AdB Sto cok '1
2461 as] and A
2464 do worschipé] worschiped AdBT
For we be bothen of o kinde.'

Cesar ansuerde and seide, 'O blinde,
Thou art a fol, it is wel sene
Upon thisel: for if thou wene
I be a god, thou dost amys
To sitte wher thou sest god is;
And if I be a man, also
Thou hast a gret folie do,
When thou to such on as schal deie
The worschipe of thi god aweie
Hast yoven so unworthely.
Thus mai I prove redely,
Thou art noght wys.' And thei that herde
Hou wysly that the king ansuerde,
It was to hem a newe lore;
Wherof thei dradden him the more,
And broghten nothing to his Ere,
Bot if it trouthe and reson were.
So be ther manye, in such a wise
That feignen wordes to be wise,
And al is verray flaterie
To him which can it wel aspie.

The kinde flatour can noght love
Bot forto bringe himself above;
For hou that evere his maister fare,
So that himself stonde out of care,
Him reccheth noght: and thus fulofte
Deceived ben with wordes softe
The kinges that ben innocent.
Wherof as for chastiement
The wise Philosophre seide,
What king that so his tresor leide
Upon such folk, he hath the lesse,
And yit ne doth he no largesse,
Bot harmeth with his oghne hond
Himself and ek his oghne lond,
And that be many a sondri weie.
Wherof if that a man schal seie,
As forto speke in general,
CONFESSION AMANTIS

Wher such thing falleth overal
That eny king himself misreule,
The Philosophre upon his reule
In special a cause sette,
Which is and evere hath be the lette
In governance aboute a king
Upon the meschief of the thing,
And that, he seith, is Flaterie.
Wherof tofore as in partie
What vice it is I have declared;
For who that hath his wit bewared
Upon a flatour to believe,
Whan that he weneth best achieve
His goode world, it is most fro.
And forto proeven it is so
Ensamples ther ben manyon,
Of whiche if thou wolt knowen on,
It is behovely forto hiere
What whilom fell in this matiere.

Among the kinges in the bible
I finde a tale, and is credible,
Of him that whilom Achab hihte,
Which hadde al Irahel to rihte;
Bot who that couthe glose softe
And flatre, suche he sette alofte
In gret astat and made hem riche;
Bot thei that spieken wordes liche
To trouthe and wolde it noght forbere,
P. iii. 171
For hem was non astat to bere,
The court of suche tok non hiede.
Til ate laste upon a nede,
That Benedab king of Surie
Of Irahel a gret partie,
Which Ramoth Galaath was hote,
Hath sesed; and of that riote
He tok conseil in sondri wise,
Bot noght of hem that weren wise.

Ahab and Micaiah.

Hie loquitur vriterius
de consilio adulantium,
quorum fabulis principis aures organizate
veritatibus auditum capere nequint. Et narrat exemplum de
Rege Achab, qui pro eo quod ipse prophesias fidelis Michee
recusauit blandieisque adulantis Zedechie adhessit, Rex
Sirie Benedab in campo bellator ipsum divino iudicio deuctum
interfect.

2530 Irahel (Israel) J, S, FK rest Israel
2536 margin adulatis
A . . B 2540 Irahel (Israel) AJ, S, FK rest Israel
And natheles upon this cas
To strengthen him, for Josaphas,
Which thanne was king of Judee,
He sende forto come, as he
Which thurgh frendschipe and alliance
Was next to him of aqwaintance;
For Joram Sone of Josaphath
Achabbes dowhter wedded hath,
Which hihte faire Godelie.
And thus cam into Samarie
King Josaphat, and he fond there
The king Achab: and whan thei were
Togedre spekende of this thing,
This Josaphat seith to the king,
Hou that he wolde gladly hire
Som trew prophete in this matiere,
That he his conseil myhte yive
To what point that it schal be drive.
And in that time so befell,
Ther was such on in Irahel,
Which sette him al to flaterie,
And he was cleped Sedechie;
And after him Achab hath sent:
And he at his comandement
Tofore him cam, and be a sleyhte
He hath upon his heved on heyhte
Tuo large hornes set of bras,
As he which al a flatour was,
And goth rampende as a leoun
And caste his hornes up and doun,
And bad men ben of good espeir,
For as the hornes percen their,
He seith, withoute resistence,
So wiste he wel of his science
That Benedab is desconfit.
Whan Sedechie upon this plit
Hath told this tale to his lord,
Anon ther were of his acord
Prophetes false manye mo
To bere up oil, and alle tho
Affermen that which he hath told,
Wherof the king Achab was bold
And yaf hem yiftes al aboute.
But Josaphat was in gret doute,
And hield fantosme al that he herde,
Preiende Achab, hou so it ferde,
If ther were eny other man,
The which of prophecie can,
To hiere him speke er that thei gon.
Quod Achab thanne, 'Ther is on,
A brothell, which Micheas hihte;  
P. iii. 173
Bot he ne comth noght in my sihte,
For he hath longe in prison lein.
Him liketh nevere yit to sein
A goodly word to mi plesance;
And natheles at thin instance
He schal come oute, and thanne he may
Seie as he seide many day;
For yit he seide nevere wel.'
Tho Josaphat began somdel
To gladen him in hope of trouthe,
And bad withouten eny slouthe
That men him scholden fette anon.
And thei that weren for him gon,
Whan that thei comen wher he was,
Thei tolden unto Micheas
The manere hou that Sedechie
Declared hath his prophecie;
And therupon thei preie him faire
That he wol seie no contreire,
Wherof the king mai be desplesed,
For so schal every man ben esed,
And he mai helpe himselfe also.
Micheas upon trouthe tho
His herte sette, and to hem seith,
Al that belongeth to his feith
And of non other feigned thing,
That wol he telle unto his king, 
Als fer as god hath yove him grace. 
Thus cam this prophete into place 
Wher he the kinges wille herde; 
And he therto anon ansuerde, 
And seide unto him in this wise: 
'Mi liege lord, for mi servise, 
Which trewe hath stonden evere yit, 
Thou hast me with prisone aquit; 
Bot for al that I schal noght glose 
Of trouthe als fer as I suppose; 
And as touchende of this bataille, 
Thou schalt noght of the sothe faile. 
For if it like thee to hire, 
As I am tauht in that matiere, 
Thou miht it understonde sone; 
Bot what is afterward to done 
Avise thee, for this I sih. 
I was tofor the throne on hih, 
Wher al the world me thoghte stod, 
And there I herde and understod 
The vois of god with wordes cliere 
Axende, and seide in this manere: 
"In what thing mai I best beguile 
The king Achab?" And for a while 
Upon this point thei spieken faste. 
Tho seide a spirit ate laste, 
"I undertake this emprise." 
And god him axeth in what wise. 
"I schal," quod he, "deceive and lye 
With flaterende prophecie 
In suche mouthes as he lieveth." 
And he which alle thing achieveth 
Bad him go forth and don riht so. 
And over this I sih also 
The noble peple of Irahel 
Dispers as Schep upon an hell,
Withoute a kepere unarraigd:
And as thei wente aboute astraid,
I herde a vois unto hem sein,
"Goth hom into your hous ayein,
Til I for you have betreordeigned."

Quod Sedechie, 'Thou hast feigned
This tale in angringe of the king.'
And in a wraththe upon this thing
He smot Michee upon the cheke;
The king him hath rebuked eke,
And every man upon him cride:
Thus was he schent on every side,
Ayein and into prison lad,
For so the king himselfe bad.
The trouthe myhte nought ben herd;
Bot afterward as it hath ferd,
The dede proveth his entente:
Achab to the bataille wente,
Wher Benedab for al his Scheld
Him slouh, so that upon the feld
His poeple goth aboute astray.
Bot god, which alle things may,
So doth that thei no meschief have;
Here king was ded and thei ben save,
And hom ayein in goddes pes
Thei wente, and al was founde les
That Sedechie hath seid tofore.

So sit it wel a king therfore
To loven hem that trouthe mene;
For ate laste it wol be sene
That flaterie is nothing worth.
Bot nou to mi matiere forth,
As forto speken overmore
After the Philosophres lore,
The thridde point of Policie
I thenke forto specifie.

The Third Point of Policy. Justice.] ix. Propter transgressos leges statuuntur in orbe, Ut vivant iusti Regis honore virt.
Lex sine iusticia populum sub principis umbra.

Deniät, ut rectum nemo videbit iter.

What is a lond wher men ben none?
What ben the men whiche are al one
Withoute a kingses governance?
What is a king in his ligance,
Wher that ther is no lawe in londe?
What is to take lawe on honde,
Bot if the jugges weren trewe?
These olde worldes with the newe
Who that wol take in evidence,
Ther mai he se theexperience,
What thing it is to kepe lawe,
Thurgh which the wronges ben withdrawe
And rihtwisnesse stant commended,
Wherof the regnes ben amended.
For wher the lawe mai comune
The lorde forth with the commune,
Ech hath his propre duete;
And ek the kingses realte
Of bothe his worschip underfongeth,
To his astat as it belongeth,
Which of his hihe worthinesse
Hath to governe rihtwisnesse,
As he which schal the lawe guide.
And natheles upon som side
His pouer stant above the lawe,
To yive bothe and to withdrawe
The forfeit of a mennes lif;
But thinges whiche are excessif
Ayein the lawe, he schal noght do
For love ne for hate also.

The myhtes of a king ben grete,
Bot yit a worthi king schal lete
Of wrong to don, al that he myhte;
For he which schal the poeple ryhte,
It sit wel to his regalie
That he himself first justifie

Hic tractat de tercia Principum regiminis Policia, que iusticia nominata est, cuius condicio legibus incorrupta unicumque quod suum est equo pondere distribuit.

Imperatoriam majestatem non solum armis, set eciam legibus oportet esse arimatam.
Towardes god in his degre:
For his astat is elles fre
Toward alle othre in his persone,
Save only to the god al one,
Which wol himself a king chastise,
Wher that non other mai suffise.
So were it good to taken hiede
That ferst a king his oghne dede
Betwen the vertu and the vice
Redresce, and thanne of his justice
So sette in evene the balance
P. iii. 178

Towardes othre in governance,
That to the povere and to the riche
Hise lawes myghten stonde liche,
He schal excepte no persone.
Bot for he mai noght al him one
In sondri places do justice,
He schal of his real office
With wys consideracion
Ordeigne his deputacion
Of suche jugges as ben lerned,
So that his poeple be governed
Be hem that trewe ben and wise.
For if the lawe of covoitise
Be set upon a jugges hond,
Wo is the poeple of thilke lond,
For wrong mai noght himselfen hyde:
Bot elles on that other side,
If lawe stonde with the riht,
The poeple is glad and stant upriht.
Wher as the lawe is resonable,
The comun poeple stant menable,
And if the lawe torne amis,
The poeple also mistorned is.

And in ensample of this matiere
Of Maximin a man mai hierc,
Of Rome which was Emperor,
That whanne he made a governour
Be weie of substitucion
Of Province or of region,
He wolde first enquire his name,
And let it openly proclame
What man he were, or evel or good.
And upon that his name stod
Enclin to vertu or to vice,
So wolde he sette him in office,
Or elles putte him al aweie.
Thus hield the lawe his rihte weie,
Which fond no let of covoitise:
The world stod than upon the wise,
As be ensample thou myht rede;
And hold it in thi mynde, I rede.

In a Cronique I finde thus,
Hou that Gayus Fabricius,
Which whilom was Consul of Rome,
Be whom the lawes yede and come,
Whan the Sampnites to him broghte
A somme of gold, and him besoghte
To don hem favour in the lawe,
Toward the gold he gan him drawe,
Wherof in alle mennes lok
A part up in his hond he tok,
Which to his mouth in alle haste
He putte, it forto smelle and taste,
And to his yhe and to his Ere,
Bot he ne fond no confort there:
And thanne he gan it to despise,
And tolde unto hem in this wise:
‘I not what is with gold to thrive,
Whan non of all my wittes fyve
Fynt savour ne delit therinne.
So is it bot a nyce Sinne
Of gold to ben to covoitous;
Bot he is riche and glorious,

[Justice of Maximin.]
qui cum alciuus provincia custodem sibi substituere volebat, primo de sui nominis fama proclamacione facta ipsius conditionem diligenciam inuestigabat.

[Hicponitexemplum de iudicibus incorruptis. Et narrat qualiter GayusFabriciusnuper Rome Consul aurum a Sampnitibus sibi oblatum renuit, dicens quod nobiliss est aurum possidentes dominio subiugare, quam ex auri cupiditate dominii libertatem amittere.

2792 in to his
Which hath in his subjeccion
Tho men whiche in possession
Ben riche of gold, and be this skile;
For he mai aldai whan he wile,
Or be hem lieve or be hem lothe,
Justice don upon hem bothe.'
Lo, thus he seide, and with that word
He threw tofore hem on the bord
The gold out of his hond anon,
And seide hem that he wolde non:
So that he kepte his liberte
To do justice and equite,
Withoute lucre of such richesse.
Ther be nou fewe of suche, I gesse;
For it was thilke times used,
That every jugge was refused
Which was noght frend'to comun riht;
Bot thei that wolden stonde upriht
For trouthe only to do justice
Preferred were in thilke office
To deme and jugge commun lawe:
Which nou, men sein, is al withdrawe.
To sette a lawe and kepe it noght
Ther is no comun profit soght;
Bot above alle matheles
The lawe, which is mad for pes,
Is good to kepe for the beste,
For that set alle men in reste.

The rihtful Emperour Conrade
To kepe pes such lawe made,
That non withinne the cite
In destorbance of unite
Dorste ones mocven a matiere.
For in his time, as thou myht hierc,
What point that was for lawe set
It scholde for no gold be let,
To what persone that it were.

2806 whiche AJ, B which C, F 2814 non] anon MCB2 (p, m.)
gon E 2840 good AdBT
And this broghte in the comun fere,  
Why every man the lawe dradde,  
For ther was non which favour hadde.  

So as these olde bokes sein,  
I finde write hou a Romein,  
Which Consul was of the Pretoire,  
Whos name was Carmidotoire,  
He sette a lawe for the pes,  
That non, bot he be wepenles,  
Schal come into the conseil hous,  
And elles as malicious  
He schal ben of the lawe ded.  
To that statut and to that red  
Acorden alle it schal be so,  
For certein cause which was tho:  
Nou lest what fell therafter sone.  
This Consul hadde forto done,  
And was into the feldes ride;  
And thei him hadden longe abide,  
That lordes of the conseil were,  
And for him sende, and he cam there  
With swerd begert, and hath foryete,  
Til he was in the conseil sete.  
Was non of hem that made speche,  
Til he himself it wolde seche,  
And fond out the defalte himselfe;  
And thanne he seide unto the twelve,  
Whiche of the Senat weren wise,  
‘I have deserved the juise,  
In haste that it were do.’  
And thei him seiden alle no;  
For wel thei wiste it was no vice,  
Whan he ne thoghte no malice,  
Bot onliche of a litel slouthe:  
And thus thei leften as for routhe
To do justice upon his gilt,
For that he scholde noght be spilt.
And whanne he sith the maner hou
Thei wolde him save, he made avou
With manfull herte, and thus he seide,
That Rome scholde nevere abreide
His heires, whan he were of dawe,
That here Ancestre brak the lawe.
Forthi, er that thei weren war,
Forth with the same swerd he bar
The statut of his lawe he kepte,
So that al Rome his deth bewepte. (2900*)

In other place also I rede,
Wher that a jugge his oghne dede
Ne wol noght venge of lawe broke,
The king it hath himselven woke.
The grete king which Cambises
Was hote, a jugge laweles
He fond, and into remembrance
He dede upon him such vengance:
Out of his skyn he was bef lain
Al quyk, and in that wise slaine,
So that his skyn was schape al meete,
And nayled on the same seete
Wher that his Sone scholde sitte.
Avise him, if he wolde flitte
The lawe for the coveitise,
Ther sith he redi his juise.

Thus in defalte of other jugge
The king mot otherwhile jugge,
To holden up the rihte lawe.
And forto speke of thold dawe,
To take ensample of that was tho,
I finde a tale write also,
Hou that a worthi prince is holde
The lawes of his lond to holde,
Ferst for the hihe goddes sake,
And ek for that him is betake

2887 he om. B 2900 vpon H1... B2 (2889-2916 om. R)
The poeple forto guide and lede,
Which is the charge of his kinghede.

In a Cronique I rede thus
Of the rihtful Ligurgius,
Which of Athenis Prince was,
Hou he the lawe in every cas,
Wherof he scholde his poeple reule,
Hath set upon so good a reule,
In al this world that cite non
Of lawe was so wel begon
Forth with the trouthe of governance.
Ther was among hem no distance,
Bot every man hath his encress
Ther was withoute werre pes,
Withoute envie stod;
Richesse upon the comun good
And noght upon the singuler
Ordeigned was, and the powr
Of hem that weren in astat
Was sauf: wherof upon debat
Ther stod nothing, so that in reste
Mihte every man his herte reste.
And whan this noble rihtful king
Sih hou it ferde of al this thing,
Wherof the poeple stod in ese,
He, which for evere wolde plese
The hihe god, whos thonk he soghte,
A wonder thing thanne him bethoghte,
And schop if that it myhte be,
Hou that his lawe in the cite
Mihte afterward for evere laste.
And therupon his wit he caste
What thing him were best to feigne,
That he his pourpos myhte atteigne.
A Parlement and thus he sette,
His wisdom wher that he besette
In audience of grete and smale,
And in this wise he tolde his tale:
‘God wot, and so ye witen alle,
Hierafterward hou so it falle,
Yit into now my will hath be
To do justice and equite
In forthringe of comun profit;
Such hath ben evere my delit.
Bot of o thing I am beknowe,
The which mi will is that ye knowe:
The lawe which I tok on honde,
Was altogedre of goddes sonde
And nothing of myn oghne wit;
So mot it nede endure yit,
And schal do lengere, if ye wile.
For I wol telle you the skile;
The god Mercurius and no man
He hath me tawht al that I can
Of suche lawes as I made,
Wherof that ye ben alle glade;
It was the god and nothing I,
Which dede al this, and nou forthi
He hath comanded of his grace
That I schal come into a place
Which is forein out in an yle;
Wher I mot tarie for a while,
With him to speke, as he hath bede.
For as he seith, in thilke stede
He schal me suche thinges telle,
That evere, whyl the world schal duelle,
Athenis schal the betre fare.
Bot ferst, er that I thider fare,
For that I wolde that mi lawe
Amonges you ne be withdrawe
Ther whyles that I schal ben oute,
Forthi to setten out of doute
Bothe you and me, this wol I preie,
That ye me wolde assure and seie
With such an oth as I wol take,
That ech of you schal undertake
Mi lawes forto kepe and holde.'
Thei seiden alle that thei wolde,
And therupon thei swore here oth,
That fro the time that he goth,
Til he to hem be come ayein,
Thei scholde hise lawes wel and plein
In every point kepe and fulfille.
   Thus hath Ligurgius his wille,
   And tok his leve and forth he wente.
Bot lest nou wel to what entente
Of rihtwisnesse he dede so:
For after that he was ago,
He schop him nevere to be founde;
So that Athenis, which was bounde,
Nevere after scholde be relessed,
Ne thilke goode lawe cessed,
Which was for comun profit set.
And in this wise he hath it knet;
He, which the comun profit soghte,
The king, his oghne astat ne roghte;
To do profit to the comune,
He tok of exil the fortune,
And lefte of Prince thilke office
Only, for love and for justice,
Thurgh which he thoghte, if that he myhte,
For evere after his deth to rihte
The cite which was him betake.
Wherof men oghte ensample take
The goode lawes to avance
With hem which under governance
The lawes have forto kepe;
For who that wolde take kepe
Of hem that ferst the lawes founde,
Als fer as lasteth eny bounde
Of lond, here names yit ben knowe:
And if it like thee to knowe

2993 swere Hi ... Bz, Aq, WK
AM ... Bz
S resumes 3020 which AC, S, F whiche B
3000 lest] heer (here)
Some of here names hou thei stonde,
Nou herkne and thou schalt understande.
Of every bienfet the merite
The god himself it wol aqueite;
And ek fuloite it falleth so,
The world it wole aqueite also,
Bot that mai noght ben evene liche:
The god he yifth the heveneriche,
The world yifth only bot a name,
Which stant upon the goode fame
Of hem that don the goode dede.
And in this wise double mede
Resceiven thei that don wel hiere;
Wherof if that thee list to hiere
After the fame as it is blowe,
Ther myht thou wel the sothe knowe,
Hou thilke honeste besinesse
Of hem that ferst for rihtwisnesse
Among the men the lawes made,
Mai nevere upon this erthe fade.
For evere, whil ther is a tunge,
Here name schal be rad and sunge
And holde in the Cronique write;
So that the men it scholden wite,
To speke good, as thei wel oghten,
Of hem that ferst the lawes soghten
In forthringel of the worldes pes.
Unto thebreus was Moïses
The ferste, and to thegipciens
Mercurius, and to Troiens
Ferst was Neuma Pompilius,
To Athenes Ligurgius
Yaf ferst the lawe, and to Gregois
Foroneïus hath thilke vois,
And Romulus to the Romeins.
For suche men that ben vileins
The lawe in such a wise ordeigneth,
That what man to the lawe pleigneth,
Be so the jugge stonde upriht,  
He schal be served of his riht.  
And so ferforth it is befalle  
That lawe is come among ous alle:  
God lieve it mote wel ben holde,  
As every king thereto is holde;  
For thing which is of kinges set,  
With kinges oghte it noght be let.  
What king of lawe takth no kepe,  
Be lawe he mai no regne kepe.  
Do lawe awey, what is a king?  
Wher is the riht of eny thing,  
If that ther be no lawe in londe?  
This oghte a king wel understonde,  
As he which is to lawe swore,  
That if the lawe be forbore  
Withouten execucioun,  
It makth a lond torne up so doun,  
Which is unto the king a sclandre.  
Forthi unto king Alisandre  
The wise Philosophre bad,  
That he himselfe ferst be lad  
Of lawe, and forth thanne overal  
So do justice in general,  
That al the wyde lond aboute  
The justice of his lawe doute,  
And thanne schal he stonde in reste.  
For therto lawe is on the beste  
Above alle other erthly thing,  
To make a liege drede his king.  
Bot hou a king schal gete him love  
Toward the hihe god above,  
And ek among the men in erthe,  
This nexte point, which is the ferthe  
Of Aristotles lore, it techeth:  
Wherof who that the Scole secheth,  
What Policie that it is  
The bok reherceth after this.

3086 he lad AM, Δ he bad B2  
3088 To do H1 . . . B2
CONFESSIO AMANTIS

x. \textit{Nil racionis habens \textit{vbi} velle tirannica regna}
   \textit{Stringit, amor populi transiet exul \textit{ibi}.}
\textit{Set Pietas, regnum que conservabit in eum;}
\textit{Non tantum \textit{populo}, set placet illa deo.}

It nedeth noght that I delate
The pris which preised is algate,
And hatth ben eve and evere schal,
Wherof to speke in special,
It is the vertu of Pite,
Thurgh which the hihe margeste
Was sterct, whan his Sone alyhte,
And in pite the world to rihte
Tok of the Maide fleishh and blod.
Pite was cause of thilke good,
Wherof that we ben alle save:
Wel oghte a man Pite to have
And the vertu to sette in pris,
When he himself which is al wys
Hath schewed why it schal be preised.
Pite may noght be conterpeised
Of tirannie with no peis;
For Pite makth a king courteis
Bothe in his word and in his dede.

It sit wel every liege drede
His king and to his heste obeie,
And riht so be the same weie
It sit a king to be pitous
Toward his poeple and gracious
Upon the reule of governance,
So that he worche no vengeance,
Which mai be cleped crualue.
Justice which doth equite
Is dredfull, for he noman spareth;
Bot in the lond wher Pite fareth
The king mai nevere faile of love,
For Pite thurgh the grace above,
So as the Philosophre affermeth,

\textit{Latin Verses} x. 2 \textit{vbi} H₁ \ldots B₂
\begin{align*}
3110 \, \textit{margin} & \text{graciosius} \, H₁ \ldots B₂, \, W \quad 3122 \, \textit{margin} & \text{Nota F} \quad 3135 \, \text{Philosophre\textsuperscript{\texttt{\textbackslash}} holy book BTA}
\end{align*}
LIBER SEPTIMUS

His regne in good astat confermeth.*
Thus seide whilom Constantin:
‘What Emperour that is enclin

Thapostle James in this wise
Seith, what man scholde do juise,
And hath not pite forth with al,
The doom of him which demeth al
He may himself fulsore drede,
That him schal lakke upon the nede
To fynde pite, whan he wolde:
For who that pite wol biholde,—
It is a poynt of Cristes lore.
And for to loken overmore,
It is bihovely, as we fynde,
To resoun and to lawe of kynde.

Cassodorus. Vbi regnat pietas, consolatur regnum.
Tullius. Quipietate vincitur scutum victorie merito gestabit.

Valerius narrat quod cum rex Alexander in ira sua quemdam militem morti condempnasset, et ille appelauit, dixit rex, ‘In terra nullus maior me est: ad quem ergo appellass?’ Respondit miles, ‘Non a maestate tua, set a sentencia ire tue tantum ad pietatem tuam appello.’ Et sic rex pietate motus ipsum in misericordiam benignissime susceptit.

3137-3162 Placed after 3360* in SA
3149*-3160* Only in BTA (Ad defective). Text follows B
scholde] pat scholde T 3163* his tale T
[Pity.] probat, qui seruam pietatis se facit.'

Troianus ait, quod ipse subditos suos solite pietatis fauore magis quam austeritatis rigore regere, corumque benevolenciam pocius quam timorem pene se attractare proponebat.

To Pite forto be servant,
Of al the worldes remenant
He is worthi to ben a lord.'

In olde bokes of record
This finde I write of essamplaire:
Troian the worthi debonaire,
Be whom that Rome stod governed,
Upon a time as he was lemed
Of that he was to familiar,
He seide unto that conseiller,
That forto ben an Emperour
His will was noght for vein honour,
Ne yit for reddour of justice;
Bot if he myhte in his office
Hise lordes and his poeple plese,
Him thoghte it were a grettere ese
With love here hertes to him drawe,
Than with the drede of eny lawe.
For whan a thing is do for doute,
Fulofte it comth the worse aboute;
Bot wher a king is Pietous,
He is the more gracious,
That mochel thrift him schal betyde,
Which elles scholde torne aside.*

Of Pite forto speke pleaun, P. iii. 198, l. 17
Which is with mercy wel benein,

*To do pite support and grace,
The Philosophre upon a place
In his writinge of daies olde
A tale of gret essample tolde
Unto the king of Macedoine:
How betwen Kaire and Babeloine,
Whan comen is the somer heete,
It hapneth tuo men forto meete,
LIBER SEPTIMUS

Fulofte he wole himselfe peine
To kepe an other fro the peine:
For Charite the moder is
Of Pite, which nothing amis
Can soffe, if he it mai amende.

As thei scholde entren in a pas,
Wher that the wylderness was.
And as they wenten forth spekende
Under the large wodes ende,
That o man axeth of that other:
‘What man art thou, mi lieve brother?
Which is thi creance and thi feith?’
‘I am paien,’ that other seith,
‘And be the lawe which I use
I schal noght in mi feith refuse
To loven alle men aliche,
The povere bothe and ek the riche:
Whan thei ben glade I schal be glad,
And sori when thei ben bestad;
So schal I live in unite
With every man in his degre.
For riht as to miself I wolde,
Riht so toward alle othre I scholde
Be gracious and debonaire.
Thus have I told thee softe and faire
Mi feith, mi lawe, and mi creance;
And if thee list for acquaintance,
Now tell what maner man thou art.’
And he ansuerde upon his part:
‘I am a Jew, and be mi lawe
I schal to noman be felawe
To kepe him trowthe in word ne dede,
Bot if he be withoute drede
A verrai Jew riht as am I:
For elles I mai trevely

[Tale of Codrus.]

Nota hic de Princpis pietate erga populum, vbi narrat quod, cum Codrus Rex Athenarum contra Dorences bellum gerere de-

[Tale of the Jew and the Pagan.]
sertum itinerando ipsum de secta et fide sua strictius interrogavit. Qui respondens ait: ‘Paganus sum et fides mea hic est, vt omnes vno animo diligam et penes vnumque tempore necessitatis pietatem pro possesemo excercam.’
Cui Judeus: ‘Permitte me ergo, qui lassatus itinere deficio, aliquan tum equitare, et tu respectu pietatis ob meam recreacionem pedibus pro tempore incedas.’
Et talia factum est, vnque postea pagnus infra breue lassatus asino suo restitui a Judeo postulatu. At ille ait: ‘Nexquaquam quia fides mea est, vt illi qui sectam meam non credit, nocumen tum absque pietate prouocare debo.’
Et hiis dicitis assellum veloci passu coegit, et paganum a dorso illsum reliquit. Quod videns paganum in terram dolens corruit, ex tensisque in celum manibus summam iusticiam inuocat. Poste a terra exurgens, cum paulisper deambulasset, respexit in quamdam vallem Ju-
It sit to every man livende
To be Pitous, bot non so wel
As to a king, which on the whiel
Fortune hath set aboven alle:
For in a king, if so befalle
That his Pite be ferme and stable,
To al the lond it is vailable

Bereve him bothe lif and good.

The painen herde and understod,
And thoghte it was a wonder lawe.
And thus upon here sondri sawe
Talkende bothe forth thei wente.

The dai was hoot, the sonne brente,
The painen rod upon an asse,
And of his catell more and lasse
With him a riche trusse he ladde.

The Jew, which al untrowthe hadde,
And wente upon his feet beside,
Bethoghte him how he mihte ride;
And with his wordes slihe and wise
Unto the painen in this wise
He seide: 'O, now it schal be seen'
What thing it is thou woldest meene:
For if thi lawe be certein
As thou hast told, I dar wel sein,
Thou wolt beholde mi destresse,
Which am so full of werinesse,
That I ne mai unethe go,
And let me ride a Myle or tuo,
So that I mai mi bodi ese.'

The painen wolde him noght desplese
Of that he spak, bot in pite
It list him forto knowe and se
The pleignte which that other made;
And for he wolde his herte glade,
He lihte and made him nothing strange.

3174 ifit so AM 3176 margin se] seipsum BT, Hs eligere om. B1
3251* margin after decreuit B adds et cum omni sui cordis intimo
deo gracios egit 3256* Bojoghite S 3265* vnnejes T
Only thurgh grace of his persone; 
For the Pite of him al one 
Mai al the large realme save. 
So sit it wel a king to have 
Pite; for this Valeire tolde, 
And seide hou that be daies olde 
Codrus, which was in his degre

Thus was ther made a newe change, 
The paien goth, the Jew alofte 
Was sett upon his asse softe: 
So gon thei forth carpende faste 
Of this and that, til ate laste 
The paien mihte go nomore, 
And preide unto the Jew therfore 
To suffre him ride a litel while. 
The Jew, which thoghte him to beguile, 
Anon rod forth the grete pas, 
And to the paien in this cas 
He seide, 'Thou hast do thi riht, 
Of that thou haddest me behiht 
To do socour upon mi nede; 
And that acordeth to the dede, 
As thou art to the lawe holde. 
And in such wise as I thee tolde, 
I thinke also for mi partie 
Upon the lawe of Juerie 
To worche and do mi duete. 
Thin asse schal go forth with me 
With al thi good, which I have sesed; 
And that I wit thou art desesed, 
I am riht glad and noght mispaid.' 
And whanne he hath these wordes said, 
In alle haste he rod aweie. 
This paien wot non other weie, 
Bot on the ground he kneleth evene, 
His handes up unto the hevene, 
And seide, 'O hihe sothfastnesse,
King of Athenis the cite,
A werre he hadde ayein Dorrence:
And forto take his evidence
What schal befalle of the bataille,
He thoghte he wolde him first consaille
With Appollo, in whom he triste;
Thurgh whos ansuere this he wiste,
3190
That lovest alle rihtwisnesse,
Unto thi dom, lord, I appele;
Behold and deme mi querele,
With humble herte I thee beseche;
The mercy bothe and ek the wreche
I sette al in thi juggement.’
And thus upon his marrement
This paien hath made his preiere:
And than he ros with drery chiere,
And gote him forth, and in his gate
He caste his yhe aboute algate,
The Jew if that he mihte se.
Bot for a time it mai noght be;
Til ate laste ayein the nyht,
So as god wolde, he wente ariht,
As he which hield the hihe weie,
And thanne he sith in a valleie
Wher that the Jew liggende was,
Al blodi ded upon the gras,
Which strangled was of a leoun.
And as he lokede up and doun,
He fond his asseaste by
Forth with his harneis redely
Al hol and sound, as he it lefte,
Whan that the Jew it him berefte:
Wherof he thonketh god knelende.

Lo, thus a man mai knowe at ende,
How the pitous pite deserveth.
For what man that to pite serveth,

3316 his om. AM an W
3305 dom (doom) AdBT dome S 3311* made SAdBΔΛ
mad T 3312* whan B 3327* hol BT hole SAd
Of tuo pointz that he myhte chese,
Or that he wolde his body lese
And in bataille himselfe deie,
Or elles the seconde weie,
To sen his poeple desconfit.
Bot he, which Pite hath parfit
Upon the point of his believe,

As Aristotle it berth witnesse,
God schal hise foemen so represse,
That thei schul ay stonde under foote.
Pite, men sein, is thilke roote
Wherof the vertus springen alle:
What infortune that befalle
In eny lond, lacke of pite
Is cause of thilke adversite;
And that aldai mai schewe at yhe,
Who that the world discretly syhe.
Good is that every man therfore
Take hiede of that is seid tofore;
For of this tale and othre ynowhe
These noble princes whilom drowhe
Here evidence and here aprise,
As men mai finde in many a wise,
Who that these olde bokes rede:
And thogh thei ben in erthe dede,
Here goode name may noght deie
For Pite, which thei wolde obei,
To do the dedes of mercy.
And who this tale redily
Remembre, as Aristotle it tolde,
He mai the will of god beholde
Upon the point as it was ended,
Wherof that pite stod commended,
Which is to charite felawe,
As thei that kepen bothe o lawe.

\[\text{Tale of Codrus.}\]

\[\text{Tale of the Jew and the Pagan.}\]
The poeple thoghte to relieve,  
And ches himselfe to be ded.  
Wher is nou such an other hed,  
Which wolde for the lemes dye?  
And natheles in som partie  
It oghte a kinges herte stere,  
That he hise liege men forbere.  
And ek toward hise enemis  
Fulofte he may deserve pris,  
To take of Pite remembrance,  
Wher that he myhte do vengeance:  
For whanne a king hath the victoire,  
And thanne he drawe into memoire  
To do Pite in stede of wreche,  
He mai noght faile of thilke speche  
Wherof arist the worldes fame,  
To yive a Prince a worthi name.

I rede hou whilom that Pompeie,  
To whom that Rome moste obeie,  
A werre hadde in jeupartie  
Ayein the king of Ermenie,  
Which of long time him hadde grieved.  
Bot ate laste it was achieved  
That he this king desconfit hadde,  
And forth with him to Rome ladde  
As Prisoner, wher many a day  
In sori plit and povere he lay,  
The corone of his heved deposed,  
Withinne walles faste enclosed;  
And with ful gret humilite  
He soffreth his adversite.  
Pompeie sih his pacience  
And tok pite with conscience,  
So that upon his hihe deis  
Tofore al Rome in his Paleis,  
As he that wolde upon him rewe,  
Let yive him his corone newe.

3198 thoghte to relieve] of his byleuee AM 3218 in Ermonie AM  
3225 on his heed B 3233 margin restuit F
And his astat al full and plein
Restoreth of his regne ayein,
And seide it was more goodly thing  P. iii. 201
To make than undon a king,
To him which pouer hadde of bothe.
Thus thei, that weren longe wrothe,  3240
Acorden hem to final pes;
And yit justice natheles
Was kept and in nothing offended;
Wherof Pompeie was comended.
Ther mai no king himself excuse,
Bot if justice he kepe and use,
Which for tescuie cruelte
He mot attempre with Pite.

Of cruelte the felonie
Engendred is of tirannie,  3250
Ayein the whos condicion
God is himself the champion,
Whos strengthe mai noman withstonde.
For evere yit it hath so stonde,
That god a tirant overladde;
Bot wher Pite the regne ladde,
Ther mihte no fortune laste
Which was grevous, bot ate laste
The god himself it hath redresced.
Pite is thilke vertu blessed  3260
Which nevere let his Maister falle;
Bot cruelte, thogh it so falle
That it mai regne for a throwe,
God wolde it schal ben overthrowe:
Wherof ensamples ben ynowhe
Of hem that thilke merel drowhe.

Of cruelte I rede thus:  P. iii. 202
Whan the tirant Leoncius
Was to thempire of Rome arrived,
Fro which he hath with strengthe prived  3270
The pietous Justinian,
As he which was a cruel man,
His nose of and his lippes bothe
He kutte, for he wolde him lothe
Unto the poeple and make unable.
Bot he which is al merciable,
The hihe god, ordeigneth so,
That he withinne a time also,
Whan he was strengest in his ire,
Was schoven out of his empire.
Tiberius the pouer hadde,
And Rome after his will he ladde,
And for Leonce in such a wise
Ordeigneth, that he tok juise
Of nase and lippes bothe tuo,
For that he dede an other so,
Which more worthi was than he.
Lo, which a fall hath cruelte,
And Pite was set up ayein:
For after that the bokes sein,
Therbellis king of Bulgarie
With helpe of his chivalerie
Justinian hath unprisoned
And to thempire ayein coroned.

In a Cronique I finde also
Of Siculus, which was ek so
A cruel king lich the tempeste,
The whom no Pite myhte areste,—
He was the ferste, as bokes seie,
Upon the See which fond Galeie
And let hem make for the werre,—
As he which al was out of herre
Fro Pite and misericorde;
For therto couthe he noght acorde,
Bot whom he myhte slen, he slouh,
And therof was he glad ynoyeh.
He hadde of conseil manyon,
Among the whiche ther was on,
Be name which Berillus hihte;
And he bethoghte him hou he myhte
Unto the tirant do likinge,
And of his oghne ymaginynge
Let forge and make a Bole of bras,
And on the side cast ther was
A Dore, wher a man mai inne,
When he his peine schal beginne
Thurgh fyr, which that men putten under.
And al this dede he for a wonder,
That whanne a man for peine cride,
The Bole of bras, which gapeth wyde,
It scholde seme as thogh it were
A belwinge in a mannes Ere,
And noght the criinge of a man.
Bot he which alle sleihtes can,
The devel, that lith in helle fast,
Him that this caste hath overcast,
That for a trespas which he dede
He was putt in the same stede,
And was himself the fersste of alle
Which was into that peine falle
That he for othre men ordeigneth;
Ther was noman which him compleigneth.

Of tirannie and crualte
Be this ensample a king mai se,
Himself and ek his conseil bothe,
Hou thei ben to mankinde lothe
And to the god abominable.
Ensamples that ben concordable
I finde of othre Princes mo,
As thou schalt hiere, of time go.

The grete tirant Dionys,
Which mannes lif sette of no pris,
Unto his hors fulofte he yaf
The men in stede of corn and chaf,
So that the hors of thilke stod
Devoureden the mennes blod;
Til fortune ate laste cam,
That Hercules him overcam,
And he riht in the same wise
Of this tirant tok the juise:
As he til othre men hath do,
The same deth he deide also,
That no Pite him hath socoured,
Til he was of hise hors devoured.

Of Lichaon also I finde
Hou he ayein the lawe of kinde
Hise hostes slouh, and into mete
He made her bodies to ben ete
With othre men withinne his hous.
Bot Jupiter the glorious,
Which was commoeved of this thing,
Vengance upon this cruel king
So tok, that he fro mannnes forme
Into a wolf him let transforme:
And thus the cruelte was kidd,
Which of long time he hadde hidde;
A wolf he was thanne openly,
The whos nature prively
He hadde in his condicion.
And unto this conclusioun,
That tirannie is to despise,
I finde ensample in sondri wise,
And nameliche of hem fulofte,
The whom fortune hath set alofte
Upon the werres forto winne.
Bot hou so that the wrong beginne
Of tirannie, it mai noght laste,
Bot such as thei don ate laste
To othre men, such on hem falleth;
For ayein suche Pite calleth

3362 margin Jupiter om. BT
Vengance to the god above.
For who that hath no tender love
In savinge of a mannes lif,
He schal be founde so gultif,
That whanne he wolde mercy crave
In time of nede, he schal non have.

Of the natures this I finde,
The fierce Leon in his kinde,
Which goth rampende after his preie,
If he a man finde in his weie,
He wolde him slen, if he withstonde.
Bot if the man coude understonde
To falle anon before his face
In signe of mercy and of grace,
The Leon schal of his nature
Restreigne his ire in such mesure,
As thogh it were a beste tamed,
And torne awey halvinge aschamed,
That he the man schal nothing grieve.
Hou scholde than a Prince achieve
The worldes grace, if that he wolde
Destruie a man whanne he is yolde
And stant upon his mercy al?
Bot forto speke in special,
Ther have be suche and yit ther be
Tirantz, whos hertes no pite
Mai to no point of mercy plie,
That thei upon her tirannie
Ne gladen hem the men to sle;
And as the rages of the See
Ben unpitous in the tempeste,
Riht so mai no Pite areste
Of cruelte the gret oultrege,
Which the tirant in his corage
Engendred hath: wherof I finde
A tale, which comth nou to mynde.

I rede in olde bokes thus:
Ther was a Duk, which Spertachus
Men clepe, and was a werreior,
A cruel man, a conquerour
With strong pouer the which he ladde.
For this condicion he hadde,
That where him hopneth the victoire,
His lust and al his moste gloire
Was forto sle and noght to save:
Of rancoun wolde he no good have
For savinge of a mannes lif,
Bot al goth to the sword and knyf,
So lief him was the mannes blod.
And natheles yit thus it stod,
So as fortune aboute wente,
He fell riht heir as be descente
To Perse, and was coroned king.
And whan the worshipe of this thing
Was falle, and he was king of Perse,
If that thei weren ferst diverse,
The tirannies whiche he wroghte,
A thousandfold welmore he soghte
Thanne afterward to do malice.
The god vengance ayein the vice
Hath schape: for upon a tyde,
Whan he was heihest in his Pride,
In his rancour and in his het
Ayein the queene of Marsagete,
Which Thameris that time hihte,
He made werre al that he myhte:
And sche, which wolde hir lond defende, P. iii. 208
Hir ogne Sone ayein him sende,
Which the defence hath undertake.
Bot he desconfit was and take;
And whan this king him hadde in honde,
He wol no mercy understonde,
Bot dede him seln in his presence.
The tidinge of this violence
Whan it cam to the moder Ere,
Sche sende anon ay wydewhere
To suche frendes as sche hadde,
A gret pouer til that sche ladde.
In sondri wise and tho sche caste
Hou sche this king mai overcaste;
And ate laste acorded was,
That in the danger of a pass,
Thurgh which this tirant scholde passe,
Sche schop his pouer to compasse
With strengthe of men be such a weie
That he schal noght eshape aweie.
And whan sche hadde thus ordeigned,
Sche hath hir oghne bodi feigned,
For feere as thogh sche wolde flee
Out of hir lond: and whan that he
Hath herd hou that this ladi fledde,
So faste after the chace he spedde,
That he was founde out of array.
For it betidde upon a day,
Into the pas whanne he was falle,
Thembuisschementz tobreken alle
And him beclipte on every side,
That fle ne myhte he noght aside:
So that ther weren dede and take
Tuo hundred thousand for his sake,
That weren with him of his host.
And thus was leid the grete bost
Of him and of his tirannie:
It halp no mercy forto crie
To him which whilom dede non;
For he unto the queene anon
Was broght, and whan that sche him sith,
This word sche spak and seide on hih:
'O man, which out of mannes kinde
Reson of man hast left behinde
And lived worse than a beste,
Whom Pite myhte noght areste,
The mannes blod to schede and spille
Thou haddest nevere yit thi fille.
Bot nou the laste time is come,
That thi malice is overcome:
As thou til othre men hast do,
Nou schal be do to thee riht so.'
Tho bad this ladi that men scholde
A vessel bringe, in which sche wolde
Se the vengance of his juise,
Which sche began anon devise;
And tok the Princes whiche he ladde,
Be whom his chief conseil he hadde,
And whil hem lasteth eny breth,
Sche made hem blede to the deth
Into the vessel wher it stod:
And whan it was fulfild of blod,
Sche caste this tirant therinne,
And seide him, 'Lo, thus myht thou wynne
The lustes of thin appetit.
In blod was whilom thi delit,
Nou schalt thou drinken al thi fille.'
And thus onliche of goddes wille,
He which that wolde himselfe strange
To Pite, fond mercy so strange,
That he withoute grace is lore.
So may it schewe wel therfore
That cruelte hath no good ende;
Bot Pite, hou so that it wende,
Makth that the god is merciable,
If ther be cause resonable
Why that a king schal be pitous.
Bot elles, if he be doubtous
To slen in cause of rihtwisnesse,
It mai be said no Pitousnesse,
Bot it is Pusillamite,
Which every Prince scholde flee.
For if Pite mesure excede,
Kinghode may noght wel procede
To do justice upon the riht:
For it belongeth to a knyht
Als gladly forto fihte as reste,
To sette his liege poeple in reste,
Whan that the werre upon hem falleth;
For thanne he mote, as it befalleth,
Of his knythhode as a Leon
Be to the poeple a champioun
Withouten eny Pite feigned.
For if manhode be restreigned,
Or be it pes or be it werre,
Justice goth al out of herre,
So that knythhode is set behinde.
Of Aristotles lore I finde,
A king schal make good visage,
That noman knowe of his corage
Bot al honour and worthinesse:
For if a king schal upon gesse
Withoute verrai cause drede,
He mai be lich to that I rede;
And thogh that it be lich a fable,
Thensample is good and resonable.

As it be olde daies fell,
I rede whilom that an hell
Up in the londes of Archade
A wonder dredful noise made;
For so it fell that ilke day,
This hell on his childinge lay,
And whan the throwes on him come,
His noise lich the day of dome
Was ferfull in a mannes thoght
Of thing which that thei sihe noght,
Bot wel thei herden al aboute
The noise, of which thei were in doute,
CONFESSIO AMANTIS

As thei that wenden to be lore
Of thing which thanne was unbore.
The narr this hell was upon chance
To taken his deliverance,
The more unbuxomliche he cride;
And every man was fledd aside,
For drede and lefte his oghne hous:
And ate laste it was a Mous,
The which was bore and to norrice
Betake; and tho thei hield hem nyce,
For thei withoute cause dradde.

Thus if a king his herte ladde
With every thing that he schal hiere,
Fulofte he scholde change his chiere
And upon fantasie drede,
Whan that ther is no cause of drede.

Orace to his Prince tolde,
That him were lever that he wolde
Upon knihthode Achilles suie
In time of werre, thanne eschuie,
So as Tersites dede at Troie.
Achilles al his hole joie
Sette upon Armes forto fihte;
Tersites soghte al that he myhte
Unarmed forto stonde in reste:
Bot of the tuo it was the beste
That Achilles upon the nede
Hath do, wherof his knyhtlihiede
Is yit comended overal.

King Salomon in special
Seith, as ther is a time of pes,
So is a time natheles
Of werre, in which a Prince algate
Schal for the comun riht debate
And for his oghne worschipe eke.
Bot it behoveth noght to seke
Only the werre for worschipe,
Bot to the riht of his lordschipe,
Which he is holde to defende,
Mote every worthi Prince entende.
Betwen the simplesce of Pite
And the folhaste of cruelte,
Wher stant the verry hardiesce,
Ther mote a king his herte adresce,
Whanne it is time to forsake,
And whan time is also to take
The dedly werres upon honde,
That he schal for no drede wonde,
If rihtwisnesse be withal.
For god is myhty overal
To forthren every mannes trowthe,
Bot it be thurg hisoghne slowthe;
And namely the kinges nede
It mai noght faile forto spede,
For he stant one for hem alle;
So mote it wel the betre falle
And wel the more god favoureth,
Whan he the comun riht socoureth.
And forto se the sothe in dede,
Behold the bible and thou myht rede
Of grete ensamples manyon,
Wherof that I wol tellen on.

Upon a time as it befell,
Ayein Judee and Irahel
Whan sondri kinges come were
In pourpos to destruie there
The poeple which god kepetho,—
And stod in thilke daies so,
That Gedeon, which scholde lede
The goddes folk, tok him to rede,
And sende in al the lond aboute,
Til he assembled hath a route
With thrith thousand of defence,
To fHITE and make resistance
Ayein the whiche hem wolde assaille:
And natheles that o bataille
Of thre that weren enimys
Was double mor than was al his;
Wherof that Gedeon him dradde,
That he so litel poeple hadde.
Bot he which alle thing mai helpe,
Wher that ther lacketh mannes helpe,
To Gedeon his Angel sente,
And bad, er that he forther wente,
Al openly that he do crie
That every man in his partie
Which wolde after his oghne wille
In his delice abide stille
At hom in eny maner wise,
For pourchas or for covoitise,
For lust of love or lacke of herte,
He scholde noght aboute sterre,
Bot holde him stille at hom in pes: P. iii. 215
Wherof upon the morwe he les
Wel twenty thousand men and mo,
The whiche after the cri ben go.
Thus was with him bot only left
The thridde part, and yit god eft
His Angel sende and seide this
To Gedeon: 'If it so is
That I thin help schal undertake,
Thou schalt yit lasse poeple take,
Be whom mi will is that thou spede.
Forthi tomorwe tak good hiede,
Unto the flod whan ye be come,
What man that hath the water nome
Up in his hond and lapeth so,
To thi part ches out alle tho;
And him which wary is to swinke,
Upon his wombe and lith to drinke,
Forsak and put hem alle aweie. For I am myhti alle weie, Wher as me list myn help to schewe In goode men, thogh thei ben fewe.'

This Gedeon awaiteth wel, Upon the morwe and everydel, As god him bad, riht so he dede. And thus ther leften in that stede With him thre hundred and nomo, The remenant was al ago: Wherof that Gedeon merveileth, And therupon with god conseileth, Pleignende as ferforth as he dar. And god, which wolde he were war That he schal spede upon his riht, Hath bede him go the same nyht And take a man with him, to hiere What schal be spoke in his matere Among the hethen enemis; So mai he be the more wys, What afterward him schal befalle.

This Gedeon amonges alle Phara, to whom he triste most, Be nyhte tok toward thilke host, Which logged was in a valleie, To hiere what thei wolden seie; Upon his fot and as he ferde, Tuo Sarazins spekende he herde. Quod on, 'Ared mi swevene ariht, Which I mette in mi slep to nyht.

Me thoghte I sih a barli cake, Which fro the Hull his wcie hath take, And cam rollende doun at ones; And as it were for the nones, Forth in his cours so as it ran, The kinges tente of Madian,
Of Amalech, of Amoreie,
Of Amon and of Jebuseie,
And many an other tente mo
With gret noise, as me thoghte tho,
It threw to grounde and overcaste,
And al this host so sore agaste
That I awok for pure drede.'

'Ver this swevene can I wel arede,'
Quod thother Sarazin anon:
'The barli cake is Gedeon,
Which fro the hell doun sodeinly
Schal come and sette such ascry
Upon the kingses and ous bothe,
That it schal to ous alle lothe:
For in such drede he schal ous bringe,
That if we hadden flyht of wynge,
The weie on fote in desespeir
We scholden leve and flen in their,
For ther schal nothing him withstonde.'

Whan Gedeon hath understande
This tale, he thonketh god of al,
And priveliche ayein he stal,
So that no lif him hath perceived.
And thanne he hath fulli conceived
That he schal spede; and therupon
The nyht suiende he schop to gon
This multitude to assaile.

Nou schalt thou hier a gret mervaile,
With what voidsie that he wroghte.
The litel poole which he broghte,
Was non of hem that he ne hath
A pot of erthe, in which he tath
A lyht brennende in a kressette,
And ech of hem ek a trompette
Bar in his other hond beside;
And thus upon the nyhtes tyde
Duk Gedeon, whan it was derk,
Ordeineth him unto his werk,

P. iii. 217

P. iii. 218
And parteth thanne his folk in thre,
And chargeth hem that thei ne fle,
And tawhte hem hou they scholde ascrie
Alle in o vois per compaignie,
And what word ek thei scholden speke,
And hou thei scholde here pottes breke
Echon with other, whan thei herde
That he himselfe ferst so ferde;
For whan thei come into the stede,
He bad hem do riht as he dede.

And thus stalkende forth a pas
This noble Duk, whan time was,
His pot tobrak and loude ascribe,
And tho thei breke on every side.
The trompe was noght forto seke;
He blew, and so thei blewen eke
With such a noise among hem alle,
As thogh the hevene scholde falle.
The hull unto here vois ansuerde,
This host in the valleie it herde,
And sih hou that the hell alyhte;
So what of hieringe and of sihte,
Thei cawhten such a soden feere,
That non of hem belefte there:
The tentes hole thei forsoke,
That thei non other good ne toke,
Bot only with here bodi bare
Thei fledde, as doth the wylde Hare.
And evere upon the hull thei blewe, P. iii. 219
Til that thei sihe time, and knewe
That thei be fled upon the rage;
And whan thei wiste here avantage,
Thei felle anon unto the chace.

Thus myht thou sen hou goddes grace
Unto the goode men availeth;
But elles ofte time it faileth
To suche as be noght wel disposed.
This tale nedeth noght be glosed,
For it is openliche schewed
That god to hem that ben wel thewed
Hath yove and granted the victoire:
So that thensample of this histoire
Is good for every king to holde;
Ferst in himself that he beholde
If he be good of his livinge,
And that the folk which he schal bringe
Be good also, for thanne he may
Be glad of many a merie day,
In what as evere he hath to done.
For he which sit above the Mone
And alle thing mai spille and spede,
In every cause, in every nede
His goode king so wel adresceth,
That alle his fomen he represseth,
So that ther mai noman him dere;
And als so wel he can forbere,
And soffre a wickid king to falle
In hondes of his fomen alle.

Nou furthermore if I schal sein
Of my matiere, and torne ayein
To speke of justice and Pite
After the reule of realte,
This mai a king wel understonde,
Knithhode mot ben take on honde,
Whan that it stant upon the nede:
He schal no rihtful cause drede,
Nomore of werre thanne of pes,
If he wol stonde blameles;
For such a cause a king mai have
That betre him is to sle than save,
Wherof thou myht ensample finde.
The hihe makere of mankinde
Be Samuel to Saül bad,
That he schal nothing ben adrad
Ayein king Agag forto fihte;

Hic dicit quod vbi et quando causa et tempus requirunt, princeps illos sub potestate sua, quos justicie adversarios agnuerit, occidere de iure tenetur. Et narrat in exemplum qualifier. pro eo quod Saul Regem Agag in bello dejectum iuxta Samueldi consilium occidere noluit, ipse divinio iudicio non solum a regno Israel privatus, sed et heredes sui pro perpetuo exheredati sunt.
For this the godhede him behihte,
That Agag schal ben overcome:
And whan it is so ferforth come,
That Saül hath him desconfit,
The god bad make no respit,
That he ne scholde him slen anon.
Bot Saül let it overgon
And dede noght the goddes heste:
Of rancoun which he wolde yive,
King Saül soffreth him to live
And feigneth pite forth withal.
Bot he which seth and knoweth al,
The hihe god, of that he feigneth
To Samuel upon him pleigneth,
And sende him word, for that he lefte
Of Agag that he ne berefte
The lif, he schal noght only dye
Himself, bot fro his regalie
He schal be put for everemo,
Noght he, bot ek his heir also,
That it schal nevere come ayein.

Thus myht thou se the sothe plein,
That of tomoche and of tolyte
Upon the Princes stant the wyte.
Bot evere it was a kinges riht
To do the dedes of a knyht;
For in the handes of a king
The deth and lif is al o thing
After the lawes of justice.
To slen it is a dedly vice,
Bot if a man the deth deserve;
And if a king the lif preserve
Of him which oghte forto dye,
He suith noght thensamplerie
Which in the bible is evident:
Hou David in his testament,
Whan he no lengere myhte live,
Unto his Sone in charge hath yive
That he Joab schal sien algate;  
And whan David was gon his gate,  
The yonge wise Salomon  

Hie dicit quod populum sibi commissum  
bene regere super omnia Principi laudabilius est.  
Et narrat in exemplum qualiter,  
pro eo quod Salomon,  
vt populum bene regeret, ab altissimo sapienciam specialius postuluit, omnia bona pariter cum illa sibi  

That thei that herden the juise  
Evere after dradden him the more,  
And god was ek wel paid therfore,  
That he so wolde his herte plye  
The lawes forto justefie.  
And yit he kepte forth withal  
Pite, so as a Prince schal,  
That he no tirannie wroghte;  
He fond the wisdom which he soghte,  
And was so rihtful natheles,  
That al his lif he stod in pes,  
That he no dedly werres hadde,  
For every man his wisdom dradde.  

And as he was himselfe wys,  
Riht so the worthi men of pris  
He hath of his conseil withholde;  
For that is every Prince holde,  
To make of suche his retenue  
Whiche wise ben, and to remue  
The foles: for ther is nothing  
Which mai be betre aboute a king,  
Than conseil, which is the substance  
Of all a kingses governance.  

In Salomon a man mai see  
What thing of most necessite  
Unto a worthi king belongeth.  
When he his kingdom underfongeth,  
God bad him chese what he wolde,  
And seide him that he have scholde  
What he wolde axe, as of o thing.  

And he, which was a newe king,  
Forth therupon his bone preide  
To god, and in this wise he seide:  
'O king, be whom that I schal regne,
Yif me wisdom, that I my regne, 
Forth with thi poeple which I have, 
'To thin honour mai kepe and save.' 
Whan Salomon his bone hath taxed, 
The god of that which he hath axed 
Was riht wel paid, and granteth sone 
Noght al only that he his bone 
Schal have of that, bot of richesse, 
Of hele, of pes, of hih noblesse, 
Forth with wisdom at his axinges, 
Which stant above alle othre things. 
Bot what king wolde his regne save, 
Ferst him behoveth forto have 
After the god and his believe 
Such conseil which is to believe, 
Fulfilde of trouthe and rihtwisnesse: 
Bot above alle in his noblesse 
Betwen the reddour and pite 
A king schal do such equite 
And sette the balance in evene, 
So that the hipe god in hevene 
And al the poeple of his nobleie 
Loange unto his name seie. 
For most above all erthli good, 
Wher that a king himself is good 
It helpeth, for in other weie 
If so be that a king forsueie, 
Fulofte er this it hath be sein, 
The comun poeple is overlein 
And hath the kinges Senne aboght, 
Al thogh the poeple agulte noght. 
Of that the king his god misserveth, 
The poeple takth that he descerveth 
Hier in this world, bot elleswhere 
I not hou it schal stonde there. 
Forthi good is a king to triste 
Ferst to himself, as he ne wiste 
Non other help bot god alone;

3902 I my regne] I may regne C, W I regne AdT 
HiE in me regne XRLB2 3903 thi] je AMC
So schal the reule of his persone
Within himself thurgh providence
Ben of the betre conscience.
And forto finde ensample of this,
A tale I rede, and soth it is.

In a Cronique it telleth thus:
The king of Rome Lucius
Withinne his chambre upon a nyht
The Steward of his hous, a knyht,
Forth with his Chamberlein also,
To conseil hadde bothe tuo,
And stoden be the Chiminee
Togedre spekende alle thre.
And happeth that the kings fol
Sat be the fyr upon a stol,
As he that with his babil pleide,
Bot yit he herde al that thei seide,
And therof token thei non hiede.
The king hem axeth what to rede
Of such matiere as cam to mouthe,
And thei him tolden as thei couthe.
When al was spoke of that thei mente,
The king with al his hole entente
Thanne ate laste hem axeth this,
What king men tellen that he is:
Among the folk touchende his name,
Or be it pris, or be it blame,
Riht after that thei herden sein,
He bad hem forto telle it plein,
That thei no point of soth forbere,
Be thilke feith that thei him berc.
The Steward ferst upon this thing
Yaf his ansuere unto the king
And thoghte glose in this matiere,
And seide, als fer as he can hier,
His name is good and honourable:
Thus was the Steward favorable,
That he the trouthe plein ne tole.
The king thanne axeth, as he scholde,
The Chamberlein of his avis.

And he, that was soubtil and wys,
And somdiel thoughte upon his feith,
Him tolde hou al the poeple seith
That if his conseil were trewe,
Thei wiste thanne wel and knewe
That of himself he scholde be
A worthi king in his degre:
And thus the conseil he accuseth
In partie, and the king excuseth.

The fol, which herde of al the cas
That time, as goddes wille was,
Sith that thei seiden noght ynowh,
And hem to skorne bothe lowh,
And to the king he seide tho:
'Sire king, if that it were so,
Of wisdom in thin oghne mod
That thou thiselven were good,
Thi conseil scholde noght be badde.'
The king therof merveille hadde,
Whan that a fol so wisly spak,
And of himself fond out the lack
Withinne his oghne conscience:
And thus the foles evidence,
Which was of goddes grace enspired,
Makth that good conseil was desired.
He putte awey the vicious
And tok to him the vertuous;
The wrongful lawes ben amended,
The londes good is wel despended,
The poeple was nomore oppressed,
And thus stod every thing redressed.
For where a king is propre wys,
And hath suche as himselfen is
Of his conseil, it mai noght faile
That every thing ne schal availe:
The vices thanne gon aweie,
And every vertu holt his weie;
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CONFESSIO AMANTIS

Wherof the hihe god is plesed, And al the londes folk is esed. For if the comun peoole crie, And thanne a king list noght to plie To hiere what the clamour wolde, And otherwise thanne he scholde. Desdeigneth forto don hem grace, It hath be sen in many place, Ther hath befone gret contraire; And that I finde of ensamplaire.

After the deth of Salomon, Whan thilke wise king was gon, And Roboas in his persone Receive scholde the corone, The poeple upon a Parlement Avised were of on assent, And alle unto the king thei preiden, With comun vois and thus thei seiden:

‘Oure liege lord, we thee beseche That thou receive ooure humble speche And grante ooe that which reson wile, Or of thi grace or of thi skile. Thi fader, whil he was alyve And myhte bothe grante and pryve, Upon the werkes whiche he hadde The comun poeple streite ladde: Whan he the temple made newe, Thing which men nevere afore knewe He broghte up thanne of his taillage, And al was under the visage Of werkes whiche he made tho. Bot nou it is befole so, That al is mad, riht as he seide, And he was riche whan he deide; So that it is no maner nede, If thou therof wolt taken hiede, (4250*)

4020 thanne] jat A . . . Bz 4031 þe parlement AM 4037 which jat Ht . . . Bz, BT, W jat Ad 4044 to fore (tosome)
To pilen of the poeple more,
 Which long time hath be grieved sore.
And in this wise as we thee seie,
 With tendre herte we thee preie
 That thou relesse thilke dette,
 Which upon ou thi fader sette.
And if thee like to don so,
 We ben thi men for everemo,
To gon and comen at thin heste.'

The king, which herde this requeste,
Seith that he wole ben avised,
And hath therof a time assised;
And in the while as he him thoghte
Upon this thing, conseil he soghte.
And ferst the wise knyhtes olde,
To whom that he his tale tolde,
Conseilen him in this manere;
That he with love and with glad chiere
Foryive and grante al that is axed
Of that his fader hadde taxed;
For so he mai his regne achieve
With thing which schal him litel grieve.

The king hem herde and overpasseth,
And with these othre his wit compasseth,
That yonge were and nothing wise.  P. iii. 229
And thei these olde men despise,
And seiden: 'Sire, it schal be schame
For evere unto thi worthi name,
If thou ne kepe noght the riht,
Whil thou art in thi yonge myht,
Which that thin olde fader gat.
Bot seie unto the poeple plat,
That whil thou livest in thi lond,
The leste finger of thin hond
It schal be strengere overal
Than was thi fadres bodi al.
And this also schal be thi tale,
If he hem smot with roddes smale,
With Scorpions thou schalt hem smyte;
And wher thi fader tok a lyte,  
Thou thenkst to take mochel more.  
Thus schalt thou make hem drede sore  
The grete herte of thi corage,  
So forto holde hem in servage.  
This yonge king him hath conformed  
To don as he was last enformed,  
Which was to him his undoinge:  
For whan it cam to the spekinge,  
He hath the yonge conseil holde,  
That he the same wordes tolde  
Of al the poeple in audience;  
And whan thei herden the sentence  
Of his malice and the manace,  
Anon tofore his oghne face  
Thei have him outreli refused  
And with ful gret reproef accused.  
So thei begunne forto rave,  
That he was fain himself to save;  
For as the wilde wode rage  
Of wyndes makth the See salvage,  
And that was calm bringth into wawe,  
So for defalte of grace and lawe  
This poeple is stered al at ones  
And forth thei gon out of hise wones;  
So that of the lignages tuelve  
Tuo tribes only be hemselve  
With him abiden and nomo:  
So were thei for everemo  
Of no retorn withoute espeir  
Departed fro the rihtfull heir.  
Al Irahel with comun vois  
A king upon here oghne chois  
Among hemself anon thei make,  
And have here yonge lord forsake;  
A povere knyht Jeroboas  
Thei toke, and lefte Roboas,
Which rihtfull heir was be descente.
Lo, thus the yonge cause went:
For that the conseil was noght good,
The regne fro the rihtfull blod
Evere afterward divided was.
So mai it proven be this cas
That yong conseil, which is to warm,
Er men be war doth ofte harm.
Old age for the conseil serveth,
And lusti youthe his thonk deserveth
Upon the travail which he doth;
And bothe, forto seie a soth,
Be sondri cause forto have,
If that he wole his regne save,
A king behoveth every day.
That on can and that other mai,
Be so the king hem bothe reule,
For elles al goth out of reule.

And upon this matiere also
A question betwen the tuo
Thus writen in a bok I fond;
Wher it be betre for the lond
A king himselfe to be wys,
And so to bere his oghne pris,
And that his consail be noght good,
Or other wise if it so stod,
A king if he be vicious
And his conseil be vertuous.
It is ansuerd in such a wise,
That betre it is that thei be wise
Be whom that the conseil schal gon,
For thei be manye, and he is on;
And rathere schal an one man
With fals conseil, for oght he can,
From his wisdom be mad to falle,
Thanne he al one scholde hem alle
Fro vices into vertu change,
For that is wel the more strange.
CONFESSION AMANTIS

Forthi the lond mai wel be glad,
Whos king with good conseil is lad,
Which set him unto rihtwisnesse,
So that his hihe worthinesse
Betwen the reddour and Pite
Doth mercy forth with equite.
A king is holden overall
To Pite, bot in special
To hem wher he is most beholde;
Thei scholde his Pite most beholde
That ben the Lieges of his lond,
For thei ben evere under his honde
After the goddes ordnaunce
To stonde upon his governance.

Of themperour Anthonius
I finde hou that he seide thus,
That levere him were forto save
Oon of his lieges than to have
Of enemis a thousand dede.
And this he lernede, as I rede,
Of Cipio, which hadde be
Consul of Rome. And thus to se
Diverse ensamples hou thei stonde,
A king which hath the charge on honde
The comun poeple to governe,
If that he wole, he mai wel lerne.
Is non so good to the plesance
Of god, as is good governance;
And every governance is due
To Pite: thus I mai argue
That Pite is the foundement
Of every kinges regiment,
If it be medled with justice.
Thei tuo remuen alle vice,
And ben of vertu most vailable
To make a kinges regne stable.

Lo, thus the foure pointz tofore,
In governance as thei ben bore,

Nota adhuc precipue de principis erga suos subditos debita pietate. Legiturenim qualiter Anthonius a Cipione exemplificatus dixit, quod mallet vnum de populo sibi commissone virum salua-
re, quam centum ex hostibus alienigenis in bello perdere.
Of trouthe first and of largesse,
Of Pite forth with rihtwisnesse,
I have hem told; and over this
The fift point, so as it is
Set of the reule of Policie,
Whereof a king schal modefie
The fleisschly lustes of nature,
Nou thenk I telle of such mesure,
That bothe kinde schal be served
And ek the lawe of god observed.

The Madle is mad for the femele,
Bot where as on desireth fele,
That nedeth noght be weie of kinde:
For whan a man mai redy finde
His oghne wif, what scholde he seche
In strange places to beseche
To borwe an other mannes plouh,
Whan he hath geere good ynoth
Affaited at his oghne heste,
And is to him wel more honeste
Than other thing which is unknowe?
Forthi scholde every good man knowe
And thenke, hou that in mariage
His trouthe plight lith in morgage,
Which if he breke, it is falshode,
And that descordeth to manhode,
And namely toward the grete,
Wherof the bokes alle trete;
So as the Philosophre techeth
To Alisandre, and him betecheth
The lore hou that he schal mesure
His bodi, so that no mesure
Of fleisshly lust he scholde excede.
And thus forth if I schal procede,  
The fifte point, as I seide er,  
Is chastete, which sielde wher  
Comth nou adaies into place;  
And natheles, bot it be grace  
Above alle othre in special,  
Is non that chaste mai ben all.  
Bot yit a kinges hihe asstat,  
Which of his ordre as a prelat  
Schal ben enoignt and seintefied,  
He mot be more magnesied  
For dignete of his corone,  
Than scholde an other low persone,  
Which is noght of so hih emprise.  
Therfore a Prince him scholde avise,  
Er that he felle in such riote,  
And namely that he nassote  
To change for the wommanhede  
The worthinesse of his manhede.  

Of Aristotle I have wel rad,  
Hou he to Alisandre bad,  
That forto gladen his corage  
He schal beholde the visage  
Of wommen, when that thei ben faire.  
Bot yit he set an essamplaire,  
His bodi so to guide and reule,  
That he ne passe noght the reule,  
Wherof that he himself beguile.  
For in the womman is no guile  
Of that a man himself bewhapeth ;  
Whan he his oghne wit bejapeth,  
I can the wommen wel excuse :  
Bot what man wolde upon hem muse  
After the fool impression  
Of his ymagnacioun,  
Withinne himself the fyr he bloweth,  
Wherof the womman nothing knoweth,
So mai sche nothing be to wyte.
For if a man himself excite
To drenche, and wol it noght forbere,
The water schal no blame bere.
What mai the gold, thogh men coveite?
If that a man wol love streite,
The womman hath him nothing bounde;
If he his oghne herte wounde,
Sche mai noght lette the folie;
And thogh so felle of compainie
That he myht eny thing pourchace,
Yit makth a man the ferste chace,
The womman fleth and he poursuieth:
So that be weie of skile it suieth,
The man is cause, hou so befalle,
That he fulofte sithe is falle
Wher that he mai noght wel aryse.
And natheles ful manye wise
Befoled have hemself er this,
As nou adaies yit it is
Among the men and evere was,
The stronge is fieblest in this cas.
It sit a man be weie of kinde
To love, bot it is noght kinde
A man for love his wit to lese:
For if the Monthe of Juil schal frese
And that Decembre schal ben hot,
The yeer mistorneth, wel I wot.
To sen a man fro his astat
Thurgh his sotie effeminat,
And leve that a man schal do,
It is as Hose above the Scho,
To man which oghte noght ben used.
Bot yit the world hath ofte accused
Ful grete Princes of this dede,
Hou thei for love hemself mislede,
Wherof manhode stod behinde,
Of olde ensamples as I finde.

4277 it om. AdBTΔ (ins. S) 4312 I] men S . . . Δ
A a 2
CONFESSIO AMANTIS

These olde gestes tellen thus,
That whilom Sardana Pallus,
Which hield al hol in his empire
The grete kingdom of Assire,
Was thurgh the slouthe of his corage
Falle into thilke fyri rage
Of love, which the men assoteth,
Wherof himself he so rioteth,
And wax so ferforth womannyssh,
That ayein kinde, as if a fissh
Abide wolde upon the lond,
In wommen such a lust he fond,
That he duelte evere in chambre stille,
And only wroghte after the wille
Of wommen, so as he was bede,
That selden whanne in other stede
If that he wolde wenden oute,
To sen hou that it stod aboute.

Bot ther he keste and there he pleide,
Thei tawthten him a Las to breide,
And weve a Pours, and to enfile
A Perle: and fell that ilke while,
On Barbarus the Prince of Mede
Sih hou this king in wommanhede
Was falle fro chivalerie,
And gat him help and compaignie,
And wroghte so, that ate laste
This king out of his regne he caste,
Which was undon for everemo:
And yit men spoken of him so,
That it is schame forto hier.

Forthi to love is in manere.
King David hadde many a love,
Bot natheles alwey above
Knythode he kepe in such a wise,
That for no fleishli covoitise

\[Evil Example of Sardanapalus.\]

Hie ponit exem-plum qualiter, pro eo quod Sardana Pallus Assiriorum Princeps muliebrioblectamento effeminatus sue con-cupiscencie torporem quasi ex consuetudine adhibebat, a Barbaro Rege Medorum super hoc insidiante in sui eruoris maioris voluptate subitis mutatio-nibus extinctus est.

\[David.\]

Nota qualiter Da-uid amans mulieres propter hoc probita-tem Armororum non mi-nus excercuit.

P. iii. 237

P. iii. 238
Of lust to ligge in ladi armes
He lefte noght the lust of armes.
For where a Prince his lustes suith,
That he the werre noght poursuith,
Whan it is time to ben armed,
His conte stant fulothe harmed,
Whan thenemis ben woxe bolde,
That thei defence non beholde.
Ful many a lond hath so be lore,
As men mai rede of time afore
Of hem that so here eses soghten,
Which after thei full diere aboghten.

To mochel ese is nothing worth,
For that set every vice forth
And every vertu put abak,
Wherof priss torneth into lak,
As in Cronique I mai reverse:
Which telleth hou the king of Perse,
That Cirus hihte, a werre hadde
Ayein a poeple which he dradde,
Of a conte which Liddos hihte;
Bot yit for oght that he do mihte
As in bataille upon the werre,
He hadde of hem alwey the werre.
And whan he sih and wiste it wel,
That he be strengthe wan no del,
Thanne ate laste he caste a wyle
This worthi poeple to beguile,
And tok with hem a feigned pes,
Which scholde lasten endeles,
So as he seide in wordes wise,
Bot he thoughte al in other wise.
For it betidd upon the cas,
Whan that this poeple in reste was,
Thei token eses manyfold;
And worldes ese, as it is told,
Be weie of kinde is the norrice
Of every lust which toucheth vice.
Thus whan thei were in lustes falle,
The werres ben foryeten alle;
Was non which wolde the worschipe
Of Armes, bot in idelschipe
Thei putten besinesse aweie
And token hem to daunce and pleie;
Bot most above alle othre things
Thei token hem to the likinges
Of fleysshly lust, that chastete
Received was in no degre,
Bot every man doth what him liste.
And whan the king of Perse it wiste,
That thei unto folie entenden,
With his pouer, when thei lest wenden,
Mor sodeinly than doth the thunder
He cam, for evere and put hem under. (4600*)
And thus hath lecherie lore
The lond, which hadde be tofore
The beste of hem that were tho.
And in the bible I finde also
A tale lich unto this thing,
Hou Amalech the paien king,
Whan that he myhte be no weie
Defende his lond and putte aweie
The worthi poole of Israel,
This Sarazin, as it befell,
Thurgh the conseil of Balaam
A route of faire wommen nam,
That lusti were and yonge of Age,
And bad hem gon to the lignage
Of these Hebreus: and forth thei wente
With yhen greye and browes bente
And wel arraied everych on;
And whan thei come were anon

Nota hic qualiter fata bellica luxus infortunat. Et narrat quod cum Rex Amalech Hebreis sibi insultantibus resistere nequit, consilio Balaam mulieres regni sui pulcherrimas in castra Hebreorum misit; qui abipsis contaminati graciis statim amiserunt. Et sic ab Amalech deiecti in magna multitudine gladio ceciderunt.
Among thebreus, was non insihte,  
Bot cacche who that cacche myhte,  
And ech of hem hise lustes soghte,  
Whiche after thei full diere boghte.  
For grace anon began to faile,  
That whan thei comen to bataille  
Thanne afterward, in sori plit  
Thei were take and disconfit,  
So that withinne a litel throwe  
The myht of hem was overthowe,  
That whilom were wont to stonde.  
Til Phinees the cause on honde  
Hath take, this vengance laste,  
Bot thanne it cessed ate laste,  
For god was paid of that he dede:  
For wher he fond upon a stede  
A couple which misferde so,  
Thurghout he smot hem bothe tuo,  
And let hem ligge in mennes yhe;  
Wherof alle othre whiche hem sihe  
Ensamplede hem upon the dede,  
And preiden unto the godhiede  
Here olde Sennes to amende:  
And he, which wolde his mercy sende,  
Restored hem to newe grace.  
Thus mai it schewe in sondri place,  
Of chastete hou the clennesse  
Acordeth to the worthinesse  
Of men of Armes overal;  
Bot most of alle in special  
This vertu to a king belongeth,  
For upon his fortune it hongeth (4650*)  
Of that his lond schal spede or spille.  
Forthi bot if a king his wille  
Fro lustes of his fleissh restreigne,  
Ayein himself he makth a treigne,  
Into the which if that he slyde,  
Him were betre go besyde.  
For every man mai understonde,
Hou for a time that it stonde,
It is a sori lust to lyke,
Whos ende makth a man to syke
And torneth joies into sorwe.
The brihte Sonne be the morwe
Beschyneth noght the derke nyht,
The lusti youthe of mannes myht,
In Age bot it stonde wel,
Mistorneth al the laste whiel.

That every worthi Prince is holde
Withinne himself himself beholde,
To se the stat of his persone,
And thenke hou ther be joies none
Upon this Erthe mad to laste,
And hou the fleissh schal ate laste
The lustes of this lif forsake,
Him oghte a gret ensample take
Of Salomon, whos appetit
Was holy set upon delit,
To take of wommen the plesance:
So that upon his ignorance
The wyde world merveileth yit,
That he, which alle mennes wit
In thilke time hath overpassed,
With fleissly lustes was so tassed,
That he which ladde under the lawe
The poeple of god, himself withdrawe
He hath fro god in such a wise,
That he worschipe and sacrifise
For sondri love in sondri stede
Unto the false goddes dede.
This was the wise ecclesiaste,
The fame of whom schal evere laste,
That he the myhti god forsok,
Ayein the lawe whanne he tok
Hise wyves and hise concubines
Of hem that weren Sarazines,
For whiche he dede ydolatrie.

[Evil Example of Solomon.]

Hic loquitur qualiter
Principum irregulata
voluptas cos a semita
recta multociens de-
uiare compellit. Et
narrat exemplum de
Salomone, qui ex sue
carnis concupiscencia
victus mulierum blan-
dimentis in sui scan-
dalum deos alienos
colere presumebat.
LIBER SEPTIMUS

For this I rede of his sotie:
Sche of Sidoyne so him ladde,
That he kneelende hise armes spradde
to Astrathen with gret humblesse,
Which of hire lond was the goddesse: (4700*)
And sche that was a Moabite
So ferforth made him to delite
Thurgh lust, which al his wit devoureth,
That he Chamos hire god honoureth.
An other Amonyte also
With love him assoted so,
Hire god Moloch that with encense
He sacreth, and doth reverence
In such a wise as sche him bad.
Thus was the wiseste overlad
With blinde lustes whiche he soghte;
Bot he it afterward aboghte.

For Achias Selonites,
Which was prophete, er his decess,
Whil he was in hise lustes alle,
Betokneth what schal after falle.
For on a day, whan that he mette
Jeroboam the knyht, he grette
And bad him that he scholde abyde,
To hiere what him schal betyde.
And forth withal Achias caste
His mantell of, and also haste
He kut it into pieces twelve,
Wherof tuo partz toward himselfe
He kepe, and al the remenant,
As god hath set his covenant,
He tok unto Jeroboas,
Of Nabal which the Sone was
And of the kinges court a knyht:
And seide him, 'Such is goddes myht,
As thou hast sen departed hiere
Mi mantell, riht in such manere
After the deth of Salomon
God hath ordeigned therupon,
This regne thanne he schal divide:
Which time thou schalt ek abide,
And upon that division
The regne as in proporcio[n
As thou hast of mi mantell take,
Thou schalt receive, I undertake.
And thus the Sone schal abie
The lustes and the lecherie
Of him which nou his fader is.'

So forto taken hiede of this,
It sit a king wel to be chaste,
For elles he mai lihtly waste
Himself and ek his regne bothe,
And that oghte every king to lothe.
O, which a Senne violent,
Wherof so wys a king was schent,
That the vengance in his persone
Was noght yno[u]h to take al one,
Bot afterward, whan he was passed,
It hath his heritage lassed,
As I more openli tofore
The tale tolde. And thus therfore
The Philosophre upon this thing
Writ and conseileth to a king,
That he the surfet of luxure
Schal tempre and reule of such mesure,
Which be to kinde sufficant
And ek to reson acorderant,
So that the lustes ignorant
Be cause of no misgovernance,
Thurgh which that he be overthrowe,
As he that wol no reson knowe.
For bot a mannes wit be swerved,
When kinde is dueliche served,
It oghte of reson to suffise;
For if it falle him otherwise,
He mai tho lustes sore drede.
For of Anthonie thus I rede,
Which of Severus was the Sone,
That he his lif of comun wone
Yaf holy unto thilke vice,
And ofte time he was so nyce,
Wherof nature hire hath compleigned
Unto the god, which hath desdeigned
The werkes whiche Antonie wroghte
Of lust, whiche he ful sore aboghte:
For god his forfet hath so wroke
That in Cronique it is yit spoke.
Bot forto take remembrance
Of special misgovernance
Thurgh covoitise and injustice
Forth with the remenant of vice,
And nameliche of lecherie,
I finde write a gret partie
Withinne a tale, as thou schalt hiere,
Which is thensample of this matiere.

So as these olde gestes sein,
The proude tirannyssh Romein
Tarquinus, which was thanne king
And wroghte many a wrongful thing,
Of Sones hadde manyon,
Among the whiche Arrons was on,
Lich to his fader of maneres;
So that withinne a fewe yeres
With tresoun and with tirannie
Thei wonne of lond a gret partie,
And token hiede of no justice,
Which due was to here office
Upon the reule of governance;
Bot al that evere was plesance
Unto the fleisshes lust thei toke.
And fell so, that thei undertoke
A werre, which was noght achieved,
Bot ofte time it hadde hem grieved, 4610
Ayein a folk which thanne hihte
The Gabiens: and al be nyhte
This Arrons, whan he was at hom  P. iii. 247
In Rome, a prive place he nom
Withinne a chambre, and bet himselfe
And made him woundes ten or tuelve
Upon the bak, as it was sene;
And so forth with hisse hurtes grene
In al the haste that he may
He rod, and cam that other day
Unto Gabie the Cite,
And in he wente: and whan that he
Was knowe, anon the gates schette,
The lorde alle upon him sette
With drawe swerdes upon honde.
This Arrons wolde hem noght withstonde,
Bot seide, 'I am hier at your wille,
Als lief it is that ye me spille,
As if myn oghne fader dede.' 4620
And forthwith in the same stede
He preide hem that thei wolde se,
And schewed hem in what degre
His fader and hisse brethren bothe,
Whiche, as he seide, weren wrothe,
Him hadde beten and reviled,
For evere and out of Rome exiled.
And thus he made hem to believe,
And seide, if that he myhte achieve
His pourpos, it schal wel be yolde,
Be so that thei him helpe wolde. 4630

Whan that the lorde hadde sein
Hou wofully he was bescin,
Thei token Pite of his grief;  P. iii. 248
Bot yit it was hem wonder lief
That Rome him hadde exiled so.
These Gabiens be conseil tho
Upon the goddes made him swere,
That he to hem schal trouthe bere
And strengthen hem with al his myht;
And thei also him have behiht
To helpen him in his querele.
Thei schopen thanne for his hele
That he was bathed and enoignt,
Til that he was in lusti point;
And what he wolde thanne he hadde,
That he al hol the cite ladde
Riht as he wolde himself divise.
And thanne he thoghte him in what wise
He myhte his tirannie schewe;
And to his conseil tok a schrewe,
Whom to his fader forth he sente
In his message, and he tho wente,
And preide his fader forto seie
Be his avis, and finde a weie,
Hou they the cite myhten winne,
Whil that he stod so wel therinne.
And whan the messager was come
To Rome, and hath in conseil nome
The king, it fell per chance so
That thei were in a gar din tho,
This messager forth with the king.
And whanne he hadde told the thing
In what manere that it stod,
And that Tarquinus understod
Be the message hou that it ferde,
Anon he tok in honde a yerde,
And in the gar din as thei gon,
The lilie croppes on and on,
Wher that thei weren sprongen oute,
He smot of, as thei stode aboute,
And seide unto the messager:
'Lo, this thing, which I do nou hier,
Schal ben in stede of thin an suere;
And in this wise as I me bere,
Thou schalt unto mi Sone telle.'
And he no lengere wolde duelle,
Bot tok his leve and goth withal
Unto his lord, and told him al,
Hou that his fader hadde do.
When Arrons herde him telle so,
Anon he wiste what it mente,
And therto sette al his entente,
Til he thurgh fraude and tricherie
The Princes heftes of Gabie
Hath smiten of, and al was wonne:
His fader cam tofore the Sonne
Into the toun with the Romeins,
And tok and slowh the citezains
Without reson or pite,
That he ne spareth no degre.
And for the sped of this conqueste
He let do make a riche feste
With a sollempne Sacrifice
In Phebus temple; and in this wise
When the Romeins assembled were,
In presence of hem alle there,
Upon thalter when al was diht
And that the fyres were alyht,
From under thalter sodeinly
An hidous Serpent openly
Cam out and hath devoured al
The Sacrifice, and ek withal
The fyres queynt, and forth anon,
So as he cam, so is he gon
Into the depe ground ayein.
And every man began to sein,
'Ha lord, what mai this signefie?'
And therupon thei preie and crie
To Phebus, that thei mihten knowe
The cause: and he the same throwe
With gastly vois, that alle it herde,
The Romeins in this wise ansuerde,
And seide hou for the wikkidnesse
Of Pride and of unrihtwisnesse,
That Tarquin and his Sone hath do,
4688 told C, SB, F tolde A
The Sacrifice is wasted so, 
Which myhte noght ben acceptable
Upon such Senne abominaile.
And over that yit he hem wisseth,
And seith that which of hem ferst kissteth
His moder, he schal take wrieche
Upon the wrong: and of that speche
Thei ben withinne here hertes glade, P. iii. 251
Thogh thei outward no semblant made.
Ther was a knyht which Brutus hihte,
And he with al the haste he myhte
To grounde fell and therthe kiste,
Bot non of hem the cause wiste,
Bot wenden that he hadde sporned
Per chance, and so was overtorne.
Bot Brutus al an other mente; 
For he knew wel in his entente
Hou therthe of every mannes kinde
Is Moder: bot thei weren blinde,
And sihen noght so fer as he.
Bot whan thei leften the Cite
And comen hom to Rome ayein,
Thanne every man which was Romein
And moder hath, to hire he bende
And keste, and ech of hem thus wende
To be the ferste upon the chance,
Of Tarquin forto do vengance,
So as thei herden Phebus sein.

Bot every time hath his certein,
So moste it nedes thanne abide,
Til afterward upon a tyde
Tarquinus made unskilfully
A werre, which was fasteby
Ayein a toun with walles stronge
Which Ardea was cleped longe,
And caste a Siege theraboute,
That ther mai noman passen oute.

[The Rape of Lucrece.]

Hic narrat quod, cum Tarquinus in ob- 
sidione Ciuitatis Ar- 
dee, vt eam destrueret, 
intentus fuit, Arrons 
filius eius Romam se- 
creto adiens in domo 
Collatini hospitatus 
est; vbi de nocte illam
[The Rape of Lucrece.]

castissimam dominam Lucreciam imaginata fraude vi oppressit: unde illa pre dolore mortua, ipse cum Tarquino patre suo tota conclamante Roma in perpetuum exilium delegati sunt.

So it befell upon a nyht,
Arrons, which hadde his souper diht,
A part of the chivalerie
With him to soupe in compaignie
Hath bede: and whan thei comen were
And seten at the souper there,
Among here othre wordes glade
Arrons a gret spekinge made,
Who hadde tho the beste wif
Of Rome: and ther began a strif,
For Arrons seith he hath the beste.
So jangle thei withoute reste,
Til ate laste on Collatin,
A worthi knyht, and was cousin
To Arrons, seide him in this wise:
‘It is,’ quod he, ‘of non emprise
To speke a word, bot of the dede,
Therof it is to taken hiede.
Anon forthi this same tyde
Lep on thin hors and let ous ryde:
So mai we knowe bothe tuo
Unwarli what oure wyves do,
And that schal be a trewe assay.’
This Arrons seith noght ones nay:
Or: horse bak anon thei lepte
In such manere, and nothing slepte,
Ridende forth til that thei come
Al prively withinne Rome;
In strange place and doun thei lihte,
And take a chambre, and out of sihte
Thei be desguised for a throwe,
So that no lif hem scholde knowe.
And to the paleis ferst thei soghte,
To se what thing this ladi wroghte
Of which Arrons made his avant:
And thei hire sihe of glad semblant,
Al full of merthes and of bordes;
Bot among alle hire othre wordes

4772 ther] hus B 4780 Wher of (Wheroft) AdBT, K 4795
the om. A 4796 his ladyes B þcis ladis Ad þise lady (s erased) T
Sche spak noght of hire housebonde.
And whan thei hadde al understande
Of thilke place what hem liste,
Thei gon hem forth, that non it wiste,
Beside thilke gate of bras,
Collacea which cleped was,
Wher Collatin hath his duellinge.
Ther founden thei at hom sittinge
Lucrece his wif, al environed
With wommen, whiche are abandoned
To werche, and sche wroghte ek withal,
And bad hem haste, and seith, 'It schal
Be for mi housebondes were,
Which with his swerd and with his spere
Lith at the Siege in gret desese.
And if it scholde him noght displese,
Nou wolde god I hadde him hiere;
For certes til that I mai hiere
Som good tidinge of his astat,
Min herte is evere upon debat.
For so as alle men witnesse,
He is of such an hardiesse,
That he can noght himselfe spare,
And that is al my moste care,
Whan thei the walles schulle assaile.
Bot if mi wishes myhte availe,
I wolde it were a groundles pet,
Be so the Siege were unknet,
And I myn housebonde sihe.'
With that the water in hire yhe
Aros, that sche ne myhte it stoppe,
And as men sen the dew bedroppe
The leves and the floures eke,
Riht so upon hire whyte cheke
The wofull salte teres felle.
Whan Collatin hath herd hire telle
The menynge of hire trewe herte,
Anon with that to hire he sterte,
And seide, 'Lo, mi goode diere,
Nou is he come to you hiere,
That ye most loven, as ye sein.'
And sche with goodly chiere ayein
Beclipte him in hire armes smale,
And the colour, which erst was pale,
To Beaute thanne was restored,
So that it myhte noght be more.

The kingses Sone, which was nyh,
And of this lady herde and syh
The thinges as thei ben befalle,
The resoun of his wittes alle
Hath lost; for love upon his part
Cam thanne, and of his fyri dart
With such a wounde him hath thurghsmite,
That he mot nedes fiele and wite
Of thilke blinde maladie,
To which no cure of Surgerie
Can helpe. Bot yit natheles
At thilke time he hield his pes,
That he no contienance made,
Bot openly with wordes glade,
So as he couthe in his manere,
He spak and made frendly chiere,
Til it was time forto go.
And Collatin with him also
His leve tok, so that be nyhte
With al the haste that thei myhte
Thei riden to the Siege ayein.
Bot Arrons was so wo besein
With thougtes whiche upon him runne,
That he al be the brode Sunne
To bedde goth, noght forto reste,
Bot forto thenke upon the beste
And the faireste forth withal,
That evere he syh or evere schal,
So as him thoughte in his corage,
Where he pourtreieth hire ymage:
Ferst the fetures of hir face,
In which nature hadde alle grace
Of wommanly beaute beset,
So that it myhte noght be bet;
And hou hir yelwe her was tresced
And hire atir so wel adreseed,
And hou sche spak, and hou sche wroghte, P. iii. 256
And hou sche wepte, al this he thoghte,
That he foryeten hath no del,
Bot al it liketh him so wel,
That in the word nor in the dede
Hire lacketh noght of wommanhiede.
And thus this tirannysshhe knyht
Was soupled, bot noght half ariht,
For he non other hiede tok,
Bot that he myhte be som crok,
Althogh it were ayein hire wille,
The lustes of his fleissh fulfille;
Which love was noght resonable,
For where honour is remuable,
It oghte wel to ben avised.
Bot he, which hath his lust assised
With melled love and tirannie,
Hath founde upon his tricherie
A weie which he thenkth to holde,
And seith, 'Fortune unto the bolde
Is favorable forto helpe.'
And thus withinne himself to yelpe,
As he which was a wylde man,
Upon his treson he began:
And up he sterte, and forth he wente
On horsebak, bot his entente
Ther knew no wiht, and thus he nam
The nexte weie, til he cam
Unto Collacea the gate
Of Rome, and it was somdiel late,
Riht evene upon the Sonne set,
As he which hadde schape his net
Hire innocence to betrappe.

P. iii. 257
CONFESSIO AMANTIS

And as it scholde tho mishappe, 
Als priveliche as evere he myhte 
He rod, and of his hors alwyte 
Tofore Collatines In, 
And al frendliche he goth him in, 
As he that was cousin of house. 
And sche, which is the goode spouse, 
Lucrece, whan that sche him sih, 
With goodli chiere drowh him nyh, 
As sche which al honour supposeth, 
And him, so as sche dar, opposeth 
Hou it stod of hire housebonde. 
And he tho dede hire understande 
With tales feigned in his wise, 
Riht as he wolde himself devise, 
Wherof he myhte hire herte glade, 
That sche the betre chiere made, 
Whan sche the glade wordes herde, 
Hou that hire housebonde ferde. 
And thus the trouthe was deceived 
With slih tresoun, which was received 
To hire which mente alle goode; 
For as the festes thanne stode, 
His Souper was ryht wel arraied. 
Bot yit he hath no word assaied 
To speke of love in no degre; 
Bot with covert soubtilite 
His frendly speches he affaiteth, 
And as the Tigre his time awaiteth 
In hope forto cacche his preie. 
Whan that the bordes were aweie 
And thei have souped in the halle, 
He seith that slep is on him falle, 
And preith he moste go to bedde; 
And sche with alle haste spedde, 
So as hire thoghte it was to done, 
That every thing was redi sone. 
Sche broghte him to his chambre tho
And tok hire leve, and forth is go
Into hire oghne chambre by,
As sche that wende certeiny
Have had a frend, and hadde a fo,
Wherof fell after mochel wo.
This tirant, thogh he lyhe softe,
Out of his bed aros fulostef,
And goth aboute, and leide his Ere
To herkne, til that alle were
To bedde gon and slepten faste.
And thanne upon himself he caste
A mantell, and his swerd al naked
He tok in honde; and sche unwaked
Abedde lay, but what sche mette,
God wot; for he the Dore unschette
So prively that non it herde,
The softe pas and forth he ferde
Unto the bed wher that sche slepte,
Al sodeinliche and in he crepte,
And hire in bothe his Armes tok.  P. iii. 259
With that this worthi wif awok,
Which thurgh tendresce of wommanhiede
Hire vois hath lost for pure drede,
That o word speke sche ne dar:
And ek he bad hir to be war,
For if sche made noise or cry,
He seide, his swerd lay faste by
To slen hire and hire folk aboute.
And thus he broghte hire herte in doute,
That lich a Lomb whanne it is sesed
In wolves mouth, so was desesed
Lucrece, which he naked fond:
Wherof sche swouene in his hond,
And, as who seith, lay ded oppressed.
And he, which al him hadde adresced
To lust, tok thanne what him liste,
And goth his wey, that non it wiste,
Into his oghne chambre ayein,
And clepede up his chamberlein,
4971 In to AdBT
And made him redi forto ryde.
And thus this lecherouse pride
To horse lepte and forth he rod;
And sche, which in hire bed abod,
Whan that sche wiste he was agon,
Sche clepede after liht anon
And up aros long er the day,
And caste awey hire freissh aray,
As sche which hath the world forsake,
And tok upon the clothes blake:
And evere upon continuinge,
Riht as men sen a welle springe,
With yhen fulle of wofull teres,
Hire her hangende aboute hire Eres,
Sche wepte, and noman wiste why.
Bot yit among full pitously
Sche preide that thei nolden drecche
Hire housebonde forto fecche
Forth with hire fader ek also.
Thus be thei comen bothe tuo,
And Brutus cam with Collatin,
Which to Lucrece was cousin,
And in thei wenten alle thre
To chambre, wher thei myhten se
The wofulleste upon this Molde,
Which wepte as sche to water scholde.
The chambre Dore anon was stoke,
Er thei have oght unto hire spoke;
Thei sihe hire clothes al desguised,
And hou sche hath hisself despised,
Hire her hangende unkemd aboute,
Bot natheles sche gan to loute
And knele unto hire housebonde;
And he, which fain wolde understonde
The cause why sche ferde so,
With softe wordes axeth tho,
'What mai you be, mi goode swete?'
And sche, which thoghte hisself unmete
And the lest worth of wommen alle,
Hire wofull chiere let doun falle
For schame and couthe unnethes loke. P. iii. 261
And thei therof good hiede toke,
And preiden hire in alle weie
That sche ne spare forto seie
Unto hir frendes what hire eileth,
Why sche so sore hirself beweileth,
And what the sothe wolde mene.
And sche, which hath hire sorwes grene, 5040
Hire wo to telle thanne assaieth,
Bot tendre schame hire word delaith,
That sondri times as sche minte
To speke, upon the point sche stinte.
And thei hire hidden evere in on
To telle forth, and therupon,
Whan that sche sih sche moste nede,
Hire tale betwen schame and drede
Sche tolde, noght withoute peine.
And he, which wolde hire wo restreigne, 5050
Hire housebonde, a sory man,
Conforteth hire al that he can,
(5250*)
And swor, and ek hire fader bothe,
That thei with hire be noght wrothe
Of that is don ayein hire wille;
And preiden hire to be stille,
For thei to hire have al foryive.
Bot sche, which thoghte noght to live,
Of hem wol no foryivenesse,
And seide, of thilke wickednesse 5060
Which was unto hire bodi wroght,
Al were it so sche myhte it noght,
Nevere afterward the world ne schal P. iii. 262
Reproeven hire; and forth withal,
Er eny man therof be war,
A naked swerd, the which sche bar
Withinne hire Mantel priveli,
Betwen hire hondes sodeinly
Sche tok, and thurgh hire herte it throng,
And fell to grounde, and evere among, 5070
Whan that sche fell, so as sche myhte,
5043 f. minte ... stinte J, SB, F mente ... stente AEC
Hire clothes with hire hand sche rihte,
That noman dounward fro the kne
Scholde eny thing of hire se:
Thus lay this wif honestly,
Althogh she deide wofully.

Tho was no sorwe forto seke:
Hire housebonde, hire fader eke
Aswouned upon the bodi felle;
Ther mai no mannes tunge telle
In which anguishe that thei were.
Bot Brutus, which was with hem there,
Toward himself his herte kepte,
And to Lucrece anon he lepte,
The blodi swerd and pulleth oute,
And swor the goddes al aboute
That he therof schal do vengance.
And sche tho made a contienance,
Hire dedlich yhe and ate laste
In thonkinge as it were up caste,
And so behied him in the wise,
Whil sche to loke mai suffise.
And Brutus with a manlich herte
Hire housebonde hath mad up sterte
Forth with hire fader ek also
In alle haste, and seide hem tho
That thei anon withoute lette
A Beere for the body fette;
Lucrece and therupon bledende
He leide, and so forth out criende
He goth into the Market place
Of Rome: and in a litel space
Thurgh cry the cite was assembled,
And every mannes herte is trembled,
Whan thei the sothe herde of the cas.
And therupon the conseil was
Take of the grete and of the smale,
And Brutus tolde hem al the tale;
And thus cam into remembrance.
Of Senne the continuance,  
Which Arrons hadde do tofore,  
And ek, long time er he was bore,  
Of that his fader hadde do  
The wrong cam into place tho;  
So that the comun clamour tolde  
The newe schame of Sennes olde.  
And al the toun began to crie,  
‘Awey, awey the tirannie  
Of lecherie and covoitise!’  
And ate laste in such a wise  
The fader in the same while  
Forth with his Sone thei exile,  
And taken betre governance.  
Bot yit an other remembrance  
That rihtwisnesse and lecherie  
Acorden noght in compaignie  
With him that hath the lawe on honde,  
That mai a man wel understonde,  
As be a tale thou shalt wite,  
Of olde ensample as it is write.

At Rome whan that Apius,  
Whos other name is Claudius,  
Was governour of the cite,  
Ther fell a wonder thing to se  
Touchende a gentil Maide, as thus,  
Whom Livius Virginius  
Begeten hadde upon his wif:  
Men seiden that so fair a lif  
As sche was noght in al the toun.  
This fame, which goth up and doun,  
To Claudius cam in his Ere,  
Wherof his thoght anon was there,  
Which al his herte hath set afyre,  
That he began the flour desire  
Which longeth unto maydenhede,  

Hicponitexemplum super codem, qualiter Liiuius Virginiius dux exercitus Romanorum uniam filiam pulcherrimam habens cum quodam nobili viro nomine Ilicio, vt ipsam in uxorem duceret, finaliter concordavit. Set interim Apius Claudius tunc Imperator virginis formositatem, vt eam violaret, concupiscens, occasiones quibus matrimonium impedire, ipsamque ad sui vsum apprehendere posset,
CONFESSIO AMANTIS

And sende, if that he myhte spede
The blinde lustes of his wille.
Bot that thing mai he noght fulfille,
For sche stod upon Mariage ;
A worthi kniht of gret lignage,
Ilicius which thanne hihte,
Acored in hire fader sihte
Was, that he scholde his douhter wedde. P.iii.265
Bot er the cause fully spedde,
Hire fader, which in Romanie
The ledinge of chivalerie
In governance hath undertake,
Upon a werre which was take
Goth out with al the strengthe he hadde
Of men of Armes whiche he ladde:
So was the mariage left,
And stod upon acord til eft.

The king, which herde telle of this,
Hou that this Maide oderigned is
To Mariage, thoghte an other.
And hadde thilke time a brother,
Which Marchus Claudius was hote,
And was a man of such riote
Riht as the king himselfe was :
Thei tuo togedre upon this cas
In conseil founden out this weie,
That Marchus Claudius schal seie
Hou sche be weie of covenant
To his service appourtenant
Was hol, and to non other man ;
And therupon he seith he can
In every point witnesse take,
So that sche schal it noght forsake.
Whan that thei hadden schape so,
After the lawe which was tho,
Whil that hir fader was absent,
Sche was somounced and assent
To come in presence of the king P. iii. 266
LIBER SEPTIMUS

And stonde in ansuere of this thing.
Hire frendes wisten alle wel
That it was falshed everydel,
And comen to the king and seiden,
Upon the comun lawe and preiden,
So as this noble worthi knyht
Hir fader for the comun riht
In thilke time, as was befalle,
Lai for the profit of hem alle
Upon the wylde feldes armed,
That he ne scholde noght ben harmed
Ne schamed, whil that he were oute;
And thus thei preiden al aboute.

For al the clamour that he herde,
The king upon his lust ansuerde,
And yaf hem only daies tuo
Of respit; for he wende tho,
That in so schorte a time appiere
Hire fader mihte in no manere.
Bot as therof he was deceived;
For Livius hadde al conceived
The pourpos of the king tofore,
So that to Rome ayein therfore
In alle haste he cam ridende,
And lefte upon the field liggende
His host, til that he come ayein.
And thus this worthi capitein
Appiereth redi at his day,
Wher al that evere reson may
Be lawe in audience he doth,
So that his dowhter upon soth
Of that Marchus hire hadde accused
He hath tofore the court excused.

The king, which sith his pourpos faile,
And that no sleihte mihte availe,
Encombred of his lustes blinde
The lawe torneth out of kinde,
And half in wrath the as thogh it were,
In presence of hem alle there
Deceived of concupiscence
Yaf for his brother the sentence,
And bad him that he scholde sese
This Maide and make him wel at ese;
Bot al withinne his oghne entente
He wiste hou that the cause wente,
Of that his brother hath the wyte
He was himselven forto wyte.
Bot thus this maiden hadde wrong,
Which was upon the king along,
Bot ayein him was non Appel,
And that the fader wiste wel:
Wherof upon the tirannie,
That for the lust of Lecherie
His douhter scholde be deceived,
And that Ilicius was weyved
Untrewly fro the Mariage,
Riht as a Leon in his rage,
Which of no drede set acompte
And not what pite scholde amounte,
A naked swerd he pulleth oute,
P. iii. 268
The which amonges al the route
He threste thurgh his dowhter side,
And al alowd this word he eride:
'Lo, take hire ther, thou wrongfull king,
For me is lever upon this thing
To be the fader of a Maide,
Thogh sche be ded, than if men saide
That in hir lif sche were schamed
And I therof were evele named.'
Tho bad the king men scholde areste
His bodi, bot of thilke heste,
Lich to the chaced wylde bor,
The houndes whan he fieleth sor,
Tothroweth and goth forth his weie,
In such a wise forto seie
This worthi kniht with swerd on honde
His weie made, and thei him wonde,
That non of hem his strokes kepte;
And thus upon his hors he lepte,
And with his swerd droppende of blod,
The which withinne his douhter stod,
He cam ther as the pouer was
Of Rome, and toled hem al the cas,
And seide hem that thei myhten liere
Upon the wrong of his matiere,
That betre it were to redresce
At hom the grete unrihtwisnesse,
Than forto werre in strange place
And lese at hom here oghne grace.
For thus stant every mannes lif
In jeupartie for his wif
Or for his dowhter, if thei be
Passende an other of beaute.
Of this merveile which thei sihe
So apparan tofore here yhe,
Of that the king him hath misbore,
Here othes thei have alle swore
That thei wol stonde be the riht.
And thus of on acord upriht
To Rome at ones hom ayein
Thei torne, and schortly forto sein,
This tirannye cam to mouthe,
And every man seith what he couthe,
So that the prive tricherie,
Which set was upon lecherie,
Cam openly to mannes Ere;
And that broghte in the comun seere,
That every man the peril dradde
Of him that so hem overladdde.
Forthi, er that it worse falle,
Thurgh comun conseil of hem alle

5263 Al with . . . of blood T  Al wiþ . . . al blod B  Wiþ . . . al
blode Ad  5267 seide AJ, SB  seid F  5268 þis AMB;
5275 And for AdBT  Or of W  5279 haþ him AM, W  5293
ifor þey B
CONFESSIO AMANTIS

Thei have here wrongfull king deposed,
And hem in whom it was supposed
The conseil stod of his ledinge
Be lawe unto the dom thei bringe,
Wher thei receiven the penance
That longeth to such governance.
And thus thunchaste was chastised,
Wherof thei myhte ben avised
That scholden afterward governe,
And be this evidence lerne,
Hou it is good a king eschuie
The lust of vice and vertu suiæ.

To make an ende in this partie,
Which toucheth to the Policie
Of Chastite in special,
As for conclusion final
That every lust is to eschue
Be gret ensample I mai argue:
Hou in Rages a toun of Mede
Ther was a Mayde, and as I rede,
Sarra sche hihte, and Raguel
Hir fader was; and so befell,
Of bodi bothe and of visage
Was non so fair of the ligneage,
To seche among hem alle, as sche;
Wherof the riche of the cite,
Of lusti folk that couden love,
Assoted were upon hire love,
And asken hire ferto wedde.
On was which ate laste spedde,
Bot that was more for likinge,
To have his lust, than for weddinge,
As he withinne his herte caste,
Which him repenteth ate laste.
For so it fell the ferste nyht,
That whanne he was to bedde dyht,
As he which nothing god besecheth
Bot al only hise lustes secheth,
Abedde er he was fully warm
And wolde have take hire in his Arm,
Asmod, which was a fend of helle,
And serveth, as the bokes telle,
To tempte a man of such a wise,
Was redy there, and thilke emprise,
Which he hath set upon delit,
He vengeth thanne in such a plit,
That he his necke hath writhe atuo.
This yonge wif was sory tho,
Which wiste nothing what it mente;
And natheles yit thus it wente
Noght only of this ferste man,
Bot after, riht as he began,
Sexe othre of hire housebondes
Asmod hath take into hise bondes,
So that thei alle abedde deiden,
Whan thei her hand toward hir leiden,
Noght for the lawe of Mariage,
Bot for that ilke fyri rage
In which that thei the lawe excede:
For who that wolde taken hiede
What after fell in this matiere,
Ther mihte he wel the sothe hiere.
Whan sche was wedded to Thobie,
And Raphael in compainie
Hath tawht him hou to ben honeste.
Asmod wan noght at thilke feste,
And yit Thobie his wille hadde;
For he his lust so goodly ladde,
That bothe lawe and kinde is served,
Wherof he hath himself preserved,
That he fell noght in the sentence.
O which an open evidence
Of this ensample a man mai se,
That whan likinge in the degre
Of Marriage mai forsueie,
Wel oghte him thanne in other weie
Of lust to be the betre avised.
For god the lawes hath assisshed
Als wel to reson as to kinde,
Bot he the bestes wolde binde
Only to lawes of nature,
Bot to the mannes creature
God yaf him reson forth withal,
Wherof that he nature schal
Upon the causes modefie,
That he schal do no lecherie,
And yit he schal hise lustes have.
So ben the lawes bothe save
And every thing put out of scandre:
As whilom to king Alisandre
The wise Philosophre tawhte,
Whan he his ferste lore cawhte,
Noght only upon chastete,
Bot upon alle honestete;
Wherof a king himself mai taste,
Hou trewe, hou large, hou joust, hou chaste
Him oghte of reson forto be,
Forth with the vertu of Pite,
Thurgh which he mai gret thonk deserve
Toward his godd, that he preserve
Him and his poeple in alle welthe
Of pes, richesse, honour and helthe
Hier in this world and elles eke.

Mi Sone, as we tofore spieke
In schrifte, so as thou me seidest,
And for thin ese, as thou me preidest,
Thi love throghes forto lisse,
That I thee wolde telle and wisse
The forme of Aristoltes lore,
I have it seid, and somdier more
Of othre ensamples, to assaiye
If I thi peines myhte allaie
Thurgh eny thing that I can seie.
   Do wey, mi fader, I you preie:
Of that ye have unto me told
I thonke you a thousandfold.
The tales sounen in myn Ere,
Bot yit myn herte is elleswhere,
That I nam evere in loves peine:
Such lore couthe I nevere gete,
Which myhte make me foryte
O point, bot if so were I slepte,
That I my tydes ay ne kepe
To thenke of love and of his lawe;
That herte can I noght withdrawe.
Forthi, my goode fader diere,
Lef al and speke of my matiere
Touchende of love, as we begonne:

If that ther be oght overronne
Or oght foryte or left behinde
Which falleth unto loves kinde,
Wherof it nedeth to be schrive,
Nou axeth, so that whil I live
I myhte amende that is mys.

Mi goode diere Sone, yis.
Thi schrifte forto make plein,
Ther is yit more forto sein
Of love which is unavised.
Bot for thou schalt be wel avised
Unto thi schrifte as it belongeth,
A point which upon love hongeth
And is the laste of alle tho,
I wol thee telle, and thanne ho.

Explicit Liber Septimus.
Incipit Liber Octavus.

i. Que fuit ad vicium vetus hoc modo regula confert, P. iii. 275

Nec novus contra qui docet ordo placet.
Cecus amor dudum nondum sua lumina cepit,
Quo Venus imposuit denia fallit iter.

The myhti god, which unbegunne
Stant of himself and hath begunne
Alle othre thinges at his wille,
The hevene him liste to fulfille
Of alle joie, where as he
Sit inthronezed in his See,
And hath hise Angles him to serve,
Suche as him liketh to preserve,
So that thei move noght forsucie:
Bot Lucifer he putte aweie,
With al the route apostazied
Of hem that ben to him allied,
Whiche out of hevene into the helle
From Angles into fendes felle;
Wher that ther is no joie of lyht,
Bot more derk than eny nyht
The peine schal ben endeles;

And yit of fyres natheles
Ther is plente, bot thei ben blake,
Wherof no syhte mai be take.

Thus whan the thinges ben befalle,
That Luciferes court was falle
Wher dedly Pride hem hath conveyed,
Anon forthwith it was pourveied
Thurgh him which alle thinges may;

13 the om. AM . . . B₂, AdBTΔA, W
He made Adam the sexte day
In Paradis, and to his make
Him liketh Eve also to make,
And bad hem cresce and multiplie.
For of the mannes Progenie,
Which of the womman schal be bore,
The nombre of Angles which was lore,
Whan thei out fro the blisse felle,
He thoghte, to restore, and felle
In hevene thilke holy place
Which stod tho voide upon his grace.
Bot as it is wel wiste and knowe,
Adam and Eve bot a throwe,
So as it scholde of hem betyde,
In Paradis at thilke tyde
Ne duelten, and the cause why,
Write in the bok of Genesi,
As who seith, alle men have herd,
Hou Raphael the fyri swerd
In honde tok and drof hem oute,
To gete here lyves fode aboute
Upon this wofull Erthe hier.
Metodre seith to this matiere,
As he be revelacion
It hadde upon avision,
Hou that Adam and Eve also
Virgines comen bothe tuo
Into the world and were aschamed,
Til that nature hem hath reclamed
To love, and tauht hem thilke lore,
That ferst thei keste, and overmore
Thei don that is to kinde due,
Wherof thei hadden fair issue.
A Sone was the ferste of alle,
And Chain be name thei him calle;
Abel was after the secounde,
And in the geste as it is founde,
Nature so the cause ladde,
Tuo doubtres ek Dame Eve hadde,
The ferste cleped Calmana
Was, and that other Delbora.
Thus was mankinde to beginne;
Forthi that time it was no Sinne
The Soster forto take hire brother,
Whan that ther was of chois non other:
To Chain was Calmana betake,
And Delboram hath Abel take,
In whom was gete natheles
Of worldes folk the ferste encrees.
Men sein that nede hath no lawe,
And so it was be thilke dawe
And laste into the Secounde Age,
Til that the grete water rage,
Of Noë which was seid the flod,
The world, which thanne in Senne stod,
Hath dreint, outake lyves Eyhte.
Tho was mankinde of litel weyhte;
Sem, Cham, Japhet, of these thre,
That ben the Sones of Noë,
The world of mannes nacion
Into multiplicacion
Was tho restored newe ayein
So ferforth, as the bokes sein,
That of hem thre and here issue
Ther was so large a retenue,
Of naciouns seventy and tuo;
In sondri place ech on of tho
The wyde world have enhabited.
Bot as nature hem hath excited,
Thei token thanne litel hiede,
The brother of the Sosterhiede
To wedde wyves, til it cam
Into the time of Habraham.
Whan the thirdde Age was begunne,
The nede tho was overrunne,
For ther was poeple ynowh in londe:
Thanne ate ferste it cam to honde,
That Sosterhode of mariage
Was torned into cousinage,
So that after the rihte lyne
The Cousin weddeth the cousine.

For Habraham, er that he deide,
This charge upon his servant leide,
To him and in this wise spak,
That he his Sone Isaäc
Do wedde for no worldes good,
Bot only to his oghne blod:
Wherof this Servant, as he bad,
Whan he was ded, his Sone hath lad
To Bathuel, wher he Rebecke
Hath wedded with the whyte necke;
For sche, he wiste wel and syh,
Was to the child cousine nyh.

And thus as Habraham hath tawht,
Whan Isaäc was god betawht,
His Sone Jacob dede also,
And of Laban the dowhtres tuo,
Which was his Em, he tok to wyve,
And gat upon hem in his lyve,
Of hire ferst which hihte Lie,
Sex Sones of his Progenie,
And of Rachel tuo Sones eke:
The remenant was forto seke,
That is to sein of foure mo,
Wherof he gat on Bala tuo,
And of Zelpha he hadde ek tweie.
And these twelve, as I thee seie,
Thurgh providence of god himselfe
Ben seid the Patriarkes tuelve;
Of whom, as afterward befell,
The tribes tuelve of Irahel
Engendred were, and ben the same
That of Hебrœus tho hadden name,
Which of Sibrede in alliance
For evere kepten thilke usance
Most comunly, til Crist was bore.
Bot afterward it was forbore
Amonges ous that ben baptized;
For of the lawe canonized
The Pope hath bede to the men,
That non schal wedden of his ken
Ne the seconde ne the thridde.
Bot thogh that holy cherche it bidde,
So to restreigne Mariage,
Ther ben yit upon loves Rage
Full manye of suche nou aday
That taken wher thei take may.
For love, which is unbesein
Of alle reson, as men sein,
Thurgh sotie and thurgh nycete,
Of his voluptuosite
He spareth no condicion
Of ken ne yit religion,
Bot as a cock among the Hennes,
Or as a Stalon in the Fennes,
Which goth amonges al the Stod,
Riht so can he nomore good,
Bot takth what thing comth next to honde.

Mi Sone, thou shalt understande,
That such delit is forto blame.
Forthi if thou hast be the same
To love in eny such manere,
Tell forth therof and schrif thee hire.

Mi fader, nay; god wot the sothe,
Mi feire is noght of such a bothe,
So wylde a man yit was I nevere,
That of mi ken or lief or levere
Me liste love in such a wise:
And ek I not for what emprise
I scholde assote upon a Nonne,
For thogh I hadde hir love wonne,
It myhte into no pris amonte,
So therof sette I non aecompte.
Ye mai wel axe of this and that,
Bot sothli forto telle plat,
In al this world ther is bot on
The which myn herte hath overgon;
I am toward alle othre fre.

Full wel, mi Sone, nou I see
Thi word stant evere upon o place,
Bot yit therof thou hast a grace,
That thou thee myht so wel excuse
Of love such as som men use,
So as I spak of now tofore.
For al such time of love is lore,
And lich unto the bitterswete;
For thogh it thenke a man ferst swete,
He schal wel fielen ate laste
That it is sour and may noght laste.
For as a morsell envenimed,
So hath such love his lust mistimed,
And grete ensamples manyon
A man mai finde therupon.

At Rome ferst if we beginne,
Ther schal I finde hou of this sinne
An Emperour was forto blame,
Gayus Caligula be name,
Which of his oghne Sostres thre
Berefte the virginite:
And whanne he hadde hem so forlein,
As he the which was al vilein,
He dede hem out of londe exile.
Bot afterward withinne a while
God hath beraft him in his ire
His lif and ek his large empire:
And thus for likinge of a throwe
For evere his lust was overthrowe.
Of this sotie also I finde,

At Rome ferst if we beginne,
Ther schal I finde hou of this sinne
An Emperour was forto blame,
Gayus Caligula be name,
Which of his oghne Sostres thre
Berefte the virginite:
And whanne he hadde hem so forlein,
As he the which was al vilein,
He dede hem out of londe exile.
Bot afterward withinne a while
God hath beraft him in his ire
His lif and ek his large empire:
And thus for likinge of a throwe
For evere his lust was overthrowe.
Of this sotie also I finde,
exemplum super codem, qualiter Amon filius Dauid fatuamoris concupiscencia praeuentus, sororem suam Thamar a sue virginitatis pudiciciae inuitam defloruit. propter quod etipse a fratre suo Absolon postea interfectus, peccatum sue mortis precio inuitus redemit.

Hic narrat, qualiter Loth duas filias suas ipsius consencientibus carnali copula cognuit, duosque ex eis filios, scilicet Moab et Amon, progenit, quorum postea generatio praua et exasperans contra populum dei in terra saltim promissionis vario grauamine quam septius insultabat.

Confessor.

Amon his Soster ayein kinde,
Which hihte Thamar, he forlay;
Bot he that lust an other day
Aboghte, whan that Absolon
His oghne brother therupon,
Of that he hadde his Soster schent,
Tok of that Senne vengement
And slowh him with his oghne hond:
And thus thunkinde unkinde fond.

And forto se more of this thing,
The bible makth a knowleching,
Wherof thou miht take evidence
Upon the sothe experience.
Whan Lothes wif was overgon
And schape into the salte Ston,
As it is spoke into this day,
Be bothe his dowhtres thanne he lay,
With childe and made hem bothe grete,
Til that nature hem wolde lete,
And so the cause aboute ladde
That ech of hem a Sone hadde,
Moab the ferste, and the seconde
Amon, of whiche, as it is founde,
Cam afterward to gret encres
Tuo nacions: and natheles,
For that the stockes were ungoode,
The branches mihten noght be goode;
For of the false Moabites
Forth with the strengthe of Amonites,
Of that thei weren ferst misgete,
The poeple of god was ofte upsete
In Irahel and in Judee,
As in the bible a man mai se.

Lo thus, my Sone, as I thee seie,
Thou miht thyselbe be beseie
Of that thou hast of othre herd:
For evere yit it hath so ferd,
Of loves lust if so beffalle
That it in other place falle
Than it is of the lawe set,
He which his love hath so beset
Mote afterward repente him sore.
And every man is othres lore;
Of that beffell in time er this
The present time which now is
May ben enformed hou it stod,
And take that him thenketh good,
And leve that which is noght so.
Bot forto loke of time go,
Hou lust of love excedeth lawe,
It oghte forto be withdrawe;
For every man it scholde drede,
And nameliche in his Sibreden,
Which torneth ofte to vengeance:
Wherof a tale in remembrance,
Which is a long process to hiere,
I thenke forto tellen hiere.

ii. Omnibus est communis amor, set et immoderatos
Qui facit excessus, non reputatur amans.
Sors tamen unde Venus attractat corda, videre
Que racenis erunt, non racione sinit.

Of a Cronique in daies gon,
The which is cleped Pantheon,
In loves cause I rede thus,
Hou that the grete Antiochus,
Of whom that Antioche tok
His ferste name, as seith the bok,
Was coupled to a noble queene,
And hadde a dowther hem betwene:
Bot such fortune cam to honde,
That deth, which no king mai withstonde,
Bot every lif it mote obeie,
This worthi queene tok awei.
CONFESSIO AMANTIS

The king, which made mochel mone, P. iii. 285
Tho stod, as who seith, al him one
Withoute wif, bot natheles
His doghter, which was pieresles
Of beaute, duele aboute him stille.
Bot whanne a man hath welthe at wille,
The fleissh is frele and falleth ofte,
And that this maid tendre and softe,
Which in hire fadres chambres duele,
Withinne a time wiste and felte:
For likinge and concupiscence
Withoute insihte of conscience
The fader so with lustes blente,
That he caste al his hole entente
His oghne doghter forto spille.
This king hath leisir at his wille
With strengthe, and whanne he time sih,
This yonge maiden he forlih:
And sche was tendre and full of drede,
Sche couthe noght hir Maidenhedre
Defende, and thus sche hath forlore
The flour which sche hath longe bore.
It helpeth noght althogh sche wepe,
For thei that scholde hir bodi kepe
Of wommen were absent as thanne;
And thus this maiden goth to manne,
The wylde fader thus devoureth
His oghne fleissh, which non socoureth,
And that was cause of mochel care.
Bot after this unkinde fare
Out of the chambre goth the king, P. iii. 286
And sche lay stille, and of this thing,
Withinne hirself such sorge made,
Ther was no wiht that mihte hir glade,
For feere of thilke horrible vice.
With that cam inne the Norrice
Which fro childhode hir hadde kept,
And axeth if sche hadde slept,
And why hire chiere was unglad.
Bot sche, which hath ben overlad
Of that sche myhte noght be wreke,
For schame couthe unethes speke;
And natheles mercy sche preide
With wepende yhe and thus sche seide:
‘Helas, mi Soster, waileway,
That evere I sith this ilke day!
Thing which mi bodi ferst begat
Into this world, onliche that
Mi worldes worshipe hath bereft.’
With that sche swouneth now and eft,
And evere wisseth after deth,
So that welyngh hire lacketh breth.
That other, which hire wordes herde,
In confortinge of hire ansuerde,
To lette hire fadres fol desir
Sche wiste no recoverir:
Whan thing is do, ther is no bote,
So sufferen thei that suffere mote;
Ther was non other which it wiste.
Thus hath this king al that him liste
Of his likinge and his plesance,
And laste in such continuance,
And such delit he tok therinne,
Him thoghte that it was no Sinne;
And sche dorste him nothing withseie.

Bot fame, which goth every weie,
To sondry regnes al aboute
The grete beaute telleth oute
Of such a maide of hih parage:
So that for love of mariaghe
The worthi Princes come and sende,
As thei the whiche al honour wende,
And knewe nothing hou it stod.
The fader, whanne he understod,
That thei his dowhter thus besoghte,
With al his wit he caste and thoghte
Hou that he myhte finde a lette;
And such a Statut thanne he sette,
And in this wise his lawe he taxeth,
That what man that his doghter axeth,
Bot if he couthe his question
Assoile upon suggestion
Of certein things that befelle,
The whiche he wolde unto him telle,
He scholde in certein lese his hed.
And thus ther weren manye ded,
Here hevedes stondende on the gate,
Till ate laste longe and late,
For lacke of ansuere in the wise,
The remenant that weren wise
Eschuieden to make assay.

Til it befell upon a day
Appolinus the Prince of Tyr,
Which hath to love a gret desir,
As he which in his hihe mod
Was likende of his hote blod,
A yong, a freissh, a lusti knyht,
As he lat musende on a nyht
Of the tidinges whiche he herde,
He thoghte assaie hou that it ferde.
He was with worthi companie
Arraied, and with good navie
To schipe he goth, the wynd him dryveth,
And seileth, til that he arryveth:
Sauf in the port of Antioche
He londeth, and goth to aproche
The kings Court and his presence.
Of every naturel science,
Which eny clerk him couthe teche,
He couthe ynowh, and in his speche
Of wordes he was eloquent;
And whanne he sih the king present,
He preith he moste his dowhter have.

358 soghte (soughte) A ... CB2, SAdTB (In al wise he him be bowt Δ)
362 that om. BTΔ, W
371 his wise EB2, BΔ
The king ayein began to crave,
And tolde him the condicion,
Hou ferst unto his question
He mote answere and faile noght,
Or with his heved it schal be boght:
And he him axeth what it was.

The king declareth him the cas
With sturne lok and sturdi chiere,
To him and seide in this manere:
'With felonie I am upbore,
I ete and have it noght forbore
Mi modres fleissh, whos housebonde
Mi fader forto seche I fonde,
Which is the Sone ek of my wif.
Hierof I am inquisitif;
And who that can mi tale save,
Al quyty schal my doghter have:
Of his answere and if he faile,
He schal be ded withoute faile.
Forthi my Sone,' quod the king,
'Be wel avised of this thing,
Which hath thi lif in jeupartie.'

Appolinus for his partie,
Whan he this question hath herd,
Unto the king he hath answerd
And hath rehearsed on and on
The pointz, and seide therupon:
'The question which thou hast spoke,
If thou wolt that it be unloke,
It toucheth al the privete
Betwen thin oghne child and thee,
And stant al hol upon you tuo.'

The king was wonder sory tho,
And thoghte, if that he seide it oute,
Than were he schamed al aboute.
With slihe wordes and with felle
He seith, 'Mi Sone, I schal thee telle.
Though that thou be of litel wit,
It is no gret mervelle as yit,
Thin age mai it noght suffise:
Bot loke wel thou noght despise
Thin oghne lif, for of my grace
Of thretty daies fulle a space
I grante thee, to ben avised.'

And thus with leve and time assised
This yonge Prince forth he wente,
And understod wel what it mente,
Withinne his herte as he was lered,
That forto maken him afered
The king his time hath so deslaied.
Wherof he dradde and was esmaied,
Of treson that he deie scholde,
For he the king his sothe tolde;
And sodeinly the nyhtes tyde,
That more wolde he noght abide,
Al prively his barge he hente
And hom ayein to Tyr he wente:
And in his oghne wit he seide
For drede, if he the king bewreide,
He knew so wel the kings herte,
That deth ne scholde he noght asterte,
The king him wolde so poursuie.
Bot he, that wolde his deth eschuie,
And knew al this tofor the hond,
Forsake he thoghte his oghne lond,
That there wolde he noght abyde;
For wel he knew that on som syde
This tirant of his felonie
Be som manere of tricherie
To grieve his body wol noght leve.

Forthi withoute take leve,
Als priveliche as evere he myhte,
He goth him to the Sea be nyhte
In Schipes that be whete laden:

443 his om. B 446 esmaied JEC, S, FK amaied (amayed)
AMHIXGRLBz, AdBT dismayed Δ, W 462 tyde AMX, W
467 margin mare om. F as evere he] as he H, Bz, Ad as they BT
469 In] Her(e) AdBTA be] ben wiþ AdBTΔΔ, W
Here takel redy tho thei maden
And hale up Seil and forth thei fare.
Bot forto tellen of the care
That thei of Tyr begonne tho,
Whan that thei wiste he was ago,
It is a Pite forto hiere.
They losten lust, they losten chiere,
Thei toke upon hem such penaunce,
Ther was no song, ther was no daunce,
Bot every merthe and melodie
To hem was thanne a maladie; 470
For unlust of that aventure
Ther was no song, ther was no daunce,
The bathes and the Stwes bothe
Thei schetten in be every weie;
There was no lif which leste pleie
Ne take of eny joie kepe,
Bot for here liege lord to wepe;
And every wyht seide as he couthe,
‘Helas, the lusti flour of youthe,
Our Prince,oure heved, our governour,
Thurgh whom we stoden in honour,
Withoute the comun assent
Thus sodeinliche is fro ous went!’
Such was the clamour of hem alle.

Bot se we now what is befalle
Upon the ferste tale plein,
And torne we therto ayein.
Antiochus the grete Sire,
Which full of rancour and of ire
His herte berth, so as ye herde,
Of that this Prince of Tyr ansuerde,
He hadde a feloun bacheler,
Which was his prive consailer,
And Taliart be name he hihte:
The king a strong puison him dihte
Withinne a buiste and gold therto,
In alle haste and bad him go
Strawht unto Tyr, and for no cost
Ne spare he, til he hadde lost
The Prince which he wolde spille.
And whan the king hath seid his wille,
This Taliart in a Galeie
With alle haste he tok his weie:
The wynd was good, he saileth blyve,
Til he tok lond upon the ryve
Of Tyr, and forth with al anon
Into the Burgh he gan to gon,
And tok his In and bod a throwe.
Bot for he wolde noght be knowe,
Desguised thanne he goth him oute;
He sith the weeping al about,
And axeth what the cause was,
And thei him tolden al the cas,
How sodeinli the Prince is go.
And whan he sith that it was so,
And that his labour was in vein,
Anon he torneth hom ayein,
And to the king, whan he cam nyh.
He tolde of that he herde and syh,
Hou that the Prince of Tyr is fled,
So was he come ayein unsped.
The king was sorri for a while,
Bot whan he sith that with no wyle
He myhte achieve his cruelte,
He stinte his wraththe and let him be.
    Bot over this now forto telle
Of aventures that befelle
Unto this Prince of whom I tolde,
He hath his rihte cours forth holde
Be Ston and nedle, til he cam
To Tharse, and there his lond he nam.
A Burgeis riche of gold and fee
Was thilke time in that cite,
Which cleped was Strangulio,
His wif was Dionise also:
This yonge Prince, as seith the bok,
With hem his herbergage tok;
And it befell that Cite so
Before time and thanne also,
Thurgh strong famyne which hem ladde
Was non that eny whete hadde.
Appolinus, whan that he herde
The meschief, hou the cite ferde,
Al freliche of his oghne yifte
His whete, among hem forto schifte,
The which be Schipe he hadde broght,
He yaf, and tok of hem riht noght.
Bot sithen ferst this world began,
Was nevere yit to such a man
Mor joie mad than thei him made:
For thei were alle of him so glade,
That thei for evere in remembrance
Made a figure in resemblance
Of him, and in the comun place
Thei sette him up, so that his face
Mihte every maner man beholde,
So as the cite was beholde;
It was of latoun overgilt:
Thus hath he noght his yifte spilt.
Upon a time with his route
This lord to pleie goth him oute,
And in his weie of Tyr he mette
A man, the which on knees him grette,
And Hellican be name he hihete,
Which preide his lord to have insihte
Upon himself, and seide him thus,
Hou that the grete Antiochus

548 him H, AdBT 553 whan (when) AJC, B whanne S, F
565 the om. AMH XRL, Ad a B 566 him FWK it ACLB, B
568 So as] So hat AM... Ba (So as G) 571 a route AM...
B2, AdBT 573 margin prenunciauit B preminuit M 574
the which on knees] which on his knees E, B which on knees
H XRLB2, AdTA
** ** D d
Awiteth if he mihte him spille.
That other thoughte and hield him stille,
And thenked him of his warnynge,
And bad him telle no tidinge,
Whan he to Tyr cam hom ayein,  P. iii. 295
That he in Tharse him hadde sein.

Fortune hath evere be mueable
And mai no while stonde stable :
For now it hiheth, now it loweth,
Now stant upriht, now overthroweth,
Now full of blisse and now of bale,
As in the tellinge of mi tale
Hierafterward a man mai liere,
Which is gret routhe forto hiere.
This lord, which wolde don his beste,
Withinne himself hath litel reste,
And thoughte he wolde his place change
And seche a contre more strange.
Of Tharsiens his leve anon
He tok, and is to Schipe gon :
His cours he nam with Seil updrawe,
Where as fortune doth the lawe,
And scheweth, as I schal reherse,
How sche was to this lord diverse,
The which upon the See sche ferketh.
The wynd aros, the weder derketh,
It blew and made such tempeste,
Non ancher mai the schip areste,
Which hath tobroken al his gere ;
The Schipmen stode in such a feere,
Was non that myhte himself bestere,
Bot evere awaite upon the lere,
Whan that thei scholde drenche at ones.
Ther was ynowh withinne wones
Of wepinge and of sorghe tho ;  P. iii. 296
This yonge king makth mochel wo
So forto se the Schip travaile :
Bot al that myhte him noght availe ;
The mast tobrak, the Seil torof, 
The Schip upon the wawes drof, 
Til that thei sihe a londes cooste. 
Tho made avou the leste and moste, 
Be so thei myhten come alonde; 
Bot he which hath the See on honde, 
Neptunus, wolde noght acorde, 
Bot altobroke cable and corde, 
Er thei to londe myhte aproche, 
The Schip toclef upon a roche, 
And al goth doun into the depe. 
Bot he that alle thing mai kepe 
Unto this lord was merciable, 
And broghte him sauf upon a table, 
Which to the lond him hath upbore; 
The remenant was al forlore, 
Wherof he made mochel mone. 

Thus was this yonge lord him one, 
Al naked in a povere plit: 
His colour, which whilom was whyt, 
Was thanne of water fade and pale, 
And ek he was so sore acale 
That he wiste of himself no bote, 
It halp him nothing forto mote 
To gete ayein that he hath lore. 
Bot sche which hath his deth forbore, 
Fortune, thogh sche wol noght yelpe, 
Al sodeinly hath sent him helpe, 
Whanne him thoghte alle grace aweie; 
Ther cam a Fisshere in the weie, 
And sih a man ther naked stonde, 
And whan that he hath understonde 
The cause, he hath of him gret routhe, 
And onliche of his povere trouthe 
Of suche clothes as he hadde 
With gret Pite this lord he cladde.

620 avou (avow) A, B, F a vow (a vou) J, S, K 624 altobroke A, S, F al tobroke C, B al to broke J 633 Therof (Ther of) A... B2, AdBT Wherefore W 635 a om. AMR 636 was whilom AM... B2, AdBT was som tyne J
And he him thonketh as he scholde,
And seith him that it schal be yolde,
If evere he gete his stat ayein,
And preide that he wolde him sein
If nyh were eny toun for him.
He seide, 'Yee, Pentapolim,
Wher bothe king and queene duellen.'
Whanne he this tale herde tellen,
He gladeth him and gan beseche
That he the weie him wolde teche:
And he him taghte; and forth he wente
And preide god with good entente
To sende him joie after his sowe.

It was noght passed yit Midmorwe,
Whan thiderward his weie he nam,
Wher sone upon the Non he cam.
He eet such as he myhte gete,
And forth anon, whan he hadde ete,
He goth to se the toun aboute,
And cam ther as he fond a route
Of yonge lusti men withalle;
And as it scholde tho beffalle,
That day was set of such assisse,
That thei scholde in the londes guise,
As he herde of the poeple seie,
Here comun game thanne pleie;
And crid was that thei scholden come
Unto the gamen alle and some
Of hem that ben delivere and wyhte,
To do such maistrie as thei myhte.
Thei made hem naked as thei scholde,
For so that ilke game wolde,
As it was tho custume and us,
Amonges hem was no refus:
The flour of al the toun was there
And of the court also ther were,
And that was in a large place
Riht evene afore the kinges face, Which Artestrathes thanne hihte. The pley was pleid riht in his sihte, And who most worthi was of dede Receive he scholde a certein mede And in the cite bere a pris. 

Appolinus, which war and wys Of every game couthe an ende, He thoghteassaie, hou so it wende, And fell among hem into game: And there he wan him such a name, So as the king himself acompteth That he alle othre men surmonteth, And bar the pris above hem alle. The king bad that into his halle At Souper time he schal be broght; And he cam thanne and lefte it noght, Without compaignie al one: Was non so semlich of persone, Of visage and of limes bothe, If that he hadde what to clothe. At Soupertime natheles The king amiddes al the pres Let clepe him up among hem alle, And bad his Mareschall of halle To setten him in such degre That he upon him myhte se. The king was sone set and served, And he, which hath his pris deserved After the kinges oghne word, Was mad beginne a Middel bord, That bothe king and queene him sihe. He sat and caste aboute his yhe And sih the lordes in astat, And with himself wax in debat Thenkende what he hadde lore,
And such a sorwe he tok therfore, 
That he sat evere stille and thoghte, 
As he which of no mete roghte. 

The king beheld his hevynesse,  
And of his grete gentillesse  
His doghter, which was fair and good  
And ate bord before him stod, 
As it was thilke time usage, 
He bad to gon on his message 
And fonde forto make him glad. 

And sche dede as hire fader bad, 
And goth to him the softe pas  
And axeth whenne and what he was, 
And preith he scholde his thoghtes leve. 

He seith, 'Ma Dame, be your leve  
Mi name is hote Appolinus, 
And of mi richesse it is thus, 
Upon the See I have it lore. 
The contre wher as I was bore, 
Wher that my lond is and mi rente, 
I lefte at Tyr, whan that I wente: 
The worschip of this worldes aghte, 
Unto the god ther I betaghte.' 
And thus togedre as thei tuo speeke, 
The teres runne be his cheeke. 

The king, which therof tok good kepe, 
Hath gret Pite to sen him wepe, 
And for his doghter sende ayein, 
And preide hir faire and gan to sein 
That sche no lengere wolde drecche, 
Bot that sche wolde anon forth fecche 
Hire harpe and don al that sche can 
To glade with that sory man. 

And sche to don hir fader heste 
Hir harpe fette, and in the feste 
Upon a Chaier which thei fette 
Hirsef next to this man sche sette:

732 margin maxime ingemiscebat A . . . B2, BT (Latin om. SAdΔ) 
747 of his worldes aghte J, SΔ, FWK  þer of (þerof) which I aughte 
AM . . . B2, AdBT  748 I þer(e) H1 . . . B2, AdBT
With harpe bothe and ek with mouthe P. iii. 301 [Apollonius of Tyre.]

To him sche dede al that sche couthe
To make him chiere, and evere he siketh,
And sche him axeth hou him liketh.

‘Ma dame, certes wel,’ he seide,
‘Bot if ye the mesure pleide
Which, if you list, I schal you liere,
It were a glad thing forto hiere.’

‘Ha, lieve sire,’ tho quod sche,
‘Now tak the harpe and let me se
Of what mesure that ye mene.’

Tho preith the king, tho preith the queene,
Forth with the lorde(s) alle arewe,
That he som merthe wolde schewe;
He takth the Harpe and in his wise
He tempreth, and of such assise
Singende he harpeth forth withal,
That as a vois celestial
Hem thoghte it souneth in here Ere,
As thogh that he an Angel were.
Thei gladen of his melodie,
Bot most of all the compainie
The kings doghter, which it herde,
And thoghte ek hou that he ansuerde,
Whan that he was of hire opposed,
Withinne hir herte hath wel supposed
That he is of gret gentilesse.
Hise dedes ben therof witnesse
Forth with the wisdom of his lore;
It nedeth noght to seche more,
He myhte noght have such manere, P. iii. 302
Of gentil blod bot if he were.
Whanne he hath harped al his fille,
The kings heste to fullfille,
Awey goth dissh, awey goth cuppe,
Doun goth the bord, the cloth was uppe,
Thei risen and gon out of halle.

772 taakp (takep) AM 782 he ] it AM ... B2, AdBT 786 hou
that ] of ₢at AH1 ... B2, AdBT ₢at M howe W 787 he was]
it was H1 ... B2, AdBT
The king his chamberlein let calle,  
And bad that he be alle weie  
A chambre for this man pourveie,  
Which nyh his oghne chambre be.  
‘It schal be do, mi lord,’ quod he.  
Appolinus of whom I mene  
Tho tok his leve of king and queene  
And of the worthi Maide also,  
Which preide unto hir fader tho,  
That sche myhte of that yonge man  
Of tho sciences whiche he can  
His lore have; and in this wise  
The king hir granteth his aprise,  
So that himself therto assente.  
Thus was acorded er thei wente,  
That he with al that evere he may  
This yonge faire freisshe May  
Of that he couthe scholde enforme;  
And full assented in this forme  
Thei token leve as for that nyht.  
And whanne it was amorwe lyht,  
Unto this yonge man of Tyr  
Of clothes and of good atir  
With gold and Selver to despende  
This worthi yonge lady sende:  
And thus sche made him wel at ese,  
And he with al that he can plese  
Hire serveth wel and faire ayein.  
He tawhte hir til sche was certein  
Of Harpe, of Citole and of Rote,  
With many a tun and many a note  
Upon Musique, upon mesure,  
And of hire Harpe the temprure  
He tawhte hire ek, as he wel couthe.  
Bot as men sein that frele is youthe,  
With leisir and continuance  
This Mayde fell upon a chance,
That love hath mad him a querele
Ayein hire youte freissh and frele,
That malgre wher sche wole or noght,
Sche mot with al hire hertes thoght
To love and to his lawe obeie;
And that sche schal ful sore abeie.
For sche wot nevere what it is,
Bot evere among sche fieleth this:
Thenkende upon this man of Tyr,
Hire herte is hot as eny fyr,
And otherwhile it is acale;
Now is sche red, nou is sche pale
Riht after the condicion
Of hire ymaginacion;
Bot evere among hire thoghtes alle,
Sche thoghte, what so mai befalle,
Or that sche lawhe, or that sche wepe,
Sche wolde hire goode name kepe
For feere of wommanysshe schame.
Bot what in ernest and in game,
Sche stant for love in such a plit,
That sche hath lost al appetit
Of mete, of drinke, of nyhtes reste,
As sche that not what is the beste;
Bot forto thenken alhir fille
Sche hield hire ofte times stille
Withinne hire chambre, and goth noght oute:
The king was of hire lif in doute,
Which wiste nothing what it mente.
    Bot fell a time, as he out wente
To walke, of Princes Sones thre
Ther come and felle to his kne;
And ech of hem in sondri wise
Besoghte and profreth his servise,
So that he myhte his doghter have.
The king, which wolde his honour save,
Seith sche is sick, and of that speche
Tho was no time to beseche;
Bot ech of hem do make a bille
He bad, and wryte his oghne wille,
His name, his fader and his good;
And whan sche wiste hou that it stod,
And hadde here billes oversein,
Thei scholden have answere ayein.

Of this conseil thei weren glad,
And written as the king hem bad,
And every man his oghne bok
Into the kingses hond betok,
And he it to his dowhter sende,
And preide hir forto make an ende
And wryte ayein hire oghne hond,
Riht as sche in hire herte fond.

The billes weren wel received,
Bot sche hath alle here loves weyved,
And thoghte tho was time and space
To put hire in hir fader grace,
And wrot ayein and thus sche saide:
‘The schame which is in a Maide
With speche dar noght ben unloke,
Bot in writinge it mai be spoke;
So wryte I to you, fader, thus:
Bot if I have Appolinus,
Of al this world, what so betyde,
I wol non other man abide.
And certes if I of him faile,
I wol riht wel withoute faile
Ye schull for me be dowhterles.’

This lettre cam, and ther was press
Tofore the king, ther as he stod;
And whan that he it understod,
He yaf hem answere by and by,
Bot that was do so prively,
That non of othres conseil wiste.
Thei toke her leve, and wher hem liste
Thei wente forth upon here weie.
The king ne wolde noght bewreie
The conseil for no maner hihe,
Bot soffreth til he time sihe:
And whan that he to chambre is come,
He hath unto his conseil nome
This man of Tyr, and let him se
The lettre and al the privete,
The which his dowhter to him sente:
And he his kne to grounde bente
And thonketh him and hire also,
And er thei wenten thanne atuo,
With good herte and with good corage
Of full Love and full mariaghe
The king and he ben hol acorded.
And after, whanne it was recorded
Unto the dowhter hou it stod,
The yitte of al this worldes good
Ne scholde have mad hir half so blythe:
And forth withal the king als swithe,
For he wol have hire good assent,
Hath for the queene hir moder sent.
The queene is come, and whan sche herde
Of this matiere hou that it ferde,
Sche syh debat, sche syh desese,
Bot if sche wolde hir dowhter plese,
And is therto assented full.
Which is a dede wonderfull,
For noman knew the sothe cas
Bot he himself, what man he was;
And natheles, so as hem thoghte,
Hise dedes to the sothe wroghte
That he was come of gentil blod:
Him lacketh noght bot worldes good,
And as therof is no despeir,
For sche schal ben hire fader heir,
And he was able to governe.
Thus wol thei noght the love werne
Of him and hire in none wise,
CONFESSIO AMANTIS

Bot ther acorded thei divide
The day and time of Mariage.
Wher love is lord of the corage,
Him thenketh longe er that he spede;
Bot ate laste unto the dede
The time is come, and in her wise
With gret offrendes and sacrific
Thei wedde and make a riche feste,
And every thing which was honeste
Withinnen house and ek withoute
It was so don, that al aboute
Of gret worschippe, of gret noblesse
Ther cride many a man largesse
Unto the lordes hihe and loude;
The knyhtes that ben yonge and proude,
Thei jouste erst and after daunce.
The day is go, the nyhtes chaunce
Hath derked al the bryhte Sonne;
This lord, which hath his love wonne,
Is go to bedde with his wif,
Wher as thei ladde a lusti lif,
And that was after somdel sene,
For as thei pleiden hem betwene,
Thei gete a child betwen hem tuo,
To whom fell after mochel wo.

Now have I told of the spousailes.
Bot forto speke of the mervailes
Whiche afterward to hem befelle,
It is a wonder forto telle.
It fell adai thei ridden oute,
The king and queene and al the route,
To pleien hem upon the stronde,
Wher as thei sen toward the londe
A Schip sailende of gret array.
To knowe what it mene may,
Til it be come they abide;
Than sen they stonde on every side,
Endlong the schipes bord to schewe,
Of Penonceals a riche rewe.
Thei axen when the schip is come:
Fro Tyr, anon ansuerde some,
And over this they seiden more
The cause why they comen fore
Was forto seche and forto finde
Appolinus, which was of kinde
Her liege lord: and he appiereth,
And of the tale which he hiereth
He was riht glad; for they him tolde,
That for vengance, as god it wolde,
Antiochus, as men mai wite,
With thondre and lythnynge is forsmite;
His doghte hath the same chaunce,
So be they bothe in o balance.
'Forthi,oure liege lord, we seie
In name of al the lond, and preie,
That left al other thing to done,
It like you to come sone
And se youre oghne liege men
With othre that ben of youre ken,
That live in longinge and desir
Til ye be come ayein to Tyr.'
This tale after the king it hadde
Pentapolim al overspradde,
Ther was no joie forto seche;
For every man it hadde in speche
And seiden alle of on acord,
'A worthi king schal ben our liege lord:
That thoghte ous ferst an hevinesse
Is schape ous now to gret gladnesse.'
Thus goth the tidinge overal.
Bot nede he mot, that nede schal:
Appolinus his leve tok,
To god and al the lond betok
[Apollonius of Tyre.]

bus, contigit vxorem, mortis articulo angustiatam, in naui filiam, que postea Thaisis vocabatur, parere.

With al the poeple long and brod,
That he no lenger there abod.
The king and queene sorwe made,
Bot yit somdiel thei weren glade
Of such thing as thei herden tho:
And thus betwen the wel and wo
To schip he goth, his wif with childe,
The which was evere meke and mylde
And wolde noght departe him fro,
Such love was betwen hem tuo.

Lichorida for hire office
Was take, which was a Norrice,
To wende with this yonge wif,
To whom was schape a woful lif.
Withinne a time, as it betidde,
Whan thei were in the See amidde,
Out of the North they sihe a cloude;
The storm aros, the wyndes loude
Thei blewne many a dredful blast,
The welkne was al overcast,
The derke nyht the Sonne hath under,
Ther was a gret tempeste of thunder:
The Mone and ek the Sterres bothe
In blake cloudes thei hem clothe,
Wherof here brihte lok thei hyde.
This yonge ladi wepte and cride,
To whom no confort myhte availe;
Of childe sche began travaile,
Wher sche lay in a Caban clos:
Hire woful lord fro hire aros,
And that was longe er eny morwe,
So that in anguisse and in sorwe
Sche was delivered al be nyhte
And ded in every mannes syhle;
Bot natheles for al this wo
A maide child was bore tho.

Appolinus whan he this knew,
For sorwe a swoune he overthrow,

Qualiter Appolinus vxoris sue mortem planxit.
That noman wiste in him no lif.
And whanne he wok, he seide, 'Ha, wif,
Mi lust, mi joie, my desir,
Mi welthe and my recoverir,
Why schal I live, and thou schalt dye?
Ha, thou fortune, I thee deffie,
Nou hast thou do to me thi werste.
Ha, herte, why ne wolt thou berste,
That forth with hire I myhte passe?
Mi peines weren wel the lasse.'

In such wepinge and in such cry
His dede wif, which lay him by,
A thousand sithes he hire kiste;
Was nevere man that sih ne wiste
A sorwe unto his sorwe lich;
For evere among upon the lich
He fell swounende, as he that soghte
His oghne deth, which he besoghte
Unto the goddes alle above
With many a pitous word of love;
Bot suche wordes as tho were
Yit herde nevere mannes Ere,
Bot only thilke whiche he seide.
The Maister Schipman cam and preide
With othre suche as be therinne,
And sein that he mai nothing winne
Ayein the deth, bot thei him rede,
He be wel war and tak hiede,
The See be weie of his nature
Receive mai no creature
Withinne himself as forto holde,
The which is ded: forthi thei wolde,
As thei conseilen al aboute,
The dede body casten oute.
For betre it is, thei seiden alle,
That it of hire so befalle,
Than if thei scholden alle spille.
The king, which understod here wille
And knew here conseil that was trewe,
Began ayein his sorwe newe
1100
With pitous herte, and thus to seie:
'It is al reson that ye preie.
I am,' quod he, 'bot on al one,
So wolde I noght for mi persone
Ther felle such adversite.
Bot whan it mai no betre be,
Doth thanne thus upon my word,
Let make a cofre strong of bord,
That it be ferm with led and pich.'
1105
Anon was mad a cofre sich,
Al redy broght unto his hond;
And whanne he sih and redy fond
This cofre mad and wel enclosed,
The dede bodi was besowed
In cloth of gold and leid therinne.
And for he wolde unto hire winne
Upon som cooste a Sepulture,
Under hire heved in aventure
Of gold he leide Sommes grete
And of jeueals a strong beyete
1120
Forth with a lettre, and seide thus:
'I, king of Tyr Appollinus,
Do alle maner men to wite,
That hiere and se this lettre write,
That helpeles withoute red
Hier lith a kinges doghter ded:
And who that happeth hir to finde,
For charite tak in his mynde,
And do so that sche be begrave
With this tresor, which he schal have.'
1130
Thus whan the lettre was full spoke,
Thei haue anon the cofre stoke,

Copia littere Appollini capiti vxoris sue supposse.

Theon of Tyre.

Qualiter suadentsibus nautis corpus vxoris sue mortue in
quadam Cista plumbo et ferro obtusa que
circumligata Appollinvs cum magno the
saurovna cum quadam littera sub eius capite
scripta recludi et in mare proici fecit.
And bounden it with yren faste,
That it may with the wawes laste,
And stoppen it be such a weie,
That it schal be withinne dreie,
So that no water myhte it grieve.
And thus in hope and good believe
Of that the corps schal wel aryeve,
Thei caste it over bord als blyve.

The Schip forth on the wawes went;
The prince hath changed his entente,
And seith he wol noght come at Tyr
As thanne, bot al his desir
Is fyrst to seilen unto Tharse.
The wyndy Storm began to skarse,
The Sonne aryst, the weder cliereth,
The Schipman which behinde stiereth,
Whan that he sith the wyndes saghte,
Towardes Tharse his cours he straghte.

Bot now to mi matiere ayein,
To telle as olde bokes sein,
This dede corps of which ye knowe
With wynd and water was forthrowe
Now hier, now ther, til ate laste
At Ephesim the See upcaste
The cofre and al that was therinne.
Of gret merveile now beginne
Mai hiere who that sitteth stille;
That god wol save mai noght spille.
Riht as the corps was throwe alonde,
Ther cam walkende upon the stronde
A worthi clerk, a Surgien,
And ek a gret Phisicien,
Of al that lond the wisest on,
Which hihte Maister Cerymon;
Ther were of his discipes some.
This Maister to the Cofre is come,
He peiseth ther was somewhat in,
And bad hem bere it to his In,
And goth himselfe forth withal.
Al that schal falle, falle schal;
They comen hom and tarie noght;
This Cofre is into chambre broght,
Which that thei finde faste stoke,
Bot thei with craft it have unloke.
Thei loken in, where as thei founde
A bodi ded, which was bewounde
In cloth of gold, as I seide er,
The tresor ek thei founden ther
Forth with the lettre, which thei rede.
And tho thei token betre hiede;
Unsowed was the bodi sone,
And he, which knew what is to done,
This noble clerk, with alle haste
Began the veins forto taste,
And sith hire Age was of youthe,
And with the craftes whiche he couthe
He soghte and fond a signe of lif.
With that this worthi kinges wif
Honestely thei token oute,
And maden fyres al aboute;
Thei leide hire on a couche softe,
And with a scheete warmed ofte
Hire colde brest began to hete,
Hire herte also to flacke and bete.
This Maister hath hire every joignt
With certein oile and balsme enoignt,
And putte a liquour in hire mouth,
Which is to fewe clerkes couth,
So that sche coevereth ate laste:
And ferst hire yhen up sche caste,
And whan sche more of strengthe cawhte,
Hire Armes bothe forth sche strawhte,
Hield up hire hond and pitously
Sche spak and seide, 'Ha, wher am I?
Where is my lord, what world is this?

1178 was iwounde (I wounde &c.) AM...L was I bounde B2 lay
ywounde AdBT
1184 which...is] pat... was AM...B2,
AdBT
1206 Ha om. MXR, AdBT, W
As sche that wot noght hou it is.
Bot Cerymon the worthi leche
Ansuerde anon upon hire speche
And seith, ‘Ma dame, yee ben hiere,
Where yee be sauf, as yee schal hiere
Hierafterward; forthi as nou
Mi conseil is, conforteth you:
For trusteth wel withoute faile,
Ther is nothing which schal you faile,
That oghte of reson to be do.’
Thus passen thei a day or tuo;
Thei speke of noght as for an ende,
Til sche began somdiesel amende,
And wiste hireselven what sche mente.
Tho forto knowe hire hol entente,
This Maister axeth al the cas,
Hou sche cam there and what sche was.
‘Hou I cam hiere wot I noght,’
Quod sche, ‘bot wel I am bethoght
Of othre things al aboute’:
Fro point to point and tolde him oute
Als ferforthli as sche it wiste.
And he hire tolde hou in a kiste
The See hire threw upon the lond,
And what tresor with hire he fond,
Which was al redy at hire wille,
As he that schop him to fulfille
With al his myht what thing he scholde.
Sche thonketh him that he so wolde,
And al hire herte sche discloseth,
And seith him wel that sche supposeth
Hire lord be dreint, hir child also;
So sih sche noght bot alle wo.
Wherof as to the world nomore
Ne wol sche torne, and preith therfore
That in som temple of the Cite,
To kepe and holde hir chastete,
Sche mihte among the wommen duelle.
CONFESSION AMANTIS

Whan he this tale hir herde telle,
He was riht glad, and made hire knowen
That he a dowhter of his owen
Hath, which he wol unto hir yive
To serve, whil thei bothe live,
In stede of that which sche hath lost;
Al only at his oghne cost
Sche schal be rendred forth with hire.
She seith, 'Grant mercy, lieve sire,
God quite it you, ther I ne may.'
And thus thei drive forth the day,
' Til time com that sche was hol;
And tho thei take her conseil hol,
To schape upon good ordinance
And make a worthi pourveance
Ayein the day when thei be veiled.
And thus, when that thei be conseiled,
In blake clothes thei hem clothe,
This lady and the dowhter bothe,
And yolde hem to religion.
The feste and the profession
After the reule of that degré
Was mad with gret solempnete,
Where as Diane is seintefied;
Thus stant this lady justefied
In ordre wher sche thenkth to duelle.

Bot now ayeinward forto telle
In what plit that hire lord stod inne: P. iii. 318
He seileth, til that he may winne
The havene of Tharse, as I seide er;
And whanne he was aryved ther,
And it was thurgh the Cite knowe,
Men myhte se withinne a throwe,
As who seith, al the toun at ones,
That come ayein him for the nones,
To yiven him the reverence,
So glad thei were of his presence:

Qualiter Appolinus
Tharsim nauigans, fili-
liam suan Thaisim
Strangulioni et Dionis-
ie vxori sue educa-
dam commendauit; et
deinde Tyrum adiit.

1252 line om. B
1253 schal] haf AdBT
AdBT, W
1258 took(e) LBu
1260 made AHi ... Bz, AdBT
1274 seiled AdBT
1277 And FW Tho ACLB2, B
And thogh he were in his corage
Desesed, yit with glad visage
He made hem chiere, and to his In,
Wher he whilom sojourned in,
He goth him straght and was rescieved.
And whan the presse of peopele is weived,
He takth his hoste unto him tho,
And seith, ‘Mi frend Strangulio,
Lo, thus and thus it is befalle,
And thou thiself art on of alle,
Forth with thi wif, whiche I most triste.
Forthi, if it you bothe liste,
My doghter Thaise be youre leve
I thenke schal with you beleve
As for a time; and thus I preie,
That sche be kept be alle weie,
And whan sche hath of age more,
That sche be set to bokes lore.
And this avou to god I make,
That I schal nevere for hir sake
Mi berd for no likinge schave,
Til it befalle that I have
In covenable time of age
Beset hire unto mariage.’
Thus thei acorde, and al is wel,
And forto resten him somdel,
As for a while he ther sojorneth,
And thanne he takth his leve and torneth
To Schipe, and goth him hom to Tyr,
Wher every man with gret desir
Awaiteth upon his comynge.
Bot whan the Schip com in seilinge,
And thei perceiven it is he,
Was nevere yit in no cite
Such joie mad as thei tho made;
His herte also began to glade
Of that he sith the poeple glad.
Lo, thus fortune his hap hath lad;
In sondri wise he was travailed,
Bot hou so evere he be assailed,
His latere ende schal be good.

And forto speke hou that it stod
Of Thaise his doghter, wher sche duelleth,
In Tharse, as the Cronique telleth,
Sche was wel kept, sche was wel loked,
Sche was wel tawht, sche was wel boked.
So wel sche spedde hir in hire youthe
That sche of every wisdom couthe,
That forto seche in every lond
So wys an other noman fond,
Ne so wel tawht at mannys yhe.  

Bot wo worthe evere fals envie!
For it befell that time so,
A dowhter hath Strangulio,
The which was cleped Philotenne:
Bot fame, which wole evere renne,
Cam al day to hir moder Ere,
And seith, wher evere hir doghter were
With Thayse set in eny place,
The comun vois, the comun grace
Was al upon that other Maide,
And of hir doghter noman saide.
Who wroth but Dionise thanne?
Hire thoghte a thousand yer til whanne
Sche myhte ben of Thaise wreke
Of that sche herde folk so speke.
And fell that ilke same tyde,
That ded was trewe Lychoride,
Which hadde be servant to Thaise,
So that sche was the worse at aise,
For sche hath thanne no servise
Bot only thurgh this Dionise,
Which was hire dedlich Anemic
Thurgh pure treson and envie.
Sche, that of alle sorwe can,
Tho spak unto hir bondeman,
Which cleped was Theophilus,
And made him swere in conseil thus,
That he such time as sche him sette
Schal come Thaise forto fette,
And lede hire oute of alle sihte, P. iii. 321
Wher as noman hire helpe myhte,
Upon the Stronde nyh the See,
And there he schal this maiden sle.
This cherles herte is in a traunce,
As he which drad him of vengance
Whan time comth an other day;
Bot yit dorste he noght seie nay,
Bot swor and seide he schal fulfille
Hire hestes at hire oghne wille.

The treson and the time is schape,
So fell it that this cherles knape
Hath lad this maiden ther he wolde
Upon the Stronde, and what sche scholde
Sche was adrad; and he out breide
A rusti swerd and to hir seide,
‘Thou schalt be ded.’ ‘Helas!’ quod sche,
‘Why schal I so?’ ‘Lo thus,’ quod he,
‘Mi ladi Dionise hath bede,
Thou schalt be moerdred in this stede.’
This Maiden tho for feere schryhte,
And for the love of god almyhte
Sche preith that for a litel stounde
Sche myhte knele upon the grounde,
Toward the hevene forto crave,
Hire wofull Soule if sche mai save:
And with this noise and with this cry,
Out of a barge faste by,
Which hidd was ther on Scomerfare,
Men sterten out and weren ware
Of this feloun, and he to go,
And sche began to crie tho,

1364 wher þat AM ... B2, AdBT, W
1371 swer(e) E ... B2, K
sware X 1373 margin occideret A ... B2, BT
(cherlische &c.) H1 ... B2, AdBT, K
1375 wher(e) H1 ... B2, AdBTΔ, W
1378 margin Pirate ibidem prope] Pirate ibidem
A ... B2 ibidem BT 1383 margin reddiderunt AM
1388 ibidem ibidem
1389 and þis cry A
CONFESSION AMANTIS

'Ha, mercy, help for goddes sake!

Into the barge thei hire take,
As thieves scholde, and forth thei wente.

Upon the See the wynd hem hente,
And malgre wher thei wolde or non,

Tofor the weder forth thei gon,

Ther halp no Seil, ther halp non Ore,

Forstormed and forblowen sore
In gret peril so forth thei dryve,

Til ate laste thei aryve

At Mitelene the Cite.

In havene sauf and whan thei be,
The Maister Schipman made him boun,

And goth him out into the toun,
And profreth Thaise forto selle.

On Leonin it herde telle,
Which Maister of the bordel was,

And bad him gon a reydy pas
To setten hire, and forth he wente,

And Thaise out of his barge he hente,

And to this bordeller hir solde.

And he, that be hire body wolde
Take avantage, let do crye,

That what man wolde his lecherie
Attempete upon hire maidenhede,

Lei doun the gold and he schal spede.

And thus whan he hath crid it oute
In syhte of al the poeple aboute,

He ladde hire to the bordel tho.

No wonder is thogh sche be wo:

Clos in a chambre be hireselve,
Ech after other ten or tuelve
Of yonge men to hire in wente;

Bot such a grace god hire sente,

That for the sorwe which sche made
Was non of hem which pouer hade

Qualiter Leoninus
Thaisim ad lupanar
destinavit, vbi dei
gracia preuenta ipsius
virginitatem nullus
violare potuit.
To don hire eny vileinie.
This Leonin let evere aspie,
And waiteth after gret beyete;
Bot al for noght, sche was forlete,
That mo men wolde ther noght come.
Whan he therof hath hiede nome,
And knew that sche was yit a maide,
Unto his oghne man he saide,
That he with strengthe ayein hire leve
Tho scholde hir maidenhod bereve.
This man goth in, bot so it ferde,
Whan he hire yofull pleintes herde
And he therof hath take kepe,
Him liste betre forto wepe
Than don oght elles to the game.
And thus sche kepte hirsefl fro schame,
And kneleth doun to therthe and preide
Unto this man, and thus sche seide:
'If so be that thi maister wolde
That I his gold encresce scholde,
It mai noght falle be this weie:
Bot soffre me to go mi weie
Out of this hous wher I am inne, P. iii. 324
And I schal make him forto winne
In som place elles of the toun,
Be so it be religioun,
Wher that honeste wommen duelle.
And thus thou myht thi maister telle,
That whanne I have a chambre there,
Let him do crie ay wyde where,
What lord that hath his doghter diere,
And is in will that sche schal liere
Of such a Scole that is trewe,
I schal hire teche of thinges newe,
Which as non other womman can
In al this lond.' And tho this man
Hire tale hath herd, he goth ayein,  
And tolde unto his maister plein  
That sche hath seid; and therupon,  
When than he sih beyete non  
At the bordel be cause of hire,  
He bad his man to gon and spire  
A place wher sche myhte abyde,  
That he mai winne upon som side  
Be that sche can: bot ate leste  
Thus was sche sauf fro this tempeste.  

He hath hire fro the bordel take,  
Bot that was noght for goddes sake,  
Bot for the lucre, as sche him tolde.  
Now comen tho that comen wolde  
Of wommen in her lusty youthe,  
To hiere and se what thing sche couthe:  
Sche can the wisdom of a clerk,  
P. iii. 325  
Sche can of every lusti werk  
Which to a gentil womman longeth,  
And some of hem sche underfongeth  
To the Citole and to the Harpe,  
And whom it liketh forto carpe  
Proverbes and demandes slyhe,  
An other such thei nevere syhe,  
Which that science so wel tawhte:  
Wherof sche grete yiftes cawhte,  
That sche to Leonin hath wonne;  
And thus hire name is so begonne  
Of sondri thinges that she techeth,  
That al the lond unto hir secheth  
Of yonge wommen forto liere.  

Nou lete we this maiden hiere,  
And speke of Dionise ayein  
And of Theophile the vilein,  
Of whiche I spak of nou tofore.  
Whan Thaise scholde have be forlore,  
This false cherl to his lady  
Whan he cam hom, al prively  

\[\text{Qualiter Thaisis a lupanari virgo liberata, inter sacras muli-} \\
P.\, iii. 325
\text{ners hospicium habens, sciencias quibus edocta fuit nobiles} \\
\text{regni puellas ibidem edocebat.}
\]
He seith, ‘Ma Dame, slain I have
This maide Thaise, and is begrave
In prive place, as ye me biede.
Forthi, ma dame, taketh hiede
And kep conseil, hou so it stonde.’
This fend, which this hath understande,
Was glad, and weneth it be soth:
Now herkne, hierafter hou sche doth.
Sche wepth, sche sorweth, sche compleigneth, \textbf{P. iii. 326}
And of siknesse which sche feigneth
Sche seith that Taise sodeinly
Be nyhte is ded, ‘as sche and I
Togedre lyhen nyh my lord.’
Sche was a womman of record,
And al is lieved that sche seith;
And forto yive a more feith,
Hire housebonde and ek sche bothe
In blake clothes thei hem clothe,
And made a gret enterrement;
And for the poeple schal be blent,
Of Thaise as for the remembrance,
After the real olde usance
A tumbe of latoun noble and riche
With an ymage unto hir liche
Liggende above therupon
Thei made and sette it up anon.
Hire Epitaffe of good assisse
Was write aboute, and in this wise
It spak: ‘O yee that this beholde,
Lo, hier lith sche, the which was holde
The faireste and the flour of alle,
Whos name Thaisis men calle.
The king of Tyr Appolinus
Hire fader was: now lith sche thus.
Fourtiene yer sche was of Age,
Whan deth hir tok to his viage.’

Thus was this false treson hidd,
Which afterward was wyde kidd,
As be the tale a man schal hiere.

Bot forto clare mi matiere,
To Tyr I thenke torne aycin,
And telle as the Croniqes sein.
Whan that the king was come hom,
And hath left in the salte som
His wif, which he mai noght foryete,
For he som confort wolde gete,
He let somoune a parlement,
To which the lordes were asent;
And of the time he hath ben oute,
He seth the thinges al aboute,
And told hem ek hou he hath fare,
Whil he was out of londe fare;
And preide hem alle to abyde,
For he wolde at the same tyde
Do schape for his wyves mynde,
As he that wol noght ben unkinde.

Solempne was that ilke office,
And riche was the sacrifiçe,
The feste reali was holde:
And therto was he wel beholde;
For such a wif as he hadde on
In thilke daies was ther non.

Whan this was do, thanne he him thoghte
Upon his doghter, and besoghte
Suche of his lordes as he wolde,
That thei with him to Tharse scholde,
To sette his doghter Taise there:
And thei anon al redy were,
To schip they gon and forth thei wente,
Til thei the havene of Tharse hente.
They londe and faile of that thei seche
Be coverture and sleyhte of speche:
This false man Strangulio,
And Dionise his wif also,
That he the betre trowe myhte,

Qualiter Appolinus
post parliamentum
Tharsim pro Thaise
filiā sua querenda dīcit,
qua ibidem non inventa abinde navigio recessit.
Thei ladden him to have a sihte
Wher that hir tombe was arraied.
The lasse yit he was mispaied,
And natheles, so as he dorste,
He curseth and seith al the worste
Unto fortune, as to the blinde,
Which can no seker weie finde;
For sche him neweth evere among,
And medleth sorwe with his song.
Bot sithe it mai no betre be,
He thonketh god and forth goth he
Seilende toward Tyr ayein.
Bot sodeinly the wynd and reyn
Begonne upon the See debate,
So that he soffre mot algate
The lawe which Neptune ordeigneth;
Wherof fulohte time he pleigneth,
And hield him wel the more esmaied
Of that he hath tofore assaied.
So that for pure sorwe and care,
Of that he seth his world so fare,
The reste he lefte of his Caban,
That for the conseil of noman
Ayein therinne he holde come,
Bot hath benethe his place nome,
Wher he wepende al one lay,
Ther as he sih no lyht of day.
And thus tofor the wynd thei dryve,
Til longe and late thei aryve
With gret distresce, as it was sene,
Upon this toun of Mitelene,
Which was a noble cite tho.
And hapneth thilke time so,
The lordes bothe and the comune
The hie festes of Neptune
Upon the stronde at the rivage,
As it was custumme and usage,
Sollempneliche thei besihe.

1580 Paragraph here FWK, at 1585 in most other copies margin celebrari A... B2, BT, W
CONFESSION AMANTIS

Whan thei this strange vessel syhe
Come in, and hath his Seil avaled,
The toun therof hath spoke and taled.  

The lord which of the cite was,
Whos name is Athenagoras,
Was there, and seide he wolde se
What Schip it is, and who thei be
That ben therinne: and after sone,
Whan that he sih it was to done,
His barge was for him arraied,
And he goth forth and hath assaied.
He fond the Schip of gret Array,
Bot what thing it amonte may,
He seth thei maden hevy chiere,
Bot wel him thenkth be the manere
That thei be worthi men of blod,
And axeth of hem hou it stod;
And thei him tellen al the cas,
Hou that here lord fordrive was,
And what a sorwe that he made,
Of which ther mai noman him glade.
He preith that he here lord mai se,
Bot thei him tolde it mai noght be,
For he lith in so derk a place,
That ther may no wiht sen his face:
Bot for al that, thogh hem be loth,
He fond the ladre and doun he goth,
And to him spak, bot non ansuere
Ayein of him ne mihte he bere
For oght that he can don or sein;
And thus he goth him up ayein.

Tho was ther spoke in many wise
Amonges hem that weren wise,
Now this, now that, bot ate laste
The wisdom of the toun this caste,
That yonge Taise were asent.
For if ther be amendement

Qualiter Athenagoras urbis Mitelene Princeps, nautum Appollini inuestigans, ipsum sic contristatum nichilque responden-tem consolari satage-bat.

[Apollonius of Tyre.]
To glade with this woful king,
Sche can so moche of every thing,
That sche schal gladen him anon.
A Messager for hire is gon,
And sche cam with hire Harpe on honde,
And seide hem that sche wolde fonde
Be alle weies that sche can,
To glade with this sory man.
Bot what he was sche wiste noght,
Bot al the Schip hire hath besoght
That sche hire wit on him despende,
In aunter if he myhte amende,
And sein it schal be wel aquit.
When sche hath understonden it,
Sche goth hir doun, ther as he lay,
Wher that sche harpeth many a lay
And lich an Angel sang withal;
Bot he nomore than the wal
Tok hiede of eny thing he herde.
And whan sche sih that he so ferde,
Sche falleth with him into wordes,
And telleth him of sondri bordes,
And axeth him demandes strange,
Wherof sche made his herte change,
And to hire speche his Ere he leide
And hath merveile of that sche seide.
For in proverbe and in probleme
Sche spak, and bad he scholde deme
In many soubtil question:
Bot he for no suggestioun
Which toward him sche couthe stere,
He wolde noght o word ansuere,
Bot as a madd man ate laste
His heved wepende awey he caste,
And half in wraththe he bad hire go.
Bot yit sche wolde noght do so,
And in the derke forth sche goth,
Til sche him toucheth, and he wroth,
And after hire with his hond
He smot: and thus whan sche him fond
Deseses, courtaisly sche saide,
‘Avoi, mi lord, I am a Maide;
And if ye wiste what I am,
And out of what lignage I cam,
Ye wolde noght be so salvage.’
With that he sobreth his corage
And put away his hevy chiere.
Bot of hem tuo a man mai liere
What is to be so sibb of blod:
Non wiste of other hou it stod,
And yit the fader ate laste
His herte upon this maide caste,
That he hire loveth kindely,
And yit he wiste nevere why.
Bot al was knowe er that thei wente;
For god, which wot here hol entente,
Here hertes bothe anon descloseth.
This king unto this maide opposeth,
And axeth ferst what was hire name,
And wher sche lerned al this game,
And of what ken that sche was come.
And sche, that hath hise wordes nome,
Ansuerth and seith, ‘My name is Thaise,
That was som time wel at aise:
In Tharse I was forthdrawe and fed,
Ther lerned I, til I was sped,
Of that I can. Mi fader eke
I not wher that I scholde him seke;
He was a king, men tolde me:
Mi Moder dreint was in the See.’
Fro point to point al sche him tolde,
That sche hath longe in herte holde,
And nevere dorste make hir mone
Bot only to this lord al one,
To whom hire herte can noght hele,
Torne it to wo, torne it to wele,

1710 hol B, F hole ABz
1715 was FW is ALBz, B
1713 was FW is ALBz, B
that om. AM, W
Torne it to good, torne it to harm.
And he tho toke hire in his arm,
Bot such a joie as he tho made
Was nevere sen; thus be thei glade,
That sory hadden be toforn.
Fro this day forth fortune hath sworn
To sette him upward on the whiel;
So goth the world, now wo, now wel:
This king hath founde newe grace,
So that out of his derke place
He goth him up into the liht,
And with him cam that swete wiht,
His doghter Thaise, and forth anon
Thei bothe into the Caban gon
Which was ordeigned for the king,
And ther he dede of al his thing,
And was arraied realy.

And out he cam al openly,
Wher Athenagoras he fond,
The which was lord of al the lond:
He preith the king to come and se
His castell bothe and his cite,
And thus thei gon forth alle in fiere,
This king, this lord, this maiden diere.
This lord tho made hem riche feste
With every thing which was honeste,
To plese with this worthi king,
Ther lacketh him no maner thing:
Bot yit for al his noble array
Wifles he was into that day,
As he that yit was of yong Age;
So fell ther into his corage
The lusti wo, the glade peine
Of love, which noman restreigne
Yit nevere myhte as nou tofore.
This lord thenkth al his world forlore,
Bot if the king wol don him grace;

Qualiter Athenagoras Appolinum de naui in hospicium honorifice recollegit, et Thaisim, patre sensciente, in vxorem duxit.
He waiteth time, he waiteth place,  
Him thoghte his herte wol tobreke,  
Til he mai to this maide speke  
And to hir fader ek also  
For mariage: and it fell so,  
That al was do riht as he thoghte,  
His pourpos to an ende he broghte,  
Sche weddeth him as for hire lord;  
Thus be thei alle of on acord.  
Whan al was do riht as thei wolde,  
The king unto his Sone tolde  
Of Tharse thilke traiterie,  
And seide hou in his compaignie  
His doghter and himselven eke  
Schull go vengance forto seke.  
The Schipes were redy sone,  
And whan thei sihe it was to done,  
Without lette of eny wente  
With Seil updравe forth thei wente  
Towards Tharse upon the tyde.  
Bot he that wot what schal betide,  
The hihe god, which wolde him kepe,  
Whan that this king was faste aslepe,  
Be nyhtes time he hath him bede  
To seile into an other stede:  
To Ephesim he bad him drawe,  
And as it was that time lawe,  
He schal do there his sacrifice;  
And ek he bad in alle wise  
That in the temple amonges alle  
His fortune, as it is befalle,  
Touchende his doghter and his wif  
He schal beknowe upon his lif.  
The king of this Avisioun  
Hath gret ymaginacioun,  
What thing it signefie may;  
And natheles, whan it was day,  
He bad caste Ancher and abod;  
And whil that he on Ancher rod,
The wynd, which was tofore strange,
Upon the point began to change,
And torneth thider as it scholde.
Tho knew he wel that god it wolde,
And bad the Maister make him yare,
To for the wynd for he wol fare
To Ephesim, and so he dede.  
P. iii. 336
And whanne he cam unto the stede
Where as he scholde londe, he londeth
With al the haste he may, and fondeth
To schapen him be such a wise,
That he may be the morwe arise
And don after the mandement
Of him which hath him thider sent.
And in the wise that he thoughte,
Upon the morwe so he wroghte;
His doghter and his Sone he nom,
And forth unto the temple he com
With a gret route in campaignie,
Hise yiftes forto sacrifie.
The citezains tho herden sei
Of such a king that cam to preie
Unto Diane the godesse,
And left al other besinesse,
Thei comen thider forto se
The king and the solempnete.
With worthi knyhtes environed
The king himself hath abandoned
Into the temple in good entente.
The dore is up, and he in wente,
Wher as with gret devocioun
Of holi contemplacioun
Withinne his herte he made his schrifte;
And after that a riche yifte
He offreth with gret reverence,
And there in open Audience
Of hem that stoden thanne aboute,
He tolde hem and declareth oute

Qualiter Appollonius
Ephesim in templo
Dianae sacrificans, vxo-
rem suam ibidem velat-
am inuenit; qua se-
cum assumpta in Na-
uim, versus Tyrum re-
gressus est.
CONFESSIO AMANTIS

His hap, such as him is befalle,
Ther was nothing foryete of alle.
His wif, as it was goddes grace,
Which was professed in the place,
As sche that was Abbesse there,
Unto his tale hath leid hire Ere:
Sche knew the vois and the visage,
For pure joie as in a rage
Sche strawhte unto him al at ones,
And fell aswoune upon the stones,
Wherof the temple flor was paved.
Sche was anon with water laved,
Til sche cam to hirself ayein,
And thanne sche began to sein:
' Ha, blessed be the hihe sonde,
That I mai se myn housebonde,
That whilom he and I were on!'
The king with that knew hire anon,
And tok hire in his Arm and kiste;
And al the toun thus sone it wiste.
Tho was ther joie manyfold,
For every man this tale hath told
As for miracle, and were glade,
Bot nevere man such joie made
As doth the king, which hath his wif.
And whan men herde hou that hir lif
Was saved, and be whom it was,
Thei wondren alle of such a cas:
Thurgh al the Lond aros the speche
Of Maister Cerymon the leche
And of the cure which he dede.
The king himself tho hath him bede,
And ek this queene forth with him,
That he the toun of Ephesim
Wol leve and go wher as thei be,
For nevere man of his degre
Hath do to hem so mochel good;
And he his profit understod,
And granteth with hem forto wende.  
And thus thei maden there an ende,  
And token leve and gon to Schipe  
With al the hole felaschipe.

This king, which nou hath his desir,  
Seith he wol holde his cours to Tyr.  
Thei hadden wynd at wille tho,  
With topseilcole and forth they go,  
And striken nevere, til thei come  
To Tyr, where as thei havene nome,  
And londen hem with mochel blisse.  
Tho was ther many a mowth to kisse,  
Echon welcometh other hom,  
Bot whan the queen to londe com,  
And Thaise hir doghter be hir side,  
The joie which was thilke tyde  
Ther mai no mannes tunge telle:  
Thei seiden alle, 'Hier comth the welle  
Of alle wommannysshe grace.'

The king hath take his real place,  
The queene is into chambre go:  
Ther was gret feste arraied tho;  
Whan time was, thei gon to mete,  
Alle olde sorwes ben foryete,  
And gladen hem with joies newe:  
The descolourd pale hewe  
Is now become a rody cheke,  
Ther was no merthe forto seke,  
Bot every man hath that he wolde.

The king, as he wel couthe and scholde,  
Makth to his poeple riht good chiere;  
And after sone, as thou schalt hiere,  
A parlement he hath sommoned,  
Wher he his doghter hath coroned  
Forth with the lord of Mitelene,  
That on is king, that other queene:  
And thus the fadres ordinance

[Apollonius of Tyre.]

Qualiter Appolinus vna cum vxore et filia sua Thyrum applicuit.

1890 topseil(e) cole H1... B2, AdBTΔ, W 1892 havene] haue C, AdBT, W Je hauchen B2 1911 what he w. X... B2, AdBT 1912 ff. margin Qualiter—fecit om. BΔ
CONFESSIO AMANTIS

This lond hath set in governance,
And seide thanne he wolde wende
To Tharse, forto make an ende
Of that his doghter was betraied.
Therof were alle men wel paied,
And seide how it was forto done:
The Schipes weren redi sone,
And strong pouer with him he tok;
Up to the Sky he caste his lok,
And syh the wynd was covenable.

Thei hale up Ancher with the cable,
The Seil on hih, the Stiere in honde,
And seilen, til thei come alonde
At Tharse nyh to the cite;
And whan thei wisten it was he,
The toun hath don him reverence.
He telleth hem the violence,
Which the tretour Strangulio
And Dionise him hadde do
Touchende his dowhter, as yee herde;
And whan thei wiste hou that it ferde,
As he which pes and love soghte,
Unto the toun this he besoghte,
To don him riht in juggement.
Anon thei were bothe asent
With strengthe of men, and comen sone,
And as hem thoghte it was to done,
Atteint thei were be the lawe
And diemed forto honge and drawe,
And brent and with the wynd toblowe,
That al the world it myhte knowe:
And upon this condicion
The dom in execucion
Was put anon withoute faile.
And every man hath gret mervaile,
Which herde tellen of this chance,  
And thonketh goddes pourveance,  
Which doth mercy forth with justice.  
Slain is the moerdrer and moerdrice  
Thurgh verray trowthe of rihtwisnesse,  
And thurgh mercy sauf is simplesse  
Of hire whom mercy preserveth;  
Thus hath he wel that wel devserveth.

Whan al this thing is don and ended, P. iii. 341  
This king, which loved was and frended,  
A lettre hath, which cam to him  
Be Schipe fro Pentapolim,  
Be which the lond hath to him write,  
That he wolde understonde and wite  
Hou in good mynde and in good pes  
Ded is the king Artestrates,  
Wherof thei alle of on a cord  
Him preiden, as here liege lord,  
That he the lettre wel conceive  
And come his regne to receive,  
Which god hath yove him and fortune;  
And thus besoghte the commune  
Forth with the grete lordes alle.  
This king sih it was befalle,  
Fro Tharse and in prosperite  
He tok his leve of that Cite  
And goth him into Schipe ayein:  
The wynd was good, the See was plein,  
Hem nedeth noght a Riff to slake,  
Til thei Pentapolim have take.  
The lond, which herde of that tidinge,  
Was wonder glad of his cominge;  
He resteth him a day or tuo  
And tok his conseil to him tho,  
And sette a time of Parlement,  
Wher al the lond of on assent  
Forth with his wif hath him corouned,

1967 In which AM . . . B, AdBT  
1973 wil (wol) conceyue  
HiEL, W  wol(e) rescyue AdBT  
1978 is befalle AdB, W  
was falle L  
1990
Confessor ad Amantem.

Wher alle goode him was fuisouned.
Lo, what it is to be wel grounded:  P. iii. 342
For he hath ferst his love founded
Honesteliche as forto wedde,
Honesteliche his love he spedde
And hadde children with his wif,
And as him liste he ladde his lif;
And in ensample his lif was write,
That alle lovers myhten wite
How ate laste it schal be sene
Of love what thei wolden mene.
For se now on that other side,
Antiochus with al his Pride,
Which sette his love unkindely,
His ende he hadde al sodeinly,
Set ayein kinde upon vengance,
And for his lust hath his penance.

Lo thus, mi Sone, myht thou liere
What is to love in good manere,
And what to love in other wise:
The mede arist of the servise;
 Fortune, thogh sche be noght stable,
Yit at som time is favorable
To hem that ben of love trewe.
Bot certes it is forto rewe
To se love ayein kinde falle,
For that makth sore a man to falle,
As thou myht of tofore rede.
Forthi, my Sone, I wolde rede
To lete al other love aweie,
Bot if it be thurgh such a weie
As love and reson wolde acorde.
For elles, if that thou descorde,
And take lust as doth a beste,
Thi love mai noght ben honeste;
For be no skile that I finde

1999 his lif was write A . . . B₂, S . . . Δ as it is write FWK 2006 he hadde al] he hadde J, SΔ (had) hadde (had) AM . . . B₂, AdBT 2009 margin Confessor ad Amantem om. JEC, AdBT Confessor B₂, Δ, W
Such lust is noght of loves kinde.
Mi fader, hou so that it stonde,
Youre tale is herd and understonde,
As thing which worthi is to hiere,
Of gret ensample and gret matiere,
Wherof, my fader, god you quyte.
Bot in this point miself aquite
I mai riht wel, that nevere yit
I was assoted in my wit,
Bot only in that worthi place
Wher alle lust and alle grace
Is set, if that danger ne were.
Bot that is al my moste fere:
I not what ye fortune acompte,
Bot what thing danger mai amonte
I wot wel, for I have assaied;
For whan myn herte is best arraied
And I have al my wit thurghsoght
Of love to beseche hire oght,
For al that evere I skile may,
I am concluded with a nay:
That o sillage hath overthrowe
A thousand wordes on a rowe
Of suche as I best speke can;
Thus am I bot a lewed man.
Bot, fader, for ye ben a clerk
Of love, and this matiere is derk,
And I can evere leng the lasse,
Bot yit I mai noght let it passe,
Youre hole conseil I beseche,
That ye me be som weie teche
What is my beste, as for an ende.
Mi Sone, unto the trouthe wende
Now wol I for the love of thee,
And lete alle othre truffles be.

The more that the nede is hyh,
The more it nedeth to be slyh.
To him which hath the nede on honde.
I have wel herd and understonde,
Mi Sone, al that thou hast me seid,
And ek of that thou hast me preid,
Nou at this time that I schal
As for conclusioun final
Conseile upon thi nede sette:
So thenke I finaly to knette
This cause, where it is tobroke,
And make an ende of that is spoke.
For I behihte thee that yifte
Ferst whan thou come under my schrifte,
That thogh I toward Venus were,
Yit spak I suche wordes there,
That for the Presthod which I have,
Min ordre and min astat to save,
I seide I wolde of myn office
To vertu more than to vice
Encline, and teche thee mi lore.
P. iii. 345
Forthi to speken overmore
Of love, which thee mai availe,
Tak love where it mai noght faile:
For as of this which thou art inne,
Be that thou seist it is a Sinne,
And Sinne mai no pris deserve,
Withoute pris and who schal serve,
I not what profit myhte availe.
Thus folweth it, if thou travaile,
Wher thou no profit hast ne pris,
Thou art toward thiself unwis:
And sett thou myhtest lust atteigne,
Of every lust thende is a peine,
And every peine is good to fle;
So it is wonder thing to se,
Why such a thing schal be desired.
The more that a Stock is fyred,
The rathere into Aisshe it torneth;
The fot which in the weie sporneth
Fulofte his heved hath overthrowe;
Thus love is blind and can noght knowe
Wher that he goth, til he be falle:
Forthi, bot if it so befalle
With good conseil that he be lad,
Him oghte forto ben adrad.
For conseil passeth alle thing
To him which thenkth to ben a king;
And every man for his parte
A kingdom hath to justefie,
That is to sein his oghne dom.
If he misreule that kingdom,
He lest himself, and that is more
Than if he loste Schip and Ore
And al the worldes good withal:
For what man that in special
Hath noght himself, he hath noght elles,
Nomor the perles than the schelles;
Al is to him of o value:
Thogh he hadde at his retenue
The wyde world riht as he wolde,
Whan he his herte hath noght withholde
Toward himself, al is in vein.
And thus, my Sone, I wolde sein,
As I seide er, that thou aryyse,
Er that thou falle in such a wise
That thou ne myht thiself rekevere;
For love, which that blind was evere,
Makth alle his servantz blinde also.
My Sone, and if thou have be so,
Yit is it time to withdrawe,
And set thin herte under that lawe,
The which of reson is governed
And noght of will. And to be lerned,
Ensamples thou hast many on

P. iii. 346
CONFESSIO AMANTIS

[The Confessor replies.]

Of now and ek of time gon,
That every lust is bot a while;
And who that wole himself beguile,
He may the rathere be deceived.
Mi Sone, now thou hast conceived
Somwhat of that I wolde mene;
Hierafterward it schal be sene
If that thou lieve upon mi lore;
For I can do to thee nomore
Bot teche thee the rihte weie:
Now ches if thou wolt live or deie.

Mi fader, so as I have herd
Your tale, bot it were ansuerd,
I were mochel forto blame.
Mi wo to you is bot a game,
That fielen noght of that I fiele;
The fielinge of a mannes Hiele
Mai noght be likned to the Herte:
I mai noght, thogh I wolde, asterte,
And ye be fre from al the peine
Of love, wherof I me pleigne.
It is riht esi to comaunde;
The hert which fre goth on the launde
Not of an Oxe what him eileth;
It falleth ofte a man merveileth
Of that he seth an other fare,
Bot if he knewe himself the fare,
And felt it as it is in soth,
He scholde don riht as he doth,
Or elles werese in his degre:
For wel I wot, and so do ye,
That love hath evere yit ben used,
So mot I nedes ben excused.
Bot, fader, if ye wolde thus
Unto Cupide and to Venus
Be frendlich toward mi querele,
So that myn herte were in hele

[The Controversy.]

Hie loquitur de controversia, que inter Confessorem et Amantem in fine confessionis versatur.

P. iii. 347

2140
2150
2160
2170
Of love which is in mi brest,
I wot wel thane a betre Prest
Was nevere mad to my behove.
Bot al the whiles that I hove
In noncertein betwen the tuo,
And not if I to wel or wo
Schal torne, that is al my drede,
So that I not what is to rede.
Bot for final conclusion
I thenke a Supplicacion
With pleine wordes and expresse
Wryte unto Venus the goddesse,
The which I preie you to bere
And bringe ayein a good answere.
Tho was betwen mi Prest and me
Debat and gret perplexete:
Mi resoun understod him wel,
And knew it was soth everydel
That he hath seid, bot noght forthi
Mi will hath nothing set therby.
For techinge of so wis a port
Is unto love of no desport;
Yit myhte nevere man beholde
Reson, wher love was withholde,
Thei be noght of o governance.
And thus we fellen in distance,
Mi Prest and I, bot I spak faire,
And thurf mi wordes debonaire
Thanne ate laste we acorden,
So that he seith he wol recorden
To speke and stonde upon mi syde
To Venus bothe and to Cupide;
And bad me wryte what I wolde,
And seith me trewly that he scholde
Mi lettre bere unto the queene.
And I sat doun upon the grene
CONFESSIO AMANTIS

Fulfilt of loves fantasie,
And with the teres of myn ÿe
In stede of enke I gan to wryte
The wordes whiche I wolde endite
Unto Cupide and to Venus,
And in mi lettre I seide thus.

The wofull peine of loves maladie,
Ayein the which mai nophisique availe,
Min herte hath so bewhaped with sotie,
That wher so that I reste or I travaile,
I finde it evere redy to assaile
Mi resoun, which that can him noght defende:
Thus seche I help, wherof I mihte amende.

Ferst to Nature if that I me compleigne,
Ther finde I hou that every creature
Som time ayer hath love in his demeine,
So that the litel wrenne in his mesure
Hath yit of kinde a love under his cure;
And I bot on desire, of which I misse:
And thus, bot I, hath every kinde his blisse.

The resoun of my wit it overpasseth, P. iii. 350
Of that Nature techeth me the weie
To love, and yit no certein sche compasseth
Hou I schal spede, and thus betwen the tweie
I stonde, and not if I schal live or deie.
For thogh reson ayein my will debate,
I mai noght fle, that I ne love algate.

Upon miself is thilke tale come,
Hou whilom Pan, which is the god of kinde,
With love wrastlede and was overcome:
For evere I wrastle and evere I am behinde,
That I no strengthe in al min herte finde,
Wherof that I mai stonden eny throwe;
So fer mi wit with love is overthowe.

2214 wol(e) AdBT 2220 or I travaile J, S, F the rest or travaile 2228 a love] of loue AM . . . B3, BT (Hap) love of kinde sit Ad) 2240 was] is AdBT
Whom nedeth help, he mot his helpe crave,
Or helpeles he schal his nede spille:
Pleinly thurghsoght my wittes alle I have,
Bot non of hem can helpe after mi wille;
And als so wel I mihte sitte stille,
As preie unto mi lady eny helpe:
Thus wot I noght wherof miself to helpe.

Unto the grete Jove and if I bidde,
To do me grace of thilke swete tunne,
Which under keie in his celier amidde
Lith couched, that fortune is overrunne,
Bot of the bitter cuppe I have begunne,
I not hou ofte, and thus finde I no game;
For evere I axe and evere it is the same.

I se the world stonde evere upon eschange, P. iii. 351
Nou wyndes loude, and nou the weder softe;
I mai sen ek the grete mone change,
And thing which nou is lowe is eft alofte;
The dredfull werres into pes fulofte
Thei torne; and evere is Danger in o place,
Which wol noght change his will to do me grace.

Bot upon this the grete clercl Ovide,
Of love whan he makth his remembrance,
He seith ther is the blinde god Cupide,
The which hath love under his governance,
And in his hond with many a fyri lance
He woundeth ofte, ther he wol noght hele;
And that somdiel is cause of mi querele.

Ovide ek seith that love to parforne
Stant in the hond of Venus the goddesse,
Bot whan sche takth hir conseil with Satorne,
Ther is no grace, and in that time, I gesse,
Began mi love, of which myn hevynesse
Is now and evere schal, bot if I spede:
So wot I noght miself what is to rede.
Forthi to you, Cupide and Venus bothe,
With al myn hertes obeissance I preie,
If ye were ate ferste time wrothe,
When I began to love, as I you seie,
Nou stynt, and do thilke infortune aweie,
So that Danger, which stant of retenue
With my ladi, his place mai remue.

O thou Cupide, god of loves lawe, \textit{P. iii. 352}
That with thi Dart brennende hast set afyre
Min herte, do that wounde be withdrawe,
Or yif me Salve such as I desire:
For Service in thi Court withouten hyre
To me, which evere yit have kept thin heste,
Mai nevere be to loves lawe honeste.

O thou, gentile Venus, loves queene,
Withoute gult thou dost on me thi wreche;
Thou wost my peine is evere aliche grene
For love, and yit I mai it noght areche:
This wold I for my laste word beseche,
That thou mi love aquite as I deserve,
Or elles do me pleinly forto sterve.

Whanne I this Supplicacioun
With good deliberacioun,
In such a wise as ye nou wite,
Hadde after min entente write
Unto Cupide and to Venus,
This Prest which hihte Genius
It tok on honde to presente,
On my message and forth he wente
To Venus, forto wite hire wille.
And I bod in the place stille,
And was there bot a litel while,
Noght full the montance of a Mile,
When I behield and sodeinly
I sih wher Venus stod me by.
So as I myhte, under a tre

\textit{Venus replies to the Supplication.}
Hicloquiturqualiter
Venus, accepta Aman-
tis Supplicacione, in-
dilate ad singula re-
spondit.
To grounde I fell upon mi kne,
And preide hire forto do me grace:
Sche caste hire chiere upon mi face,
And as it were halvinge a game
Sche axeth me what is mi name.

‘Ma dame,’ I seide, ‘John Gower.’
‘Now John,’ quod sche, ‘in my pouer
Thou most as of thi love stonde;
For I thi bille have understonde,
In which to Cupide and to me
SOMdiel thou hast compleigned thee,
And somdiel to Nature also.
Bot that schal stonde among you tuo,
For therof have I noght to done;
For Nature is under the Mone
Maistresse of every lives kinde,
Bot if so be that sche mai finde
Som holy man that wol withdrawe
His kindly lust ayein hir lawe;
Bot sielde whanne it falleth so,
For fewe men ther ben of tho,
Bot of these othre ynowe be,
Whiche of here oghne nycete
Ayein Nature and hire office
Deliten hem in sondri vice,
Wherof that sche fulohte hath pleigned,
And eek my Court it hath desdeigned
And evere schal; for it receiveth
Non such that kinde so deceiveth.
For all onliche of gentil love
Mi court stant alle courtz above
And takth noght into reteneue
Bot thing which is to kinde due,
For elles it schal be refused.
Wherof I holde thee excused,
For it is manye daies gon,
That thou amonges hem were on
Which of my court hast ben withholde;
So that the more I am beholde
Of thi desese to commune,
And to remue that fortune,
Which manye daies hath the grieved.
Bot if my conseil mai be lieved,
Thou schalt ben esed er thou go
Of thilke unsely jolif wo,
Wherof thou seist thin herte is fyred:
Bot as of that thou hast desired
After the sentence of thi bille,
Thou most therof don at my wille,
And I therof me wole avise.
For be thou hol, it schal suffise:
Mi medicine is noght to sieke
For thee and for suche olde sieke,
Noght al per chance as ye it wolden,
Bot so as ye be reson scholden,
Acordant unto loves kinde.
For in the plit which I thee finde,
So as mi court it hath awarded,
Thou schalt be duely rewarded;
And if thou woldest more crave,
It is no riht that thou it have.'

iii. Qui cupit id quod habere nequit, sua tempora perdit,
    Est ubi non posse, velle salute caret.
Non estatis opus gelidis hirsuta capillis,
Cum calor abcessit, equiperabit hiems;
Sicut habet Mayus non dat natura Decembri,
Nec poterit compar floribus esse lusum;
Sic neque decrepita senium invenile voluptas
Floret in obsequium, quod Venus ipsa petit.
Conveniens igitur foret, et quos cana senectus
Attigiit, viterius corpora casta colant.

2367 f. Two lines om. S . . . Δ (ins. Α) 2368 The which is
holsom to je seke H . . . B2
2369 f. Noght al as thou desire woldest
Bot so as thou be resoun scholdest S . . . Δ
2371-2376 Six lines om. S . . . Δ
Latin Verses iii. 8 obsequium] obsessum X . . . L obsessum B2
Venus, which stand withoute lawe
In noncertein, bot as men drawe
Of Rageman upon the chance,
Sche leith no peis in the balance,
Bot as hir lyketh forto weie;
The trewe man fuloste aweie
Sche put, which hath hir grace bede,
And set an untrewe in his stede.
Lo, thus blindly the world sche diemeth
In loves cause, as tome siemeth:
I not what othere men wol sein,
Bot I algate am so besein,
And stonde as on amonges alle
Which am out of hir grace falle:
It nedeth take no witnesse,
For sche which seid is the goddesse,
To whether part of love it wende,
Hath sett me for a final ende
The point wherto that I schal holde.
For whan sche hath me wel beholde,
Halvynge of scorn, sche seide thus: P. iii. 356
‘Thou wost wel that I am Venus,
Which al only my lustes seche;
And wel I wot, thogh thou besche
Mi love, lustes ben ther none,
Whiche I mai take in thi persone;
For loves lust and lockes hore
In chambre acorden neveremore,
And thogh thou feigne a yong corage,
It scheweth wel be the visage
That olde grisel is no fole:
There ben fulmanye yeres stole
With thee and with suche othere mo,
That outward feignen youthe so
And ben withinne of pore assay.
Min herte wolde and I ne may
Is noght beloved nou adayes;
Er thou make eny suche assaies
To love, and faile upon the fet,
Betre is to make a beau retret;
For thogh thou myghest love atteigne,
Vit were it bot an ydel peine,
Whan that thou art noght sufficant
To holde love his covenant.
Forthi tak hom thin herte ayein,
That thou travaile noght in vein,
Wherof my Court may be deceived.
I wot and have it wel conceived,
Hou that thi will is good wynowh;
Bot mor behoveth to the plowh,
Wherof the lacketh, as I trouwe:
So sitte it wel that thou beknowe
Thi fieble astat, er thou beginne
Thing wher thou miht non ende winne.
What bargain scholde a man assaie,
Whan that him lacketh forto paie?
Mi Sone, if thou be wel bethoght,
This toucheth thee; foryet it noght:
The thing is torned into was;
That which was whilom grene gras,
Is welked heye at time now.
Forthi mi conseil is that thou
Remembre wel hou thou art old.'
Whan Venus hath hir tale told,
And I bethoght was al aboute,
Tho wiste I wel withoute doute,
That ther was no recoverir;
And as a man the blase of fyr
With water quencheth, so ferd I;

[The Companies of Lovers.]

Qualiter super derisoria Veneris exhortatione contristatus
Amans, quasi mortuus in terram corruit, vbi,
vit sibi videbatur, Cupi...
A cold me cawhte sodeinly,
For sorwe that myn herte made
Mi dedly face pale and fade
Becam, and swoune I fell to grounde.
And as I lay the same stounde,
Ne fully quik ne fully ded,
Me thoghte I sih tofor myn hed
Cupide with his bowe bent,
And lich unto a Parlement,
Which were ordeigned for the nones,
With him cam al the world at ones
Of gentil folk that whilom were
Lovers, I sih hem alle there
Forth with Cupide in sondri routes.
Min yhe and as I caste aboutes,
To knowe among hem who was who,
I sih wher lusty Youthe tho,
As he which was a Capitein,
Tofore alle othre upon the plein
Stod with his route wel begon,
Here hevedes kempt, and therupon
Garlandes nght of o colour,
Some of the lef, some of the flour,
And some of grete Perles were;
The newe guise of Beawme there,
With sondri thinges wel devised,
I sih, wherof thei ben queintised.
It was al lust that thei with ferde,
Ther was no song that I ne herde,
Which unto love was touchende;
Of Pan and al that was likende
As in Pipinge of melodie
Was herd in thilke compaignie
So lowde, that on every side
It thoghte as al the hevene cride
In such acord and such a soun
Of bombard and of clarion
With Cornemuse and Schallemele,
That it was half a mannes hele
So glad a noise forto hiere.
And as me thoghte, in this manere
Al freish I syh hem springe and dance, P. iii. 359
And do to love her entendance
After the lust of youthes heste.
Ther was ynowh of joie and feste,
For evere among thei laghe and pleie,
And putten care out of the weie,
That he with hem ne sat ne stod.
And overthis I understod,
So as myn Ere it myhte areche,
The moste matiere of her speche
Was al of knyhthod and of Armes,
And what it is to ligge in armes
With love, whanne it is achieved.
Ther was Tristram, which was believed
With bele Ysolde, and Lancelot
Stod with Gunnore, and Galahot
With his ladi, and as me thoghte,
I syh wher Jason with him broghte
His love, which that Creusa hihte,
And Hercules, which mochel myhte,
Was ther berende his grete Mace,
And most of alle in thilke place
He peyneth him to make chiere
With Eolen, which was him diere.
Theseiis, thogh he were untrewe
To love, as alle wommen knewe,
Yit was he there natheles
With Phedra, whom to love he ches:
Of Grece ek ther was Thelamon,
Which fro the king Lamenedon
At Troie his doghter reste aweie,
Eseonen, as for his preie,
Which take was whan Jason cam
Fro Colchos, and the Cite nam
In vengance of the ferste hate;
That made hem after to debate,
Whan Priamus the newe toun
Hath mad. And in avisioun
   Me thoghte that I sih also
Ector forth with his brethren tuo;
Himself stod with Pantaselee,
And next to him I myhte se,
Wher Paris stod with faire Eleine,
Which was his joie soveraine;
And Troilus stod with Criseide,
Bot evere among, although he pleide,
Be semblant he was hevy chiered,
For Diomede, as him was liered,
Cleymeth to ben his parconner.
And thus full many a bachelor,
A thousand mo than I can sein,
With Yowthe I sih ther wel besein
Forth with here loves glade and blithe.
   And some I sih whiche ofte sithe
Compleignen hem in other wise;
Among the whiche I syh Narcise
And Piramus, that sory were.
The worthy Grek also was there,
Achilles, which for love deide:
Agamenon ek, as men seide,
And Menelay the king also
I syh, with many an other mo,
Which hadden be fortuned sore
In loves cause.
   And overmore
Of wommen in the same cas,
With hem I sih wher Dido was,
Forsake which was with Enee;
And Phillis ek I myhte see,
Whom Demephon deceived hadde;
And Adriagne hir sorwe ladde,
For Theseüs hir Soster tok
And hire unkindely forsok.
I sih ther ek among the press
Compleignende upon Hercules
His ferste love Deyanire,  
Which sette him afterward afyre:  
Medea was there ek and pleigneth  
Upon Jason, for that he feigneth,  
Withoute cause and tok a newe;  
Sche seide, 'Fy on alle untrewe!'  
I sih there ek Deýdamie,  
Which hadde lost the compaignie  
Of Achilles, whan Diomede  
To Troie him fette upon the nede.  
Among these othre upon the grene  
I syh also the wofull queene  
Cleopatras, which in a Cave  
With Serpentz hath hirself begrave  
Alquik, and so sche was totore,  
For sorwe of that sche hadde lore  
Antonye, which hir love hath be:    P. iii. 362  
And forth with hire I sih Tisbee,  
Which on the scharpe swerdes point  
For love deide in sory point;    2580  
And as myn Ere it myhte knowe,  
She seide, 'Wo worthe alle slowe!'  
The pleignte of Progne and Philomene  
Ther herde I what it wolde mene,  
How Tereüs of his untrouthe  
Undede hem bothe, and that was routhe;  
And next to hem I sih Canace,  
Which for Machaire hir fader grace  
Hath lost, and deide in wofull plit.  
And as I sih in my spirit,    2590  
Me thoghte amonges othre thus  
The doghter of king Priamus,  
Polixena, whom Pirrus slowh,  
Was there and made sorwe ynowh,  
As sche which deide gulteles  
For love, and yit was loveles.  
And forto take the desport,  
I sih there some of other port,
And that was Circes and Calipse,
That cowthen do the Mone eclipse,
Of men and change the liknesses,
Of Artmagique Sorceresses;
Thei hielde in honde manyon,
To love wher thei wolde or non.

Bot above alle that ther were
Of wommen I sith foure there,
Whos name I herde most comended: P. iii. 363
Be hem the Court stod al amended;
For wher thei comen in presence,
Men deden hem the reverence,
As thogh they hadden be goddesses,
Of al this world or Empresses.
And as me thoghte, an Ere I leide,
And herde hou that these othre seide,
'Lo, these ben the foure wyves,
Whos feith was proeved in her lyves:
For in essample of alle goode
With Mariage so thei stode,
That fame, which no gret thing hydeth,
Yit in Cronique of hem abydeth.'

Penolope that on was hole,
Whom many a knyght hath loved hote,
Whil that hire lord Ulixes lay
Full many a yer and many a day
Upon the grete Siege of Troie:
Bot sche, which hath no worldes joie
Bot only of hire housebonde,
Whil that hir lord was out of londe,
So wel hath kept hir wommanhiede,
That al the world therof tok hiede,
And nameliche of hem in Grece.

That other womman was Lucrece,
Wif to the Romain Collatin;
And sche constreigned of Tarquin
To thing which was ayein hir wille,
Sche wolde noght hirselves stille,
Bot deide only for drede of schame P. iii. 364

2623 Vluxes BT
In keping of hire goode name,  
As sche which was on of the beste.  

The thridde wif was hote Alceste,  
Which whanne Ametus scholde dye  
Upon his grete maladye,  
Sche preide unto the goddes so,  
That sche receyveth al the wo  
And deide hirself to yive him lif:  
Lo, if this were a noble wif.  

The fyrthe wif which I ther sih,  
I herde of hem that were nyh  
Hou sche was cleped Alcione,  
Which to Seyix hir lord al one  
And to nomo hir body kepte;  
And whan sche sih him dreyn, sche lepte  
Into the wawes where he swam,  
And there a Seffoul sche becam,  
And with hire wenges him bespradde  
For love which to him sche hadde.  

Lo, these foure were tho  
Whiche I sih, as me thoghte tho,  
Among the grete compaignie  
Which Love hadde forto guye:  
Bot Youthe, which in special  
Of Loves Court was Mareschal,  
So besy was upon his lay,  
That he non hiede where I lay  
Hath take. And thanne, as I behield,  
Me thoghte I sih upon the field,  
Where Elde cam a softe pas  
Toward Venus, ther as sche was.  
With him grete compaignie he ladde,  
Bot noght so manye as Youthe hadde:  
The moste part were of grete Age,  
And that was sene in the visage,
And noght forthi, so as thei myhte,
Thei made hem yongly to the sihte:
Bot yit herde I no pipe there
To make noise in mannes Ere,
Bot the Musette I myhte knowe,
For olde men which souneth lowe,
With Harpe and Lute and with Citole.
The hovedance and the Carole,
In such a wise as love hath bede,
A softe pas thei dance and trede;
And with the wommen otherwhile
With sobre chier among thei smyle,
For laghtre was ther non on hyh.
And natheles full wel I syh
That thei the more queinte it made
For love, in whom thei weren glade.

And there me thoghte I myhte se
The king David with Bersabee,
And Salomon was noght withoute;
Passende an hundred on a route
Of wyves and of Concubines,
Juesses bothe and Sarazines,
To him I sih alle entendant:
I not if he was sufficant,
Bot natheles for al his wit
He was attached with that writ
Which love with his hond enseleth,
Fro whom non erthly man appeleth.
And overthis, as for a wonder,
With his leon which he put under,
With Dalida Sampson I knew,
Whos love his strengthe al overthrew.
I syh there Aristotle also,
Whom that the queene of Grece so
Hath bridled, that in thilke time

P. iii. 366
Sche made him such a Silogime,
That he for yat al his logique;
Ther was non art of his Practique,
Thurgh which it mihte ben excluded
That he ne was fully concluded
To love, and dede his obeissance.
And ek Virgile of a queinteance
I sith, wher he the Maiden preide,
Which was the doghter, as men seide,
Of themperour whilom of Rome;
Sortes and Plato with him come,
So dede Ovide the Poete.
I thoghte thanne how love is swete,
Which hath so wise men reclamed,
And was miself the lasse aschamed,
Or forto lese or forto winne
In the meschief that I was inne:
And thus I lay in hope of grace.
And when thei comen to the place
Wher Venus stod and I was falle,
These olde men with o vois alle
To Venus preiden for my sake.
And sche, that myhte noght forsake
So grete a clamour as was there,
Let Pite come into hire Ere;
And forth withal unto Cupide
Sche preith that he upon his side
Me wolde thurgh his grace sende
Som confort, that I myhte amende,
Upon the cas which is beffale.
And thus for me thei preiden alle
Of hem that weren olde aboute,
And ek some of the yonge route,
Of gentilesse and pure trouthe
I herde hem telle it was grete routhe,
That I withouten help so ferde.
And thus me thoghte I lay and herde.

Cupido, which may hurte and hele
In loves cause, as for myn hele
Upon the point which him was preid
Cam with Venus, wher I was leid
Swounende upon the grene gras.
And, as me thoughte, anon ther was
On every side so gret presse,
That every lif began to presse,
I wot noght wel hou many score,
Suche as I spak of now tofore,
Lovers, that comen to beholde,
Bot most of hem that weren olde:
Thei stoden there at thilke tyde,
To se what ende schal betyde
Upon the cure of my soitie.
Tho myhte I hiere gret partie
Spekende, and ech his oghne avis
Hath told, on that, an other this:
Bot among alle this I herde,
Thei weren wo that I so ferde,
And seiden that for no riote
An old man scholde noght assote;
For as thei tolden redely,
Ther is in him no cause why,
Bot if he wolde himself benyce;
So were he wel the more nyce.
And thus desputen some of tho,
And some seiden nothing so,
Bot that the wylde loves rage
In mannes lif forberth non Age;
Whil ther is oyle forto fyre,
The lampe is lyhtly set afyre,
And is fulhard er it be queynt,
Bot only if it be som seint,
Which god preserveth of his grace.
And thus me thoghte, in sondri place
Of hem that walken up and doun
Ther was diverse opioun:
And for a while so it laste,
Til that Cupide to the laste,

Hic tractat qualiter
Cupido Amantis senectute confracti viscera perscrutans, ignitasue concupiscencie tela ab eo penitus extraxit, quem Venus postea absque calore percipiens, vacuum reliquit: et sic tandem prouisa Senectus, rationem inuocans, hominem interiorem per prius amore infatuatum mentis sanitati plenius restauruit.
Forth with his moder full avised,
Hath determined and devised
Unto what point he wol descende.  P. iii. 369
And al this time I was liggende
Upon the ground tofore his yhen,
And thei that my desese syhen 2790
Supponen noght I scholde live;
Bot he, which wolde thanne yive
His grace, so as it mai be,
This blinde god which mai noght se,
Hath groped til that he me fond;
And as he pitte forth his hond
Upon my body, wher I lay,
Me thoghte a fyri Lancegay,
Which whilom thurgyn myn herte he caste,
He pulleth oute, and also faste 2800
As this was do, Cupide nam
His weie, I not where he becam,
And so dede al the remenant
Which unto him was entendant,
Of hem that in Avison
I hadde a revelacion,
So as I tolde now tofore.
Bot Venus wente noght therfore,
Ne Genius, whiche thilke time
Abiden bothe faste byme. 2810
And sche which mai the hertes bynde
In loves cause and ek unbinde,
Er I out of mi trance aros,
Venus, which hield a boiste clos,
And wolde noght I scholde deie,
Tok out mor cold than eny keie
An oignement, and in such point  P. iii. 370
Sche hath my wounded herte enoignt,
My temples and my Reins also.
And forth withal sche tok me tho 2820
A wonder Mirour forto holde,
In which sche bad me to beholde
And taken hiede of that I syhe;
Wherinne anon myn hertes yhe
I caste, and sih my colour fade,
Myn yhen dymme and al unglaide,
Mi chiekes thinne, and al my face
With Elde I myhte se deface,
So riveled and so wo besein,
That ther was nothing full ne plein,
I syh also myn heres hore.
Mi will was tho to se nomore
Outwith, for ther was no plesance;
And thanne into my remembrance
I drowh myn olde daies passed,
And as reson it hath compassed,
I made a liknesse of miselve
Unto the sondri Monthes twelve,
Wherof the yeer in his astat
Is mad, and stant upon debat,
That lich til other non acordeth.
For who the times wel recordeth,
And thanne at Marche if he beginne,
Whan that the lusti yeer comth inne,
Til Augst be passed and Septembre,
The myhty youthe he may remembre
In which the yeer hath his deduit
Of gras, of lef, of flour, of fruit,
Of corn and of the wyny grape.
And afterward the time is schape
To frost, to Snow, to Wind, to Rein,
Til eft that Mars be come ayein:
The Wynter wol no Somer knowe,
The grene lef is overthowe,
The clothed erthe is thanne bare,
Despuiled is the Somerfare,
That erst was hete is thanne chele.
And thus thenkende thoghtes fele,
I was out of mi swoune affraied,
Wherof I sith my wittes straied,
And gan to clepe hem hom ayein.
And whan Resoun it herde sein
That loves rage was aweie,
He cam to me the rihte weie,
And hath remued the sotie
Of thilke unwise fantasie,
Wherof that I was wont to pleigne,
So that of thilke fyri peine
I was mad sobre and hol ynowh.
Venus beheld me than and lowh,
And axeth, as it were in game,
What love was. And I for schame
Ne wiste what I scholde ansuere;
And nathelies I gan to swere
That be my trouthe I knew him noght;
So ferr it was out of mi thoght,
Riht as it hadde nevere be.

‘Mi goode Sone,’ tho quod sche,
‘Now at this time I lieve it wel,
So goth the fortune of my whiel;
Forthi mi conseil is thou leve.’

‘Ma dame,’ I seide, ‘be your leve,
Ye witen wel, and so wot I,
That I am unbehovely
Your Court fro this day forth to serve:
And for I may no thank deserve,
And also for I am refused,
I preie you to ben excused.
And nathelies as for the laste,
Whil that my wittes with me laste,
Touchende mi confession
I axe an absolucion
Of Genius, er that I go.’

2860 straied] frayed AM... B3
2885 [forth] for EC, BTA
2889 for to laste BT
The Prest anon was redy tho,
And seide, 'Sone, as of thi schrifte
Thou hast ful pardoun and foryifte;
Foryet it thou, and so wol I.'

'Min holi fader, grant mercy,'
Quod I to him, and to the queene
I fell on knes upon the grene,
And tok my leve forto wende.
Bot sche, that wolde make an ende,
As theerto which I was most able,
A Peire of Bedes blak as Sable
Sche tok and heng my necke aboute;
Upon the gaudes al withoute
Was write of gold, Por reposer.

'Lo,' thus sche seide, 'John Gower,
Now thou art ate laste cast,
This have I for thin ese cast,
That thou nomore of love sieche.
Bot my will is that thou besieche
And preie hierafter for the pes,
And that thou make a plein reles
To love, which takth litel biede
Of olde men upon the nede,
Whan that the lustes ben aweie:
Forthi to thee nys bot o weie,
In which let reson be thi guide;
For he may sone himself misguide,
That seth noght the peril tofore.
Mi Sone, be wel war therfore,
And kep the sentence of my lore
And tarie thou mi Court nomore,
Bot go ther vertu moral duelleth,
Wher ben thi bokes, as men telleth,
Whiche of long time thou hast write.
For this I do thee wel to wite,
If thou thin hele wolt pourchace,
Thou miht noght make suite and chace,
CONFESSIO AMANTIS

Wher that the game is nought porthand;
It were a thing unreasonable,
A man to be so overseie.
Forthi tak hiede of that I seie;
For in the lawe of my comune
We be noght schape to comune,
Thiself and I, nevere after this.
Now have y seid al that ther is
Of love as for thi final ende:
*Adieu, for y mot fro the wende.'
And with that word al sodeinly,

[Leave-taking of Venus.]

* Adieu, for I mot fro the wende.
And gret wel Chaucer whan ye mete,
As mi disciple and mi poete:
For in the flouris of his youthe
In sondri wise, as he wel couthe,
Of Ditees and of songes glade,
The whiche he for mi sake made,
The lond fullfild is overal:
Wherof to him in special
Above alle othre I am most holde.
For thi now in his e daies olde
Thow schalt him telle thi message,
That he upon his latere age,
To sette an ende of alle his werk,
As he which is myn owne clerk,
Do make his testament of love,
As thou hast do thi schrifte above,
So that mi Court it mai recorde.'
'Madame, I can me wel acorde,'
Quod I, 'to telle as ye me bidde,'
And with that word it so betidde,
Enclosid in a sterred sky,
Venus, which is the qweene of love,
Was take in to hire place above,
More wiste y nought wher sche becam. P. iii. 376
And thus my leve of hire y nam,
And forth with al the same tide
Hire prest, which wolde nought abide,
Or be me lief or be me loth, P. iii. 377
Out of my sighte forth he goth,
And y was left with outen helpe.
So wiste I nought wher of to yelpe,
Bot only that y hadde lore
My time, and was sori ther fore.
And thus bewhapid in my thought, P. iii. 378
Whan al was turnyd in to nought,
I stod amasid for a while,
And in my self y gan to smyle
Thenkende uppon the bedis blake,
And how they weren me betake,
For that y schulde bidde and preie.
And whanne y sigh non othre weie
Bot only that y was refusid,
Unto the lif which y hadde usid
I thoughte nevere torne ayein:
And in this wise, soth to seyn,
Homward a softe pas y wente,
Wher that with al myn hol entente

Out of my sihte al sodeynly,
Enclosed in a sterred sodeyn,
Up to the hevene Venus straghte,
And I my rihte weie cawhte,
Hom fro the wode and forth I wente,
Wher as with al myn hole entente,
CONFESSIO AMANTIS

Uppon the point that y am schryve
I thenke bidde whil y live.

Hic in anno quarto-decimo Regis Ricardi orat pro statu regni, quod a diu diuisum nimia adversitate periclitabatur.

Thus with mi bedes upon honde,
For hem that trewe love fonde
I thenke bidde whil I lyve
Upon the poynt which I am schryve.

He which withinne dayes sevne
This large world forth with the hevene
Of his eternal providence
Hath mad, and thilke intelligence
In mannys soule resonable
Hath schape to be perdurable,
Wherof the man of his futex
Above alle erthly creature
Aftir the soule is immortal,

iv. Parce precor, Criste, populus quo gaudeat iste;
Anglia ne triste subeat, rex summe, resistete.
Corrige quosque status, fragiles absolue reatus;
Vnde deo gratus viget locus iste beatus.

He which withinne daies sevne
This large world forth with the hevene
Of his eternal providence
Hath mad, and thilke intelligence
In mannys soule resonable
Hath schape to be perdurable,
Wherof the man of his futex
Above alle erthly creature
Aftir the soule is immortal,
To thilke lord in special,  
As he which is of alle thinges  
The creatour, and of the kynges  
Hath the fortunes uppon honde,  
His grace and mercy forto fonde  
Uppon my bare knees y preie,  
That he this lond in siker weie  
Wol sette uppon good governance.  
For if men takyn remembrance  
What is to live in unite,  
Ther ys no staat in his degree  
That noughte to desire pes,  
With outen which, it is no les,  
To seche and loke in to the laste,  
Ther may no worldes joye laste.  
Ferst forto loke the Clergie,  
Hem oughte wel to justefie  
Thing which belongith to here cure,  
As forto praie and to procure  
Oure pes toward the hevene above,  
And ek to sette reste and love  

To thilke lord in special,  
As he which is of alle thinges  
The creatour, and of the kinges  
Hath the fortunes upon honde,  
His grace and mercy forto fonde  
Upon mi bare knees I preye,  
That he my worthi king conveye,  
Richard by name the Secounde,  
In whom hath evere yit be founde  
Justice medled with pite,  
Largesce forth with charite.  
In his persone it mai be schewed  
What is a king to be wel thewed,  
Touchinge of pite namely:

[The Author prays for the State of England.]

[Evil of Division in the Land.]
Among ous on this erthe hiere.
For if they wroughte in this manere
Aftir the reule of charite,
I hope that men schuldyng se
This lond amende.

And ovr this,
To seche and loke how that it is
Touchende of the chevalerie,
Which forto loke, in som partie
Is worthi forto be comendid,
And in som part to ben amendid,
That of here large retene
The lond is ful of maintene,
Which causith that the comune right
In fewe contrees stant upright.
Extorcioun, contekt, ravine
Withholde ben of that covyne,
Aldai men hierin gret compleignte
Of the desease, of the constreignte,
Wher of the poeple is sore oppressid:

For he yit nevere unpitously
Ayein the liges of his lond,
For no defaute which he fond,
Thurgh crueltz vengaunce soghte;
And thogh the worldes chaunce in broghte
Of infortune gret debat,
Yit was he not infortunat:
For he which the fortune ladde,
The hihe god, him overspradde
Of his Justice, and kepte him so,
That his astat stood evere mo
Sauf, as it oghte wel to be;
Lich to the Sonne in his degree,
Which with the clowdes up alofte
God graunte it mote be redressid.
For of kynghthode thordre wolde
That thei defende and kepe scholde
The comun right and the fraunchise
Of holy cherche in alle wise,
So that no wikke man it dere,
And ther fore servith scheld and spere:
Bot for it goth now other weie,
Oure grace goth the more aweie.
And forto lokyn ovyrmor,
Wher of the poeple pleigneth sore,
Toward the lawis of oure lond,
Men sein that trouthe hath broke his bond
And with brocage is goon aweie,
So that no man can se the weie
Wher forto fynde rightwisnesse.
And if men sechin sikernesse
Uppon the lucre of marchandie,
Compassement and tricherie
Of singuler profit to wynne,
Men seyn, is cause of mochil synne,
And namely of divisioun,
Which many a noble worthi toun

Is derked and bischadewed ofte,
But hou so that it trowble in their,
The Sonne is evere briht and feir,
Withinne himself and noght empeired:
Althogh the weder be despeired,
The hed planete is not to wite.
Mi worthi prince, of whom I write,
Thus stant he with himselve cler,
And doth what lith in his power
Not only hier at hom to seke

[The King commended.]
Fro welthe and fro prosperite
Hath brought to gret adversite.
So were it good to ben al on,
For mechil grace ther uppon
Unto the Citees schulde falle,
Which myghte availle to ous alle,
If these astatz amendid were,
So that the vertus stodyn there
And that the vices were aweie:
Me thenkth y dorste thanne seie,
This londis grace schulde arise.

Bot yet to loke in othre wise,
Ther is a stat, as ye schul hiere,
Above alle othre on erthe hiere,
Which hath the lond in his balance:
To him belongith the leiance
Of Clerk, of knyght, of man of lawe;
Undir his hond al is forth drawe
The marchant and the laborer;
So stant it al in his power
Or forto spille or forto save.
Bot though that he such power have,
And that his myghtes ben so large,
He hath hem nought withouten charge,
To which that every kyng ys swore:
So were it good that he ther fore

Love and acord, but outward eke,
As he that save his poeple wolde.
So ben we alle wel beholde
To do service and obeyssaunce
To him, which of his heyh suffraunce
Hath many a gret debat appesed,

---

3046 mechil F mekull W mochil SBT 3054 oFre wise S, F
ofw w. BTA, WK 3060 is al B 3063 forto ... forto S
for to ... forto F for to ... for to BT 3066 wijouten F
wijoute SBT
3018* acord JER acorde AC eeke AEC 3020* been AMC
by holde AM 3022* hihe HiRLBz hie J 3023* a gret
(agret) JCL a grete (agrete) AMH; &c.
First un to rightwisnesse entende,
Wherof that he hym self amende
Toward his god and leve vice,
Which is the chief of his office;
And aftir al the remenant
He schal uppon his covenant
Governe and lede in such a wise,
So that ther be no tirandise,
Wherof that he his poeple grieve,
Or ellis may he nought achieve
That longith to his regalie.
For if a kyng wol justifie
His lond and hem that beth withynne,
First at hym self he mot begynne,
To kepe and reule his owne astat,
That in hym self be no debat
Toward his god: for othre wise
 Ther may non erthly kyng suffise
Of his kyngdom the folk to lede,
Bot he the kyng of hevene drede.
For what kyng sett hym uppon pride
And takth his lust on every side
And wil nought go the righte weie,
Though god his grace caste aweie
No wondir is, for ate laste
He schal wel wite it mai nought laste,
The pompe which he secheth here.

To make his lige men ben esed;
Wherfore that his Croniqe schal
For evere be memorial
To the loenge of that he doth.
For this wot every man in soth,
What king that so desireth pes,
He takth the weie which Crist ches:
And who that Cristes weies sueth,
Confessio Amantis

Bot what kyng that with humble chere
Aftr the lawe of god eschuieth
The vices, and the vertus suieth,
His grace schal be suffisant
To governe al the remenant
Which longith to his duite;
So that in his prosperite
The peole schal nought ben oppressid,
Wherof his name schal be blessid,
For evere and be memorial.

And now to speke as in final,
Touchende that y undirtok
In englesch forto make a book

It proveth wel that he eschueuth
The vices and is vertuous,
Wherof he mot be gracious
Toward his god and acceptable.
And so to make his regne stable,
With al the wil that I mai yive
I preie and schal whil that I live,
As I which in subjeccioun
Stonde under the proteccioun,
And mai miselven not bewelde,
What for seknesse and what for elde,
Which I receyve of goddes grace.

But thogh me lacke to purchace
Mi kinges thank as by decerte,
Yit the Simplese of mi poverte
Unto the love of my ligance
Desireth forto do plesance:
And for this cause in myn entente
This povere bok heer I presente
Unto his hibe worthinesse,
Write of my simple besinesse,
Liber Octavus

Which stant betwene earnest and game,  
I have it maad as thilke same  
Which axe forto ben excusid,  
And that my bok be nought refusid  
Of lered men, than thei it se,  
For lak of curiosite:  
For thilke scole of eloquence  
Belongith nought to my science,  
Uppon the forme of rethorique  
My wordis forto peinte and pike,  
As Tullius som tyme wrot.  
Bot this y knowe and this y wot,  
That y have do my trewe peyne  
With rude wordis and with pleyne,  
In al that evere y couthe and myghte,  
This bok to write as y behighte,  
So as siknesse it soffe wolde;  
And also for my daies olde,  

So as seknesse it suffre wolde.  
And in such wise as I ferst tolde,  
Whan I this bok began to make,  
In som partie it mai be take  
As for to lawhe and forto pleye;  
And forto loke in other weye,  
It mai be wisdom to the wise:  
So that somdel for good aprise  
And eek somdel for lust and game  
I have it mad, as thilke same  
Which axe forto ben excusid,  
That I no Rethorique have used  
Upon the forme of eloquence,  
For that is not of mi science;  
But I have do my trewe peyne  
With rude wordes and with pleyne
That ye am feble and impotent,
I wot nought how the world ys went.
So preye y to my lordis alle
Now in myn age, how so befalle,
That y mot stonden in here grace:  
P. iii. 384
For though me lacke to purchace
Here worthi thonk as by decerte,
Yit the symplesse of my povert
Desireth forto do plesance
To hem undir whos governance
I hope siker to abide.

But now uppon my laste tide
That y this book have maad and write,
My muse doth me forto wite,
And seith it schal be for my beste
Fro this day forth to take reste,
That y nomore of love make.

To speke of thing which I have told.
But now that I am feble and old,
And to the worchip of mi king
In love above alle other thing
That I this bok have mad and write,
Mi Muse doth me forto wite
That it is to me for the beste
Fro this day forth to take reste,
That I nomore of love make.
But he which hath of love his make
It sit him wel to singe and daunce,
And do to love his entendance
In songes bothe and in seyinges
After the lust of his pleyinges,
For he hath that he wolde have:
But where a man schal love crave
And faile, it stant al otherwise.
Which many an herte hath overtake,
And ovyrturnd as the blynde
Fro reson in to lawe of kynde;
Wher as the wisdom goth aweie
And can nought se the ryhte weie
How to governe his oghne estat,
Bot everydai stant in debat
Withinne him self, and can nought leve.
And thus forthy my final leve
I take now for evere more,
Withoute makyng any more,
Of love and of his dedly hele,
Which no phisicien can hele.
For his nature is so divers,
That it hath evere som travers
Or of to moche or of to lite,
That pleiny mai noman delite,
Bot if him faile or that or this.
Bot thilke love which that is
Withinne a mannes herte affermed,
And stant of charite contermed,

In his proverbe seith the wise,
Whan game is best, is best to leve:
And thus forthy my fynal leve,
With oute makyng eny more,
I take now for evere more
Of love and of his dedly hele,
Which no phisicien can hele.
For his nature is so divers,
That it hath evere som travers
Or of to moche or of to lite,
That fully mai noman delyte,
But if him lacke or that or this.
But thilke love which that is
Withinne a mannes herte affermed,
Such love is goodly forto have,
Such love mai the bodi save,
Such love mai the soule amende,
The hyhe god such love ous sende
Forthwith the remenant of grace;
So that above in thilke place
Wher resteth love and alle pes,
Oure joie mai ben endeles.

And stant of charite confermed,
That love is of no repentaile;
For it ne berth no contretaile,
Which mai the conscience charge,
But it is rather of descharge,
And meedful heer and overal.
Forthi this love in special
Is good for every man to holde,
And who that resoun wol beholde,
Al other lust is good to daunte:
Which thing the hihe god us graunte
Forth with the remenant of grace
So that of hevene in thilke place
Wher resteth love and alle pes,
Oure joie mai ben endeles.
Epistola super huius opusculi sui complementum Iohanni Gower a quodam philosopho transmissâ.

Quam cinxere freta, Gower, tua carmina leta
Per loca discreta canit Anglia laude repleta.
Carminis Athleta, satirus, tibi, siue Poeta,
Sit laus completa quo gloria stat sine meta.

Quia vnusquisque, prout a deo accepit, aliis impartiri tenetur, Iohannes Gower super hiis que deus sibi sensualiter donavit villilacionis sue racionem, dum tempus instat, secundum aliquld alleuare cupiens, inter labores et ocia ad aliorum noticiam tres libros doctrine causa forma subsequenti propterea composit.

Primus liber Gallico sermone editus in decem diuiditur partes, et tractans de viciis et virtutibus, necnon et de varis huius seculi gradibus, viam qua peccator transgressus ad sui creatoris agnicionem redire debet, recto tramite docere conatur. Titulusque libelli istius Speculum Meditantis nuncupatus est.

Secundus enim liber sermone latino metrice compositus tractat de variis infortuniiis tempore Regis Ricardi Secundi in Anglia contingentibus. Vnde non solum regni proceres

Epistola huius operis sui AJECL huius operis vel opusculi sui XRB2 huius opusculi Δ
Quia vnusquisque ins. AJXERCLB2, BTA, F om. SΔ, Magd (MH1G, Ad, WKH3 defective at the end)
1 Quiuia F 2 sensualiter] intellectualiter A... B2 3 dum tempus instat om, BTA 4 ff. inter labores—composuit] tres precipue libros per ipsum dum vixit doctrine causa compositos at aliorum noticiam in lucem seriose produxit. BTA
13 ff. Secundus enim liber, sermone latino versibus exametri et pentametri compositus, tractat super illo mirabili eventu qui in Anglia (anglica J) tempore domini Regis Ricardi secundi anno regni sui quarto contigit, quando seruiles rustici impetuose contra nobiles et ingenuos regni insurrexerunt. Innocenciam tamen
et communes tormenta passi sunt, set et ipse crudelissimus rex suis ex demeritis ab alto corruens in foueam quam fecit finaliter proiectus est. Nomenque voluminis huius Vox Clamantis intitulatur.

Tercius iste liber qui ob reuerciam strenissimi domini sui domini Henrici de Lancastria, tunc Derbeie Comitis, Anglico sermone conficitur, secundum Danielis propheciam super huius mundi regnorum mutacione a tempore regis Nabugodonesor vsque nunc tempora distinguuit. Tractat eciam secundum Aristotilem super hiis quibus Alexander tam in sui regimen quam aliter eius disciplina edoctus fuit. Principalis tamen huius operis materia super amorem et infatuatas amantium passiones fundamentum habet. Nomenque sibi appropriatum Confessio Amantis specialiter sortitus est.

dicti domini Regis tunc minoris etatis causa inde excusabilem pronuncians, culpas aliunde, ex quibus et non a fortuna talia inter homines contingunt enormia, euidencius declarat. Titulusque voluminis huius, cuius ordo Septem continet paginas, Vox clamantis nominatur A…B2

Secundus liber versibus exametri et pentametri sermone latino componitur, tractat de variis infortuniis tempore regis Ricardi secundii in Anglia multipliciter contingentibus, vbi pro statu regni compositor deuocius exorat. Nomenque voluminis huius, quod in septem diuiditur partes, Vox clamantis intitulatur BTA

TO
KING HENRY THE FOURTH

IN PRAISE OF PEACE

Electus Cristi, pie Rex Henrice, fuisti,
Qui bene venisti cum propria regna petisti;
Tu mala vicisti que bonis bona restituisti,
Et populo tristi noua gaudia contribuisti.
Est michi spes lata quod adhuc per te renovata
Succedent fala veleri probitate beata,
    Est tibi nam grata gracia sponte data.

O WORTHI noble kyng, Henry the ferthe,
In whom the glade fortune is befare
The poeple to governe uppon this erthe,
God hath the chose in comfort of ous alle:
The worschipe of this lond, which was doun falle,
Now stant upriht thurgh grace of thi goodnesse,
Which every man is holde forto blesse.
The highe god of his justice allone
The right which longeth to thi regalie
Declared hath to stonde in thi persone,
And more than god may no man justifie.
Thi title is knowe uppon thin ancestrie,
The londes folk hath ek thy riht affermed;
So stant thi regne of god and man confermed.

The text is that of the MS. at Trentham Hall (T). Variations marked Th are those of the copy in Chaucer's Works, ed. 1532, ff. 375 v°—377.

No title in T. Johan Gower vnto the worthy and noble kynge
Henry the fourth Th
Latin Verses placed at the end of the poem Th
1 O Noble worthy kyng Th 3 uppon this] here vpon Th
4 chosen Th 8 highe Th high T
* * 11
TO KING HENRY THE FOURTH

Ther is no man mai seie in other wise,
That god himself ne hath thi riht declared,
Whereof the lond is boun to thi servise,
Which for defalte of help hath longe cared:
Bot now ther is no mannes herte spared
To love and serve and wirche thi plesance,
And al is this thurgh godes pourveiance.

In alle thing which is of god begonne
Ther folwith grace, if it be wel governed:
Thus tellen thei whiche olde bookes conne,
Whereof, my lord, y wot wel thou art lerned.
Axe of thi god, so schalt thou noght be werned
Of no reqweste which is resonable;
For god unto the goode is favorable.

Kyng Salomon, which hadde at his axinge
Of god what thing him was levest to crave,
He ches wisdom unto the governynge
Of goddis folk, the whiche he wolde save:
And as he ches it fel him forto have;
For thurgh his wit, whil that his regne laste,
He gat him pees and reste unto the laste.

Bot Alisaundre, as telleth his histoire,
Unto the god besoghte in other weie,
Of all the world to winne the victoire,
So that undir his swerd it myht obeie.
In werre he hadde al that he wolde preie,
The myghti god behight him that beheste,
The world he wan, and had it of conqweste.

Bot thogh it fel at thilke time so,
That Alisandre his axinge hath achieved,
This sinful world was al paiene tho,
Was non which hath the hihe god believed:
No wondir was thogh thilke world was grieved,
Thogh a tiraunt his pourpos myhte winne;
Al was vengance and infortune of sinne.

16 th[i] the Th 17 bounde Th 21 this is Th goddes
purueyaunce Th godespourveiance T 30 to om. Th 31 the
om. Th 35 unto the] in to his Th 36 his storie Th 42 he
om. Th 45 paynem Th
IN PRAISE OF PEACE

Bot now the feith of Crist is come a place,
Among the princes in this erthe hiere,
It sit hem wel to do pite and grace;
Bot yit it mot be tempred in manere:
For as thei finden cause in the matiere
Uppon the point, what aftarward betide,
The lawe of riht schal noght be leid aside.

So mai a kyng of werre the viage
Ordeigne and take, as he therto is holde,
To cleime and axe his rightful heritage
In alle places wher it is withholde:
Bot other wise if god himsilve wolde
Afferme love and pes betwen the kynges,
Pes is the beste above alle erthely thinges.

Good is teshue werre, and natheles
A kyng may make werre uppon his right,
For of bataile the final ende is pees.
Thus stant the lawe, that a worthi knyght
Uppon his trouthe may go to the fight;
Bot if so were that he myghte chese,
Betre is the pees, of which may no man lese.

〈Sustene〉 pes oghte every man alyve,
First for to sette his liege lord in reste,
And ek these othre men that thei ne styvre;
For so this world mai stonden ate beste.
What kyng that wolde be the worthieste,
The more he myghteoure dedly werre cesse,
The more he schulde his worthinesse encresse.

Pes is the chief of al the worldes welthe,
And to the heven it ledeth ek the weic;
Pes is of soule and lif the mannnes helthe,
Of pestilence and doth the werre aweie.
Mi liege lord, tak hiede of that y seie,
If werre may be left, tak pes on honde,
Which may noght be withoute goddis sonde.
TO KING HENRY THE FOURTH

With pes stant every creature in reste;
Withoute pes ther may no lif be glad:
Above alle othre good pes is the beste,
Pes hath himself whan werre is al bestad,
The pes is sauf, the werre is evere adrad:
Pes is of alle charite the keie,
Which hath the lif and soule forto weie.

My liege lord, if that the list to seche
The sothe essamples that the werre hath wroght,
Thow shalt wiel hier of wisemennes speche
That dedly werre turneth into noght.
For if these olde bokes be wel soght,
Ther myght thou se what thing the werre hath do,
Bothe of conqueste and conquerour also.

For vein honour or for the worldes good
Thei that whilom the stronge werres made,
Wher be thei now? Bethenk wel in thi mod.
The day is goon, the nyght is derk and fade,
Her cruelte, which mad hem thanne glade,
Thei sorwen now, and yit have noght the more;
The blod is schad, which no man mai restore.

The werre is modir of the wronges alle;
It sleth the prest in holi chirche at masse,
Forlith the maide and doth hire flour to falle.
The werre makth the grete Citee lasse,
And doth the lawe his reules overpasse.
There is no thing wherof meschef mai growe
Which is noght caused of the werre, y trowe.

The werre bringth in poverte at hise hieles,
Wherof the comon poeple is sore grieved;
The werre hath set his cart on thilke whieles
Wher that fortune mai noght be believed.
For whan men wene best to have achieved,
Ful ofte it is al newe to beginne:
The werre hath no thing siker, thogh he winne.
IN PRAISE OF PEACE

Forthi, my worthi prince, in Cristes halve,
As for a part whos feith thou hast to guide,
Ley to this olde sor a newe salve,
And do the werre awei, what so betide:
Pourchace pes, and set it be thi side,
And suffre noght thi poeple be devoured,
So schal thi name evere after stonde honoured.

If eny man be now or evere was
Ayein the pes thi preve counseillour,
Let god ben of thi counseil in this cas,
And put awei the cruel werreiour.
For god, which is of man the creatour,
He wolde noght men slowe his creature
Withoute cause of dedly forfeiture.

Wher nedeth most, behoveth most to loke.
Mi lord, how so thi werres ben withoute,
Of time passed who that hiede toke,
Good were at hom to se riht wel aboute;
For everemor the werste is forto doute:
Bot if thou myghtest parfit pes atteigne,
Ther schulde be no cause forto pleaigne.

Aboute a kyng good counseil is to preise
Above alle othre thinges most vailable;
Bot yit a kyng withinne himself schal peise,
And se the thinges that ben resonable,
And ther upon he schal his wittes stable
Among the men to sette pes in evene,
For love of him which is the kyng of hevene.

Ha, wel is him that schedde nevere blod,
Bot if it were in cause of rihtwisnesse:
For if a kyng the peril undirstod,
What is to sle the poeple, thanne y gesse,
The dedly werres and the hevynesse,
Wherof the pes distourbid is ful ofte
Schulde at som time cesse and weave softe.
TO KING HENRY THE FOURTH

O kyng fulfild of grace and of knyghthode,
Remembre uppon this point for Cristes sake,
If pes be profred unto thi manhode,
Thin honour sauf, let it noght be forsake.
Though thou the werres darst wel undirtake,
Aftir reson yit tempre thi corage,
For lich to pes ther is non avantage.

My worthi lord, thenk wel, how so befalle,
Of thilke lore, as holi bokes sein,
Crist is the heved and we ben membres alle,
Als wel the subgit as the sovereign:
So sit it wel that charite be plein,
Which unto god himselfe most acordeth,
So as the lore of Cristes word recordeth.

In tholde lawe, er Crist himself was bore,
Among the ten comandementz y rede
How that manslaghtre schulde be forbore;
Such was the will that time of the godhede:
And afterward, whanne Crist tok his manhede,
Pes was the ferste thing he let do crie
Ayein the worldes rancour and envie.

And er Crist wente out of this erthe hiere,
And stigh to hevene, he made his testament,
Wher he beqwath to his disciples there
And yaf his pes, which is the foundement
Of charite, withouten whos assent
The worldes pes mai nevere wel be tried,
Ne love kept, ne lawe justesied.

The Jewes with the paiens hadden werre,
Bot thei among hemself stode evere in pes:
Whi schulde thanne oure pes stonde out of herre,
Which Crist hath chose unto his oghne encre?
For Crist is more than was Moïses,
And Crist hath set the parfit of the lawe,
The which scholde in no wise be withdrawe.
IN PRAISE OF PEACE

To yive ous pes was cause whi Crist dide;
Withoute pes may no thing stonde availed:
Bot now a man mai sen on everi side
How Cristes feith is every dai assailed,
With the Paiens destruid, and so batailed
That for defalte of help and of defence
Unethe hath Crist his dewe reverence.

The righte feith to kepe of holy chirche
The firste point is named of knyghthode,
And everi man is holde forto wirche
Uppon the point which stant to his manhode.
Bot now, helas, the fame is sprad so broode,
That everi worthi man this thing compleigneth,
And yit ther is no man which help ordeigneth.
The worldes cause is waited overal,
Ther ben the werres redi to the fulle;
Bot Cristes oghne cause in special,
Ther ben the swerdes and the speres dulle;
And with the sentence of the popes bulle,
As forto do the folk paien obeie,
The chirche is turned al an other weie.

It is to wondre above a mannys wit
Withoute werre how Cristes feith was wonne,
And we that ben uppon this erthe yit
Ne kepe it noght, as it was first begonne.
To every creature undir the sonne
Crist bad himself how that we schulden preche,
And to the folk his evangile teche.

More light it is to kepe than to make;
Bot that we founden mad tofore the hond
We kepe noght, bot lete it lightly slake.
The pes of Crist hath altobroke his bond,
We reste ourselfe and soefrin every lond
To slen ech other as thing undefendid:
So stant the werre, and pes is noght amendid.

194 paynems Th 200 which] ]at Th 202 worthi om. Th
203 is there Th which] that Th 209 payne Th 211
a] any Th 216 how om. Th 219 the om. Th
TO KING HENRY THE FOURTH

Bot thogh the heved of holy chirche above
Ne do noght al his hole businesse
Among the men to sette pes and love,
These kynges oughten of here rightwisnesse
Here oghne cause among hemself redresse:
Thogh Petres schip as now hath lost his stiere,
It lith in hem that barge forto stiere.

If holy cherche after the duete
Of Cristes word ne be noght al avysed
To make pes, acord and unite
Among the kinges that ben now devised,
Yit natheles the lawe stant assised
Of mannys wit to be so resonable,
Withoute that to stonde hemselfe stable.

Of holy chirche we ben children alle,
And every child is holden forto bowe
Unto the modir, how that evere it falle,
Or elles he mot reson desalowe:
And for that cause a knyght schal first avowe
The right of holi chirche to defende,
That no man schal the previlege offende.

Thus were it good to setten al in evene
The worldes princes and the prelatz bothe,
For love of him which is the king of hevene:
And if men scholde algate wexe wrothe,
The Sarazins, whiche unto Crist be lothe,
Let men ben armed ayein hem to fighte;
So mai the knyht his dede of armes righte.

Uppon thre pointz stant Cristes pes oppresed:
Ferst holy cherche is in hirsilf divided,
Which oughte of reson first to be redresced;
Bot yit so highe a cause is noght decided.
And thus, whan humble pacience is prided,
The remenant, which that thei schulden reule,
No wondir is though it stonde out of reule.

227 men] people Th 238 him selfe Th 241 euer TTh
251 ayenst Th 254 is om. Th hersilf T her selfe Th
IN PRAISE OF PEACE

Of that the heved is sick, the limes aken:
These regnes that to Cristes pes belongen
For worldes good these dedly werres maken,
Whiche helpeles as in balance hongen.
The heved above hem hath noght undirfongen
To sette pes, bot every man sleeth other,
And in this wise hath charite no brother.
The two defaltes bringen in the thridde,
Of mescreantz, that sen how we debate,
Betwen the two thei fallen in amidde,
Wher now aldai thei finde an open gate.
Lo, thus the dedly werre stant algate;
Bot evere y hope of King Henries grace
That he it is which schal the pes embrace.
My worthi noble prince and kyng enoignt,
Whom god hath of his grace so preserved,
Behold and se the world uppon this point,
As for thi part that Cristes pes be served:
So schal thin highe mede be deserved
To him which al schal qwiten ate laste,
For this lif hiere mai no while laste.

See Alisandre, Ector and Julius,
See Machabeu, David and Josue,
See Charlemeine, Godefroi, Arthus,
Fulfild of werre and of mortalite.
Here fame abit, bot al is vanite;
For deth, which hath the werres under fote,
Hath mad an ende of which ther is no bote.

So mai a man the sothe wite and knowe,
That pes is good for every king to have:
The fortune of the werre is evere unknowe,
Bot wher pes is, ther ben the marches save.
That now is up, to morwe is under grave;
The mighti god hath alle grace in honde,
With outen him pes mai nought longe stonde.

263 helpples T helpless Th 269 Betwene TTh
Beholde TTh 283 Godfray and Arthus Th 288 mai]
many Th 291 ben] is Th 294 pes] men Th
TO KING HENRY THE FOURTH

Of the Tenetz to winne or lese a chace,
Mai no lif wite er that the bal be ronne:
Al stant in god, what thing men schal pourchace,
Thende is in him er that it be begonne.
Men sein the wolle, whanne it is wel sponne,
Doth that the cloth is strong and profitable,
And elles it mai nevere be durable.
The worldes chaunces uppon aventure
Ben evere sett, bot thilke chaunce of pes
Is so behoveli to the creature,
That it above alle othre is piereles:
Bot it mai noght be gete natheles
Among the men to lasten eny while,
Bot wher the herte is plein withoute guyle.
The pes is as it were a sacrament
Tofore the god, and schal with wordes pleine
Withouten eny double entendement
Be treted, for the trouthe can noght feine:
Bot if the men withinne hemself be veine,
The substance of the pes may noght be trewe,
Bot every dai it chaungeth uppon newe.
Bot who that is of charite parfit,
He voideth alle sleightes ferr aweie,
And sett his word uppon the same plit,
Wher that his herte hath founde a siker weie:
And thus whan conscience is trewly weie,
And that the pes be handlid with the wise,
It schal abide and stonde in alle wise.
Thapostle seith, ther mai no lif be good
Which is noght grounded uppon charite,
For charite ne schedde nevere blod,
So hath the werre as ther no proprite:
For thilke vertu which is seid pite
With charite so ferforth is aqweinted,
That in hire may no fals semblant be peinted.
IN PRAISE OF PEACE

Cassodre, whos writinge is auctorized,
Seith, wher that pite reigneth, ther is grace,
Thurgh which the pes hath al his welthe assised,
So that of were he dredeth no manace.
Wher pite dwelleth, in the same place
Ther mai no dedly cruelte sojorne,
Wherof that merci schulde his weie torne.

To se what pite forth with mercy doth,
The cronique is at Rome in thilke empire
Of Constantin, which is a tale soth;
Whan him was levere his oghne deth desire
Than do the yonge children to martire,
Of cruelte he lafte the querele,
Pite he wroghte and pite was his hele.

For thilke mannnes pite which he dede
God was pitous and mad him hol at al;
Silvestre cam, and in the same stede
Yaf him baptisme first in special,
Which dide awai the sinne original,
And al his lepre it hath so purified,
That his pite for evere is magnified.

Pite was cause whi this emperour
Was hol in bodi and in soule bothe,
And Rome also was set in thilke honour
Of Cristes feith, so that the lieve of lothe,
Whiche hadden be with Crist tofore wrothe,
Resceived weren unto Cristes lore:
Thus schal pite be preised, evermore.

My worthi liege lord, Henri be name,
Which Engelond hast to governe and righte,
Men oghten wel thi pite to proclame,
Which openliche in al the worldes sighte
Is schewed with the help of god almight:
To yive ous pes, which longe hath be debated,
Wherof thi prisshal nevere ben abated.
TO KING HENRY THE FOURTH

My lord, in whom hath evere yit be founde
Pite withoute spot of violence,
Kep thilke pes alwey withinne bounde,
Which god hath planted in thi conscience:
So schal the cronique of thi pacience
Among the seintz be take into memoire
To the loenge of perdurable gloire.

And to thin erthli pris, so as y can,
Which everi man is holde to commende,
I, Gower, which am al thi liege man,
This lettre unto thin excellence y sende,
As y which evere unto my lives ende
Wol praiye for the stat of thi persone
In worschippe of thi sceptre and of thi throne.

Noght only to my king of pes y write,
Bot to these othre princes cristene alle,
That ech of hem his oghne herte endite,
And see the werre er more meschief falle:
Sette ek the rightful Pope uppon his stalle,
Kep charite and draught pite to honde,
Maintene lawe, and so the pes schal stonde.

Explicit carmen de pacis commendacione, quod ad laudem et memoriam serenissimi principis domini Regis Henrici quarti suus humilis orator Ioannes Gower composuit. Et nunc sequitur epistola in qua idem Ioannes pro statu et salute dicti domini sui apud altissimum deuocius exorat.

Rex celi deus et dominus, qui tempora solus
Condidit, et solus condita cuncta regit;
Qui rerum causas ex se produxit et vnnum
In se principium rebus inesse dedit;
Qui dedit vt stabili motu consisteret orbis
Fixus internum mobilitate sua;
Quique potens verbi produxit ad esse creata,
Quique sue mentis lege liguit ea;
Ipse caput regum, reges quo rectificantur.
Te que tuum regnum, rex pie, queso, regat.
Grata superueniens te misit gracia nobis,
Quo sine labe salus nulla perante fuit.
Fixus internum mobilitate sua;
Quique potens verbi produxit ad esse creata,
Quique sue mentis lege liguit ea;
Ipse caput regum, reges quo rectificantur.
Te que tuum regnum, rex pie, queso, regat.
Grata superueniens te misit gracia nobis,
Quo sine labe salus nulla perante fuit.
Sic tuus aduentus noua gaudia sponte reduxit,
Quo prius in luctu lacrima maior erat:
Nos tua milicies pauidos releuauit ab ymo,
Ex probitate tua, quo mors latitabat in umbra,
Vita resurexit clara que regna regit:
Sic tua sors sortem mediante deo renouatam
Sanat et emendat, que prius egra fuit.
O pie rex, Cristum per te laudamus, et ipsum
Qui tibi nos tribuit terra reuua colit.
Sancta sit illa dies qua tu tibi regna petisti,
Sanctus et ille deus qui tibi regna dedit.
Qui tibi prima tulit, confirmet regna futura,
Quo poteris magno magnus honore frui.
Sit tibi progenies ita multiplicata per euum,
Quod genus inde pium repleat omne solum.
Quicquid in orbe boni fuerit, tibi summus ab alto
Donet, vt in terris rex in honore regas:
Umne quod est turpe vacuum discedat, et omne
Est quod honorificum det deus esse tuum.
Consilium nullum, pie rex, te tangat iniquum,
In quibus occultum scit deus esse dolum.
Absit auaricia, ne tangat regia corda,
Nec queat in terra proditor esse tua.
Sic tua processus habeat fortuna perhennes,
Quo recolant laudes secula cuncta tuas:
Nuper vt Augusti fuerant preconia Rome,
Concinat in gestis Anglia leta tuis.
O tibi, rex. euo detur, fortissime, nostro
Semper honorata scepra tenere manu:
Stes ita magnanimus quod, vbi tua regna gubernas,
Terreat has partes hostica nulla manus:

10 Teque T 39 augusti T
TO KING HENRY THE FOURTH

Augeat imperium tibi Cristus et augeat annos,
Protegat et nostras aucta corona fores:
Sit tibi pax finis, domito domineris in orbe,
Cunctaque sint humeris inferiora tuis.
Sic honor et virtus, laus, gloria, pax que potestas
Te que tuum regnum magnificare queant.
Cordis amore boni, pie rex, mea vota paraui;
Corpore cum nequii, seruio mente tibi:
Ergo tue laudi que tuo genuflexus honor
Verba loco doni pauper habenda tuli.
Est tamen ista mei, pie rex, sentencia verbi,
Fine tui regni sint tibi regna poli.

48 Cuncta que T  49 paxque T  50 Teque T  53 laudique T
NOTES

LIB. V. (continued)

1980. F has a stop after 'Avarice,' but see note on l. 3966.
1982 ff. The meaning seems to be that they make no distinction of
day or night when there is work of this kind to be done.
2004. overhippeth, i.e. leaps over or omits something, so that he
has not all that he desires. The word is used in Piers Plowman,
xv. 379, of omitting passages in the services of the Church.

'Sicomme le Luce en l'eaue gloute
Du piscon la menuse toute,
Qu'il presde luy verra noer,
Ensí ly riches,' &c.

2031 ff. The tale of Virgil's Mirror is from the French prose Roman
des Sept Sages, as published by Le Roux de Lincy. It might easily
be shown that Gower did not follow either the French metrical version
or the Latin Historia Septem Sapientum. The English metrical
version published by Weber is from a source similar to that of Gower's
story, but it differs in some points. Gower seems to be responsible
for the introduction of Carthage and Hannibal.
2099. slepende a nyht, i.e. while they slept.
2115. he his oughne body, i.e. 'he himself.'
2150 f. This point is omitted in the English metrical version.
2157 f. The English metrical version is very similar, 'We schulle
the ymage so undersette, That we ne schal hit nothing lette.'
2168. That is, the timber having been set up.
2198 ff. This about Hannibal is introduced here as if taken from
a different source, 'For this I finde,' &c.
2238 f. Cp. Mirour, 10651, 'Plus que gaigners son augst attent.'
2273 ff. The tale of the Two Coffers is essentially the same story as
that which we have in Boccaccio Decam. x. i, and essentially different
from that which is told in Vit. Barlaam et Josaphat, cap. vi, as a
sequel to the story of the Trump of Death. The story which we have
here and in Boccaccio is not at all connected with the idea of choosing
by the outward appearance. The coffers are exactly alike, and the
very point of the situation lies in the fact that the choice is a
purely fortuitous one. The object was to show that they who com-
plained were persons who had fortune against them, and that this
was the cause of their having failed of reward, and not any neglect
on the part of the king. I cannot say what the source was for
Gower; certainly not Boccaccio, whose story is altogether different
in its details.

2391 ff. With this story may be compared that in the Gesta
Romanorum, 109, where by a choice between three pasties, one con-
taining money, a decision is come to as to whether it is God's will
that a certain sum shall be restored to its owner, who is a miser.

2476. tall, i.e. comely, elegant.
2507. His thonkes, 'of his own good will': cp. Chaucer, Cant.
Tales, A 1626, &c.
2543 ff. See Hist. Alexandri Magni de Preliis, f 1, ed. Argent. 1489.
2547 ff. Rom. de Troie, 23283 ff.
2587. 'If men shall estimate her value.' The reading of the text
is also that of S.
2643 ff. This story is to be found in the Roman des Sept Sages.
Gower follows the same French prose version as before, 2031 ff.
2677. it stod. In this kind of expression the verb is usually
subjunctive, as Prol. 481, i. 991, iv. 182, &c.
2752. a weie. This is also the reading of S.
2815 ff. A rather more violent displacement than usual of the
conjunction, 'And fled away with all the haste,' &c. Cp. l. 3947.
2835. hele seems here to mean 'profit,' in a worldly sense.
2872. According to the New Engl. Dict. this is the same as the
Dutch 'heepe,' 'heep,' meaning a pruning-hook. 'As there is no
cognate word in O. E., its appearance in Gower, and this apparently
in a proverbial phrase, is not easy to account for.' In any case the
phrase here seems equivalent to 'by hook or by crook.'
2937. F has punctuation after 'dai,' but this is clearly a case of the
inverted order of the conjunction: cp. note on Prol. 155, and below on
1. 3966.
2961 ff. The story is probably taken from Statius, Achill. i. 197 ff.,
where however it is told at much greater length. For Gower's
acquaintance with the Achilleis, cp. iv. 1968 ff.
3004 ff. That is, howsoever his behaviour might be watched.
3082. Protheüs. According to Statius, Achill. i. 494 ff., Protesilaus
rebuked Calchas for not having discovered Achilles, upon which
Calchas revealed the truth. Perhaps the mention of Protesilaus
suggested to Gower the idea of Proteus, of whom he had heard
as one who could change his form at will, see l. 6672, and perhaps as
having prophesied the birth and greatness of Achilles (Ovid, *Metam.* xi. 221 ff.).

3119. *topseilcole,* see note on viii. 1890.
3247 ff. The first part of the story of Jason and Medea (ll. 3247-3926)
is taken from Benoît (*Rom. de Troie,* 703-2062), and not from Guido,
as may be easily shown by comparison of the texts. For example,
Guido tells all the conditions of the enterprise, about the fire-breathing
bulls, the serpent’s teeth and so on, at the beginning of the story,
whereas Benoît more dramatically introduces them into the instructions
given to Jason by Medea (*Rom. de Troie,* 1337-1374, 1691-1748), and
in this he is followed by Gower (3505-3540). Guido says nothing
about the sleeplessness of the serpent (*Rom. de Troie,* 1357 ff., *Conf.*
*Am.* v. 3514), nor about repeating the charm ‘contre orient’ (*Rom. de
Troie,* 1700), nor does he mention the thanksgiving which Jason is to
offer up to the gods after his victory and before he takes the fleece
(*Rom. de Troie,* 1735 ff., *Conf.* *Am.* v. 3626 ff.). The sleep of Jason after
leaving Medea is omitted by Guido (*Rom. de Troie,* 1755 ff., *Conf.* *Am.*
v. 3665 ff.), and also the bath which he took after his adventure (*Rom.
de Troie,* 1599, *Conf.* *Am.* v. 3801). There is no need to multiply
instances, which will be observed by every careful reader. We have
seen on other occasions that Gower prefers Benoît to Guido, and not
without excellent reasons. Guido indeed makes this story even more
prosaic than usual, and combines it with matter-of-fact discussions
about the magic powers of Medea and the virtues of the various stones
which she used.

Gower, however, does not follow Benoît in a slavish manner. He
omits or alters the details of the story very happily at times, and he
adds much of his own. Thus he omits all mention of the evil motives
of Peleus (or Pelias), and makes the proposal to seek the golden fleece
come from Jason; he passes over the story of the dispute with
Laomedon, which was necessary to the *Roman de Troie,* but not to the
story of Jason taken separately; he adds the discourse of Jason with
Oëtes on his arrival; he omits the details about Medea’s hair and eyes,
her arms and her chin (*Rom. de Troie,* 1254 ff.), and dwells rather upon
the feelings which the two lovers had for one another at first sight
(3376 ff.). When they are together at night, it is Medea, according to
our author, and not Jason, who suggests that it is time to rise and to
speak of what has to be done (3547 ff.) ; and Gower adds the scene of
parting (3634-3659), the description of Jason’s return over the sea and
of Medea’s feelings meanwhile upon her tower, and the sending of
the maid to inquire how he did. Finally, he much improves the story
by making the flight take place at once, instead of prolonging Jason’s
stay for a month.

Chaucer, who tells the story in a rather perfunctory manner, follows
Guido (*Leg. of Good Women,* 1396 ff.).
3291. *And schop anon,* &c. This might be understood of Peleus,

** * *
who, according to the original story, gave orders for the building of
the ship; but better perhaps of Jason, 'And schop' for 'And he schop,'
cp. l. 4590 and vi. 1636.

3376. herd spoke: cp. 4485, 'I have herd seid.'

3388. That is, 'they took heed each of other.' For the plural verb
cp. 3439.

3416. That is, 'he took St. John as his pledge' of a good issue, 'he
committed himself to the care of St. John.' The expression was often used

3422. Cp. iv. 3273, vi. 2104. The expression in vi. 1621 f., 'to ful age,
That he can reson and langage,' that is, 'till he is of full age and knows
reason,' &c., is much of the same kind.

3488. dede him helpe. We must take this second 'helpe' as a sub-
stantive, otherwise the rhyme would not be good. The rule is that
words identical in form can only be combined in rhyme when they
have some difference of meaning.

3509. to thyle. The idea was that the golden fleece was guarded in
a small island adjacent to the larger 'isle of Colchos.' See _Rom. de
Troie_, 1791 ff.,

'Ilec li covient à passer,
Ou volle ou non, un bras de mer;
Mès estreiz est, ne dure mie
Gaires plus de lieue et demie.
De l'autre part est li isliax,
Non mie granz, mès molt est biax?

3533. dethes wounde, 'deadly wound': cp. iii. 2657, 'And smot him
with a dethes wounde,' and also the genitives 'lyves' for 'living'
and 'worldes' for 'worldly,' i. 1771, iv. 382, &c.

3573. hold, i.e. let him hold: cp. viii. 1128, 1420.

3579 ff. According to Benoît Medea gave him first the magic
figure, 'une figure Fete par art et par conjure' (cp. 3580), then the
ointment and the ring, and after that a writing, the words of which he
was to repeat three times when he came to the place. Gower changes
the order of things, and combines the writing with the 'hevenely
figure,' describing it as written over with names which he is to repeat
in the manner mentioned.

3632. That thanne he were, &c., that is, she prayed that he would
soon be gone.

3654. 'It shall not be owing to any sloth of mine if I do not,' &c.

3665 ff. 'Dedanz son lit s'est tost cochiez
Endormi sei en eslepas;
Car tot esteit de veiller las:
Et quant il ot dormi grant piece,
Tant qu'il estoit ja halte tierce,
Levez s'est,' &c. _Rom. de Troie_, 1756 ff.

'undren hih' is in the French 'halte tierce.'
NOTES.  Lib. V. 3376–3971

3681. recorde, 'take note of.'
3688. The reading of X here, 'And forth with all his wey he fongeth,' is also that of GOA in.

3707. scerched: perhaps the word is suggested by Benoît's expression, 'Les escherdes hérice' (Rom. de Troie, 1905).
3711. A literal translation of Rom. de Troie, 1906, 'Feu et venin gitot ensemble.' With the lines that follow cp. Rom. de Troie, 1911 ff.
3731 ff. The picturesque elements here are perhaps partly suggested by Rom. de Troie, 1869 ff.

3747. That he ne were, expressing a wish: cp. iv. 3414, 'Helas, that I were of this lif,' equivalent to 'why ne were I,' l. 5979.
3781 ff. 'leyhe' seems to be modified in form for the sake of the rhyme, the usual form in Gower being 'lawhe.'

3876. nought, in rhyme for 'noght': cp. 'awht,' 'auht,' i. 2770, v. 6073.
3789. So Ovid, Metam. vii. 144 ff.,
'Tu quoque victorem complecti, barbara, velles,
Obstitamincepto pudor,' &c.,
but it is also in Benoît, Rom. de Troie, 1991 ff.

3793 ff. The sending of the maid, with the pretty touch in l. 3800, is an addition by Gower.
3890. Cp. i. 1516.
3904. this was conseil, 'this was a secret': cp. iii. 778, vi. 2326; so Chaucer, Cant. Tales, C 819, 'Shal it be conseil?' cp. D 966, E 2431.
3927 ff. Benoît tells no more of Jason's life after his return to Greece, saying that Dares relates no more, and he does not wish to tell stories that may not be true, 'N'en velt fere acriere mençorge.' From this point then Gower follows Ovid, Metam. vii. 159–293, and it must be understood that the illustrative quotations in the notes are from this passage.

3947. 'And prayed her that by the magic art which she knew,' &c. For the order of words cp. 2815 f.
3957 f. Ovid makes it full moon, l. 180, but afterwards, l. 188, says 'Sidera sola micant.'
3962 ff. 'Egreditur tectis vestes induta recinctas,
Nuda pedem, nudos humeris infusa capillos,
Fertque vagos mediae per muta silentia noctis
Incomitata gradus.' Metam. vii. 182 ff.

The comparison to the adder in l. 3967 is Gower's own.

3966. F has a stop after 'speceles,' there being a natural tendency even in the best copies to treat 'and' or 'for' as the beginning of a new clause: so (to take examples from the fifth book only) v. 231, 410, 444, 2318, 2937, 5096, in all which places F has apparently wrong punctuation in connexion with this kind of inverted order.

3971 ff. 'Ter se convertit, ter sumptis flumine crinem
Irroravit aquis, ternis ululatibus ora
Solvit': 189 f.
3981. The punctuation is that of F, but perhaps we ought rather to read,
   'Sche preide and ek hield up hir hond,
     To Echates and gan to crie.'

3986. help. For this use of the imperat. sing. (with 'helpeth' just above) see Introduction, p. cxviii.

3994. 'Sublimis rapitur, subjectaque Thessala Tempe
    Despictit, et Creteis regionibus applicat angues:' 222 f.

Gower very naturally understood this to mean that Medea visited Crete, and hence the confusion of geography. He could not be expected to know that Othrys and Olympus were mountains of Thessaly, and hence that the 'Creteis' or 'cretis' of his manuscript was probably a corruption.

4000 f.  'et placitas partim radice revellit,
     Partim succidit curvamine falcis ahenae.' 226 f.

4005. Eridian, i.e. Apidanus.

4006.  'Necnon Peneus, necnon Spercheides undae
     Contribuere aliquid.' 230 f.

4011. the rede See. Perhaps Gower read 'rubrum mare' for 'refluum mare' in *Metam.* vii. 258.

4031 ff.  'statuitque aras e caespite binas,
     Dexteriore Hecates, at laeva parte Juventae.' 240 f.

4039. 'verbenis, silvaque incinxit agrestis,' 242. Gower took 'silva agrestis' as the name of a herb and ingeniously translated it into 'fieldwode.'

4052 f.  'Umbrarumque rogat rapta cum coniuge regem,' 249. Our author is able to supply the names correctly.

4064-4114. This picturesque passage is for the most part original.

4127 ff.  'Nec defuit illic Squamea Cinyphii tenuis membrana chely- dri,' 272. Gower understood this to mean 'the scales of Cinyphius (or Cimphius) and the skin of Chelidrus.'

4134.  'novem cornicis saecula passae,' 274.

4137. Ovid speaks of the entrails of a werewolf, 'Ambigui prosecta lupi,' &c.

4156. For omission of relative cp. l. 4205 and note on i. 10.

4175 ff. The story here is only summarized by Ovid, *Metam.* vii.

394-401. Gower of course knew it from other sources.

4219. 'intrat Palladias arcus,' *Metam.* vii. 398. This means Athens, but it is misunderstood by Gower.

4251. *Philen,* i.e. Nephele. Hyginus tells this story much as it is told here (except that it was the mother of the children who provided the ram), but he gives the name in its Latin form, as 'Nebula.' Note the mistake as to this name in the margin, appearing in all MSS. except SΔΔ.
4299 ff. Note the confused construction of the sentence: cp. note on i. 98.

4391. The metaphor of hunting is still kept up: the gain which they pursue is started like a hare and driven into the net.

4399. Outward, that is, when he gives things out, cp. 'withinne' below.

4462. I were a goddeshalf. This seems to mean, 'I should be content,' that is, I should be ready to say 'In God's name let it be so.' For the expression cp. l. 5016, 'Thanne a goddes half The thridde time assaie I shal.' In the New Engl. Dict. ('half') it is said to be used 'to add emphasis to a petition, command, or expression of consent or resignation': cp. Chaucer, Book of the Duchess, 370, 757.

4455. I bide nevere ... Bot, 'I demand only.' In this expression 'bide' and 'bidde' have been confused, as often. Thus we have 'I bide nevere a betre taxe,' i. 1556, 'That I ne bede nevere awake,' iv. 2905, in the latter of which 'bede' may be either pret. subj. of 'bidde,' or pres. ind. equivalent to 'biede,' and vi. 1356, 'He bede nevere fare bet' where 'bede' is apparently pret. subj. of bidde; while in the English Rom. of the Rose, 791, we have 'Ne bode I nevere thennes go,' in which 'bode' must be pret. subj. of 'biede.'

4465. lete: see note on i. 3385.

4519 ff. Cp. i. 42 ff.

4557 f. 'No law may control him either by severity or by mildness.' For the use of 'compaignie' in the sense of 'friendliness' cp. i. 1478, and below, l. 7759.

4583 ff. Ovid, Metam. iii. 362 ff., but the circumstances are somewhat modified to suit Gower's purpose. According to Ovid Echo's fault was that she talked too much and diverted Juno's attention, and her punishment was that her speech was confined to a mere repetition of what she heard. Here the crime is rather that she cunningly concealed in her speech what she ought to have told, and the punishment is that she is obliged to tell everything that comes to her ears.

4590. 'And through such brocage he was untrue,' &c. For the omission of the pronoun see note on i. 1895.

4623. make it so queinte, 'be so cunning': cp. iv. 2314, where however 'queinte' has a different meaning.

4642. hire mouth ascape, i. e. escape being repeated by her mouth.

4661. The aspiration of 'hem,' so as to prevent elision, is very mususal: cp. Introduction, p. cxxv.

4668 ff. 'I shall arrange in their due order those branches of Avarice on which no wealth is well bestowed,' that is, those which make no return for what is bestowed upon them, viz. Usury and Ingratitude.

4708. of som reprise, i. e. 'of some cost,' cp. i. 3414,

'Which most is worth, and no reprise
It takth ayein,'

that is, it costs nothing.
**4724.** *with ydel hand,* 'with empty hand,' that is, without a lure. This seems to be the original meaning of the adjective: see *New Eng. Dict.* 'idle.'

**4731.** *the gold Octovien.* The treasures of Octovien (or Octavian) were proverbial: cp. *Rom. de Troie,* 1684 ff,

> 'Unques Oteviens de Rome
> Ne pot conquerre tel aveir,'

and again 28594,

> 'Se li tresors Octoviens
> Fust lor, si lor donassent il.'

The expression here seems to be in imitation of the French form without preposition, as in the latter of the above quotations.

The French *Roman d'Othevien,* found in the Bodleian MS. Hatton 109, and reproduced in two English versions, has nothing to do with the treasures of Octovien, for which see William of Malmesbury, *Gesta Regum,* ii. § 169 f. The treasures were supposed to be buried at Rome or elsewhere, and several persons, especially the Pope Silvester (Gerbert), were said to have seen them, but not to have been permitted to carry them away. They appear also in the *Roman des Sept Sages.*

**4748.** *eschu of.* The adjective is used by Chaucer with 'to' (or 'for to') and infin., *Cant. Tales,* E 1812, I 971. We may note the spelling here with reference to Chaucer's rhyme in the former passage.

**4763.** 'It may not by any means be avoided that,' &c.

**4774.** *as to tho pars,* 'as regards those matters': 'pars' is the French plural form, cp. *Mirour,* 7386, where apparently 'pars' means 'duties.'

**4787.** Cp. l. 7716, where the saying has a different application. The proverb is here used of those who are, as we say, penny wise and pound foolish. In the other passage it is applied to the opposite case of gaining the coat for the hood.

**4808 ff.** This story is founded on the so-called *Comedia Babionis,* one of those Latin elegiac poems in a quasi-dramatic form which were popular in the fourteenth century. Others of the same class are *Geta* and *Pamphilus.* In the original, Viola is Babio's step-daughter, with whom he is in love, and who is taken in marriage against his will by Croesus. The serving-man is Fodius, not Spodius, and most of the piece is concerned with an intrigue between him and the wife of Babio. See Wright's *Early Mysteries,* p. 65.

**4899.** *comth to londe,* 'appears': cp. l. 18.

**4921.** *who that it kan,* that is, as any one who knows it will witness: cp. l. 4927, 'For, as any one who observes may know, a beast is,' &c.

**4937 ff.** This story, which is of Eastern origin, is told near the end of the *Speculum Stultorum* (i.e. *Burnellus*), with which Gower was acquainted, as we know from the *Vox Clamantis.* The names there are Bernardus and Dryanus, and the animals are three, a serpent, an ape, and a lion. A similar tale is told by Matthew Paris, under the year 1195, as related by King Richard I in order to recommend
liberality in the cause of Christendom. In this the rich man is Vitalis, a Venetian, and the poor man's name is not given. The animals in the pit are a lion and a serpent. Vitalis thanks his deliverer, and appoints a time for him to come to his palace in Venice and receive the promised reward of half his goods; but when he comes, he is refused with contumely. The magic qualities of the gem which the serpent brings are not mentioned in the story of Vitalis.

5010 f. So in the Speculum Stultorum, 'Tunc ita Bernardus, Sathanae phantasmate lusum Se reputans, dixit,' &c.

5022. blessed, i.e. crossed himself. This ceremony plays a considerable part in the story of Vitalis, for by it he is preserved from the wild beasts while in the pit.

5025. Between him and his Asse, that is, he and his ass together: cp. l. 5381. The expression is imitated from the French, cp. Roman de Troie, 5837.

5093. There is a stop after 'Purs,' no doubt rightly, in F. On the other hand the stop after 'wif' in l. 5096 must be wrong.


5215. standt. For this spelling cp. 'bidt,' iv. 1162.

5231 ff. The outline of this story might have been got from Ovid and from Hyginus, Fab. 40-43, but several points of detail suggest a different source. These are, for example, the idea that the son of Minos went to Athens to study philosophy, the statement of the number of persons sent as a tribute to Minos, the incident of the ball of pitch given by Ariadne to Theseus to be used against the Minotaur, and the name of the island where Ariadne was deserted. In the first and third of these Gower agrees with Chaucer, Legend of Good Women, 1894 ff., but his story is apparently quite independent, so that in regard to these matters we must assume a common source: cp. L. Bech in Anglia, v. 337 ff.

as tellethe the Poete. The authority referred to here must be Ovid (cp. i. 386, ii. 121, v. 6713, 6804, &c.). He slightly mentions the death of Androgeus, Metam. vii. 458, and relates the war of Minos against Megara at some length (Metam. viii. 1 ff), very briefly summarising the remainder of the story. Chaucer follows Ovid more fully here, telling the story of Nisos, to which Gower does not think it necessary to refer.

5248. dighte. This is the form of spelling here in S as well as F: so also in l. 5352.

5264 f. Hyginus says seven persons each year: Chaucer seems to conceive it as one every third year. The usual account is seven youths and seven maidens either every year or once in nine years.

5502. manye on. Perhaps we should read 'manye on' with S and F, as vii. 2191, 'manye an other.'

5819. This expression occurs also in lL. 5598 and 7553.

5860. fawht. Elsewhere this verb has preterite 'foght,' as iii. 2651, iv. 2095, but the strong form 'faught' is used by Chaucer, e.g. Cant. Tales, B 3519, and this in fact is the originally correct form.
5413. *Chyo.* Ovid says 'Dia,' that is Naxos.
5507. *His rihle name:* cp. *Mirour,* 409, 'par son droit noun Je l'oi nommer Temptacioun,' 4243, 'Si ot a noun par droit nommant,' &c. and other similar expressions.
5510. *as men telleth:* cp. l. 6045, 'men seith.'
5511. According to the margin Extortion is the *mother* of Ravine.
5550. *femeline,* used repeatedly both as adjective and as substantive in the *Mirour de l'Omme.*
5551 ff. The tale of Tereus is from Ovid, *Metam.* vi. 424-674, in some parts abbreviated and in others expanded, with good judgement usually in both cases, so that this is one of Gower's best-told tales. He omits the long account given by Ovid of the way in which Pandion was persuaded to allow Philomela to accompany Tereus (*Metam.* vi. 447-510), the incidents of the rescue of Philomela from her imprisonment, which no doubt he felt would be unintelligible to his readers (587-600), and many of the more shocking details connected with the death of Iys and the feast upon his flesh. On the other hand he has added the prayer and reflections of Philomene in her prison (ll. 5734-5768), the prayers of the two sisters (5817-5860), the words of Progne to Tereus (5915-5927), and especially the reflections on the nightingale and the swallow at the end of the story (5943-6029). This latter part is quite characteristic of our author, and as usual it is prettily conceived.

Chaucer, who tells the story in the *Legend of Good Women,* 2228-2393, was weary of it even from the beginning (2257 f.), and omits the conclusion altogether, either as too shocking or as not suiting with his design. So far as he goes, however, he follows Ovid more closely than Gower.
5555. See note on Prol. 460.
5598. So also ll. 5319, 7553.
5623. Ovid's comparison is to fire catching dry straw and leaves, *Metam.* vi. 456 f.
5643 ff. Ovid compares her state after the deed was done to that of a lamb hurt by a wolf and still trembling, or a dove which has escaped wounded from a bird of prey (527-530). Here, on the other hand, the idea is of being held fast, so that she cannot move or escape; while Chaucer, using the same similes as Ovid, applies the comparison less appropriately to her fear of the violence yet to come.
5651. Cp. *Metam.* vi. 531, 'Mox ubi mens rediit.'
5663 ff.

*si copia detur*

In populos veniam; si silvis clausa tenebor,
Impleso silvas, et conscia sastix movebo.' *Metam.* vi. 545 ff.

5670. I suspect the combination 'tale and ende' may have arisen from some such phrase as 'to sette tale on ende' (or 'an ende'), meaning to begin a speech: see *New Engl. Dict.* under 'ende.'
5576. *where is thi fere?* that is, 'where is thy fear of the gods?'
We must not take 'fere' in the sense of 'companion' or 'equal,' because in that case it could not properly rhyme with 'Ere.'

5690 f.  'comprensam forcipe linguam
Abstulit ense fero.'  Metam. vi. 556 f.

Gower must be commended for omitting the tasteless lines which follow in Ovid about the severed tongue, and still more the shocking statement, which even Ovid accompanies with 'vix ausim credere,' of 561 f.

5709.  tyh, preterite of 'ten,' from OE. 'lëon,' meaning 'draw,' and hence 'come.'

5724. The punctuation follows F, 'To hire' meaning 'in her case,' cp. l. 4182, vii. 4937. It would suit the sense better perhaps to set the comma after 'forsake,' and to take 'To hire' with what follows: cp. note on l. 3966, where it is shown that the punctuation of F is often wrong in such cases as this.

5726.  hir Sostres mynde, 'her sister's memory.'

5730.  guile under the gore, that is, deceit concealed, as it were, under a cloak: cp. l. 6680. The expression 'under gore' is common enough, meaning the same as 'under wede,' and this alliterative form looks like a proverbial expression.

5734-5768. All this is original.

5737.  so grete a wo: cp. l. 6452, and see Introduction, p. cx.

5778. ' nec scit quid tradat in illis,' Metam. vi. 580.

5793. 'Non est lacrimis hic, inquit, agendum, Sed ferro,' Metam. vi. 611.

5802 ff. According to Ovid this was done under cover of a Bacchic festival (587 ff.).

5816-5860. This is all original.

5840.  to lytel of me let: see note on l. 1004.

5891 ff. Gower does well in omitting the circumstances of this which Ovid gives (619-646), and in partially covering the horror of it by the excuse of madness, but there is one touch which ought to have been brought in, 'Ah, quam Es similis patri!' (621).

5910 ff. Ovid says that Philomela threw the gory head into the father's face, and that Tereus endeavoured to vomit up that which he had eaten. Our author has shown good taste in not following him.

5915 ff. This speech is not in Ovid.

5943-6029. Nearly all this is Gower's own. Ovid only says, 'Quarum petit altera silvas: Altera tecta subit' (668 f.). We have already observed upon our author's tendency to make additions of this symbolical kind to the stories which he takes from Ovid: see note on i. 2355.

6020. The reading 'here' is given both by S and F, but 'hire' ('hir'), supported by AJMXGCB2, BT, W, seems to be required by the sense. She informs them of the falseness of her husband, that they also may learn to beware of them, that is of husbands. The combination of 'here'
with the singular 'housebonde,' meaning 'their husbands,' would be very harsh.

6041 ff. 'Ille dolore suo, poenaeque cupidine velox,  
Vertitur in volucrem, cui stant in vertice cristaes,  
Prominet immodicum pro longa cuspidae rostrum.  
Nomen Epops volucræ, facies armata videtur.'  
Metam. vi. 671 ff.

The lapwing is identified with the hoopoe because of its crest. In the Traité, xii, where this story is shortly told, Tereus is changed into a 'hupe,'  
'Dont dieus lui ad en hupe transformée,  
En signe qu'il fuist fals et avoltier,'  
while at the same time in the Mirour, 8869 ff., the 'hupe' is represented as the bird which tries to deceive those who search for its nest,  
a description which obviously belongs to the lapwing.

6047. Cp. Chaucer, Pari, of Foules, 347, 'The false lapwyng ful of trecherye.'  
6053. goddes forebode: cp. Chaucer, Leg. of Good Women, 10,  
'But goddes forbode but men schulde leve,'  
where the second form of text has  
'But god forbede but men shulde leve.'  

We must take 'forebode' as a substantive.

6073. awht: modified to suit the rhyme: so 'awht,' i. 2770, and 'nagt,' i. 3786, rhyming with 'straght.' The regular forms for Gower are 'ogh,' 'noght.'  
6145 ff. This is from Ovid, Metam. ii. 569-588. Gower has judiciously kept it apart from the story of Coronis and the raven, told by him in the second book, with which it is combined in rather a confusing manner by Ovid. The story is somewhat expanded by Gower.  
6150. wif to Marte: cp. 1214 f.  
6169. And caste: cp. l. 4590, and see note on i. 1895.  
6197. 'mota est pro virgine virgo, Auxilibriumque tuit,' Metam. ii. 579 f., but Ovid says nothing of any special prayer to Pallas for help, nor does he represent that Cornix was before in attendance upon that goddess.

6207 ff. This is original and characteristic of our author.  
6225 ff. This story is from Ovid, Metam. ii. 409-507, but Gower evidently knew it from other sources also, for the name Calistona (or Callisto) is not given by Ovid, who calls her 'virgo Nonacrina' and 'Parrhasis.' Hyginus tells it in various forms, Fab. 177 and Poet. Astr. ii. 2.  
6255. According to Ovid, Diana was quite ignorant of the fact, though the nymphs suspected it.  
6258. in a ragerie, that is 'in sport': cp. Chaucer, Cant. Tales,
Latin Verses, x. The idea expressed is that though examples of virginity can only be produced through marriage, yet virginity is nobler than marriage, as the flower of a rose is nobler than the stock from which it springs. Marriage, in fact, replenishes the earth, but virginity heaven: cp. Trait. ii.

6359 ff. Cp. Mirour, 17119 ff., where the saying is attributed to Jerome, who says in fact that precedence was given in the streets to the Vestal Virgins by the highest magistrates, and even by victors riding in the triumphal car (adv. Jovin. ii. 41).

6372 ff. Cp. Mirour, 18301 ff. The anecdote is taken from Valerius Maximus, Mem. iv. 5, but the name in the original is ‘Spurina,’ and he does not thrust out his eyes, but merely destroys the beauty of his face. In the Mirour it is ‘Coupa ses membres.’

6385 ff. ‘So may I prove that, if a man will weigh the virtues, he will find that virginity is to be praised above all others.’ The sentence is disordered for the sake of the rhymes: cp. ii. 709 ff.

6389. The quotation from the Apocalypse is given in the margin of SA and in Mirour, 17053 ff. The reference is to Rev. xiv. 4.

6398 ff. This also appears in Mirour, 17089 ff., and Traitie, xvi. It may have been taken from the Epistola Valerii ad Rufinum.

6402. The margin makes him ‘octogenarius,’ and so it is also in the Mirour and Traitie, as well as in the Epistola Valerii.

6435 ff. This shows more knowledge than could have been got from the Roman de Troie. The story is told by Hyginus, Fab. 121, but not exactly as we have it here. This ‘Criseide douther of Crisis’ should be distinguished from the Criseide daughter of Calchas (Briseida in the Roman de Troie), who is associated with Troilus, if it is worth while making distinctions where so much confusion prevails.

6442. dangerous, that is, ‘grudging’ or ‘reluctant’: cp. Chaucer, Cant. Tales, D 1090, and see note on i. 2443.

6452. So grete a lust : cp. l. 5737 and Introduction, p. cx.

6498. as a Rocok doth. It is difficult to see the appropriateness of the comparison, for to ‘stalke’ is to go cautiously or secretly, and that is evidently the meaning here, so that any idea of display is out of the question. The peacock was supposed to be ashamed of its

ugly feet, cp. Mirour, 23459, and in the Secretum Secretorum we actually have the expression ‘humilis et obediens ut pavo,’ translated by Lydgate (or Burgh) ‘Meeke as a pecock.’ Albertus Magnus says, ‘Cum aspicitur ad solem, decorem ostentat, et alio tempore occultat quantum poterit’ (De Animalibus, 23). There seems to have been a notion that it was liable to have its pride humbled and to sink away ashamed.

6526. bile under the wings, that is, concealed, as a bird’s head under its wing: apparently proverbial.

6541. I mai remene... mene. This is apparently the reading of the MSS. The meaning of ‘remene’ is properly to bring back. It is used earlier, i. 279, with reference to the application of the teaching about vices generally to the case of love, and here it seems to have much the same sense. ‘So that I may apply what has been said about this craft directly’ (‘Withouten help of eny mene’) to the case of lovers, they being very evidently offenders in this way.

6581. hire it is: but in l. 4470, ‘It schal ben hires.’

6608 ff. For the construction see note on i. 718.

6620. Danger: see note on i. 2443.

6634. slyke: cp. l. 7992\(^*\), ‘He can so wel his wordes slyke.’ The word means properly to smoothe, hence to flatter: cp. the modern ‘sleek.’

6635. Be him, &c., i.e. by his own resources or by the help of any other.

6636. To whom: see note on i. 771.

6634. a nyht, i.e. by night, also written ‘anyht,’ ii. 2857.

6672. Protheüs, that is Proteus: cp. note on l. 3082.

6674. in what liknesse, ‘into any form whatsoever.’

6680. under the palle, ‘in secret,’ like ‘under the gore,’ l. 5730.

6713 ff. From Ovid, Metam. iv. 192-255, but with several changes. In the original story the Sun-god came to Leucothoe by night and in the form of her mother. Clytie (not Clymene) discovered the fact (without the aid of Venus) and told it to the father; and it was an incense plant which grew from the place where Leucothoe was buried.

6757. For the expression cp. iii. 2555, ‘Achastus, which with Venus was Hire priest.’

6779. This change into a flower which follows the sun is suggested by Metam. iv. 266 ff., where we are told that Clytie was changed into a heliotrope. Here it is a sun-flower apparently.

6807 ff. From Ovid, Fasti, ii. 305-358. The ‘mistress’ of whom Ovid speaks is Omphale, but Gower supposed it to be Iole. He gets ‘Thophis’ as the name of the cave from a misunderstanding of l. 317, and apparently he read ‘Saba’ for ‘Lyda’ in l. 356, out of which he has got his idea of a goddess Saba with attendant nymphs. This feature, though based on a mistake, is a decided improvement of the story, which is told by Gower in a spirited and humorous manner.

6848 ff. The reading of X in this passage is also that of GOAd2.

6899. The punctuation is that of F.

6932. al a route: so iv. 2145, cp. l. 6257, ‘al a compainie.’
7048. This is a nautical metaphor, 'so near the wind will they steer.' The verb 'love' is the modern 'luff,' meaning to bring a ship's head towards the wind. The substantive 'lof' (genit. 'loves') means in ME. a rudder or some similar contrivance for turning the ship, and 'love' here seems to mean simply to steer. The rhyme with 'glove' makes 'love' from 'lufian' out of the question, even if it gave a satisfactory sense.

7140. fon ofre. The ceremony of 'offering' after mass was one which involved a good deal of etiquette as regards precedence and so on, cp. Chaucer, Cant. Tales, A 449 ff., and ladies apparently were led up to the altar on these occasions by their cavaliers.

7179. 'If I might manage in any other way,' like the expression 'I cannot' away with,' &c.

7195 ff. The story comes no doubt from Benoit, Rom. de Troie, 2851-4916, where it is told at much greater length. Guido does not differ much as regards the incidents related by Gower, but by comparing the two texts in some particular places we can tell without much difficulty which was Gower's source. For example, in the speech of Hector Benoit has,

'Veez Europe que il ont,
La tierce partie del mont,
Où sont li meilleur chevalier.' 3791 ff.,

while Guido says, 'Nostis enim ... totam Affricam et Europam Hodie Grecis esse subiectam, quanta Greci multitudo militum sunt suffulti,' &c. See below, 7340 ff.

The story is told by Gower with good judgement, and he freely omits unnecessary details, as those of the mission of Antenor to Greece. The debate in Priam's parliament is shortened, and the speeches of Hector and Paris much improved.


7202. The sentence is broken off and resumed in a different form: see note on i. 98.

7033*. And that, i. e. 'And provided that.'
7092*. See note on I. 6634.

7105* ff. The tale is told also in the Mirour de l'Omm, 7093-7128. It is to be found in the Gesta Romanorum (which however is not Gower's source), and in various other places. Cicero tells what is practically the same story of Dionysius of Syracuse (De Nat. Deorum, iii. 34), but the acts of sacrilege were committed by him in various places. The golden mantle was taken from the statue of Zeus at Olympia, and the beard from that of Aesculapius at Epidaurus, the justification in this latter case being that Apollo, the father of Aesculapius, was always represented without a beard. Those who repeated the anecdote in the Middle Ages naturally missed this point. We may note that Dyonis is the name given in the Mirour.
7235 ff. Rom. de Troie, 3029 ff. Gower has judiciously cut short the architectural details.

7275. Esionam: see note on l. 6719.
7301. in his yhte, 'in his possession.' For the substance of these lines cp. Rom. de Troie, 2915-2959.

7372. schape ye, imperative, for schapeth; so 'Sey ye' in l. 7435.
7577. Strong thing, i.e. a hard thing to bear. This is apparently a translation of the French 'fort,' which was very commonly used in the sense of 'difficult': see the examples in Godefroy's Dictionary, e.g. 'forte chose est de çoou croire,' 'fors choses est a toi guerroier ancontre moi.'

7390 ff. 'Ten men have been seen to deal with a hundred and to have had the better.'
7400. Rom. de Troie, 3842, 'L'autrier ès kalendes de Mai,' &c. The word 'ender' is an adjective meaning 'former,' originally perhaps an adverb. 'It is used only in the expressions 'ender day' and 'ender night.' The combination 'enderday' occurs in 1. 98.

7420. Rom. de Troie, 3889 f.,

'Cascune conseilla à mei
Privéement et en segrei,' &c.

7497 f. 'Molt est isnele Renommée,
Savoir fists tost par la contrée,' &c.

Rom. de Troie, 4299 ff.

7555 ff. The further incidents of the embarkation and of the voyage home, Rom. de Troie, 4505-4832, are omitted.
7591 ff. This incident is related in the Rom. de Troie, 17457 ff. The occasion was an anniversary celebration at the tomb of Hector, and though the temple of Apollo is not actually named here by Benoît, it has been previously described at large as Hector's burial place.

7597 ff. The scene in Chaucer's Troilus, i. 155 ff., is well known. He took it from Boccaccio.

7612. In the treatment of Avarice Gower has departed entirely from the plan of fivefold division which he follows in the first three books, as throughout in the Miroir. In the sixth book he deliberately declines to deal with more than two of the branches of Gule (vi. 12 f.), and the treatment of Lechery is also irregular.

7651. here tuo débat, i.e. the strife of those two.
7716. the Cote for the hod: that is, he gets a return larger than the amount that he gave; a different form of the expression from that which we have in l. 4787.
7719. hors: probably plural in both cases.
7724. 'If a man will go by the safe way.'
7736 ff. This saying is not really quoted from Seneca, but from Cæcilius Balbus, Nug. Phil. xi. It must have been in Chaucer's mind when he wrote 'Suffice unto thy good, though it be smal,' that is, 'Adapt thy life to thy worldly fortune.'

780 ff. I take this to mean, 'And suddenly to meet his flowers the summer appears and is rich.' For the meaning of 'hapneth' see the examples in the New English Dictionary.

7838. be war: written as one word in F and afterwards divided by a stroke.

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Latin Verses. i. 6. ruit seems to be transitive, 'casts down.'

i. 7. Rather involved in order: 'on the lips which Bacchus intoxicates and which are plunged in sleep.'

4. mystyned, 'unhappily produced.' In other places, as i. 220, iii. 2458, the word seems to mean to order or arrange wrongly. The OE. 'mistimian' means to happen amiss.

7. dedly, 'mortal,' i.e. subject to death.

84. went, 'he waxeth': for the omission of the pronoun see note on i. 1895 and cp. ll. 149, 213, 367, below.

57. For the form of expression cp. i. 380, ii. 2437, and below, l. 106.

59. sterre is for 'stert,' pres. tense.

70. in vers, that is 'in order.' The word 'vers' is given in Godfrey's Dictionary with the sense 'state,' 'situation'; e.g. Rom. de la Rose, 9523 ff.,

'Malement est changies li vers,
Or li vient li gieus si divers,
Qu'el ne puet ne n'ose joer.'


84. the jolif wo: cp. i. 88, vii. 1910, and Balades, xii. 4, 'Si porte ades le jolif mal sanz cure,'

105. of such a thew, 'by such a habit' (i.e. of love), to be taken with 'dronkelew.'

144. hovedance, 'court dance': see New Eng. Dictionary.

145. the newefot: written thus as one word in S and F: it must be regarded as the name of some dance.

160. it am naght I: cp. Chaucer, Leg. of G. Women, 314, 'sir, hit am I,' Cant. Tales, A 1736, &c.

188. holde forth the lusti route: perhaps simply, 'continue to be with the merry company.' See 'forth' in the Glossary.

218. vernage: the same wine that is called 'garnache' or 'garnach' in the Mirour de l'Ommme, 'vernaccia' in Italian, but whether a wine of Italy or Greece seems uncertain.

221. at myn above: see note on iv. 914.

239. the blanche fievere: cp. Chaucer, Troilus, i. 916, with Skeat's note.

249. Cp. Chaucer, Troilus, i. 420, 'For het of cold, for cold of hete, I dye.'
253. of such reles: this seems to men 'of such strength,' and 'relais' perhaps has a somewhat similar sense in Mirour, 3021,

'C'est droit qu'il sente le relais
De la tempeste et de l'orage.'

As in the modern 'relay,' the idea of ceasing or of relaxation may be accompanied by the notion of fresh vigour taking the place of exhaustion, and so the word may stand simply for strength or freshness.

If this explanation is not admissible, we must suppose that 'reles' means here the power of relaxing or dissolving.

285 f. Cp. Rom. de la Rose, 4326 f.,

'C'est la soif qui tous jors est ivre,
Yvrece qui de soif s'enivre.'

290. listo: perhaps pret. subjunctive; so l. 606, and 'leste,' 357.

296. be the bend, i.e. 'by the band,' at his girdle.

311 f. 'This for the time alleviates the pain for him who has no other joy.' 'As for the time yeit' means simply 'for the time,' cp. ll. 738, 893.


330 ff. Cp. viii. 2252 ff. and Traité, xv. 2. The poet referred to in the margin is perhaps Homer, who is quoted in the Rom. de la Rose as authority for an arrangement somewhat similar to that described here:

'Jupiter en toute saison
A sor le suel de sa maison,
Ce dit Omers, deus plains tonneaus;
Si n'est viex hons ne garçonneaus,
N'il n'est dame ne damoisele,
Soit viele ou jone, laide ou bele,
Qui vie en ce monde reçoive,
Qui de ces deus tonneaus ne boive.
C'est une taverne planière,
Dont Fortune la tavernière

Gower has applied the idea especially to the subject of love, and has made Cupid the butler instead of Fortune. The basis in Homer is II. xxiv. 527 ff.,

δοιοι γάρ τε πίθαι κατακείμεν έν Δίος ουδεί, κ.τ.λ.

360. trouble is properly an adjective, cp. v. 4160. The corrupt reading 'chere' for 'cler' has hitherto obscured the sense.

399 ff. This story of Bacchus is told by Hyginus, Poet. Astr. ii, under the heading 'Aries.'

437. a riche temple. This was the temple of Jupiter Ammon.

439. 'To remind thirsty men' of the power of prayer.

485 ff. The story is from Ovid, Metam. xii. 210 ff.

502 f. thilke tonne drouh, wherof, &c., 'drew such wine for them
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that by it,' &c. See note on i. 771 and cp. ll. 618 and 1249 of this book.

537. I do not know what authority is referred to.

598. unless, 'set free,' so 'wandering abroad.'

609. The name of this second branch of Gluttony has not been mentioned before.

632 f. 'so long as he has wealth by which he may be provided with the means.' For the use of 'founde' cp. v. 2690 and Chaucer, Cant. Tales, C 537, 'How gret labour and cost is thee to fynde!' (addressing the belly).

640. for the point of his relief, 'in order to please him,' so below 'he is nought relieved,' l. 678.

656. toke, subjunctive, 'how he should take it.'

662. After this line a couplet is inserted by Pauli from the Harleian MS. 7184 (H3),

'To take metes and drinkes newe,
For it shulde alwey eschewe.'

The lines are nonsense and have no metre. They come originally from K, the copyist of which apparently inserted them out of his own head, to fill up a space left by the accidental omission of two lines (645 f.) a little above in the same column. He was making his book correspond column for column with the copy, and therefore discovered his mistake when he reached the bottom, but did not care to draw attention to it by inserting what he had omitted.

663. 'Physique' is apparently meant for the Physics of Aristotle, and something very like this maxim is to be found there, but the quotation, 'Consuetudo est altera natura,' is actually taken from the Secretum Secretorum (ed. 1520, f. 21).

664. The transposition after this line of the passage ll. 665-964, which occurs in MSS. of the second recension, is not accidental, as we see by the arrangements made afterwards for fitting in the passage (l. 1146). The object apparently was to lay down the principle 'Delicia corporis militant aduersus animam,' illustrated by the parable of Dives and Lazarus, before proceeding to the discussion of 'Delicacie' in the case of love, and this is perhaps the more logical arrangement; but the alteration, as it is made, involves breaking off the discussion here of the ill effects of change, and resuming it after an interval of nearly two hundred lines.

674. Awise hem wel, i. e. 'let them take good heed.'

688. 'Without regard to her honour': cp. Balades, xxii. 4. 'Salvant toutdis l'estat de vostre honour.'

709. azeched, from the French 'abechier,' to feed, used properly of feeding young birds. The word 'refreched' is conformed to it in spelling.

728. The reading of Pauli, 'I say I am nought gilteles,' just reverses the sense. Berthelette has the text right here.

* *
788. for a time yit: cp. 311, 'As for the time yit,' and 893, 'As for the while yit.'
770. 'Without wrinkle of any kind,' cp. Mirour, 10164, 'Car moult furont de noble grein'; or perhaps 'Without the smallest wrinkle,' 'grein' being taken to stand for the smallest quantity of a thing: cp. ii. 3310.
785. schapthe. For this form, which is given by S and F, cp. the word 'ssephe,' meaning 'creature' or 'form,' which occurs repeatedly in the Ayenbite of Inwyt.
800. 'And if it seemed so to all others.' The person spoken of throughout this passage as 'he,' 'him,' is the eye of the lover. This seems to itself to have sufficient sustenance by merely gazing on the beloved object, and if it seemed so to all others also, that is, to the other senses, the eye would never cease to feed upon the sight: but they, having other needs, compel it to turn away.
809. as though he foste: the verb seems to be pret. subjunctive, as 'syhe' down below.
817. tireth. This expresses the action of a falcon pulling at its prey: cp. Chaucer, Troilus, i. 787, 'Whos stomak foules tiren everemo.'
The word is used in the same sense also in the Mirour, 7731.
845. mi ladi goode, 'my lady's goodness.'
857. Lombard cooks were celebrated, and there was a kind of pastry called 'pain lumbard,' Mirour, 7809.
879. The romance of Ydoin and Amadas is one of those mentioned at the beginning of the Cursor Mundi. It has been published in the Collection des poètes français du moyen âge (ed. Hippeau, 1863). Amadas is the type of the lover who remains faithful through every kind of trial.
891. a cherie feste: cp. Prol. 454. It is an expression used for pleasures that last but a short time: cp. Audelay's Poems (Percy Soc. xiv) p. 22,
Hit fallus and fadys forth so doth a chere fayre
(speaking of the glory of this world).
897. he, i.e. my ear.
908. me lacketh: the singular form is due perhaps to the use of the verb impersonally in many cases.
961. exceede, subjunctive, 'so as to go beyond reason.'
986 ff. This story furnishes a favourable example of our author's style and versification. It is told simply and clearly, and the verse is not only smooth and easy, but carefully preserved from monotony by the breaking of the couplet very frequently at the pauses: see 986, 998, 1006, 1010, 1016, &c.
995. We have remarked already upon Gower's fatalism, iii. 1348, &c. Here we may refer also to ll. 1026, 1613, 1702, for further indications of the same tendency.
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1059. *is overonne*, that is, ‘has passed beyond.’
1110. *deskryve*, apparently ‘understand,’ ‘discern,’ perhaps by that confusion with ‘descry’ which is noted in the *New Engl. Dictionary*.
1149 f. These two lines are omitted without authority by Pauli.
1176. That is, though they had rendered no services for which they ought to be so distinguished.
1180. *sojourned*: the word is used in French especially of a horse kept in stable at rack and manger and refreshed for work: see *Mirour*, Glossary.
1216. ‘So that that pleasure should not escape him.’
1245. *out of feere*, ‘without fear.’
1295. Originally geomancy seems to have been performed, as suggested in this passage, by marks made in sand or earth, then by casual dots on paper: see the quotations under ‘geomancy’ in the *New Engl. Dictionary*. Gower here mentions the four recognized kinds of divination, by the elements of earth, water, fire, and air.
1306 ff. It is practically certain that Gower was acquainted with the treatise ascribed to Albertus Magnus, called *Speculum Astronomiae* or *De libris licitis et illicitis* (Alberti Magni Opera, v. 655 ff.), since he seems to follow it to a great extent not only here, but also in his list of early astronomers (vii. 1449 ff.). There are however some things here which he must have had from other sources: for there is no mention in the above-mentioned treatise of: ‘Spatula,’ ‘Babilla,’ ‘Cernes,’ ‘Honorius.’
1312. *comun rote*, that is, apparently, ‘common custom.’ The word ‘rote’ is used also below, l. 1457, where it appears to mean ‘condition.’ It must be the same as that which appears in the phrase ‘by rote,’ and it is difficult to believe that it can be the French ‘route,’ as is usually said. The rhyme here and in l. 1457, as well as those in Chaucer (with ‘cote,’ ‘note’), show that the ‘o’ had an open sound, and this would be almost impossible from French ‘ou.’ The expression ‘par routine’ or ‘par rotine’ is given by Cotgrave as equivalent to the English ‘by rote,’ but I am not aware of any use of such an expression in French as early as the fourteenth century. Many of the examples of the phrase ‘by rote’ seem to have to do with singing or church services (cp. Chaucer, *Cant. Tales*, B 1712, *Piers Plemans Crede*, 379), and Du Cange gives a quotation in which ‘rotae’ seems to mean ‘chants’ or ‘hymns’ (‘rota,’ 6). From such a sense as this the idea of a regular order of service, and thence of ‘custom,’ ‘habit,’ might without much difficulty arise.
1314 ff. The following passage from the *Spec. Astronomiae*, cap. 10, gives most of the names and terms which occur in these lines: ‘Ex libris vero Toz Graeci est liber de stationibus ad cultum Veneris, qui sic incipit: *Commemoratio historiarum* . . . Ex libris autem Salomonis est liber de quatuor anulis, quem intitulat nominibus quatuor discipulorum suorum, qui sic incipit: *De arte eutonica et ideica*, &c. Et liber
de nouem candariis . . . Et alius paruus de sigillis ad daemoniacos, qui sic incipit: *Caput sigilli gendal et tanchit.*

1316. Raziel. 'Est autem unus liber magnus Razielis, qui dicitur liber institutionum,' &c. In MS. Ashmole 1730 there is a letter to Dr. Richard Napier from his nephew at Oxford, speaking of a book of Solomon in the University Library called *Cephar Raziel,* that is, he explains, 'Angelus magnus secreti Creatoris,' of which he proposes to make a copy, having obtained means of entering the library at forbidden hours. Again, in MS. Ashmole 1790 there is a description of this book.

1320. 'cui adiungitur liber Beleni de horarum opere,' *Spec. Astron.* p. 661. The seal of Ghenbal is the 'sigillum gendal,' mentioned in the former citation.

1321 f. thymage Of Thebith. Thebith (or Thebit) stands for Thabet son of Corah, a distinguished Arabian mathematician, to whom were attributed certain works on astrology and magic that were current in Latin. Thus we find *Thebit de imaginibus* very commonly in MSS., and a *Liber Thebit ben Corat de tribus imaginibus magici* was printed in 1559 at Frankfort. In this latter book the author says, 'Exercerunt quoque haec imaginis in amore vel odio, si fuerit actor earum proudis et sapiens in motibus coeli ad hoc utilibus.' Thebith is mentioned several times in the *Spec. Astronomiae,* e.g. p. 662, 'Super istis imaginibus reperitur unus liber Thebit eben Chorath,' &c. We must take 'therupon' in l. 1321 to mean 'moreover,' for it is not to be supposed that the image of Thebith was upon the seal of Ghenbal.

1338. The 'Naturiens' are those who pursue the methods of astrology, as opposed to those who practise necromancy ('nigromance') or black magic.

1356. *He bred nevere*; see note on v. 4455.

1359. *red,* originally written 'rede' in F, but the final letter was afterwards erased. See Introduction, p. cxiv.

1371 f. The rhyme requires that 'become,' 'overcome' shall either be both present or both preterite (subjunctive), and 'wonne' seems to decide the matter for preterite. The only difficulty is 'have I' for 'hadde I' in l. 1370, the latter being required also by the sense (for the reference is to the former time of youth), but not given by the MSS. 'So that I wonne' means 'Provided that I won.'

1391 ff. This story is from the *Roman de Troie,* 28571-28666, 29629-30092. Guido does not differ as to the main points, but there are several details given by Gower from Benoît which are not found in Guido. In particular the ensign carried by Telegonus is mentioned by Guido only in telling of the dream of Ulysses. Some of the passages which tend to show that Benoît was our author's authority are noted below.

1408. *at the strengthe of herbes:* a poem *De Viribus Herbarum* passed in the Middle Ages under the name of Macer.
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1422. The mention of ‘nedle and ston’ in this connexion is a rather daring anachronism, for which of course Gower is responsible.

1424. *Cilly.* Benoît says ‘les isles d’Oloi,’ and Guido ‘in Eolidem insulam,’ but Sicily has been mentioned shortly before.


1441. ‘S’el sot des arz, il en sot plus,’ *Rom. de Troie,* 28641.

1445 ff. Benoît says nothing of this, but the story of the adventures of Ulysses was to some extent matter of common knowledge in the Middle Ages.  Gower may have had it from Ovid, *Metam.* xiv. 277 ff.  Guido says in a general way that Circe was in the habit of transforming those who resisted her power into beasts.

1457. *Into such a rote,* that is, ‘into such a habit’ (or ‘condition’):  see note on l. 1312.

1467. *Teswolle bothe sides,* ‘with both her sides swollen’:  *cp. Rom. de Troie,* 28660 f.,

‘Et si li lesse les costez
Toz pleins, ço quit, de vif enfant.’

1474. *Understode:* subj., see note on *Prol.* 460.

1481. *On of al the beste,* see note on iv. 2606.

1513 f. *Margin.*  This quotation is not from Horace, but from Ovid, *Pont.* iv. 3. 35.  *Cp. Mirour,* 10948, where the same quotation occurs and is attributed as here to ‘Orace.’

1524. The form ‘stature’ is required by the metre here, and is given by the best MSS. of the second and third recensions.  In *Prol.* 891, where ‘stature’ occurs, it is reduced to a monosyllable by elision, and so it is in Chaucer, *Cant. Tales,* A 975, 1955.  The forms ‘stature,’ ‘stature,’ are found with this sense in the Latin and French of the time.

1541 ff. ‘Et si me disoit: Huilixes
Saiches, ceste conjuncions,
Cist voloir, ceste asembloisons,
Que de moi et de toi desirres,
Ce sunt dolors et mortex ires.’

*Rom. de Troie,* 29670 ff.

The prediction, however, that one of the two would have his death by reason of their meeting comes later, 29699, whereas Guido combines the materials here much in the same way as Gower.

1552 ff. This idea of a pennon embroidered with a device is Gower’s own conception, constructed from the not very clear or satisfactory account of the matter given by his authority here and later, 29819 ff.  The fact is that Benoît did not understand the expression used in the Latin book (the so-called ‘Dictys Cretensis’) which he was here following, the passage being probably corrupt in his copy, and consequently failed to make it intelligible to his readers.  The original statement (made with reference to the ensign carried afterwards by Telegonus) is, ‘Ithacam venit gerens manibus quoddam hastile, cui summitas
marinae turturis osse arnabatur, scilicet insigne insulae eius in qua genitus erat. The meaning apparently is that his spearhead was made of a sea-turtle’s shell. Benoît, in recounting the vision, says that the figure which appeared bore upon the steel head of his lance a crown worked of the bone of a sea-fish,

‘Portoit une coronne ovrée
D’os de poisson de mer salée.’ 29687 f.

Then afterwards, in telling of the departure of Telegonus to seek his father, he says that, to show of what country he was, he bore on the top of his lance the sign of a sea-fish worked like a tower,

‘En semblance de tor ovrée.’ 29822.

Guido apparently was not able to make much of this, and after saying, in the account of the dream, that at the top of the lance there appeared ‘quedam turricula tota ex piscibus artificiose composita’ (Bodl. MS. Laud 645, with variants ‘craticula,’ MS. Add. 365, ‘curricula,’ printed editions), he subsequently omitted mention of the recogniscence.

1561 f. A signe it is... Of an Empire. Benoît has,

‘Que c’iert d’ampire conoissance
Et si aperte demostrance
Que por ce seroient devis,’ &c. 29695 ff.,

which may perhaps mean, ‘that it was the cognisance of a kingdom and a sign that they should be divided.’ In Guido, however, it is ‘hoc est signum impie disiunccionis’ (MS. Laud 645 and printed text), or ‘hoc est signum impii et disiunccionis’ (MS. Add. 365).


1603 ff. For the order of the clauses here cp. ii. 709, iv. 3520 ff.

1622 ff. That, for ‘Til that’; cp. iv. 3273, v. 3422.

1636. ‘And he made himself ready forthwith.’ For the omission of the pronoun even where the subject is changed cp. v. 3291, 4590.


1643. That is, ‘to avoid espial and wrong suspicions.’

1656. Rom. de Troie, 29801 f.,

‘A Hulyxes, qui fut ses druz,
Mande par lui v. c. saluz.’

Guido says nothing about this.

1660. Nachaie, a mistake for ‘Acaie,’

‘Tant qu’il vint droit en Acaie’;

and this again seems to be from ‘Ithaca.’

1685. and veilysh ded: cp. Rom. de Troie, 29906 f. Guido says only ‘et ab illis est graniter vulneratus.’

1689. Gower has judiciously reduced the number from fifteen (Rom. de Troie, 29902).

1696. for wroth, that is, ‘by reason that he was wroth’: see note on iv. 1330. We can hardly take ‘wroth’ as a substantive.
NOTES. Lib. VI. 1561-1811

1701. 'Se il ne fust un poi guenchiz,' *Rom. de Troie,* 29939.

1707. *With al the signe,* 'together with the signe,' like the French 'ove tout'; *cp. Mirour* 4 (note).


1769 ff. For this repetition *cp. 2095 ff.*

1785. The 'Cronique imperial' is evidently the story itself, and not any particular book in which it is to be found.

1789 ff. The authority which is mainly followed by our author for this story is the Anglo-Norman *Roman de toute Chevalerie,* by Eustace (or Thomas) of Kent. The beginning of this, including all that we have to do with here, has been printed by M. Paul Meyer in his book on the Alexander romances, 'Bibliothèque française du moyen âge' vol. iv. pp. 195-216. Gower was acquainted, however, also with the Latin *Historia Alexandri de Preliis,* and has made use of this in certain places, as (1) in the account of Philip's vision (2129-2170) where he probably found the French unintelligible, and (2) in the story of the death of Nectanabus (2289 ff.), of which the Latin authority certainly gives the more satisfactory account.

The following are some of the points in which Gower agrees with the *Roman de toute Chevalerie* against the two Latin versions of the story; viz. the *Historia de Preliis* and the *Res Gestae Alexandri* of Valerius: (1) the celebration by Olympias of the festival of her nativity, when she rides out on a white mule and is first seen by Nectanabus, ll. 1823-1880; (2) the omission of the sealing of the queen's womb by Nectanabus, this being introduced only in Philip's vision; (3) the question of the queen as to how she shall procure further interviews with the god, and the answer of Nectanabus, ll. 2109 ff.; (4) the circumstances connected with the egg from which the serpent was hatched, ll. 2219 ff. The English metrical Romance of Alexander, printed by Weber, is also taken from the *Roman de toute Chevalerie,* and consequently the details of it are for the most part the same as those in Gower. It is certain, however, that Gower does not follow this. It would be quite contrary to his practice to follow an English authority, and apart from this there are many small matters here in which he agrees with the French as against the English, e.g. the name Nectanabus, which is Neptanabus in the English (Anectanabus in the *Hist. de Preliis,* the mention of the nativity of Olympias as the occasion of her festival, 'Grant feste tint la dame de sa nativité,' the use of the word 'artemage,' l. 1957, the incident of the dragon being changed into an eagle, l. 2200; and such points of correspondence as may seem to suggest a connexion between the two English writers, as in ll. 1844 ff., 2231 ff., are also to be found in the French. The English alliterative Romance of Alexander follows the *Hist. de Preliis,* and consequently it agrees with Gower in the two passages which have been referred to above.

1798. The sentence is broken off and finished in a different manner. See note on i. 98, and *cp. vii. 3652.*

1811. *Thre yomen,* &c. This is an addition by Gower. According to
the original story Nectanabus was alone, and this would evidently be
the better for his purpose.
1828. list. This may be present tense, 'it pleases.' Loss of the
final e in the preterite would hardly occur except before a vowel: see
Introduction, p. cxv. The French original lays stress here on the
extravagant desire that women have to display themselves.

1831. At after, i.e. 'After,' used especially of meals, cp. l. 1181, and
Chaucer, Cant. Tales, B 1445; F 918 'at after diner,' E 1921 'At after
mete,' F 302, 1219 'At after soper,' for which references, as for many
others elsewhere, I am indebted to Prof. Skeat's very useful Glossary.
1844 ff. The French has

'E tymbres e tabours ont e leur corns corné,' 130,
and later

'Plus de mil damoisels ount le jur karolé, 140.
The English version of the second line,

'There was maidenes carolying,'
comes very near to Gower.
1924. Bot if I sihe, 'unless I should see,' pret. subj.
1943 ff. This promise is not in the French.
1959 ff. The astrological terms in these lines are due to Gower. The
original says that Nectanabus laid the image in a bed with candles
lighted round it, bathed it in the juice of certain herbs, and said his
charms over it.
1997. such thing ... Wherof: cp. ll. 502, 2398.
2005 f. 'Nectanabus idunc ses karectes fina.'
2062. putte him. We should rather read 'put him' with S and F: see
Introduction, p. cxvi. The French romance here grotesquely
represents Nectanabus as making up a disguise for himself with a ram's
head and a dragon's tail, which he joins together with wax, 'e puis
dedens se mist.' The Latin Hist. de Preliis says simply that he
changed himself into a dragon.
2074 ff. The French has,

'Une pel de moton ouvec les cornes prist,
Une coroune d'or sur les cornes assist.'

The punctuation after 'tok' is that of F, but I suspect that 'in
signe of his noblesse' belongs really in sense to 2076 f., and refers
rather to the crown than to the horns, in which case we ought to set
a full stop after 'bar.'
2113. seth hire grone, that is, in child-bed.
2128 ff. The French romance, following Valerius in the main, gives
a rather confused account of Philip's dream. Gower has turned from
it to the Historia de Preliis.
2160. Amphion. The name apparently is got from 'Antifon,' which
occurs below in connexion with the incident of the pheasant's egg.
2182. *rampende*. The French has 'mult fierement rampant.'

2199 ff. The transformation into an eagle is found in Valerius and the French romance, and not in the *Hist. de Preliis*. It may be noted, however, that the picturesque description which we have here of the eagle pruning himself and then shaking his feathers, so that the hall was moved as by an earthquake, is Gower's own.

2219 ff. The Latin accounts say that a bird, according to Valerius a hen, came and laid an egg in Philip's lap as he sat in his hall. The *Rom. de toute Chevalerie* makes the incident take place out in the fields, and the bird, as here, is a pheasant. The expression used, 'Un oef laissat chair sur les curs Phelippun,' seems to mean that the egg was laid in Philip's lap. There is nothing about the heat of the sun in the Latin versions.

2250 ff. These lines refer to the precautions taken by Nectanabus to secure that the child shall be born precisely at the right astrological moment: cp. *Rom. de toute Chevalerie*, 401-425. Gower has chosen to omit the details.

2274. *Callistre*, i.e. Callisthenes, who was reputed to be the author of the history of Alexander which Valerius translated.

2299 ff. The question of Alexander and the answer of Nectanabus is given as here in the *Hist. de Preliis*. In Valerius and the French romance Alexander throws Nectanabus down merely in order to surprise him, and the suggestion that Nectanabus knew that he should die by the hands of his son is not made till afterwards.

2388. *Zorastes*. The statement here about the laughter of Zoroaster at his birth is ultimately derived from Pliny, *Hist. Nat.* vii. 15. It is repeated by Augustine, with the addition 'nec ei boni aliquid monstruosus risus ille portendit. Nam magicarum artium suisse perhibetur in- vestor; quae quidem illi nec ad praesentis vitae vanam felicitatem contra suos inimicos prodesse potuerunt; a Nino quippe rege Assyriorum, cum esset ipse Bactrianorum, bello superatus est' (*De Civ. Dei*, xxi. 14).

2381. 'Like wool which is ill spun': cp. i. 10.


2411. *betawht To Aristotle*, 'delivered over to Aristotle': 'betawht' is the past partic. of 'beteche,' which occurs afterwards, vii. 4234, and in Chaucer, *Cant. Tales*, B 2114, 'Now such a rym the devel I beteche.'

2418. *Yit for a time*: to be taken as one phrase; cp. 'for a while yit,' &c., ll. 311, 738, 893.

**LIB. VII.**

The account given in the earlier part of this book of the parts of Philosophy, that is, of the objects of human knowledge, represents in its essentials the Aristotelian system. The division into 'Theorique,'
'Rethorique,' and 'Practique' is in effect the same as Aristotle's classification of knowledge as Theoretical, Poetical, and Practical, and the further division of 'Theorique' into Theology, Physics, and Mathematics, and of 'Practique' into Ethics, Economics, and Politics, is that which is made by Aristotle. The statement of Pauli and others that this part of Gower's work is 'very likely borrowed' from the Secretum Secretorum is absolutely unfounded. This treatise is not in any sense an exposition of the Aristotelian philosophy, indeed it is largely made up of rules for diet and regimen with medical prescriptions. Gower is indebted to it only in a slight degree, and principally in two places, vii. 2014-2057, the discussion of Liberty in a king, and 3207*-3360*, the tale of the Jew and the Pagan.

The most important authority, however, for the earlier part of the seventh book has hitherto been overlooked. It is the Trésor of Brunetto Latini. This book is very largely based upon Aristotle, with whose works Latini was exceptionally well acquainted, and it is from this that Gower takes his classification of the sciences, though in regard to the place of Rhetoric he does not quite agree with Latini, who brings it in under the head of 'Politique,' making Logic the third main branch of philosophy. Gower takes from the Trésor also many of his physical and geographical statements and his reference to the debate on the conspiracy of Catiline. On the other hand his astronomy is for the most part independent of the Trésor, and so also is his method of dealing with the principles of Government, under the five points of Policy. Brunetto Latini does not treat of politics generally so much as of the practical rules to be observed by the Podestà of an Italian republic. It may be observed that Gower has drawn on the Trésor also in the sketch of general history given in the Prologue (ll. 727-820). I refer to pages of the edition of Chabaille, 1863.

26 ff. 'As to which Aristotle ... declares the "intelligences" under three heads especially.' The meaning of 'intelligences' here and in l. 176, and of 'inteligencias' in the margin, l. 149, seems to be nearly the same as 'sciences,' that is to say, divisions or provinces of knowledge.

155. Algorisme. This stands properly for the decimal system of numeration, but the use of the word in the plural, l. 158, shows that Gower did not use it in this sense only. The association of the word 'Algorismes' below with the letters a, b, c ('Abece') seems to suggest some kind of algebraical expression, but this is perhaps due to a misunderstanding by Gower of the word 'abaque' (or 'abake') in the Trésor, p. 6: 'Et de ce sont li enseignement de l'abaque et de l'augorisme.'

183 ff. 'Ce est la science par laquelle li vii sage s'esforcierent par soutillece de geometrie de trover la grandeur dou ciel et de la terre, et la hauetsce entre l'un et l'autre.' Trésor, pp. 6, 7.

207 ff. Cp. Trésor, p. 15, 'Cele matiere de quoi ces choses furent formées les desvance de naissance, non mie de tens, autressi comme li
sons est devant le chant, ... et neporquant andui sont ensemble.'

216. *Vicem*, this is 'hyle' (Gr. ὑλή), the Aristotelian term for matter. For what follows cp. *Trésor*, p. 105.

245. This comparison of the movement of water within the earth to the circulation of blood in the veins, is taken from the *Trésor*, p. 115: 'autressi comme li sangs de l’ome qui s’esplant par ses vaines, si que il encherche tout le cors amont et aval.'


265 ff. This which follows about the Air seems to be partly independent of the *Trésor*, and the word 'periferie' is not there used. Aristotle divides the atmosphere into two regions only, that of ἀέρις or moist vapour, corresponding to the first and second periferies here, and that of exhalation (ἀναβύπται) or fiery vapour, corresponding to the third, *Meteor*. i. 3.

283 ff. 'According to the condition under which they take their form.' I suppose the word 'intersticion' to be taken from 'interstitium,' as used with a technical sense in astrology. Albumasar, for example, says, 'Quicquid in hoc mundo nascitur et occidit ex quatuor elementis est compositum, tribus interstitiis educatum, scilicet principio, medio et fine, quae tria in illa quatuor ducta duodecim producunt.' This is the case, he says, why there are twelve signs of the zodiaq, 'Præsunt siquidem haec signa quatuor elementis eorumque tribus interstitii.' He then explains that the first 'interstitium' of each element is that condition of it which is favourable to production, growth and vigour, the second that which is stationary, and the third that which tends to decay and corruption, so that the word is almost equivalent to condition or quality. (Vincent of Beauvais, *Spec. Nat.* xv. 36.)


307 ff. Cp. *Trésor*, p. 120.

323 ff. *Trésor*, p. 120, 'dount aucunes gens cuident que ce soit li dragons ou que ce soit une estele qui chiet.' What follows about 'exhalations' is not from the *Trésor*.

334. *Assub*. This word is used in Latin translations of Aristotle as an equivalent of 'stella cadens.'

339. *exalacion*. This stands for fiery vapour only, originally a translation of Aristotle's ἀναβύπται.

351 ff. The names 'Eges' and 'Daaly' (l. 361), must be taken originally from Aristotle's expression δαλοὶ καὶ αἰγές, which he says are names given by some people to various forms of fire in the sky, *Meteor*. i. 4. Our author simply repeated the terms after his authorities and without understanding them. In fact, 'Eges' stands for the same as the 'Capra saliens' of the preceding lines.

389. The idea of the four complexions of man, corresponding to the
four elements, is not due to Aristotle, but we find it in the \textit{Trésor}. The application to matters of love in ll. 393–410 is presumably Gower’s own.

405 f. Aristotle says on the contrary, \textit{οἱ μελαγχολικοὶ οἱ πλεῖστοι λάγῳ εἰσίν}, \textit{Probl. 30}.

437. \textit{To thenke}. For this use of ‘may’ with the gerund cp. ii. 510, ‘I myhte noght To soffe.’

510. ‘While the flesh has power to act,’ that is during the life of the body.

521 ff. For the geography which follows cp. \textit{Trésor}, pp. 151–153.

534. \textit{the hevene cope}: cp. l. 1579, ‘under the coupé of hevene,’ where the spelling suggests the Latin ‘cupa,’ rather than ‘capa,’ as the origin of the word in this common phrase. The quality of the ‘o’ in Europe is perhaps doubtful.

536. \textit{Begripeth}: used here as plural, cp. l. 1107: ‘ calleth ’ in l. 561 with ‘men’ (indef.) as the subject is not a case of the same kind.

545. \textit{who that rede}: subj., cp. \textit{Prol. 460}.

559. That is, presumably, double as much as either of the other two: cp. \textit{Trésor}, p. 152, ‘car Asie tient bien l’une moitié de toute la terre.’

566. \textit{Canahim}: a mistake for ‘Tanaim’ (or ‘Tanain’), see \textit{Trésor}, p. 152, where the extent of Asia is said to be from the mouths of the Nile and the ‘Tanain’ (i.e. the Don) as far as the Ocean and the terrestrial Paradise.


597. Latini says that this is the explanation given by some people of the tides, but he adds that the astronomers do not agree with them (\textit{Trésor}, p. 172).

611. Aristotle does in fact make of \textit{adı́p} a fifth element, of which the heaven and the heavenly bodies consist, but Gower takes this account of it and the name \textit{Orbis} from the \textit{Trésor}, p. 110, where also we find the comparison to the shell of an egg.

652 ff. ‘Sapiens dominabitur astris,’ an opinion which is developed in the \textit{Vox Clamantis}, ii. 217 ff.

694. \textit{Bot thorizonte}, ‘beyond the horizon’: so perhaps in the first text of v. 3306, ‘But of his lond’ stood for ‘Out of his lond.’ However, this use of ‘but’ is not clearly established in Southern ME. and perhaps the reading of the second recension, ‘Be thorizonte,’ may be right.

As regards sense, one is much the same as the other: neither is very intelligible, unless ‘thorizonte’ means the ecliptic.

699. \textit{thei}, that is the planets, not the signs.


831. \textit{is that on}, i.e. ‘is one,’ or ‘is the first.’

853. The sun’s horses are named by Fulgentius, \textit{Mythol.} ii, in the same order as we have here, ‘Erythreus, Actæon, Lampos, Philogeus.’ They are said there to represent four divisions of the day, Erythreus, for example, having his name from the red light of morning, and Philogeus from the inclination of the sun towards the earth at evening. Ovid gives a different set of names.
NOTES. Lib. VII. 405-1229

944. 'In whatever degree he shall exercise his powers.'
978. *as it appendeth,* 'as it is fitting,' lit. 'as it belongs': cp. 'appent,' *Mtr.* 1535.
979. *nathales.* This word is frequently used by Gower with no sense of opposition, meaning 'moreover' or something similar: cp. i. 21, vii. 3877; &c.
983. It may be observed that (in spite of this reference and that in l. 1043) our author's statements about the number and arrangement of stars in the constellations of the zodiac do not at all correspond with those in the Almagest.
983 (margin). *produxit ad esse,* 'brought forth into existence': the infinitive is often used as a substantive in Gower's Latin: e.g. *Prol. Lat. Verses,* iv. 4, v. 6.
989. *hot and drye.* According to the astrologers, Aries, Leo, and Sagittarius preside over the element of fire, and are hot and dry by nature; Taurus, Virgo, Capricornus over that of earth, being dry and cold; Gemini, Libra, Aquarius preside over air, and are hot and moist; while Cancer, Scorpio, and Pisces are moist and cold, having dominion over water (Albumasar, cited by Vincent of Beauvais, *Spec. Nat.* xv. 36).

991 f. Aries and Scorpio are the 'houses' or 'mansions' of Mars, Taurus and Libra of Venus, Gemini and Virgo of Mercury, Cancer of the Moon, Leo of the Sun, Sagittarius and Pisces of Jupiter, Capricornus and Aquarius of Saturn.
1021. *somdiel descendant:* the hot and moist Libra is more in accordance with her nature: see 1111 ff.

1036 f. This statement and the others like it below, 1073, 1089, 1127, 1147, 1198, 1222, may be taken to indicate that the division of the signs was very uncertain in our author's mind. It may be observed that the usual representation of Taurus in star-maps is with his head, not his tail, towards Gemini.

1085. *the risinge:* that is to say, Virgo is the 'exaltation' of Mercury, as well as one of his houses.
1100. For the sense of 'applied' cp. v. 913.
1115 f. Libra is the exaltation of Saturn.
1135. That is to say, Scorpio is the 'fall' of Venus, being the sign opposite to one of her houses, namely Taurus.
1155 f. Sagittarius is a house of Jupiter, and it is opposite to Gemini, which is one of the houses of Mercury.
1162. *The Plowed Ox,* i.e. the ox that has ploughed the land.
1166. Then the swine are killed and the larder, or bacon-tub, comes into use.
1175. Capricorn is the 'fall' of the Moon, being opposite to her house, Cancer, as the next sign Aquarius is that of the Sun, see l. 1190.
1216. 'Piscis' is the reading of the MSS. here in text and margin, but 'Pisces' in l. 1253.
1229 ff. That is, Pisces is a house of Jupiter and the exaltation of Venus.
1239 ff. The reference is apparently to the *Introductorium* of Albusmasar, but the printed editions of this give an abbreviated text which does not help us here. A fuller translation of the original may be found in manuscript, e.g. MS. Digby 194, where something more or less corresponding to this may be found on f. 55, but the Arabic names of places make it difficult to follow.

1281 ff. This account of the fifteen stars with their herbs and stones is taken by Gower from a treatise called *Liber Hermetis de xv stellis et de xv lapidibus et de xv herbis, xv figuris,* &c., which may be found in several manuscripts, e.g. MSS. Ashmole 341 (f. 123) and 1471 (f. 120v°): cp. l. 1437, where Hermes is mentioned as the authority. Some information as to the names of the stars here mentioned may be found in Ideler's *Untersuchungen über den Ursprung und die Bedeutung der Sternnamen*, 1809.

1292 ff. 'Et scias quod stelle fixe habent fortunia et infortunia quem-admodum et planete' (*Lib. Herm.*).

1317. 'anabulla seu titimallum.'

1329. *Algol,* or Caput Algol, the Arabic 'Ras el-ghul' (devil's head), in Perseus.

1386. *Alhaiot,* probably for 'Alhaioc,' that is Capella, from the Arabic 'El-'aijûk.'

1344. 'prassium seu marrubium.'

1345. *Canis major,* 'Alhabor,' i.e. Sirius.

1356. *Canis minor,* 'Algomeiza,' i.e. Procyon.

1362. *Primercote:* in the *Liber Hermetis* we have here 'solsecium, quam elitropiam vocant.'

1364. *Artal,* apparently 'Cor Leonis,' i.e. Regulus.


1375. 'lappacium maius.'

1378. *gret riote:* 'color huius niger est, faciens hominem iratum, animosum et audacem et mala cogitantem et maledicentem . . . . et faciens fugere demones et congregare.'

1379 ff. 'Nona stella dicitur Atimet Alaazel, . . . . et est ex natura Veneris et Mercurii, et dicitur stella pulchritudinis et racionis,' &c. The name 'Atimet Alaazel' is from the Arabic 'El-simâk el-a'zal,' that is the star which we call Spica.

1385. *Salge,* Lat. 'salua.'

1387. 'Decima vero stella Atimet Alrameth, et dicitur saltator, et est ex natura Martis et Louis.' This is the Arabic 'El-simâk el-râmih,' which we call Arcturus.

1393. *Venenas:* 'Vndecima stella dicitur Benenais et est postrema de ii stellis que sunt in cauda urse maioris.' In Arabic 'Banat Na'sh.'

1410. *Alpheta,* 'Elfetah,' from the Arabic 'El-fak'ah' (the beggar's dish), meaning the constellation which we call the Northern Crown. Here the name stands for the principal star of that constellation, Gemma.

1419. *Botercadent.* The Latin says 'Vultur cadens,' that is perhaps
Vega; but 'Botercadent' would probably be a different star, namely that called in Arabic 'Batn-Kaitos' or Whale's belly.

1426. Tail of Scorpio: in the Latin 'Cauda Capicorni.'

1449 ff. These names of the chief authors of the science of astronomy seem to be partly taken from the treatise called *Speculum Astronomiae* or *De libris licitis et illicitis*, cap. ii. (*Alberti Magni Opera*, v. 657): cp. note on vi. 1311 ff. The passage is as follows, under the heading 'De libris astronomicis antiquorum': 'Ex libris ergo qui post libros geometricos et arithmeticos inueniuntur apud nos scripti super his, primus tempore compositionis est liber quem edidit Nembroth gigas ad Iohathonem discipulum suum, qui sic incipit: *Sphaera caeli* &c., in quo est parum proficiui et falsitates nonnullae, sed nihil est ibi contra fidem quod sciam. Sed quod de hac scientia vtlius inuenit, est liber Ptolemaei Pheludensis, qui dicitur Graece Megasti, Arabice Almagesti, . . . quod tamen in eo diligentiae causa dictum est prolix, commode restringitur ab Azarchele Hispano, qui dictus est Albategni in libro suo. . . . Voluitque Alpetragius corrigere principia et suppositiones Ptolemaei, &c.

It would seem that, either owing to corruption of his text or to misunderstanding, our author separated the name 'Megasti' from its connexion with Ptolemy and the Almagest, and made of it a book called 'Megaster,' which he attributes to Nembrot.

1461. Alfraganus was author of a book called in Latin *Rudimenta Astronomica*.

1576 ff. *out of herre . . . entrikeh*, that is, 'involves (this world) in perplexity, so that it is disordered.'

1579. *coupe of herve*, see note on l. 534.

1595 ff. The discussion in the Roman Senate on the fate of the accomplices of Catiline is here taken as a model of rhetorical treatment. The idea is a happy one, but it is borrowed from the *Trésor*, where Latini, after laying down the rules of rhetoric, illustrates them (pp. 505-517) by a report and analysis of the speeches in this debate, as they are given by Sallust. The 'Cillenus' mentioned below is D. Junius Silanus, who as consul-designate gave his opinion first. It is tolerably evident in this passage, as it is obvious in iv. 2647 ff., that Gower did not identify Tullius with Cicero, though Latini actually says, 'Marcus Tullius Cicero, cils mesimes qui enseigne l'art de rectorique, estoit adonques console de Rome.'


1623. *after the lawe*. It may be observed as a matter of fact that the law was on the side of Caesar, and that this was his chief argument against the death penalty.

1706. *Fyf pointz*. The *Secretum Secretorum* recommends to rulers the virtues of Liberality, Wisdom, Chastity, Mercy, Truth, and afterwards of Justice, but there is no very systematic arrangement there,
nor in general does the treatment of the subject, except partly as regards Liberality, resemble Gower’s. It has been already observed that the treatment of Politics in the Trésor is altogether different from that which we have here.

1788 ff. This story comes originally from 3 Esdras, ch. iii, iv. The names, however, of Arpaghes and Manachaz are not found in the text of that book, and the story of Alcestis, which Zorobabel tells, is of course a later addition, made no doubt by our author.

1809. ‘Having his mind so disposed.’

1856. behelde, an archaic form, used here for the rhyme.

1884 ff. 3 Esdr. iv. 29, ‘Videbam tamen Apemen filiam Bezacis, mirifici concubinam regis, sedentem iuxta regem ad dexteram,’ &c.

1961 f. ‘He that is true shall never rue,’ or some such jingle. Cp. Shaksp. K. John, v. 7, ‘Nought shall make us rue, If England to herself do rest but true.’


2017 ff. This seems to be suggested by a passage in the Secretum Secretorum. ‘Reges sunt quattuor. Rex largus subditis et largus sibi, Rex auarus subditis et avarus sibi, Rex avarus sibi et largus subditis, Rex largus sibi et avarus subditis.’ This last is pronounced to be the worst, as the first is the best.

2031 ff. This refers to a passage in the Secretum Secretorum (ed. 1520, f. 8), which runs thus in the printed edition: ‘Que fuit causa destructionis regni calculorum; vnde quia superfuitas expensarum superat redditus ciuitatum, et sic deficientibus redditus et expensis reges extenderunt manus suas ad res et redditus aliorum. Subditi ergo proper inuiaram clamauerunt ad deum excelsum gloriosum, qui immittens ventum calidum afillixit eos vehementer, et insurrexit populus contra eos et nominaorum penitus de terra deleuerunt.’

This is obviously corrupt, and it is evident that ‘calculorum’ stands for a proper name, which Gower read ‘Caldeo rum,’ as it is in MS. Laud 708. Other Bodleian MSS. to which I have referred give ‘Saldeo rum’ (Bodley 181), ‘cangulorum’ (Add. C. 12), ‘singulorum’ (Laud 645), ‘Anglorum’ (Digby 170). ‘Nonne’ is the reading of the MSS. for ‘vnde,’ and it seems that ‘Que fuit’ &c. is also a question.

2039. So in the Secretum Secretorum (shortly before the passage quoted above), ‘Debes igitur dona dare iuxta posse tuum cum mensura, hominibus indigentibus atque dignis.’

2050. of ken, here apparently ‘of quality.’

2061 ff. The basis of this story is to be found in Seneca, De Beneficiis, v. 24, ‘Causam dicebat apud divum Iulium ex veteranis quidam,’ &c., but there is no question there of an advocate; the veteran simply gains his case by recalling his personal services. The story appears in a form more like that of Gower in the Gesta Romanorum, 87 (ed. Oesterley), but the name Julius is not there mentioned, only ‘Quidam imperator.’ It may be observed also in general, that
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though many stories are common to the Gesta Romanorum and the Confessio Amantis, there is no instance in which Gower can be proved to have used the Gesta Romanorum as his authority. Indeed the tales are there so meagrely and badly told for the most part, that there would be little temptation to turn to it if any other book were available.

Such references as 'dicitur in gestis Romanorum' are not to this book but to Roman History.

Hoccleve tells this story much as we have it here, in his Regement of Princes, 3270 ff., e.g.

'Han ye forgote how scharp it with yow ferde,
Whan ye were in the werres of Asie?
Maffeith, your lif stood there in jupartie;
And advocat ne sente I non to yow,
But myself put in preces and for yow faghth,' &c.

2115 ff. This anecdote is perhaps taken from the Trésor, where it occurs more appropriately as an example of hypocritical excuses for not giving, 'Li Maistres dit: Après te garde de malicieux engin de escon-dire, si comme fist le rois Antigonus, qui dist à un menestrier qui li demandoit un besant, que il demandoit plus que à lui n'aseroit; et quant il li demanda un denier, il dist que rois ne devoit pas si povremen-donner. Ci ot malicieux escondit; car il li pooit bien donner un besant, porce que il estoit rois, ou un denier, porce que il estoit menestrel. Mais Alixandres le fist mieulx; car quant il dona une caté à un home, cil li dist que il estoit de trop bas afaire à avoir caté; Alixandres li respondit: Je ne pren pas garde quel chose tu dois avoir, mais quel chose je doi donner' (p. 412). This may serve as a rather favourable example of Latin's style.

2132. is in manere: cp. l. 4344. It seems to mean that the virtue of giving depends on the measure with which it is done: cp. Praise of Peace, 53.

2139. To helpe with: cp. i. 452, 2172, ii. 283, &c.

2194. holden up his oil: cp. l. 2584, 'To bere up oil.' The only other instance which I can quote of this expression is from Trevisa's translation of the Polychronicon (Rolls' Series, vol. iii. p. 447, a reference which I owe to Dr. Murray), 'There Alisaundre gan to boste . . . and a greet deel of hem that were at the feste hilde up the kynges oyl.' (In the Latin, 'magna convivantium parte assentiente.') In all these cases it is used of flatterers, and 'oil' seems to stand in this phrase for 'pride' or 'vainglory.' I am disposed to think it is simply the French 'oil,' meaning 'eye,' and getting its present sense from such Biblical expressions as 'oculi sublimium deprimentur,' 'oculos super-borum humiliabis,' 'oculos subtlices, linguam mendacem'; but I can quote no examples of this meaning in French.

2217 ff. This story is based originally on an anecdote told by Valerius Maximus: 'Idem Syracusis, cum holera ei lavanti Aristippus dixisset, Si Dionysium adulari velles, ista non esses, Immo, inquit, si tu ista

* * *
esse velles, non adularere Dionysium' (Mem. iv. 3). It has been repeated often in a short form.

2268. the worlde[s] crok, that is, the crooked way of the world. See the quotations in the New Engl. Dictionary under 'crook,' 12.

2279. joules: see Godefroy's Dictionary, where an instance is quoted of the use of this word in a French version of this very story.

2302. F punctuates after 'pyke,' and no doubt rightly so. The word 'trewely' corresponds to the Latin 'certe' in the margin above.

2355 ff. The Roman Triumph as here related was a commonplace of preachers and moralists, cp. Bromyard, Summa Praedicantium, T. v. 36, 'Triumphus enim secundum Isidorum dicitur a tribus: quia triumphantor Romanus cum victoria versus civitatem veniens tres honores habere debuit,' &c. So l. 2366, 'Of treble honour he was certein.' It is also in the Gesta Romanorum, 30 (ed. Oesterley), but from neither of these could Gower have got his 'Notheos' (for Ἡθός σαυρῶν).

2416 ff. This custom is spoken of in Hoccleve's Regement of Princes with a marginal reference to the Vita Iohannis Eleemosynarii, where it is in fact mentioned (Migne, Patrol. vol. 73, p. 354).

2527 ff. From 1 Kings xxii. It will be seen that the story is told rather freely as regards order of events, as if from memory.

2531 (margin). organizate, used in a musical sense.

2553. Godelie: the person meant is Athaliah.

2584. bere up oil: see note on l. 2194.

2660. astrated. See New Engl. Dict. under 'astray,' verb and adv.

2698 (margin). No manuscript here gives the reading 'regiminis,' so far as I know; but it is required by the sense, and the reading 'regis' might easily arise from the abbreviation of 'regiminis,' as we find it in some MSS. at l. 3106 (margin). Note that S is defective here, and J, Ad, K omit the Latin margin. Δ attempts an emendation.

2726 ff. lete Of wrong to do, i.e. 'abstain from doing wrong.'

2765 ff. From Godfrey of Viterbo (in Monum. Germ. Hist. xxii. p. 169), 'Quando voluit rectores dare provincis... nomina eorum examinabat in populo, dicens: Si quis habet crimen contra eos, dicat et probet,' &c. This passage is not contained in the earlier redactions of the Pantheon, and consequently we may conclude that Gower's copy was one which contained the later additions: cp. notes on 4181 ff. and viii. 271 ff.

2771. his name, that is, his reputation: cp. 2774.

2780. stod... upon, 'rested upon,' 'was guided by.'

2783 ff. The saying by which this story is characterized, 'malle locumpletibus imperare quam ipsum fieri locupletem,' is more properly attributed to M. Curius Dentatus (Valerius Maximus, Mem. iv. 3. 5): but Fabricius also rejected gifts sent him by the Samnites.

2810. bothe: apparently both the men and their possessions.

2833 ff. This is probably Conrad II, of whom Godfrey of Viterbo says 'nulli violatori pacis parcebat.'

2845 ff. Originally taken from Valerius Maximus, who tells it,
however, with reference to Charondas, the supposed legislator of Thurii (Mem. vi. 5).

2864. sete: apparently a strong past participle formed from 'sette' by confusion with 'sitte': cp. 'upsete' rhyming with 'misgete,' viii. 244.

2883. of dawe: equivalent to 'of this lif,' iv. 3414.

2889 ff. This is a story which we find very often repeated (originally from Herodotus), e.g. Valerius Maximus, Mem. vi. 3, Gesta Romanorum, 29 (without mention of Cambyses by name), Hoccleve's Regement of Princes, &c. In Δ we find added to the marginal Latin.

vynde versus,
Sede sedens ista index inflexibilis sta,
Sit tibi lucerna lux, lex, pellisque paterna,
Qua resides natus pro patre sponte datus.
A manibus reoeces munus, ab aure preces.'

It would seem that the last line should stand as the second.

2902. Awise him, 'Let him consider.'

flette, 'turn aside,' cp. iv. 214; but also intransitive, v. 7076.

2917 ff. Another often repeated story. The Gesta Romanorum has it (169) with a reference to Trogus Pompeius (that is Justin, Epit. iii. 3). Gower makes the city Athens instead of Sparta (cp. 3089), and the god Mercury instead of Apollo.

3054 ff. This list of legislators is from the Trésor, p. 24, but the text which our author used seems to have been corrupt. The passage runs thus in the printed edition: 'Moyeses fu li premiers qui bailla la loi as Hebreus; et li rois Foroneus fu li premiers qui la bailla as Grezois; Mercures as Egypciens, et Solon à cels de Athenes; Ligurgus as Troyens; Numa Pompilius, qui regna après Romulus en Rome, et puis ses filz, bailla et fist lois as Romains premierement,' &c. If we suppose 'Solon' to have been omitted in the MS., the passage might read (with changes of punctuation) nearly as we have it in Gower.

3092. on the beste Above alle other: cp. iv. 2666, &c.

3137 ff. Cp. Mironrde l'Omm, 13921, and see also ii. 3204 ff. (margin).


3181 ff. Valerius Maximus, Mem. v. 6: but he does not mention the Dorians as the enemy against whom Codrus fought. However, the story was a common one: cp. Gesta Romanorum, 41.


3149* ff. The reference is to the Epistle of St. James ii. 13, 'Judici- cium enim sine misericordia illi qui non fecit misericordiam.'

3157*. That is, 'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.'

3161* ff. Cp. Mirour de l'Omm, 13918 ff., where the same is quoted.

3163* ff. Quoted also in the Mirour, 13925 ff., and there also attributed to Tullius, but I cannot give the reference.

M M 2
3210. *drawe*: the change to subjunctive marks this sentence as really conditional.

3215 ff. Valerius Maximus, *Mem. v. i. 9.*

3217. *in jeupartie,* i. e. equally balanced, the result uncertain.

3267 ff. Justinian II is described by Gibbon as a cruel tyrant, whose deposition by Leontius was fully deserved, and who, when restored by the help of Terbelis, took a ferocious vengeance on his opponents: 'during the six years of his new reign, he considered the axe, the cord, and the rack as the only instruments of royalty.' Nothing apparently could be less appropriate than the epithet 'pietous,' which Gower bestows upon him.

3295 ff. This again was a very common story: cp. *Gesta Romanorum,* 48 (ed. Oesterley). Hoccleve tells it with a reference to Orosius, *Regimen of Princes,* 3004 ff. Gower probably had it from Godfrey of Viterbo, *Pantheon,* p. 181 (ed. 1584), where Berillus is given for Perillus, as in our text. He takes 'Phalaris Siculus' as the tyrant's name, and shortens it to Siculus.

3302. I take the preceding three lines as a parenthesis, and this as following l. 3298.

3341. 'Dionys' is a mistake for Diomede, or rather Diomedes is confused with the tyrant Dionysius.


3359. *With othre men,* i. e. 'by other men': cp. viii. 2553.

3387 ff. This characteristic of the lion is mentioned by Brunetto Latini, *Trésor,* p. 224.

3417 ff. This story is told much as it appears in Justin, *Epit.* i. 8, and Orosius, *Hist.* ii. 7, but the name Spertachus (Spartachus) is apparently from Peter Comestor (Migne, *Patrol.* vol. 198, p. 1471), who gives this as the name of Cyrus in his boyhood. The same

3207* ff. The tale of the Jew and the Pagan is from the *Secretum Secretorum,* where it is told as a warning against trusting those who are not of our faith. The differences are mainly as follows. No names of places are mentioned in the original; the 'pagan' is called 'magus orientalis,' and he rides a mule: the Jew is without provisions, and the Magian feeds him as well as allowing him to ride: the Jew is found not dead but thrown from the mule, with a broken leg and other injuries—there is no mention of a lion except in the entreaties of the Magian, 'noli me derelinquere in deserto, ne forte interficiar a leonibus.' The Magian is about to leave him to die, but the Jew pleads that he has acted only in accordance with his own law, and again appeals to the Magian to show him the mercy which his religion enjoins. Finally the Magian carries him away and delivers him safely to his own people. Probably our author thought that this form of the story unduly sacrificed justice to mercy, and therefore he killed his Jew outright.

3342* ff. Note the subjunctive after 'who (that)' here and in ll. 3349, 3355: see note on ProI. 460.
authority may have supplied the name 'Marsagete,' for the histories named above call Thamyris only 'queen of the Scythians;' but Comestor omits the details of the story.

3418. The name 'Spartachus' is given in full by F in the Latin summary, l. 3426 (margin). In the English text the first syllable is abbreviated in most copies, but A has 'Spartachus' and Hs 'Spertachus.'

3539. *Pite feigned* : cp. l. 3835.

3581. The reference should be to Juvenal, *Sat.* viii. 269 ff.,

'Malo pater tibi sit Thersites, dummodo tu sis
Aeacidae similis, Vulcaniaque arma capessas,
Quam te Thersitae simul temuiisse mundo.'

Gower has here taken the point out of the quotation to a great extent, but it occurs in the *Mirour*, 23371 ff., in its proper form, though with the same false reference.

3627 ff. From the Book of Judges, ch. vii.

3632. For the anacoluthon cp. iv. 3201, vi. 1798, and note on i. 98.

3639. The reading of the second recension, 'hem,' seems clearly to be right here: 'against those who would assail them.'

3640 ff. The meaning apparently is that each single division of the three which the enemy had was twice as large as Gideon's whole army.

The original text says nothing of the kind.

3752. *per compaignie,* 'together.'

3820 ff. 1 Samuel xv.

3860 ff. 1 Kings ii.


3884. *that,* for 'to that' : cp. Prol. 122.

3891 ff. 1 Kings iii.

4011. *propre,* i.e. 'in himself.'

4027 ff. 1 Kings xii.

4144. *can . . . mai,* used in their original senses, the one implying knowledge and the other active power.

4181 ff. The person meant is Antoninus Pius, of whom his biographer Capitolinus says that he loved peace 'eousque ut Scipionis sententiam frequentarit, qua ille dicebat, male se unum civem servare quam mille hostes occidere' (*Hist. August.* ed. 1620, p. 20). Godfrey of Viterbo, in the text given by Waitz (*Mon. Germ. Hist.* xxii. pp. 75, 163), regularly calls him Antonius, and probably Gower had the saying from this source. It is one of the later additions to the *Pantheon* : cp. note on 2765 ff.

4195. *is due To Pite.* This seems to mean 'is bound by duty' to show mercy.

4228. *His trouthe plight,* 'the engagement of his faith.' Here we have the word 'plight' from OE. 'pliht,' to be distinguished from 'plit.'

4242. *natheles* : cp. l. 3877.

4245. *hihe:* note the definite form after the possessive genitive, as after a possessive pronoun.
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4284. 'And even if it should chance that he obtained any friendliness from her.' For the use of 'compainie' cp. v. 4558.

4335. Barbarus: more properly Arbaces, but 'Barbatus' in the Pantheoon (p. 165, ed. 1584).

4361 ff. Cp. Justin, Epit. 1. 7, where however the expedient is said to have been used (as related by Herodotus) after Cyrus had put down a revolt. 4406 ff. Numbers xxv.

4408. Amalech: Balak is meant.

4464 ff. This means apparently that the later time of life will be as a dark night which is not illuminated by any sunshine of dawn; but it is not very clearly expressed.

4469 ff. 1 Kings xi.

4515. That is, 'Ahijah the Shilonite,' called 'Ahias Silonites' in the Latin version.

4559 ff. (margin). The quotation is from the Secretum Secretorum: 'O summe rex, studeas modis omnibus custodire et retinere calorem naturalem' (ed. 1520, f. 25 v°).

4574 f. Caracalla, son of Severus, is here meant. His name was Aurelius Antoninus, and he is called Aurelius Antonius in the Pantheoon (Mon. Germ. Hist. xxii. p. 166). Caracalla is called by Orosius 'omnibus hominibus libido intemperantior, qui etiam novercam suam Iuliam uxorem duxerit' (Hist. vii. 18), and this character of him is repeated in the Pantheon.

4593 ff. This story is from Ovid, Fasti, ii. 687–720. Gower's rendering of it is remarkable for ease and simplicity of style: see especially ll. 4667–4685, 4701–4717.

4598. Neither Aruns nor Sextus is mentioned by name in Ovid, who speaks only of 'Tarquinius iuvenis.' Gower gives to Aruns the place of Sextus throughout this and the following story.

4623. schette, intransitive, equivalent to 'were shut': cp. iii. 1453.

4701 ff. The sacrifice at which this portent occurred is here brought into connexion with the capture of Gabii, a construction which is not unnaturally suggested by Ovid's abrupt transition, l. 711.

4718 ff. 'Consultitur Phoebus. Sors est ita reddita: Matri

Qui dederit princeps oscula, victor erit.' Fasti, ii. 713 ff.

Ovid means that a message was sent to Delphi; but our author understands it differently.

4739 f. 'Creditus offenso procubuisse pede' (720).

4754 ff. This again is from Ovid, where it occurs as a continuation of the last story, Fasti, 721–852. Chaucer, who tells this story in the Legend of G. Women, 1680 ff., also follows Ovid, and more closely than Gower, e.g. 1761 ff., 1805 ff., 1830 f.

4757. unskilfully, that is, 'unjustly,' without due 'skile' or reason.

4778 ff. 'Non opus est verbis, credite rebus, ait' (734).

4805 f. This is derived from a misunderstanding of Fasti, ii. 785,

'Accipit aerata iuvenem Collatia porta.'
Cp. l. 4911 below. Both Chaucer and Gower make the tragedy occur at Rome, though Chaucer professes to have Livy before him.

4902. 'audentes forsvve deusve iuvat.'

4937. To hire: cp. v. 5724. It means here much the same as 'by her.'

5062. sche mylde it noght, 'sche could not help it.'

5088 ff. 'illa iacent ad verba oculos sine lumine mouit,
Visaque concussa dicta probare coma.' Fasti, ii. 845 f.

5093 ff. This latter part is added from others sources, perhaps from Livy.

5131 ff. Chaucer tells the story of Virginia as the Tale of the Doctor of Physic, professing to follow Livy, but actually taking his materials chiefly from the Roman de la Rose, 5613 ff., from which he transcribes also the reference to 'Titus Livius.' His story differs from that of Livy in many respects, and the changes are not all for the better. For example, Chaucer does not mention the absence of Virginius in the camp, and he makes him kill his daughter at home and carry her head to Appius. Gower follows Livy, or some account drawn from Livy, without material alteration. It may be observed that Chaucer (following the Rom. de la Rose) uses the name 'Apius' alone for the judge, and 'Claudius' for the dependent, while Gower names them more correctly 'Apius Claudius' and 'Marchus Claudius.' On the subject generally reference may be made to Rumbaur's dissertation, Geschichte von Appius und Virginia in der engl. Litteratur, Breslau, 1890.

5136. Livius Virginius, a mistake for 'Lucius Virginius.'

5151. Ilicius, that is, Icilius.

5209. til that he come, 'till he should come,' the verb being pret. subjunctive.

5254 ff. The sentence is irregular in construction, but intelligible and vigorous: 'but as to that command, like the hunted wild boar, who when he feels the hounds hard upon him, throws them off on both sides and goes his way, so (we may say) this knight,' &c. The simile is due to Gower.

5261. kepte, 'waited for.'

5807 ff. From the Book of Tobit, ch. vi–viii. The moral of the story is given by vi. 17, where Raphael says to Tobias, 'Hi namque qui coniugium ita suscipliunt, ut Deum a se et a sua mente exclundat, et suae libidini ita vacant sicut equus et mulus, quibus non est intellectus, habet potestatem daemonium super eos.' This, however, is absent from the English version (which follows the LXX), as are also the precepts which follow, about nights to be spent in prayer by the newly married couple. The same is the case with the five precepts given to Sara by her parents, which are mentioned in the Mirour, 17701 ff.

5890. This line, written in F as follows,

'Hov trewe · hou large · hou ioust · hov chaste,'

is enough to show that v and u are used indifferently in this kind of position: cp. movye : couye, 5285 f.

5408. Do wey, 'Have done': see New English Dictionary, 'do,' 52.
LIB. VIII.

We may suppose that our author had some embarrassment as regards the subject of his eighth book. It should properly have dealt with the seventh Deadly Sin and its various branches, that is, as the Mirour de l'Omme gives them, 'Fornicacioun,' 'Stupre,' 'Avolterie,' 'Incest,' 'Foldelit.' Nearly all of these subjects, however, have already been treated of more or less fully, either in the fifth book, where branches of Avarice are spoken of with reference to the case of love, or in the seventh, under the head of Chastity as a point of Policy. Even the author's commendation of Virginity, which might well have been reserved for this place, and which would have been rather less incongruous at the end than in the middle of the shrift, has already been set forth in the fifth book. There remained only Incest, and of this unpromising subject he has made the best he could, first tracing out the gradual development of the moral (or rather the ecclesiastical) law with regard to it, and then making it an excuse for the Tale of Apollonius (or Appolinus) of Tyre, which extends over the larger half of the book. The last thousand lines or so are occupied with the conclusion of the whole poem.

36. upon his grace, that is, free for him to bestow on whom he would.
44. Raphael is not named in Genesis.
48. Melodre, that is, Methodius, in whose Revelationes it is written, 'Sciendum namque est, exeuntes Adam et Evam de Paradiso virgines fuisse,' so that 'Into the world' in l. 53 must mean from Paradise into the outer world.
62 ff. This is not found in Genesis, only 'genuitque filios et filias,' but Methodius says that the sisters of Cain and Abel were Calmana and Debora.
110. For the hiatus cp. Mirour, 12241,

'De Isaäk auci je lis.'

158. ne yit religion. The seduction of one who was a professed member of a religious order was usually accounted to be incest: cp. Mirour, 9085 ff. and l. 175 below.
170. 'I keep no such booth (or stall) at the fair;' that is, 'I do no such trade.'

244. upsete: see Introduction, p. cxix, and cp. vii. 2864.
271 ff. Gower tells us here that he finds the story in the Pantheon. That is true, no doubt: it is told there in the peculiar kind of verse with which Godfrey of Viterbo diversified his chronicle, and a most useful text of this particular story, showing the differences of three redactions, is given by S. Singer in his Apollonius von Tyrus, Halle, 1895, pp. 153-177. There is ample evidence that Gower was acquainted with the Pantheon, but it is not the case that he followed it in this story, as has been too readily assumed. Godfrey tells the
tale in a much abbreviated form, and Gower unquestionably followed mainly the Latin prose narrative which was commonly current, though he thought the Pantheon, as a grave historical authority, more fit to be cited. The very first sentence, with its reference, ‘as seith the bok,’ is enough to indicate this, but a few more points may be mentioned here in which the story of the Pantheon differs from Gower and from the prose Historia Apollonii Tyrii. (1) Godfrey of Viterbo does not say what was the problem proposed by Antiochus, nor does he mention the period of thirty days. (2) He gives no details of the flight of Apollonius or of the mourning of his people, and he does not mention the incident of Taliart (or Thaliarchus). (3) The name Pentapolim is not introduced. (4) There is no mention in the Pantheon of the wooing of the daughter of Archistrates by three princes (or nobles) or of the bills which they wrote. (5) There is no mention of the nurse Lichorida being taken with Apollonius and his wife on shipboard, of the master of the ship insisting that the corpse should be thrown into the sea, or of the name of the physician, Cerimon. (6) The Pantheon says nothing of the vow of Apollonius in ll. 1301-1306. (7) The name Theophilus is not given. (8) There is no mention of the tomb of Thaise (or Tharsia) being shown to Apollonius. (9) In the Pantheon the punishment of Strangulio and Dionysia precedes the visit to Ephesus, and there is no mention of the dream which caused Apollonius to sail to Ephesus.

There are indeed some points in which Gower agrees with the Pantheon against the Historia, for example in making the princess ask for Apollonius as her teacher on the very night of the banquet instead of the next morning, and in representing that Apollonius went to his kingdom after leaving his daughter at Tharsis (cp. E. Klebs, Die Erzählung von Apollonius aus Tyrus, Berlin, 1899). Perhaps however the most marked correspondence is where Gower makes the wife of Apollonius ‘Abbesse’ of Diana’s temple (l. 1849), which is evidently from Godfrey’s line, ‘Sic apud Ephesios velut abbatissa moratur’: cp. also l. 1194 ‘warmed ofte.’ These are both among the later additions to the Pantheon, and apparently were overlooked by Singer and Klebs when they pronounced that Gower probably knew only the earlier redaction: cp. notes on vii. 2765, 4181.

The Latin prose narrative has been printed in Welseri Opera, ed. 1682, pp. 681-704, and also in the Teubner series (ed. Riese, 1871, 1893). It is a translation from a Greek original, as is sufficiently indicated by the Greek words that occur in it, and by the Greek customs which it refers to or presupposes. Gower agrees with it pretty closely, but the story is not improved in his hands. It loses, of course, the Greek characteristics of which we have spoken, and several of the incidents are related by Gower in a less effective manner than in the original. For example, in the scene near the beginning between Antiochus and Apollonius, the king asks, ‘Nosti nuptiarum conditionem?’ and the young man replies, ‘Novi et ad portam vidi,’ to which there is nothing corresponding in Gower.
Again, at a later stage of the story, when the three young nobles send in their proposals to the daughter of Archistrates, the original story makes her reply in a note which declares that she will marry only ‘the ship-wrecked man.’ The king innocently inquires of the three young men which of them has suffered shipwreck, and finally hands the note to Apollonius to see if he can make anything of it. This is much better managed than by Gower. On the other hand our author has done well in dispensing with the rudeness and boastfulness of Apollonius on the occasion when the king’s daughter plays the harp at the feast, and also in modifying the scenes at the brothel and excluding Athenagoras from taking part in them. The quotations given in the following notes are made from the Bodleian MS. Laud 247, a good copy of the twelfth century, which has a form of text more nearly corresponding to that which Gower used than that of any of the printed editions, and by means of which we can account for the names Thaise and Philotenne.

It can hardly be necessary to observe that the play of *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, had another source besides Gower, and especially as regards its fourth and fifth acts. Marina is waylaid while going to visit the tomb of her old nurse, as in the original story, the scene of the pirates agrees more nearly with the original than with Gower, Lysimachus plays a part very like that which Gower took away from Athenagoras, and the scene between Cleon and Dionyza (iv. 4) seems to be suggested by the original. The story was current in English prose, as is well known.

386. *And seileth*: cp. v. 3291 and note.

395. *he mosteth*, ‘that he might,’ ‘ut sibi liceret,’ a common use of the word in older English (see examples in Bosworth and Toller’s Dictionary).

405 ff. (margin). The riddle as given in the Laud MS. is, ‘Scelere uehor. Materna carne uescor. Quero patrem meum matris mee uirum uxoris mee filiam, nec inuenio.’ Most copies have ‘fratrem meum’ for ‘patrem meum,’ but Gower agrees with the Laud MS. I do not attempt a solution of it beyond that of Apollonius, which is, ‘Quod dixisti scelere uehor, non es mentitus, ad te ipsum respice. Et quod dixisti materna carne uescor, filiam tuam intueres.’

484. *the Staves*. For the spelling cp. ‘Jwes,’ v. 1713, 1808.

536. This is by no means in accordance with the original. Antiochus exclaims on hearing of the flight of Apollonius, ‘Fugere modo quidem potest, effugere autem quandoque me minime poterit,’ and at once issues an edict, ‘Quicunque mihi Apollonium contemptorem regni mei uium adduxerit, quinquaginta talenta auri a me dabuntur ei; qui uero caput eius mihi optulerit, talentorum c. receptor erit’ (f. 205 v°), and he causes search to be made after him both by land and sea. The change made by Gower is not a happy one, for it takes away the motive for the flight from Tarsus, where Apollonius heard of this proscription.
542 ff. In the original Apollonius meets ‘Hellanicus’ at once on landing, and is informed by him of the proscription. He makes an offer to Strangulio to sell his wheat at cost price to the citizens, if they will conceal his presence among them. The money which he receives as the price of the wheat is expended by him in public benefits to the state, and the citizens set up a statue of him standing in a two-horse chariot (biga), his right hand holding forth corn and his left foot resting upon a bushel measure.


624. ‘But with cable and cord broken asunder... the ship’ &c., past participle absolute, as ii. 791, viii. 1830.

640. *forto mole To gete aycin.* Apparently this means ‘to wish to get again,’ a meaning derived from the phrase ‘so mot I,’ &c., expressing a wish. The infinitive is very unusual. For the gerund with ‘to’ which follows it cp. ii. 510, vii. 437, where we have this construction with ‘mai,’ ‘mihte.’

679. The account in the original story is here considerably different. Gower did not understand the Greek customs. ‘Et dum cogitaret unde uite peteret auxilium, uidit puerum nudum per plateam currentem, oleo uinctum, precinctum sabana, ferentem ludos iuueniles ad gymnasio pertinentes, maxima uoce dicentem: Audite ciues, audite peregrini, liberi et ingenii, gymnasio patet. Apollonius hoc audito exuens se tribunario ingreditur lauacrum, utitur liquore pallelo; et dum exercentes singulos intueretur, parem sibi querit et non inuenit. Subito Arcestrates rex totius illius regionis cum turba famulorum ingressus est: dumque cum suis ad pile lusum exerceretur, uolente deo miscuit se Apollonius regi, et dum currenti sustulit pilam, subtili uelociitate percussam ludenti regi remisit’ &c. (f. 207 v°).

The story proceeds to say that the king, pleased with the skill of Apollonius in the game of ball, accepted his services at the bath, and was rubbed down by him in a very pleasing manner. The result was an invitation to supper.

Gower agrees here with the Pantheon in making the king a spectator only.

691. *Arcestrathes.* The name is Arcestrates in the Laud MS.

706. *lefte it noght,* ‘did not neglect it.’

720 f. ‘Ingressus Apollonius in triclinium, contra regem adsignato loco discubuit.’ Gower apparently sets him at the head of the second table. For ‘beginne’ cp. Cant. Tales, Prolog. 52, with Skeat’s note.

767 ff. In the original all applaud the performance of the king’s daughter except Apollonius, who being asked by the king why he alone kept silence, replied, ‘Bone rex, si permittis, dicam quod sentio: filia enim tua in artem musicam incidit, nam non didicit. Denique iube mihi tradi liram, et scies quod nescit’ (f. 208 v°). Gower has toned this down to courtesy.
782. 'ita stetit ut omnes discumbentes una cum rege non Apollonium sed Apollinem estimarent.'

866 ff. In the original this incident takes place when the king is in company with Apollonius. The king replies that his daughter has fallen ill from too much study, but he bids them each write his name and the sum of money which he is prepared to offer as dowry, and he sends the bills at once to the princess by the hand of Apollonius. She reads them, and then asks whether he is not sorry that she is going to be married. He says, 'Immo gratulor,' and she replies, 'Si amares, doleres.' Then she writes a note, saying that she wishes to have 'the shipwrecked man' as her husband, adding 'Si miraris, pater, quod pudica uirgo tam inprudenter scripserim, scitote quia quod pudore indicare non potui, per ceram manduai, que ruborem non habet.' The king having read the note asks the young men which of them has been shipwrecked. One claims the distinction, but is promptly exposed by his companions, and the king hands the note to Apollonius, saying that he can make nothing of it. Apollonius reads and blushes, and the king asks, 'Inuenisti naufragum?' To which he replies discreetly, 'Bone rex, si permittis, inueni.' The king at last understood, and dismissed the three young men, promising to send for them when they were wanted.

901 ff. 'cui si me non tradideris, amittis filiam tuam,' but this is afterwards, in a personal interview.

930 ff. There is no mention of the queen in the original. The king calls his friends together and announces the marriage. The description of the wedding, &c., ll. 952-974, is due to Gower.

1003 ff. In the original story it is here announced to Apollonius that he has been elected king in succession to Antiochus; but this was regarded by our author as an unnecessary complication.

1037 ff. The details of the description are due to our author.

1054 ff. So far as the original can be understood, it seems to say that the birth of the child was brought about by the storm and that the appearance of death in the mother took place afterwards, owing to a coagulation of the blood caused by the return of fair weather.

1059-1083. This is all Gower, except 1076 f.

1089 ff. Apparently the meaning is that the sea will necessarily cast a dead body up on the shore, and therefore they must throw it out of the ship, otherwise the ship itself will be cast ashore with it. The Latin says only, 'nauis mortuum non suffert: iube ergo corpus in pelago mitti' (f. 211 r').

1101. The punctuation is that of F.

1128. *tak in his mynde, 'let him take thought':* cp. v. 3573, and l. 1420 below.


1184 ff. In the original it is not Cerimon himself, but a young disciple of his, who discovers the signs of life and takes measures for restoring her. She has already been laid upon the pyre, and he by
carefully lighting the four corners of it (cp. l. 1192) succeeds in lique-fying the coagulated blood. Then he takes her in and warms her with wool steeped in hot oil.

1195. 'began' is singular, and the verbs 'hete,' 'flacke,' 'bete' are used intransitively: 'to flacke' means to flutter.

1219. 'In short, they speak of nothing': 'as for an ende' seems to mean the same as 'for end' or 'for an end' in later English: cp. New English Dictionary, 'end.'

1248. This daughter is apparently an invention of Gower's, who perhaps misread the original, 'adhibitis amicis filiam sibi adoptauit,' that is, he adopted her as his daughter.

1285. his In, 'his lodging,' in this case the house of Strangulio. Note the distinction made here by the capital letter between the substantive and the adverb: see Introduction, p. clix.

1293. whiche: note the plural, referring to Strangulio and his wife.

1295. The name here in the original is 'Tharsia,' given to her by her father's suggestion from the name of the city, Tharsus, where she was left; but the Laud MS. afterwards regularly calls her Thasia.

1311 ff. This is not in accordance with the Latin prose story. He is there represented as telling Strangulio that he does not care, now that he has lost his wife, either to accept the offered kingdom or to return to his father-in-law, but intends to lead the life of a merchant. Here the expression is 'ignotas et longinquas petens Egypti regiones.' On the other hand the Pantheon makes him proceed to his kingdom, apparently Antioch.

1337. Philotenne: the name in the Laud MS. is 'Philothemia,' but it is not distinguishable in writing from Philothenna. There is much variation as to this name in other copies.

1349 ff. Much is made in the original story of the death of this nurse and of the revelation which she made to Tharsia of her real parentage. Up to this time she had supposed herself to be the daughter of Strangulio. The nurse suspected some evil, and advised Tharsia, if her supposed parents dealt ill with her, to go and take hold of the statue of her father in the market-place and appeal to the citizens for help. After her death Tharsia visited her tomb by the sea-shore every day, 'et ibi manès parentum suorum inuocabat.' Here Theophilus lay in wait for her by order of Dionysiades.

1374. cherles. This is the reading of the best copies of each recension: cp. 'lyves' for 'livissh' i.e. living, 'worldes' for 'worldly,' 'dethes' for 'dedly,' iii. 2657, iv. 382, &c.

1376. what sche scholde, that is, what should become of her.

1391. Scomerfare. The first part of this word must be the French 'escumerie,' meaning piracy: see Du Cange under 'escumator,' e.g. 'des compagnons du pays de Breaigne, qui étaient venuz d'Escu-merie.'

1393. and he to go, that is, 'and he proceeded to go,' a kind of historic infinitive: cp. Chaucer, Troilus, ii. 1108, 'And she to laughe,'
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Leg. of Good Women, 653 'And al his folk to go.' (In Piers Plowman, A. Prol. 33, 'And somme murthes to make,' quoted by Mätzner, it is more probable that 'to make' is dependent on 'chosen.') In addition to these instances we have the repeated use of 'to ga' in Barbour's Bruce, e.g. viii. 251, ix. 263, which is much more probably to be explained in this way than as a compound verb. Cp. Skeat's Chaucer, vol. vi. p. 403, with C. Stoffel's note on Troilus, ii. 1108, which is there quoted.

1410. The Laud MS. has 'leno leoninus nomine,' but many copies give no name.

1420. Lei down, 'let him lay down': cp. l. 1128.

1423. There is an interesting touch in the original here which would not be intelligible to Gower. When Tharsia is led into the house, the character of which she does not know, she is bidden to do reverence to a statue of Priapus which stands in the entrance hall. She asks her master whether he is a native of Lampsacus, and he explains to her that his interest in this matter is not local but professional.

1424 ff. There is much in the original about the visit of Athenagoras and of other persons, who are successively so far overcome by the tears and entreaties of Tarsia, as not only to spare her but to give her large sums of money, while at the same time they make a jest both of themselves and of one another for doing so.

1431 f. The rhyme is saved from being an identical one by the adverbial use of 'weie' in the second line, 'mi weie' being equivalent to 'aweie.'

1513. In the original she is reproached by her husband for the deed, and this is the case in the play of Pericles also.

1518. of record, 'of good repute.'

1534 f. Cp. Pericles, iv. 4, 'The fairest, sweetest, best lies here,' but the rest of the epitaph compares unfavourably with Gower's.

1567 ff. Here we have a curious lapse on the part of our author. He represents that the king had no sooner held his parliament and celebrated the sacrifice in memory of his wife, than he began to prepare for his voyage to Tharsis. The story requires however that at least fourteen years should elapse, and this, according to the original narrative, has been spent by Apollonius in travelling about as a merchant, a matter of which Gower says nothing. Probably the Pantheon, which is not very clear on the matter, is responsible for the oversight.

1587. 'For she is continually changing with regard to him.'

1617. besihe, 'attended to.' The use of this verb was not very common in Gower's time except in the participle 'besieie,' 'besein.' The verb means (1) look, see, (2) look to, attend to, (3) provide, arrange: hence the participle is quite naturally used in the sense of 'furnished,' 'provided,' and we have 'unbesiein of,' l. 153, for 'unprovided with.' It is usually explained by reference to its first sense, as having regard necessarily to appearance. 'Appearing in respect of
dress, &c. 'Appearing as to accomplishments, furnished' (so *New English Dictionary*), but it is more natural to take these meanings of the participle as from senses (2) (3) of the verb. It is doubtful whether even the phrase 'well besein' used of personal appearance means anything but 'well furnished.'

1636. *fordrive*, 'driven about' by storms, actually and metaphorically.

1670 ff. Her song is given in the original; it is rather pretty, but very much corrupted in the manuscripts. It begins thus,

'Per sordes gradior, sed sordis conscia non sum,
Ut rosa in spinis nescit murcrone perire,' &c.

1681 ff. Several of her riddles are given in the original story and he succeeds in answering them all at once. One is this,

'Longa feror uelox formose filia silue,
Innumeris pariter comitum stipata caternis:
Curro uias multas, vestigia nulla relinquens.'

The answer is 'Nauis.'

She finally falls on his neck and embraces him, upon which he kicks her severely. She begins to lament, and incidentally lets him know her story. The suggestion contained in ll. 1762 ff., of the mysterious influence of kinship, is Gower's own, and we find the same idea in the tale of Constance, ii. 1381 f.,

'This child he loveth kindely,
And yit he wot no cause why.'

1830. 'And all other business having been left': cp. ii. 791.

1890. *With topseilcole*: cp. v. 3119,

'Bot evene topseilcole it blew.'

The word 'topseilcole' (written as one word in the best copies of each recension) does not seem to occur except in these two passages. It is evidently a technical term of the sea, and in both these passages it is used in connexion with a favourable wind. Morley quotes from Godefroy a use of the word 'cole' in French in a nautical sense, 'Se mistre rent en barges et alerent aux salandres, et en prisrent les xvii, et l'une eschapa, qui estoit a la cole.' Unfortunately, however, it is uncertain what this means. The vessels in question were in port when they were attacked, and therefore 'a la cole' might reasonably mean with sails (or topsails) set, and so ready to start. A topsail breeze would be one which was fairly strong, but not too strong to allow of sailing under topsails, and this is rather the idea suggested by the two passages in Gower.

It should be noted that in F and in some other MSS. there is a stop after the word 'topseilcole.'

1948. *forto honge and drawe*: the verbs are transitive, 'that men should hang and draw them' (i.e. pluck out their bowels).
1983. This must mean apparently 'They had no need to take in a reef.' The use of 'slake' with this meaning does not seem quite appropriate, but a sail or part of a sail is slackened in a certain sense when it is taken in, seeing that it is no longer subject to the pressure of the wind.

2055. leng the lasse: cp. iii. 71, 'the leng the ferre.' This form of the comparative is usual in such phrases, as Chaucer, Cant. Tales, A 3872, 'That ilke fruit is ever leng the wers,' and perhaps also E 687, F 404, Compl. unto Pite, 95, where the MSS. gives 'lenger.' The form 'leng' is the original comparative adverb of 'long.'

2077. toward Venus: cp. v. 6757. Here it means 'on the side of Venus.'

2095. sett, imperative, like 'set case,' i.e. 'suppose that.' The reading 'sith' is certainly wrong.

2113. his oghne dom. The word 'dom' is used here in special reference to 'kingdom' in the line above. 'Every man has a royal rule to exercise, that is the rule over himself,'

2124 f. 'When he has not kept possession for himself of his own heart.'

2165. And felt it: we have here the elision-apocope in the case of a preterite subjunctive.

2194. hath nothing set therby, 'accounted it as nothing.'

2198. withholde, 'kept' (in service).

2212 f. Cp. iii. 298, Vox Clam. ii. 1.

2217 ff. This 'Supplication' is a finished and successful composition in its way, and it may make us desire that our author had written more of the same kind. The poem In Praise of Peace, which is written in the same metre and stanza, is too much on a political subject to give scope for poetical fancy. The nearest parallel in style is to be found in some of the author's French Balades.

2245. Whom nedeth help, 'He to whom help is needful': cp. Prol. 860, i. 2446.


2260. Danger: see note on i. 2443.

2288. Cp. i. 143 ff.

2312. a Mile: cp. iv. 689. It means apparently the time that it takes to go a mile: cp. Chaucer, Astrol. i. 16, 'five of these degrees make a milewey and thre milewey maken an houre.'

2319. a game, for 'agame': cp. Chaucer, Troilus, iii. 636, 648. More usually 'in game,' as l. 2871.

2341. fuloste hath pleigned: as for example in the Planctus Naturae of Alanus de Insulis.

2365. 'And I will consider the matter': practically equivalent to a refusal of the petition, as in the form 'Le Roy s'avisera.'

2367. is nght to sike, 'is not wanting': cp. i. 924, ii. 44, &c.

2378. 'In no security, but as men draw the chances of Ragman.'
To understand this it is necessary to refer to compositions such as we find in the Bodleian MSS., Fairfax 16, and Bodley 638, under the name of 'Ragman (or Ragmans) Rolle.' The particular specimen contained in these MSS. begins thus:

'My ladies and my maistresses echone,  
Lyke hit unto your humble wommanhede,  
Resave in gre of my sympill persone  
This rolle, which withouten any drede  
Kynge Ragman me bad [me] sowe in brede,  
And cristyned yt the merour of your chaunce,  
Drawith a stryngye and that shal streight yow lede  
Unto the verry path of your governaunce.'

After two more stanzas about the uncertainty of Fortune and the chances of drawing well or ill, there follows a disconnected series of twenty-two more, each giving a description of the personal appearance and character of a woman, in some cases complimentary and in others very much the reverse, usually in the form of an address to the lady herself, e.g.

'A smal conceyt may ryght enogh suffyse  
Of your beaute discripcon for to make;  
For at on word ther kan no wyght devyse  
Oon that therof hath lasse, I undertake,' &c.

Apparently these stanzas are to be drawn for and then read out in order as they come, for the game ends with the last,

'And sythen ye be so jocunde and so good,  
And in the rolle last as in wrytynge,  
I rede that this game ende in your hood.'

Evidently the same kind of game might be played by men with a view to their mistresses. It is much the same thing as the 'Chaunces of the Dyse,' where each stanza is connected with a certain throw made with three dice: cp. note on iv. 2792. The name 'Ragman Rolle' seems to be due to the disconnected character of the composition.

2407. **olde grisel**; cp. **Chaucer, To Scogan, 35**: 'grisel' means grey horse.

2415. **upon the fet**, that is, when the time comes for action. The rhyme with 'retret' shows that this is not the plural of 'fot': moreover, that is elsewhere regularly spelt 'feet' by Gower.

2428. **sitte** for 'sit': cp. Introduction, p. cxiv.

2435. **torned into was**: the verb used as a substantive, cp. vi. 923.

2450ff. The situation here has some resemblance to that in the Prologue of the **Legend of Good Women**, where the author has a vision of the god of Love coming to him in a meadow, as he lies worshipping the daisy, accompanied by queen Alcestis, and followed first by the nineteen ladies of the Legend, and then by a vast multitude of other

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women who had been true in love. The differences, however, are considerable. Here we have Venus and Cupid, the latter armed with a bow and blind (whereas Chaucer gives him two fiery darts and his eyesight), with two companies of lovers, both men and women, marshalled by Youth and Eld as leaders; and the colloquy with the poet has for its result to dismiss him with wounds healed from Love’s service, as one who has earned his discharge, while in the case of Chaucer it is a question of imposing penance for transgressions in the past and of enlisting him for the future as the servant of Love. The conception of the god of Love appearing with a company of true lovers in attendance may be regarded as the common property of the poets of the time, and so also was the controversy between the flower and the leaf (l. 2468), which Chaucer introduces as a thing familiar already to his readers. If our author had any particular model before him, it may quite as well have been the description in Froissart’s Paradyss d’Amours (ed. Scheler, i. 29 f.):

'Lors regardai en une lande,
Si vi une compagne grande
De dames et de damoiselles
Frîches et jolies et belles,
Et grant foison de damoiseaux
Jolîs et amoureus et beaus.

"Dame," di je, "puis je sçavoir
Qui sont ceuls que puis la veoir?"
"Ofl," dit ma dame de pris;
"Troillus y est et Paris,
Qui furent fil au roi Priant,
Et cesti que tu vois riant,
C’est Laiscelos tout pour certain," &c.

and she proceeds to enumerate the rest, including Tristram and Yseult, Percival, Galehaus, Meliador and Gawain, Helen, Hero, Polyxena, and Medea with Jason.

I do not doubt that Gower may have seen the Legend of Good Women, but it was not much his practice to borrow from contemporary poets of his own country, however free he might make with the literature of former times or of foreign lands.

2461. who was who: cp. vii. 2001.
2470. the new guise of Beawme, that is, the new fashions of dress, &c., introduced from Bohemia by the marriage of Richard II in 1382.
2500 f. which was believed With bele Ysolde, ‘who was accepted as a lover by Belle Isolde.’ Apparently ‘believed’ is here used in the primary sense of the verb, from which we have ‘lief.’ For the use of ‘with’ cp. l. 2553. We may note here that the spelling ‘believe’ is regular in Gower, ‘ie’ representing ‘ë.’
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2502. Galahot, i.e. Galahalt, called by Mallory 'the haut prince.'

2504 ff. It may be noted that several of the lovers in the company of Youth are impenitent in their former faithlessness, as Jason, Hercules and Theseus, while Medea, Deianira and Ariadne are left to complain by themselves. Troilus has recovered Cressida, if only for a time. It is hard to say why Pyramus failed of Thisbe's company, unless indeed she were unable to pardon his lateness (cp. 2582).


2553. with Enee: cp. vii. 3359 and l. 2501.

2573 ff. It is likely enough that this idea of Cleopatra's death may have been a reminiscence of the Legend of Good Women, 696 ff. Chaucer apparently got it from some such account as that quoted by Vincent of Beauvais from Hugh of Fleury, 'in mausoleum odoribus referturn iuxta suum se collocavit Antonium. Deinde admotis sibi serpentibus morte sopita est.' From this to the idea of a grave full of serpents would not be a difficult step.

2582. Wo worthe: cp. l. 1334.

2663. I take 'lay' to mean 'law,' i.e. the arrangement of his company.


2705 ff. An allusion to some such story as we have in the 'Lay d'Aristote' (Méon et Barbazan, iii. p. 96).

2713. The punctuation follows F.

2714 ff. This refers to the well-known story of Virgil and the daughter of the Emperor, who left him suspended in a box from her window.

2718. Sortes. It is impossible that this can be for 'Socrates,' with whose name Gower was quite well acquainted. Perhaps it stands for the well-known 'Sortes Sanctorum' (Virgilianae, &c.), personified here as a magician, and even figuring, in company with Virgil and the rest, as an elderly lover.

2799. Cp. l. 143 ff.

2823. syhe, subj., 'should see.'

2828. deface: apparently intransitive, 'suffer defacement': cp. iv. 2844.

2833. Outwith, 'outwardly': so 'inwith' often for 'within,' 'inwardly.' Dr. Murray refers me to Orm. i. 165, 'utenn wiþ,' and Hampole, Prick of Conscience, 6669, 'outwith.' The best MSS. have a stop after 'Outwith.'

2904. A Peire of Bedes: the usual expression for a rosary: cp. Cant. Tales, Proli. 158 f.,

'Of smal coral aboute hire arm she bar
A peire of bedes gauded al with grene.'

2926 f. That is the Speculum Hominis and the Vox Clamantis.

2931. perrable. The best MSS. have this, and it is obviously suitable to the sense: 'Do not pursue when the game cannot be caught.' From 'prendre' Gower uses 'pernons,' 'pernetz,' &c., in the Mirour.
2938. At this point begins a new hand in F, and for the rest of this leaf (f. 184) the text is written over an erasure (ll. 2938-2966). A note is written opposite l. 2938 for the guidance of the scribe, 'now haue &c.' It may be noted that l. 2940 has a coloured initial A as for the beginning of a paragraph, and this apparently belongs to the original writing, whereas in the first recension MSS. the paragraph begins at l. 2941. The next leaf (f. 185) is a substituted one, and the text is written still in the same hand.

The orthography of the new hand, in which ll. 2938-3146 are written, differs in some respects from the standard spelling which we have in the rest of the manuscript. The chief points of difference are as follows:

(1) -id (-yd) termination almost always in the past participle, as enclosid, turnyd, beholpid, blessid (but sterred), iy frequently in the 3rd pers. sing. of verbs, belongid, seruid, causid (but secheb, seueb), and -in (-yn) in 3rd pers. pl., as takyn, sechin, hierin, schuldyn (also to lokyn). (2) -is (-ys) in the genit. sing. and in the plural of substantives, as londis, manmys, bedis, lawis, wordis (but binges, myghtes). (3) -ir (-yr) termination, as aftir, ouyr, wondir (but siker). (4) y for i (I) in many cases, especially as the pronoun of the first person (once I), also ys (sometimes), hym, wipynne. (5) gh for h in such words as sigh, sighte, myghte, knyghthode. (6) ou for o in nought, brought, houghte, &c. (7) consonants doubled in upon and vowels in maad (also mad), book, goon. (8) separation of words, as in to, un to, hym self, per fore, per upon, wher of, wip outen.

It may be observed that something of the same tendency is observable at this point in the Stafford MS., but the differences appear in a much less marked manner, and chiefly in the terminations -id, -ib, -is, -ir. S does not give y for I, ys for is, nor myghte, sigh, nought, oughte, upon, per fore, &c.

2974 (margin). orat pro statu regni. This marks exactly the stage reached in the second of the three versions which we have of Gower's account of his own works (p. 480), 'vbi pro statu regni compositor deuocius exorat.' The first completely excuses and the third utterly condemns the king, but the second makes no mention of him either

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2955 *. his testament of love. There is no reason to suppose that this is a reference to any particular work which Gower may have known that Chaucer had in hand. It may be a general suggestion that Chaucer should before his death compose some further work on love, which should serve as his last testimony (or last will and testament) on the subject, as the shift of the present poem was our author's leave-taking. To assume that the poem referred to must be the Legend of Good Women, and to argue from this that the Confessio Amantis was written before the Legend was given to the public, would be very rash. It is not likely that Usk's Testament of Love was known to Gower when he wrote this.
for praise or blame, and that is the line taken in this form of the epilogue.

3012. maintenance, that is, 'maintenance' of quarrels by the lords on behalf of their followers: cp. Mirour, 23732 ff., where the same subject is dealt with.

3081. both: see Introd. p. cxiv: but it is the reading of F only.

3114. curiosite, 'artful workmanship': cp. Chaucer, Compleinte of Venus, 81.

3147. Here, at the beginning of f. 186, the hand in F changes again and the rest of the manuscript, including the Traitié, the Latin poems and the author's account of his books, is written in the hand which we have in the first leaf of the Prologue.

Explicit, 5 f. The following copies of the first recension contain these last two lines, XERB3Cath. Of the rest MHIYGODAr.Ash. are imperfect at the end, N2 omits the Explicit altogether, and I have no note as regards this point about AdP:Q. Of the seven which I note as having the 'Explicit' in four lines only, three are of the revised and four of the unrevised group. All copies of the second and third recensions have the last two lines, except of course those that are imperfect here.

Quam cinxere freta, &c. The 'philosopher' who was the author of this epistle is no doubt responsible also for the lines 'Eneidos, Bucolis, &c. (printed in the Roxb. ed. of the Vox Clamantis, p. 427), in which our author is compared to Virgil, the chief difference being that whereas Virgil had achieved fame in one language only, Gower had distinguished himself in three. The writer in that case also is 'quidam philosophus' (not 'quidam Philippus,' as he is called in the printed

2991*. This quality of mercy, for which Richard is especially praised, seems to have been precisely the point in which he was afterwards most found wanting by our author, so that he finally earns the title of 'crudelissimus rex.' Matters had not gone so far as this when the second form of epilogue was substituted, in which these praises were simply omitted. Gower was then (in the fourteenth year of the reign) in a state of suspended judgement, expressed by the 'orat pro statu regni' of 2974 (margin). The subsequent events, and especially the treatment of the duke of Gloucester and his friends, finally decided his opinions and his allegiance, as we may see in the Cronica Tripertita.

3054* ff. See Prol. 83* ff.

3102*. no contretaille, 'no retribution' afterwards: cp. Traitié, vii. 3, 'De son mesfait porta le contretaille.'

3104*. That is, it tends rather to set us free from evil consequences than to bring them upon us.
copy), and I suspect that he was the ‘philosophical Strode’ who is coupled with Gower in the dedication of *Troilus*.

3. ‘tibi’ belongs to the next line, ‘siue satirus Poeta’ being taken together.

*Quia vnusquisque, &c.* The form here given is found in no manuscript of the *Confessio Amantis* except F and H₂ (copied from F), though some other third recension copies, as W and K, may probably have contained it. We have it, however, also in two manuscripts of the *Vox Clamantis*, the All Souls copy and that in the Hunterian Library at Glasgow.

It should be noted that whereas the first recension manuscripts regularly contain the Latin account of the author’s three books in immediate connexion with the *Confessio Amantis*, in the second recension it is made to follow the *Traité*, and SA, which do not contain the *Traité*, omit this also, while in F it comes later still, following the Latin *Carmen de multiplici viciorum pestilencia*. Thus the form which we have in F must be regarded as later than the accompanying text of the *Confessio Amantis*, from which it is separated in the MS. both by position and handwriting, and the words ‘ab alto corruens in foueam quam fecit finaliter proiectus est’ seem to indicate that it was written after the deposition of Richard II.

11 ff. ‘Speculum hominis’ in all copies of the first recension. ‘Speculum meditantis’ over an erasure in the Glasgow MS. of the *Vox Clamantis*.

25 ff. Note the omission here (of nine words which are necessary to the sense) in every first recension copy except J. Similarly below all except J have ‘finem’ for ‘sentencie,’ obviously from a mistaken reading of a contraction (‘fiē’). These must be original errors, only removed by later revision, the first no doubt due to dropping a line.

**IN PRAISE OF PEACE.**

The text of this poem is taken from the manuscript at Trentham Hall belonging to the Duke of Sutherland, which contains also the *Cinkante Balades*. Of this book a full description has been given in the Introduction to Gower’s French Works, pp. lxxix ff. The present poem is the first piece in the book (ff. 5-10 v°), and is written in the same hand as the *Balades* and *Traité*, a hand which resembles that which appears in ff. 184, 185 of the Fairfax MS., though I should hesitate to say positively that it is the same. Evidently, however, the manuscript is contemporary with the author, and it gives us an excellent text of the poem. The date of its composition is doubtless the first year of king Henry IV, for the manuscript which contains it ends with some Latin lines (added in a different hand), in which the author
speaks of himself as having become blind in the first year of king Henry IV and having entirely ceased to write in consequence of this.

As a composition it is not without some merit. The style is dignified, and the author handles his verse in a craftsmanlike manner, combining a straightforward simplicity of language with a smooth flow of metre and a well-balanced stanza, the verse being preserved from monotony by variety of pause and caesura. Some stanzas are really impressive, as those which begin with ll. 99, 127, 148. The divisions of the poem, indicated in the MS. by larger coloured initials, have hitherto escaped the notice of editors.

The poem was printed first in the collected edition of Chaucer's Works, 1532, commonly called Thynne's edition (ff. 375 v°-378), and reprinted from this in the succeeding folio editions of Chaucer (e.g. 1561, f. 330 v°, 1598, f. 330 v°, 1602, f. 314). There was no attempt made in any of these to ascribe its authorship to Chaucer, Gower's name being always given as the author. It has been published also by J. Wright in his Political Poems and Songs (Rolls' Series), the text being taken from the Trentham MS., and it has been included by Prof. Skeat in his interesting collection of poems which have been printed with Chaucer's works (Chaucerian and other Pieces, pp. 205-216).

Thynne followed a manuscript which gave a fair text, but one much inferior to that of the Trentham copy, both in material correctness and in spelling, e. g.

'Kyng Salomon whiche had at his askynge
Of god | what thyng him was leuest craue
He chase wysedom vnto gowernyng
Of goddes folke | the whiche he wolde saue
And as he chase it fyl him for to haue
For through his wytte whyle y' his regine last
He gate him peace and rest in to his last'

All the material variations of Thynne are given in the critical notes, but not his differences of spelling. Wright's text is not to be trusted as a reproduction of the Trentham MS. He made several serious mistakes in copying from or collating it, and he has a good many trifling inaccuracies of spelling. The following are his worst errors:

1. 3 om. this 16 the for thi 71 To stere peace (following Thynne) 108 om. doth tofalle for to falle 136 than for that 173 But afterwards 202 om. worthi 211 any for a 246 [good] seeming to imply that it is not in the MS. 263 Which heliples 278 reserved for deserved 289 man for king 292 [up] 306 begete for be gete 356 Resteined for Resceived 363 deleated for debated 382 sese for see. In addition to these rather gross blunders, he has about a hundred smaller deviations from the manuscript which he professes to follow, as, for example, 7 for to for forto (and so afterwards) 16 him self for himself (and so afterwards)
IN PRAISE OF PEACE

19 But 27 request for requeste 39 might for myht 56 shal for schal 83 lefte for left 84 not for noght 90 charitie for charite 98 Both for Bothe 102 gone for goon nyght for nyght 110 dothe 112 I 120 Crists 155 fulfilled 172 wile 194 destroyed 219 made 254 FIrst chirche her sif 260 sick 280 life 287 made an end 319 found 355 Which 382 meschiefe and a good many more. He also omits in a very misleading manner the last lines of the rubric which follows the poem, ‘Et nunc sequitur epistola’ &c., as well as the ‘epistle’ itself, ‘Rex celi deus’; and he makes it appear that the lines ‘Henrici quarti’ &c. follow at once, whereas they are at the end of the MS. and in a different hand.

I think it worth while to specify these instances because Wright’s edition has been accepted by Prof. Skeat as an accurate reproduction of a manuscript which is not generally accessible, and if no notice were taken here of the readings given by Wright, it would still remain in doubt whether he or I represented the text more correctly. Especially in the cases where Wright has bracketed a word as not occurring in the manuscript, it might be supposed that his positive testimony was to be preferred.

Prof. Skeat has based his text on Thynne, making such alterations of spelling as seemed to him suitable, and giving the variants of Wright’s edition as those of the Trentham MS. Misled by Wright, he has accepted in his text the readings ‘reserved’ in l. 278, and ‘cese’ in l. 382.

The text given by the Trentham MS. is apparently quite free from material error, except as regards the word erased in l. 71, and the points of spelling which require correction are very few in number. The orthography is not quite in accordance with the standard spelling of the Fairfax and Stafford MSS., and in some respects resembles that of the third hand of F, on which we have commented in the note on Confessio Amantis, viii. 2938. Here however there is only a slight tendency to use i for e in weak terminations. We have distourbid 153, vndefindid: amendid 223 f., handlid 321, soefrin 222, fotwip 23, goddis 32, 84, manmys 237, but elsewhere almost always the usual forms, as affermed, cared, gouverned, aken, ledch, londes, mannes. On the other hand the -ir termination is used almost regularly, as vndir, wondir, afir, modir (but vnder 286), and there is a tendency also to substitute i for e in other places also, as first, chirche (also fIrst, cherche), worche, ride (348), proprite, but here for hire 108, 329, cp. 254. For I (pers. pronoun) we have regularly y; gh usually for h in such words as right, myghti, knyght, light, hight, stigh, but also riht, rihtwisnesse, knyht; vppon for vpon, schulde but also scholde. In addition to these points we may note the dropping of -e several times in euer, neuer, which hardly ever occurs in the Fairfax MS., and also in heuen 79, but we have also eure, neuere, heuene. The -e of the weak preterite form is dropped before a vowel in myht 39, behight 41,
had 42, mad 103, 345: -e is inserted in some imperatives, as Leie 122, sette 124, Lete 129, putte 130, henke 162, Beholde 276 (but let 158, Kep 367, 384, drangh 384). As regards the use of b and 3 the Trentham MS. agrees with F.

There is no title in the manuscript, and Prof. Skeat calls the poem 'The Praise of Peace,' a title suggested by Mr. E. W. B. Nicholson. I have adopted a modification of this, 'To King Henry the Fourth in Praise of Peace,' expressing also the substance of that given by Thynne.

8 ff. The threefold claim of Henry IV is given in this stanza, as in Chaucer's well-known Envoy, but the 'conquest' is here represented as a divine sanction.

50. a place, 'into place': cp. Conf. Amantis, v. 735, 'Hou suche goddes come aplase.'


55. what afterward betide, 'whatever may happen afterwards.'

71. The first word of the line is erased in the manuscript, only the initial S being left, with a space for five or six letters after it. The word which is suggested in the text is perhaps as likely as any other: for the form of it cp. 'Maintene,' l. 385. Thynne's reading, 'To stere peace,' looks like a lame attempt on the part of a copyist to fill the gap.


89. I write regularly 'evere' 'nevere' in accordance with Gower's practice: so 126, 127, 148, 241, 301, 350, 365.

90. alle charite. The MS. has 'al charite,' but the metre and the grammatical usage both require 'alle,' as in l. 293 and elsewhere.


113. Conf. Amantis, iii. 2294 f.


121. 'Whose faith thou hast partly to guide,'

122. I correct the imperative form 'Leie,' and also 'sette' 124, 'Lete' 129, 'putte' 130, 'thenke' 162, 'Beholde' 276, as contrary to Gower's practice and in several cases disturbing the metre.

150. Strictly speaking, we ought to have the subjunctive, 'undirstode,' but the rhyme will not allow.

155. So Proli. 88 f.,

'The hyhe god him hath proclaimed
Ful of knythode and alle grace.'

157 f. 'Peace with honour' was a favourite thought of Gower's, 'pax et honor' in the Vox Clamantis, vii. 1415.

174. 'On earth peace, goodwill towards men.'

177 ff. 'Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you.'

204. 'waited,' 'attended to.'

236 ff. 'nevertheless the law stands so reasonably established by man's wit, that they can stand firm without that' (i.e. without the help of the Church).

266. Cp. Prol. 795, 'The comun ryht hath no felawe,' that is, none to take its part.

278 f. deserved To him. The reading is right. It means 'earned by service rendered to him': cp. Conf. Amantis, iv. 3577, 'Thogh I no deth to the deserve.'

281 ff. For the nine worthies see Caxton's Preface to Mallory's Morte d'Arthur.

295 f. The question of winning a 'chase' at tennis is not one which is decided at once by the stroke that is made, but depends on later developments.


345. at al, 'altogether.'

354. the lieve of lothe, 'they who were now loved but had before been hated' (by God).

356. I read 'weren' for the metre. However the case may be with Chaucer, there is no instance elsewhere in Gower of elision prevented by caesura. The cases that have been quoted are all founded on misreadings.


379. of pes, 'with regard to peace.'

382. see the werre, that is, 'look to the war': cp. ll. 137, 144, 281 ff. The reading 'sese' was invented by Wright.

Rex Celi Deus, &c. This piece is to a great extent an adaptation of the original version of Vox Clamantis, vi. cap. 18, as it stands in the Digby MS. The first eight lines are identically the same. Then follows in the Vox Clamantis,

'Ipse meum iuuenem consueret supplico Regem,' &c.

Of the remainder, as we have it here, ll. 25 f., 31-33, 36-39, 41 f., 45-48 correspond with slight variations to lines in the Vox Clamantis version, but the arrangement of them is different.

10. Te que tuum regnum, 'Thee and thy kingdom,' a quite common position of 'que' in Gower's Latin. So below, ll. 49, 50, 53, and often elsewhere.

GLOSSARY
AND
INDEX OF PROPER NAMES

The general resemblance between Gower and Chaucer in the matter of language makes a comparison of their English vocabularies almost a matter of course. Chaucer's word-list is naturally much more extensive than Gower's, not only on account of the superior genius of the writer, but also because of the greater extent and variety of his work, Gower's English work being less than half of Chaucer's in amount, and consisting of verse only, while nearly a fourth part of Chaucer's is prose. We find, however, that Gower has more than six hundred words which are not used by Chaucer. Most of these are comparatively new formations from French or Latin, but there is also among them a fair sprinkling of old-established English words, some of which no doubt were falling into disuse. Such words are, for example: adryh, aghte, anele, areeche, areeche, aree v., bejete, bysne, eldemoder, enderday, ferke, foizifte, forlie, forworjte, frede, zeme, gladship, goodschip, grede (gradde), grij, heveneriche, kingsrische, lere (= loss), lich (= corpse), metrede, miele, mone (3), null, orf, orped, Rowe v. (= dawn), sawht, skiere, spire v., spousebreche, jarnes, tome s., tote, tyh (pret.), tyt adv., wow, yhte.

Of the rest the following (among others) are words for which no authority earlier than Gower is cited in the New English Dictionary (A—I): those for which Gower is the sole authority are printed in italics.

abche, abolste, abord, abroche adv., accidente, agrope, altemetrie, apostazied, apparantie, approbacion, artificier, aspierament, assignement, assobre, assote v., asstraied, attempte v., attitlet, avant adv., avantage, babe, baldemoine, balke v., baske, bass adj. (‘base’), bedawe, bederke, befole (‘befool’), belwinge, bethrowe, bewympted, bienvenue, bombard, brothell, byrgantaille, calculacion. calipe, carte (= writing), chacable, chace (at tennis), chance v., chevance, circumference, client, coise, cokard, cokerie (‘cookery’), compense, conclave, concordable, congelation, congruite, contempest, contourbe, courbe s. and adj., decas, deificacion, delaitement, delate (= dilate), deapos s., descelos adj., descelose v., desobeie, desobeissance, dispers, distillation, doubtif, drunkenship, dunistre, effeminit adj., eloquent, enbroderie (‘embroidery’), enclın, encluyed, encourtined, enfile, enheritance, ensamplerie, entendable, entendance, entendant, epitaphe, esmaie, espeir, espleit (‘exploit’), exalacion, excessif, excitacioun, excusement, expectant, faie adj., fieverous, fixacioun, flacke, folhaste, folhasist, foracche, forge s., forstommed, forsueie, forthere (= furtherer), froise, gaignage, gamme, genitals, godward, gule, hepe (= hook), heraldie, hovedance, injustice, interruption, intersticion, inthronize.

Of these nearly half are used in the English of the present day.
For the remainder of the alphabet I content myself with calling attention to the following, without venturing on any statement about their earlier use:

justification, liberal, liberalite, lien (= bond), lugge, mathematique, matrone, mechanique, mecherie, menable, mineral, moevement, multitude, oblivien, obstinacie, occupation, original, passible, perjurie, philliberd (= filbert), piersies, pilage, pleunitif adj., pointure, porte (= porthole), preparacion, presage, preserve, proclame, prophetesse, providence, purefie, raile s., recepcion, recreacion, relation, renouncie, reptil, resembled, restauratif, reveleen, riff (= reef of a sail), sale, salvage, scharnebud, scisme, sculpture, scintefie, solucion, specifie, sprantlen, spume. stacion, studious, substitution, supplante, supporte, temp真正的, tenetz (= tennis), terremote, tonsure, transpose, trompette.

In matters of vocabulary my obligations are first and principally to the New English Dictionary, then to Prof. Skeat's Chaucer Glossary, to Stratmann's Middle Eng. Dictionary (ed. Bradley), and to Halliwell's Dictionary of Archaisms. With reference especially to Gower I may mention the dissertation by G. Tiete (Bres'laü, 1889).

The following Glossary is meant to include all the words used in Gower's English Works, with their various forms of spelling and (where necessary) of inflexion, accompanied with such references as are required for verification of the forms given and for illustration of the different uses and meanings of the words. As a rule, when a word occurs more than once, at least two references are given, but this statement does not apply to inflexional forms. If a word presents any difficulty or is used in a variety of meanings, the number of references is proportionally increased. A complete set of references is given for proper names.

The Confessio Amantis is referred to by P., i, ii, iii, &c., P. standing for the Prologue, and the Roman numerals for the successive books. PP. stands for the poem In Praise of Peace. Word-forms which are not found in the Fairfax MS., or only in the latter part of it, which is written by a different hand, are sometimes enclosed in parentheses. These are also used occasionally to indicate variation of spelling: thus dissonencioun (-on) means that the word is spelt either with ‘-oun’ or ‘-on’ termination, wher(e) indicates that ‘wher’ and ‘where’ are alternative forms. In all cases where ‘y’ is used to represent ‘3’, that fact is indicated by ‘3(3)’ placed after the word when it occurs in its place, as beyete(3)

The grammatical abbreviations are, s. substantive, a. adjective, v. verb, v. a. verb active, v. n. verb neuter, v. a. n. verb active and neuter, 3 s. pres. 3rd person singular present tense, pret. past tense, pp. past participle, def. definite form of adjective, &c.

In many cases an explanation is given of the meaning of words for the convenience of readers, but no discussion as to their meaning or origin is admitted in the Glossary.

A.

a, interj. iv. 3622, see ha.
a, an, indef. art. P. 18, 350, (=one) ii. 1169, 1261.
a (=-Fr. à), in a dieu, a fin, see adieu, afyn.
a, in a day, a doun, a ferr, a game, a goddeshalfe, a morwe, a nyht, a place, a sounye, see dai, doun, ferr, &c.
Aaron, P. 437; ii. 3047.
abaissthe, abayssht,报业. iv. 1330, vi. 2329.
abak, adv. iii. 481, vii. 4363, back.
abandon, abandonne, v. a. P. 766, ii. 1596, 2772, v. 5378, viii. 1834, let go, give up, devote.
abate, v. a. ii. 3171, vi. 2354, vii. 1639; v. n. tabate, ii. 809.

Abbategnyh, vii. 1458.
abbesse, s. viii. 1849.
abbot, s. ii. 3056.
abece, vii. 158, a, b, c.
abeche, v. a. vi. 709, feed.
abedde, adv. P. 602, i. 1781, 2599.
abie, see aby.
Abel, viii. 61, 72.
abesse, v. a. i. 2063, abase.
abominable, a. ii. 3107, vii. 3337.
abide, abye(n), v. v. i. 859, 1555, 1599, 2909, 3201, ii. 1501, PP. 285; wait, remain; v. a. ii. 2594, 2626, iii. 1616, viii. 900, wait for, endure: 3 s. pres. abit, abitt, iii. 201, 1658, pret. abod, i. 151,
imperat. abyd, iv. 1777, pp. abide, vii. 2860.

abie, see abye.

ablaste, v. a. pret. v. 371, 12, blew upon.

able, a. ii. 98, 3258, iv. 267, 2561.

Abner, ii. 3087.

abor, adv. ii. 1138, alongside (of a ship).

aboute, adv. P. 367, i. 403, ii. 1227, abouten, i. 2529, aboutes, vii. 2280, viii. 2460, round, round about; oome aboute, bringle a., i. 2629, ii. 1531, 2282, iv. 61, 259: prep. iv. 1356.

above, adv. P. 891, i. 467, 1610, 1860, 2491, iv. 1595, aloft, at advantage, before this; hier above, i. 1377; from above, i. 3278: prep. i. 810, aboven, P. 971, i. 2833: as subst. iv. 914, v. 2542, 7293, vii. 221, advantage.


abred, s. iv. 588, start.

abreide, v. a. vii. 2882, upbraid.

abreide, v. n. pret. i. 155, 2851, ii. 3241, started.

abroche, adv. iv. 1677, abroach.

abrod, adv. iv. 3102, v. 6891, abroad.

absence, s. ii. 1321, 1647.

absent, a. iv. 1797, vii. 5181.

Absolon, ii. 3093, viii. 217.

absoluciou (-on), s. ii. 1317, iii. 596, viii. 2821.

abstinence, s. P. 327, vi. 634.

aby, abye, abie, v. a. ii. 3022, iii. 221, v. 5541, abiee, iii. 306, 3 s. pres. abyth, v. 5516, abeith, vii. 1378, pret. aboghte, ii. 2153, viii. 217, pp. aboght, i. 381, 2614; pay for: cp. abegge.

acael, adv. viii. 638, 847, acold.

accept, a. v. 6394, acceptable.

acceptable, a. vii. 4727, viii. 3035*.

accidence, s. ii. 3210, v. 763, see notes.

accide, s. iv. 539, sloth.

acciatoun, s. ii. 388.

accompte, accord, see acompte, accord.


accusement, s. ii. 1703.


Achaie, v. 1907.

Achastus, iii. 2555.

achates, vii. 1362, agate.

Achelons, iv. 2068.

Acheron, v. 1110.

Achias, vii. 4515 ff.

achieve, v. a. P. 92, i. 103, 700, 1257, ii. 1311, v. 1276, finish, attain to; to ben

achieved (=to succeed), ii. 2360, cp. ii. 3901: v. n. ii. 372, v. 2043, succeed.


Achilo, iii. 2566.

Achitofell, ii. 3090.

Aeis, ii. 131 ff.

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barm, s. iii. 302, vi. 227, bosom.
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begripe, v. a. vii. 536, encompass.

begrowe, pp. v. 6831, grown over.

begulie, v. a. i. 677, 705, ii. 651, iii. 2180, deceive, betray.

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bestly, a. i. 3025.
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bewike, v. a. i. 498, 760, deceive.
beswinke, v. a. v. 6085, pp. beswunke, i. 2646, labour for.
besye, see beside.
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betake, v. a. iv. 1431, 3 s. pres. betakth, iii. 1978, pret. betok, iv. 3327, imperat. betaketh, ii. 1036, pp. betaken(P.), P. 309, i. 80, vii. 1335; viii. 2960; give, deliver, commend: betaken (pp.), v. 743, taken.
beteche, v. a. vii. 4234, preter. betawht, betawhite, betaghte, iii. 1940, v. 3575, viii. 748, pp. betawht, vi. 2411, viii. 120, deliver.
bethenke, v. a. n. PP. 101, preter. betoght, vii. 1165, pp. betoght, iv. 142, think of, remember; refl. he him betoght, i. 798, cp. i. 2116, betoght hire, v. 3423; I am betoght, i. 1267,
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bewake, v. a. v. 3498, 6611, watch, watch through.
bewar, v. imperat. (= be war), ii. 571, iii. 1496, 1738, v. 6048.
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bewhape, v. a. vi. 80, vii. 4267, viii. 2219, (pp. bewhapid, viii. 2955), bewilder, amaze.
bewympled, pp. v. 6913.
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beyete (3), s. P. 304, 784, i. 1194, 2684, ii. 2355, iv. 1709, gain, property, possession.
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biede, v. a. v. 4455, pp. bode, P. 244, i. 2865, demand: cp. bidde.
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bille, s. viii. 875, 889, 2324, writing.
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bisshopp, bishop, ii. 904, 936.
bisschopriches, s. pl. P. 208.
bisse, s. vi. 900, fine linen.
bite, v. n. iii. 119, pret. bot, vi. 5.
Biten, v. 1402.
biter, a. vi. 250, def. biter, vii. 371, bitter, viii. 2256; the bite (as subst.), i. 1708.
bitternesse, s. vi. 344.
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blad, bladd, s. iii. 252, iv. 927.
blak, a. iv. 1343, v. 4045, blake, def. i. 1167, voc. iv. 2842, pl. iv. 2494.
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bled, v. n. ii. 840, vi. 1746.
blenchinge, s. vi. 205, 1867.
blende, v. a. 3 s. pres. blent, v. 2492, pret. blente, v. 3467, pp. blent, i. 1126, v. 2165, blind, conceal.
blesse, v. a. i. 3418, v. 1238, (pp. blessid, viii. 3104); v. n. i. 620, v. 5022, cross oneself.
blessed, a. vii. 3260.
blessinge, s. ii. 3317, v. 1281.
blew, a. as subst. iv. 1317, vii. 2188, blue.

blind, bynyd, a. i. 47, ii. 355, 759, v. 980, blinde, P. 139, def. i. 621, 2490, ii. 1822, pl. i. 228, 927, iii. 1465, v. 2959; the blinde (bynyde), as subst. P. 536, i. 2952, v. 536, cp. vii. 2450: blind, deceitful.

blindly, adv. viii. 2385.
blisse, s. i. 1771, v. 544, viii. 33.
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blokes, s. pl. iii. 1033.
blod, s. i. 2235, 3170, vi. 840, iv. 4132, blood, vii. 423.
bodi, a. P. 757, iii. 1400, blydy, ii. 861.
blowinge, s. iv. 2484.

blythe, see blithe.

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ob, see bok.
bode, v. a. i. 3282, proclaim.
bodi, body, s. P. 474, 995, ii. 977, pl. bodies, iv. 1320, 2403.

dodli, bodily, bodely, a. ii. 3256, v. 193, 1775, bodiliehe, s. 3344, vii. 397; adv. bodily, ii. 2969 (= in person), iii. 767, bcdely, iv. 975.

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bold, a. ii. 1690, iii. 1846, iv. 2192, pl. bolde, vii. 4355.

bole, s. iv. 2112, vii. 1017, 3313, bull.
bombard, s. viii. 2482, (a musical instrument).

bon, s. i. 1531, ii. 2291, iii. 463, pl. bones, ii. 2302, vi. 2309.

bond, s. ii. 2112, iv. 894, pl. bondes, P. 502, ii. 3027, iv. 2105.

bonde, a. vii. 74, bond (slave).

bondeman, s. viii. 1358.

bone, s. ii. 768, 1430, vii. 3899, petition, boon.

Boneface, Bonefus, ii. 2940, 2950 ff.

bor, s. vii. 5255, boar.

bord, s. i. 2111, ii. 689, iv. 400, viii. 720, pl. bordes, i. 2529, ii. 1426, iv. 3018, bord, board; iv. 1741, side (of a ship), schipes bord, v. 3922, viii. 987, over bord, viii. 1140.
bordel, s. v. 1054, viii. 1411 ff., brothel.
bordeller, s. viii. 1415.
borwe, s. to borwe, iv. 774, 960, vi. 3416.
bost, s. iii. 2083, v. 2142, vii. 3482, boast.
bot, s. P. 44*, i. 1960, ii. 1108, be bote, P. 40*, to bote, v. 3731; boate.
bot, prep. vii. 694, beyond: conj. P. 12, 56, 73 &c., but, P. 63* f., 168, bot (= only), P. 454, i. 675, (= unless) P. 144, i. 1543, ii. 374, v. 473, ne ... bot, i. 264, noight ... bot, ii. 1587, bot ff, P. 345, i. 441, 1546, bote (except), ii. 2392, (but) v. 2015.
bote, s. i. 28, 2232, ii. 2051, iv. 133, do bote, ii. 2274, iii. 2272: remedy, help.
botele, s. i. 2593, vi. 295 ff.
Boterecadent, vii. 1419.
bothe, s. viii. 170, booth.
bothe, a. pl. P. 159, i. 317, bothe tuo, P. 1068, i. 851, bothen, i. 1829, vii. 2469, oure herte bothe, iii. 1473, bothe also, i. 1471; as adv. i. 1106, iv. 1874.
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bouele, s. v. 4137.
boun, a. viii. 1407, PP. 17, ready.
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boute, s. v. 2595, goodness.
bowe, s. i. 1967, ii. 151, 2238, 2956, iv. 2983.
bowe, v. n. P. 153, i. 718, 1238, 1248, ii. 3225, iv. 1130, bow, bend, turn aside, submit.
bowh, s. iv. 856, 1331, pl. bowes, i. 2824, 2902, bough.
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bréde, v. a. i. 542, iii. 1322, v. 7700.
bréde, v. a. vii. 4332, braid.
bréde, v. a., pret. iii. 1429, viii. 1377, drew.
bregge, s. v. 2205, vii. 2242, bridge.
breke, v. a. P. 148, i. 1303, 1334, 1512; v. n. i. 1248, 1700, ii. 3008: pret. brak,
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buisshelles, s. fl. v. 2204.
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buishe, boiste, s. v. 3594, viii. 507, 2814, box.

Bulgari, vii. 3291.
bulle, s. ii. 2825, 2978, PP. 208, (pope's) bull.

bureis, s. v. 7255, viii. 543, citizen.
burgh, s. P. 794, v. 3125, vii. 1690.

Burgoigne, vii. 770.
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buxom, a. P. 153, v. 2807, obedient.
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cave, s. iv. 2991, v. 1573, 6813; viii. 2573.
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kerve, v. a. vi. 66, cut.
kesse, see kisse.
keye, see keie.
kid, kidd, pp. iii. 206, v. 2957, 5124, known.
kiele, v. n. v. 6908, grow cool; v. a. vi.
736, 1065, cool, allay.
kin, see ken.
kinde, kynde, s. P. 535, 733, i. 11, 31, 917, 1624, kende, v. 4637; lawe of
kynde, i. 2231, kinde of man, v. 2 : nature, manner, race.
kinde, a. iii. 2597, 2706, iv. 502, vii. 4298, kind, natural.
kindely, adv. ii. 1381, naturally.
kindschipe, s. ii. 325, v. 4910.
kindly, a. ii. 2740, vii. 1094, natural.
king, kyng, s. P. 25, 186, 256, i. 1094, 2062, 2141.
kingdom, s. i. 2968, vii. 4316, viii. 2112, kyngdom, viii. 3087.
kingshale, s. ii. 1042, king's behalf.
kingseriche, s. v. 4202, kingdom.
kinglede (-hode), s. vii. 1714, 1765, 3530.
kined, pl. vii. 340, kindled.
kisse, kesse, v. a. iii. 169, iv. 2824, pret.
keste, P. 109, i. 2053, ii. 1522, kiste, i. 912, ii. 1441, kist, v. 3777, kist, vi. 176, pl. kest, iv. 500.
kiste, s. v. 83, 2306, viii. 1230, chest.
kiththe, s. v. 4180, vi. 123, 2087, kith, knowledge.
knape, s. viii. 1374, knave.
Knaresburgh, ii. 943 ff., 1264 ff.
knave, s. iii. 1782, v. 114, 201, vii. 1836, servant; knave child, iv. 432, v. 4255, boy.
kne, s. P. 609, ii. 772, v. 6566, pl. knees, knees, i. 213, 3145, ii. 223.
knele, v. n. i. 935, 3027, iv. 1172.
knette, v. a. i. 1420, vii. 1592, pret.
knette, iv. 858, knet, v. 6866, pl.
knet, v. 4566, fasten together, bind, combine.
knif, knyf, s. ii. 830, iii. 1108, v. 4001.
knith, knythode, &c, see knyht, &c.
knowe(n), v. a. n. P. 72, 140, i. 1579, pret.
know, i. 1009, 2341, knew, v. 2665, 5410, kniew, iv. 1838, knewh, ii. 2891, 2 s. knewe, vi. 213, pl.
know(n), P. 106, ii. 3210, pret. subj.
know, i. 1312, imperat. know, vii. 2589, pp.
knowe, i. 1191, 2134; knowende of, iii. 864, vi. 1598, knowe of, v. 5356, acquainted (with).
knowlech(e), s. P. 860, i. 1483, ii. 1282, v. 2902, knowlech(e), iv. 3202, vii. 982, pl. knowlechings, vii. 137.
konne, see cone.
knif, see knif.
knyht, knyght, s. P. 707, i. 316, ii. 587, (knight, knyght, vii. 3169, viii. 3059, PP. 243).
knythode, knythode, s. P. 89, ii. 1640, 2513, knythod, knythod, i. 1436, v. 2057, (knythode, viii. 3021, PP. 155), knighthood, valour.
knythlidhe, s. vii. 3592.
knyhtly (-li), knihtly (-li), a. ii. 727, 2625, v. 661, vi. 95.
krepel, s. vii. 1854, cripple.
kressette, s. vii. 3743, cup (for a light).
kynde, see kinde.
kynge, kyngdom, see king, kingdom.

L

Laar, iii. 819.
Laban, viii. 122.
laborious, a. iv. 2636.
labour, s. i. 3252, iii. 665, iv. 2396.
laboure, v. n. iv. 242, 1691; v. a. iv. 970.
labourer, s. iv. 2440, vi. 136, laborer, viii. 3061.
lacche, v. a. P. 410, ii. 109, seize.
lachesse, lachesse, s. iv. 4, 281.
lachesis, iv. 2761.
lacke, lack, s. P. 393, i. 1988, iv. 335, 1070, v. 6077, want, fault: cf. lak.
lacke, v. n. P. 428, i. 1366, 2396, 3023, lakke, ii. 2302, impers. lacketh, viii. 2427 ff., cf. vi. 908, be wanting: v. a. ii. 530, iii. 2630, iv. 343, want.
laden, pp. viii. 469.
lad, lady, s. i. 162, 317, genit. ladi, lady, i. 924, 1203, ii. 40, iv. 1437, pl. ladis, ladysh, iv. 1307, v. 3139.
ladishipe, s. i. 2577, iv. 1120, 1730, vi. 271, 1946, ladyship, honour.
ladiward, ii. 255, iii. 508.
Ladon, v. 1015.
ladre, s. viii. 1644, ladder.
laghtre, s. viii. 2685, laughter.
lak, s. i. 1601, ii. 394, iii. 561, iv. 128, v. 6290, fault.
lame, a. v. 2709.
Lamedon, v. 3303, 7197 ff., Lamenedon, viii. 2516.
lampe, s. iv. 258, viii. 2776.
Lampes, vii. 856.
Lancaster, P. 87.
lance, s. viii. 2270.
lancegai, s. viii. 2798.
Lancelot, iv. 2055, viii. 2301.
langage, s. P. 1023, iv. 315.
Langharet, ii. 2995.
lanterne, s. iv. 817.
Laodome, iv. 1905.
lapac, vii. 1375.
lape, v. n. vii. 3671, lap.
lapis, iv. 2535 ff.
lappe, s. iv. 303.
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lere, s. i. 1509, viii. 610, loss.
lered, a. viii. 3113, learned.
lerned, a. vii. 635, PP. 25.
les, s. v. 782, vii. 2684, falsehood.
Lesbon, v. 6436.
lesinge, lesyne, s. i. 679, 2268, ii. 409, pl. lesinges, v. 946, lying.
lesse, see lasse.
lest, v. imperat. i. 827, 1876, listen.
est, v. see list.
lest, a. i. 3249, def. lest, vii. 1459; ate leste, i. 277, 3259; least.
lest, adv. i. 1070, 2362, leste, i. 3296.
let, s. see lette.
lette, v. a. n. i. 6, 3366, ii. 2253, iii. 2664, iv. 643, 3 s. pres. let, P. 509, ii. 1906, leeteth, vii. 390, 3 s. pret. let, P. 1020, i. 1011, ii. 2450, v. 5840, imperat. let, lett, i. 220, 1618, 2834, lete, vi. 450, pp. lete, P. 440, ii. 3228 (shed), iv. 454; let make, let do, &c., P. 1020, i. 1011, iv. 490, lete by, v. 1004 (valued), cp. v. 5840: leave, release, omit, let, cause.
Lethes, Lethen, iv. 3011, vii. 1199.
lette, v. a. n. i. 38, 780, ii. 94, iii. 1873, 2213, iv. 795, 1481, pret. lette, ii. 2240, pp. let, P. 308, ii. 128, iii. 2044; hinder, delay, put off.
lette, s. ii. 93, 2129, iii. 2298, iv. 2000, let, v. 3900, vii. 2779, hindrance.
lettres, s. P. 209, i. 2423, ii. 3638, iv. 2401, writing.
lettyng, s. vii. 236, hindrance.
Leuchotoe, v. 6726.
leve, s. i. 857, 1162, 1469, 1807, ii. 113, iv. 1160, token leve, i. 1162, cp. ii. 2780, iv. 1381: leave.
leveful, see liefull.
levein, s. iii. 446, leaven.
levene, s. vi. 2267, flash (of lightning). 
levero, a. comp. P. 37, ii. 6, hath (hadde) 
L, i. 1511, ii. 1582, iii. 479, were L, ii. 530, iii. 762, iv. 1657: as subst. ii. 2449, v. 546: adv. iv. 1337: dearer, rather: cp. lief, lievest.
levest, see lievest.
lewed, a. i. 274, ii. 3423, iii. 479, unlearned, ignorant.
leyhe, see lawhe.
leyt, leyte, s. vii. 303, 308, flame.
leyte, v. n. vii. 367, blaze.
liberal, a. vii. 876.
liberalite, s. v. 7646.
liberte, s. vii. 2815.
Libra, vii. 1102 ff., 1258.
libraire, s. P. 321.
lich, s. vii. 1076, corpse.
lich, liche, a. P. 113, 634, ii. 3245, iv. 3649, v. 1550, lyeh, v. 29; lik, i. 488, ii. 1794, v. 615: adv. lich, P. 951, i. 2672, ii. 3033, 3456, lik, i. 1950.
liche, s. i. 2277, 2791, iii. 2588, v. 7318, like, lyke, i. 2315, 2995, 3139, ii. 3037; likeness, match.
Lichomede, v. 2976 ff.
Lichorida, Lychoride, vii. 1033, 1350.
lieche, v. a. vi. 928, 1015.
lieuchis, vii. 824 (name of a stone).
Liddos, vii. 4369.
lie, s. see lie.
lie, lye, v. n. P. 124, i. 725, 1512, 2437; ii. 1603, iii. 1252, speak falsely.
Lie, viii. 125, Leah.
lie, v. n., 3 s. pres. liith, lyth, P. 336, i. 161, 2429, 3 s. pret. lay, lai, P. 602, i. 1788, 2728, 3 pl. liehe, lyhen, iii. 1456, vii. 1797, leie(n), iv. 479, v. 974, 2 s. pret. subj. ley, iv. 2849, imperat. ly, vi. 2311, pp. leie, vi. 2914, lein, vii. 2597; lie, be situated: cp. ligge.
lief, a. ii. 209, vii. 4628, lief ..., loth, i. 1627, ii. 999, iv. 669, lieve ..., lothe, ii. 3229, iv. 778, def. as subst. lieve, iii. 1901, pl. ii. 3395, voc. lieve, iv. 1702, dear, pleasant: cp. levere, lievest.
lief, s. i. 1203, ii. 2449, 2486, loved one.
liefull, a. iii. 2208, lieveful, v. 7053, lawful.
liegance, ligance, ligano, s. P. 23*, iii. 1822, v. 2673, vii. 2698, allegiance, rule.
liege, a. P. 27*, i. 2075, ii. 2762, iv. 201, (lige, viii. 3024), pl. here oghne liege, iii. 1760.
liege, s. iii. 1767, iv. 1904, vii. 3094, 4177, (lige, viii. 2995*), subject.
lien, s. iii. 242, bond.
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lieutenant, s. i. 947, ii. 1319.

lieve, v. a. u. i. 44, 727, 1063, ii. 471, iii. 1315, believe, trust: god lieve, vii. 3069, God grant.


lif, s. P. 96, i. 36, 1477, ii. 1225, v. 2297, genit. lyves, lives, i. 1821, 2685, pl. lyves, iv. 2353, vii. 81; to lyve, ii. 1525, on lyve, v. 7102, al my lyve, iii. 886, a lyves creature, iv. 382: life, person.

lifissh, lif, lignage, lihe, Ligdus, ligance, lieve, P. 604

Ligurgius, liht, liht, liht, lihte, lint, lihtly

like, like, likinge, liklihiede, liknesse, s. P. 908, i. 370, iv. 2109, vii. 2601.

lilie, s. as a. vii. 4678, of lilies.

limes, s. iv. 275, pl. limes, lemes, v. 1476, vii. 3201, limb.

linde, s. i. 2304, iv. 1341.

line, lyne, s. iv. 2623, v. 1082, 4054, viii. 105.

lippe, s. i. 1683, iii. 119, iv. 386.

liquour, s. viii. 1199.

lisse, v. a. iii. 1361, vi. 2419, vii. 5401, relieve; v. n. vi. 311, give relief.

list, v. imper. i. 1403, 1822, iii. 1110, iv. 907, lest, i. 37, 1922, lusteth, v. 2577, pres. subj. liste, v. 505, pret. (ind. or subj.) liste, i. 932, 1984, reste, i. 720, vi. 357, list, iii. 2446, please: pers. i. 2741, ii. 1 (if thou lest), iii. 1 (if thou least), iv. 3147, vii. 486, (lust, P. 85*), like, desire.

lité, see lyte.

litél, a. P. 957, i. 357, ii. 1151: adv. i. 615, iv. 2617, alitel, iv. 1339.

lith, s. i. 1691, limb.


livere, s. vii. 457 ff., liver.

livinge, lyvnynge, s. v. 1615, vii. 1657, 1934.

Livius (Virginius), vii. 5136, 5204.

lo, interj. P. 234, 918.

lock, s. iv. 2879, v. 6621, lokes (pl.), v. 6632, lock (of a door).

lockes, s. pl. i. 1685, viii. 2403, locks (of hair).

lode, s. v. 4962, load.

lodesman, s. iii. 996, helmsman.

loenge, loange, s. iv. 1548, vii. 3924, viii. 3027*, PP. 371, praise.

lofte, s. vii. 300, height.

logged, loged, pp. v. 2114, 6659, lodged.

logginge, s. vi. 1817.

logique (-qe), s. vii. 1528 ff., viii. 2709.

lok, s. i. 122, 2313, ii. 1350, look, gaze.


loke(n), v. a. pp. ii. 358, 1868, 1906, v. 33; shut up.

lokes, see lock.

lokinge, lokyunge, s. i. 680, 1785, iii. 763, looking, sight.

lollardie, s. P. 349, v. 1807, 1819.

lomb, s. i. 604, vii. 4983.


Lombardie, P. 755, i. 2461, vii. 800.
lond, s. P. 123, 959 (gen. londis, viii. 3053), pl. londes, i. 501; to londe, i. 1170, ii. 1828, v. 18, 4899, into londe, i. 3288, of londe, i. 2240, in londe, iii. 1818, be londe, iv. 1627, out of londe, iii. 878, over londe, v. 923, fro tho londe, ii. 179.

londe, v. n. ii. 2545, iv. 736, 1927.
londfloses, s. pl. vii. 1235.
lone, s. v. 4697, loan.
long, a. P. 55, i. 2870, def. longe, i. 171, ii. 817.
longe, adv. P. 62, i. 1645, iii. 1888, iv. 943, 1490, 1782, long, v. 1866, vii. 4999; comp. (no) longer, ii. 1038; long on, see along.

longe, v. n. (1), ii. 1424, v. 7030, desire: 
im pers. iii. 2700, v. 2526, 3688.
longe, v. n. (2), P. 80, i. 254, 1460, v. 972, 

lone, pp. i. 974, 2008, iii. 188, lost: cf. lose.
lorer, s. iii. 1716, laurel.
lorsesman, s. v. 1005, teacher.
los, s. iii. 2144, v. 996, 5334, fame.
los, a., def. lose, i. 2660, loose.
loste, P. 686, i. 3304, lost, ii. 2290, v. 3465, pp. lost, P. 44, i. 1742, lose: cf. lese.
lost, s. P. 762, i. 3106, ii. 2348, iv. 1485, loss.
lot, s. v. 5309, vii. 1337.
loth, vii. 227.
loth, a. i. 2876, ii. 962, iv. 1186, pl. lothe, 
i. 2282, v. 4277, lieve ... loth, i. 1203, 
ii. 999, 2227, lieve ... lothe, ii. 3229, 
lothe, v. a. v. 4650, vii. 3274, hate, make hateful; v. n. v. 5767, vii. 3724, be hateful.
lothly, a. i. 1530, v. 647, vii. 2199; sup. 
the lothliest, i. 1676.
loude, see lowde.

lourde, a. v. 657, clumsy.
loure, v. n. i. 172, ii. 245, iii. 30, v. 479, frown.

loute, v. n. i. 720, 2333, iii. 127, iv. 1169, 
bow, yield (to): cf. lute.
love, s. P. 75, i. 811, 1863, genit. loves, 
i. 689, ii. 188, iii. 131, love drinke, vi. 
333; love, loved one.
love(n) (1), v. a. n. P. 389, 1050, i. 752, 
1936, ii. 502.
love (2), v. n. v. 7048, (luff), steer.
loveday, s. P. 1047.
lovedrunke, s. vi. 111, 307, love drunken-

lovelies, a. ii. 2961, v. 2505.
lovere, s. iv. 554, pl. lovers, i. 673, ii. 237.
low, lou, a. i. 2256, iv. 3521, lowe, iii. 
606, vii. 740, pl. lowe, P. 924; superl. 
the lowest, vii. 224.
low, lowh, v., see lawhe.
lowde, loude, a. pl. i. 2808, ii. 309, iv. 
3064; adv. iii. 452, v. 5673.
lowe, adv. i. 718, 1066, iv. 1004; sup. 
lowest, i. 704.
lowe, v. a. n. iv. 1273, viii. 587, lower, go lower.
Lowis (emperor), P. 777.
Lowyza (king of France), ii. 2966.
Lubie, vi. 410, 1922, Lubye, vi. 2069.
luce, s. v. 2015, pike.
Lucie, ii. 905, Lucius.
Lucifer, i. 3299, v. 1701, viii. 10, genit. 
Luciferes, viii. 22.
Lucius (1), v. 7124ff.
Lucius (2), vii. 3946.
lucer, s. i. 1706, iii. 2360, iv. 2590.
Lucrece, vi. 4809, 4985ff., viii. 2632.
lugge, v. a. vii. 1893.
Lumbard, see Lombard.
lunge, s. vii. 452, 465.
lure, s. iv. 285.
lurke, v. n. v. 6746.
lust, s. P. 19, 230, i. 443, 754, ii. 1109, pl. 
lustes, i. 778, 1241, 2517, iv. 1318; 
pleasure, desire, charm.
lust, v. see list.
lusti, lusty, a. P. 937, i. 317, 1581, 2167, 
2366, pleasant.
lustles, a. ii. 2024, iv. 3262, 3455.
lute, s. vii. 2679.
lute, v. n. i. 1933, lurk: cf. loute.
luxure, s. vii. 4561, lust.
lye, v. see lie.

dye, lie, s. P. 504, iii. 895, dregs.
lyht, lyht, s. i. 633, 1168, ii. 836, iii. 920, 
be lyhte, v. 6517, pl. lyhtes, iv. 3221, 
light.
lyht, liht, a. (1) P. 941, i. 2176, vi. 1982, 

vi. 956, pl. lihte, iii. 783, bright.
lyht, a. (2), see liht.
lyhte, adv. v. 4076, brightly.
lyhythnyge, s. vii. 1000, lightning.
yke, see liche.
ylm, s. v. 7233, vi. 1504, lime, (mortar).
yln, s. iv. 2437, v. 1203, flax.
yne, see line.
ylon, see leoun.
yte, a. ii. 429, v. 6627, as subst. a lyte,
a lite, i. 204, 2687, ii. 2045, (often in
MSS. alite, alyte, as i. 2687, ii. 2045,
vii. 4992); to lite, iii. 581, see tolite.
yvynge, see lvinge.

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ma dame, i. 168, iv. 1374.
amshed, pp. v. 5422.
amce, s. v. 6865, viii. 2507.
amazedon, Macedoine, ii. 1616, iii.
2451, vi. 1809, vii. 3211*; as a. ii.
1840.
amcer, vi. 1408.
amchabeu, P.P. 282.
amcheire, iii. 146 fl, viii. 2588.
macon, s. vi. 2427, mason.
madd, mad, a. i. 130, v. 496, 5891.
amidan, vii. 3710.
amdle, a. as subst. iv. 1301, vii. 4215,
male.
mageste, see majeste.
magicien, s. v. 3084, vi. 1337.
magique, s. iv. 2077, vi. 1402; a. v.
3947, vi. 1434.
magnefe, magnifie, v. a. P. 44, 886, i.
2998, ii. 2827, iv. 2608.
may, v. see mowe.
maide(n), mayde(n), i. 2481, 2573 ff.
3327, v. 3476, a maide child, vii.
1058, pl. maidenes, iv. 255, maidens,
v. 1464, 1575: cp. may.
maidehiede, s. v. 6384.
maidenhode, maidenhiede (-hede),
maydenhiede (-hede), s. iv. 1566,
1585, v. 3068, 6181, 6219, vii. 5145,
maidhened, v. 6769.
Maill, i. 100, 2026, vii. 1045, May, vii.
2276, genit. Maius, i. 2089, May.
maile, s. v. 3111.
main, s. vi. 90, strength.
maintenue, s. vii. 3012, maintenance.
maintiende, v. a. i. 3285, meintiende, iv.
3433, maintene, P.P. 385.

maister, s. i. 35, 1260, ii. 1134, v. 56, pl.
maistres, v. 434.
maistrefull, a. iii. 212.
maistresse, s. i. 1825, iii. 170, viii. 2331.
maistrie, s. iii. 1566, 2768, vi. 2341, vii.
1398, pl. maistries, v. 2061, mastery,
great deed.
majeste, mageste, s. ii. 1058, v. 1510,1737.
majorne, s. vii. 1453.
make, s. (1), i. 101, 2088, iii. 2612, v.
4275, mate, match.
make, s. (2), v. 2296, fashion.
make(n), v. a. P. 23, 155, viii. 3143,
2, 3, s. pres. makst, makth, i. 774, iv.
2844, pret. made, P. 207, 816, ii. 858,
1265, mad, ii. 310, v. 3822, pp. mad,
P. 347, i. 2427, (maad, viad. 3110),
made (pl.), P. 300, maked, v. 680.
makere, s. ii. 916, vii. 1508.
makinge, makynge(e), s. v. 1022, 1203,
vi. 3089*, 3154, making, composing
(poetry).
maladie, maladye, s. i. 128, ii. 9, 3221,
2642.
male, s. iv. 546, wallet.
Malebouchie, ii. 389.
malencolie, s. P. 1069, iii. 27 ff., vii. 402.
malencolien, a. iii. 33, 241.
malencolious, a. iii. 87.
malengin, s. v. 344. evil device.
malgracious, a. v. 647.
malgre, s. v. 6481, 6946, ill-will: adv. v.
780, 1329, in spite of the will; malgre
myn, iv. 59, m. hem, iv. 1233, cp. vi.
524.
mallice, s. P. 62*, i. 605, vii. 939.
malicieux, a. iii. 1634, vii. 2852.
man, s. P. 21, iii. 1249 ff., genit. mannes,
P. 14, i. 2412, (manny's, viii. 2975), to
manne, iii. 1967, viii. 508, pl. men, P.
12, 167, i. 768, genit. monnes, i. 1995;
man, servant.
manace, s. i. 1598, iii. 1832.
manace, v. a. n. iii. 1525, 1533, vi. 1680.
Manachaz, Manachas, vii. 1801 ff.
mament, s. viii. 1819, command.
Mane, v. 7023.
manere, s. P. 362, i. 793, iv. 1281, such
a maner wise, &c, P. 83*, i. 1086,
1360, iii. 1072, cp. i. 1977, in manere,
vii. 2132, 4344, P.P. 53.
Manes, pl. v. 1363.
manfull, a. vii. 2881.
manhode, s. P. 260, ii. 1639, 2514, iii.
1964, manhiede, manhed(e), i. 1212,
mente, P. 667, 1024, minte, vii. 5043; mean, intend, speak.
mente, meene, a. v. 3895, 5330.
mente, s. v. 6542.
Menelau, iii. 2136, v. 3072, viii. 2547.
Menesteus, iii. 2145.
meninge, menestre, vii. 4837.
menstral, s. v. 7059, minster.
mercerele, s. i. 3059.
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reddour, s. iii. 348, v. 4558, vii. 3151.
harshness, strictness.
rede, v. a. n. P. 15, i. 2271, ii. 104, pret. radde, v. 3693, pp. rad, ii. 1045, iv. 571, imperat. red, vii. 1596, read: P. 16, i. 914, 1294, i s. pres. rede, i. 78, 1396, red, vii. 1359, pret. radde, iv. 1842, advise, decide.
rede, v. n. iv. 185, v. 5988, grow red.
redely (-li), redily, redlyly, adv. P. 948. i. 1533, ii. 1221, v. 297, 366, 1601, 2239, 6462, 7836, easily, quickly, eagerly.
redi, redy, a. P. 424, i. 856, 2093, ii. 3444, iii. 83, v. 1036: adv. iii. 449.
redinesse, s. iv. 2356.
redinge, s. vi. 878.
redresse, v. a. P. 486, i. 3417, ii. 2427, redresse, ii. 1801, (pp. redressid, viii. 3020); set right, reform.
redy, see redi.
reforme, v. a. i. 3035, ii. 3404, iv. 2945, vii. 1538, restore.
refreche, v. a. vi. 710.
refte, v. a. pret. v. 5697, vii. 2517.
refus, s. viii. 686, refused.
refuse, v. a. n. P. 74*, i. 1015, iii. 76, 1195, iv. 1238, 1750, (pp. refusid, viii. 2963), deny, refuse.
regalie, s. P. 103, i. 2959, ii. 1022, vii. 1684, royal estate, royalty.
regiment, s. ii. 1751, vii. 915, 1245, 1702.
rule, government.
regioun, region, s. iv. 2939, v. 2599, 6032.
registre, s. vii. 19.
regne, s. P. 127, 579, ii. 2651.
regne(n), v. n. P. 32*, i. 2890, 3036, v. 3253, (regne, PP. 331), reign.
reguard, s. iv. 3520.
reguerdoned, v. a. pp. iii. 2716.
reguerdoun, s. v. 2368.
reherce, reherse, v. a. i. 584, 1637, ii. 1682, iv. 3029, declare, repeat.
rein, reyn, s. iii. 602, vii. 286, viii. 1592. pl. reines, i. 2987, rain.
reinbowe, s. v. 1185.
reine, reyne, v. n. i. 2925, iii. 689; v. a. v. 1672: rain.
reins, s. pl. viii. 2819, reins (of the body).
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reisshe, reysshe, s. ii. 42, v. 4694, risshe, iv. 2853, rush.
rejoie, v. refl. vi. 208.
rekening, s. iii. 2283.
rekne(n), v. n. iii. 64, vii. 1101.
relacion, s. vi. 2254, report.
reles, s. i. 1188, iii. 848, vi. 253, deliverance, release, power (?).
relief, s. vi. 640, satisfaction.
relieve, v. a. i. 104, ii. 172, iii. 1316, 2636, vi. 2135, 2628, vi. 678, raise up, assist, relieve, satisfy.
religioun (-on), s. i. 623, viii. 158, 1265, 1456.
remembrance, s. P. 69, i. 1060, 3392, ii. 1519, iii. 2558, rememberance, iv. 449, memory, mention.
remembre, v. i. 2682, vii. 1118, have memory, remember.
remenant, s. P. 963, i. 1184, 3016, 3294.
remene, v. a. i. 279, v. 6541, (bring back), apply.
remission, s. v. 4445.
remutable, a. v.i. 4896, unstable.
remue, v. a. i. 1327, iii. 1165; v. n. iii. 1411, v. 5646; move, remove.
Remus, v. 900.
rende, v. a., pret. rente, iii. 2072.
rendre, v. a. viii. 1253, deliver.
renegat, s. ii. 1093.
renes, s. pl. iv. 998, reins (for driving).
renomed, a. i. 2653.
renomee, s. iv. 1250.
renoun, s. iii. 1886, iv. 2154.
renounce, v. a. ii. 2931.
rente, s. i. 1566, 3356, v. 1053.
repast, s. vi. 698, 926.
repere, v. n. vii. 1136.
repentalle, s. v. 6783, viii. 3101*.
repentance, s. i. 2446, iii. 803, v. 296.
repente, v. a. n. i. 757, iii. 2184, v. 2837; refl. iii. 1814, viii. 255; impers. vii. 5328.
replie, v. n. v. 4644.
repos, s. v. 508.
reposser, v. iii. 2907.
reppresse, v. a. vii. 2410, 3334*.
reprise, s. i. 3308, 3414, v. 4708, retribution, cost.
reproef, s. P. 490, vii. 4108.
reproev(e)n, v. a. iii. 498, 1274, iv. 862, prove, v. 4619.
reptil, s. vii. 1011.
requeste, s. ii. 1491, requeste, PP. 27.
resouper, s. vi. 911, late supper.
renewarde, s. ii. 1827, rear-guard.
res, s. iii. 1152, 1671, vi. 58, haste.
resceve, sec receive.
rescoussse, ii. 1700, iii. 2085, v. 2551, rescouss, iv. 2146, rescue.
resemblable, a. P. 950.
resemblance, s. ii. 1376, iv. 2424.
resemblant, a. iv. 2492.
resistence, s. P. 387, i. 2154.
resonable, a. P. 359, i. 1030, ii. 276, iii. 389.
resoun, reson, P. 151, 488, i. 775, 2675, ii. 2495, iii. 245, iv. 652.
respit, s. iv. 1563, vii. 3828, 5200.
respite, v. a. i. 1053, 1593, iii. 2672, save, i. 2213, vii. 1617, delay; v. n. i. 1456, delay.
restauracioun, s. vi. 637.
restauratif, a. vi. 859.
reste, s. P. 110, i. 998, 1604, ii. 2509.
reste(n), v. n. ii. 1135, 1476, iv. 736, 1670; v. a. vii. 2936; refl. viii. 1308.
resting place, s. vii. 1865.
restreigne, v. a. P. 510, i. 2660, ii. 889, 1168, restrain, keep back.
retenance, retienance, s. ii. 1576, v. 7467, vii. 1054, retineue.
retenue, s. i. 1328, ii. 3409, iii. 1166, 2421, service, retineue.
refhorien, s. vi. 1399.
rehorike, rethorique (-qe), s. iv. 2649, vi. 1401, vii. 36, 1523 ff., 1631.
return, s. vii. 4121.
retorne, v. n. vii. 1428.
retret, s. viii. 2416.
reule, s. P. 108, 803, i. 883, rewle, iii. 1169, rule, vi. 9.
rewle(n), v. a. n. P. 252, 497, i. 17, 808, ii. 1322, rewle, iii. 2250.
revel, s. v. 3143.
revelacion, s. viii. 49, 2806.
revelen, v. n. iv. 2719, revel.
reverence, s. P. 298, i. 218, 3291, ii. 1358, 2843, v. 322.

revers, a. ii. 222, 2105, v. 7658, vi. 1418; subst. iii. 2289: opposite, contrary.


revile, v. a. v. 2806, viii. 4635, debase, abuse.

revolucion, s. iv. 1785.

reward, s. iii. 345, iv. 2024, v. 4978, regard, reward.

warde, v. a. v. 171, 4471, viii. 2374.

rewardinge, v. a. n. 164, 1004, ii. 1610, 1625, v. 5760, vii. 3233, repent, be sorry, have pity.

rewie, s. see rowe.

rey, see reyn.

reyne, see reyne.

reyn, reyny, a. i. 692, iii. 988, iv. 2979, rainy.

ribald, s. vii. 2383 ff.


riche, a. P. 633, i. 814, 2537; as subst. vi. 1072; sup. richest, the richest, i. 1098, v. 2612.

riche, s. i. 2278, domain.


richeliche, adv. iv. 1371.

richesse, s. P. 97, ii. 737, iv. 514, 2208, pl. richesses, vi. 633.

ride, ryde(n), v. a. n. i. 350, 2035, ii. 945, 3194, iv. 1106, v. 7404, vi. 1188, pret. sing. rod, i. 348, ii. 1136, pl. ridden, ii. 1272, v. 1203, imperat. ryth, i. 1562, pp. ride, vii. 2859; cam ride, &c, i. 350, iv. 1307: ride, make expedition, lie at anchor.

riedes, s. pl. v. 1031, reeds.

rif, a. ii. 1618, rise, current.

riff, s. viii. 1083, reef (of a sail).

riffe, v. a. iii. 2384, v. 6521.

rigole, v. a. v. 1436, delight (wantonly).

riht, a., yrht, vi. iii,. 1312, def. yrht, yrhtes, P. 232, i. 33, 1052, ii. 947, (righte, viii. 3091), riht, iii. 300: adv. riht, yrht, P. 682, 829, i. 639, 1862, 3362, ii. 1789, right, P. 50, riht, v. 5351, vii. 545.


yrht, yrhtes, v. a. ii. 589, iv. 821, s. 3058, vii. 2728, (yrhtes, PP. 252), pret. rihtes, vii. 5072, direct, arrange; v. n. ii. 3071, go right.

rihtful, rihtfull, a. vii. 2833, 2918, 3814, 4122, (rightful, PP. 59, 383), just, true.

rihtwisnesse, ryhtwisnesse, s. P. 109, i. 2936, v. 1645, (rightwisnesse, viii. 3035), righteousness.

rime, s. iv. 2414, rhyme.

rime, v. a. v. 1370, put in rhyme.

rinde, rynde, s. i. 3261, v. 324, 4123, bark.

ring, s. i. 2420, ii. 2614, ryng, v. 7195*.

ringe, v. a., pp. runge, ii. 1728, iii. 452.

riote, s. v. 1217, 5240, 5278, vii. 1378, riot, v. 7131*, riot, disorder.

riote, v. refl. vii. 4320.

ripe, a. i. 2822, ii. 2579.


risinge, s. vii. 1085.

rishe, see reishe.

rivage, s. vi. 1435, viii. 1615, landing place.

rivel, v. n. i. 1681, be wrinkled; pp. riveled, viii. 2829.

rivere, s. i. 1043, ii. 2161, v. 1014.

ro, s. iv. 2786, roc.

robbe, v. a. n. v. 207, 993, 6107.

ubberie, s. iii. 2212, v. 6083 ff., 6142.

Roboa, vii. 4029, 4128.

roche, s. i. 2305, iii. 1048, v. 6814, pl. rocks, iii. 1034, 1054, rock.

rocke, v. a. ii. 1081.

rookes, s. pl. see roche.

rodd, s. i. 2898, iv. 1276.

rode, s. (1), i. 1730, iv. 1629, journey, raid.

rode, s. (2), vi. 773, ruddy colour.

rode, s. (3), ii. 1161, rood.

Rodes, iv. 1630.


Rodopeie, iv. 734.

rof, s. ii. 2947, roof.

rolle, v. n. iii. 315, vii. 3707.

romance, s. vi. 878.

Romanie, ii. 2638, vii. 5155.

rome, a. n. v. 6502.

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Romeword, i. 1073, v. 2190.
rondeal, s. i. 2799, 2727.
ronne, see renne.
rooted, a. i. 1319.
rore, v. n. ii. 160, roar.
rore, s. vi. 2183.
rose, s. i. 603, ii. 402.
Rosemounde, i. 2481.
ro sine, s. v. 2176, rosin.
Rosiphelee, iv. 1249.
Rosmarine, s. vii. 1407.
rote, s. (1), P. 118, i. 145, 2838, iv. 134, roote, viii. 3356, root.
rote, s. (2), vi. 1312, 1457, custom, condition.
rote, s. (3), viii. 829, (a musical instrument).
rother, s. ii. 2494, rudder.
round, a. iv. 1147, vii. 777, pl. rounde, vi. 1327: adv. i. 358, 2829, iv. 3005.
rounge, v. n. ii. 520, nibble.
route, s. P. 793, i. 2734, ii. 2997, iii. 2389, v. 1910, 5054, company, quantity: al a route, iv. 2145, v. 6932.
routhe, see rounde.
rovere, s. iii. 2369.
rowe, s. ii. 1960, iv. 26, 2238, rewe, vii. 998, row, company; be rowe, vi. 1315, in order: cp. arowe, arewe.
rowe, v. n. (2), iii. 1057, dawn.
rowthe, routhe, s. i. 182, 1200, iii. 1597, v. 5394, pity.
rueke, v. n. iv. 1669, crouch.
ruide, rude, ii. 173, iv. 946, v. 2571, viii. 3122.
ruine, s. P. 837, v. 1706.
rule, see royle.
runge, see ringe.
rust, s. iv. 2494, 2557.
rusti, a. viii. 1378.
ryde, see ride.
ryht, ryhtwisnesse, see riht, &c.
rywe, s. vi. 1429, viii. 516, shore.

S
Saba, v. 6833, 6932.
sable, s. viii. 2904.
sacre, v. a. vii. 4510, worship.
sacrement, s. PP. 399.
sacrifice, sacrifice, s. i. 1120, 1141, iii. 1955, iv. 2966.
sacriilege, s. v. 6979 ff., sacrilege, v. 5701*, 7909.
sadd, a. vii. 226, firm.
sadel, s. iv. 1202, pl. sadles, iv. 1312.
sage, a. v. 7455.
saghte, see sawht.
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sail, see sea.
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sal armoniak, s. iv. 2490.
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salue, v. a. ii. 1504, greet.
Salustes, Saluste, ii. 1199, 1220.
salvacion, s. ii. 3361, v. 1795.
salvage, a. iv. 2262, vii. 4112, wild.
salve, s. P. 134, 366, ii. 2788, viii. 2290, curc.
salvely, see saufly.
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same, a. i. 1585; as subst. P. 461, i. 629, 3032.
same, adv. v. 3375, together.
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sanz, prep. iii. 1550, v. 508.
saphir, s. vii. 1342.
sapience, s. v. 1205.
Sardana Pallus, vii. 4314, Sardanapalus.
sardis, vii. 1416, sard.
Sarra, vii. 5315.
Satiri, pl. v. 1327.
saturele, s. vii. 1423, savory.
Saturnus, Saturne, Satorne, iv. 2445,
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(the planet) iv. 2471, 3223, vii. 937,
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savinge, s. v. 2794, vii. 3383.
savour, s. iv. 2495, v. 587.
sawe, s. ii. 588, 1396, iii. 431, iv. 2684,
saying, speech.
sawhit, pp. a. iii. 2742, reconciled, saughe
(pl.), viii. 1149, at peace.
Saxon, ii. 723, Saxoun (language), ii.
1405.
say, s. ii. 2090, trial.
scales, see skales.
scars, see scrars.
scarsely, see scarsly.
scarsnesse, see scarsnesses.
sceptre, s. ii. 589, PP. 378.
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2205.
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schulde(n), P. 317, v. 5537, vii. 2961,
(schuldyn, viii. 3004): shall, must,
may.
schale, s. iv. 566, (nut) shell.
schallemele, s. vii. 2483, shawm.
schame, s. i. 274, 1668, ii. 3062, 3355, iv.
871.
schame, v. a. iii. 2200, v. 723.
schameles, a. vii. 1664, free from
shame.
Sibele, v. 7454.
sibredes, s. vii. 139, 266, kindred.
sich, see such.
Siculus, vii. 3296.
side, syde, s. P. 28, 146, 392, 1085, i.
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on side, iv. 1311.
Sidoyne, vii. 4999.
siche, see siche.
siege, s. i. 1082, iii. 1759.
siegèd, v. a. pp. iii. 2046, besieged.
siek, sike, sikernesse, see sek, seknesse.
sieke, v. see siche.
sielde(n), see seld(e)n.
sigh, syghen, v. n. iv. 3170, v. 3670, 
5729, sigh.
sighte, see sihte.
signal, v. i. 1668, sign.
signe, s. i. 2544, iii. 2227; (of the zodiac) 
iv. 3222, v. 752, vi. 695, 968 ff.
signet, s. v. 5775.
914, vi. 4717.
sihéte, syhte, s. i. 427, 437, 665, 1728, 
2221, ii. 3072, sighte, vii. 1228, viii.
2950, sight.
sik, sik, see sek.
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ii. 1350, iv. 1150, sigh.
siker, seker, a. P. 568, ii. 2422, 3153, iv.
1003, v. 664, 2427; superl. sikereste, 
ii. 2469, the sekereste, vi. 1599; adv.
i. 3048, 3339, iv. 911: sure, securely.
sikerliche, sekerliche, adv. i. 1564, 2145, 
sikerly, iii. 1427, sikirly, iv. 2498, surely, assuredly.
sikernessey, sekernesse, s. i. 1890, iv.
937, v. 205, vi. 232, security.
siknesse, see seknesse.
silence, s. i. 1302, cilence, iv. 3206, vi.
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3134), simplicity, humility.
sinful(1), a. iii. 2569, PP. 45; as subst.
iv. 3490.
singe, v. n. i. 111, ii. 3012, iii. 330, pret.
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singuler, singuler, a. vii. 1996, 2931, 
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vi. 115.
sinne, see senne.
sire, s. P. 722, i. 2878, ii. 54, 2710, lord, 
sir.
Sirenes, pl. i. 484.
sithe, sythe, s. v. 3590, ofte sithe (sithes), 
fulothe sythe, &c. i. 118, 318, 1400, 
ii. 658, iii. 458, time, times.
siththe(n), adv. P. 832, i. 1842, vi. 2351; 
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vii. 2282, pl. seten, i. 2324, ii. 2913, iii.
2163, siete(n), iii. 1809, v. 3339, seete, 
vi. 1174, sit, be seated: impers. (it) sit, 
i. 273, 745, 1211, iii. 1674, sitte, vii.
2428, suits, is fitting.
sive, s. iii. 433, sieve.
skales, scales, s. pl. ii. 3456, v. 4128.
skar, s. P. 507, crack.
skaroete, s. v. 4857, stinginess.
skars, sarks, a. v. 4712, 4728, sparing.
skarze, v. n. viii. 1146, diminish.
skarsly, scarsly, adv. iv. 552, v. 4412.
skaranesse, scarsnesse, s. v. 394, 4674 ff, 
4740, stinginess.
skier, v. (refl.) i. 478, ii. 472, v. 1424, 
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skulke, v. a. iv. 2720.
skulle, s. i. 2544 ff.
sky, s. i. 2001, iii. 984, iv. 825, 1436, viii.
2942, pl. skies, v. 3993, cloud, sky.
skyne, see skin.
slades, s. pl. iv. 2727.
slake, v. a. iv. 2812, viii. 1983, slacken, 
appease; v. n. PP. 220.
slawhte, s. iii. 2058, 2483, slaying.

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slehte, sleyhte, s. i. 468, 688, 797, 1085, 1111, sliht, iv. 2082, 2123, v. 2111, pl. sleyhtes, ii. 1873, skill, device, trickery.

slep, s. i. 155, 1782, a slep, v. 2177, to slepe, ii. 3333, to slep, iv. 2819, Slepe, Slepes hous, god of Slepe, iv. 2973 ff.

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slid, a. vi. 376, slippery.

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 tregetour, s. ii. 1873, juggler.

 treigne, s. vii. 4456, snare.

 treine, s. iv. 621, train (of a robe).

 treis, s. i. 2963, three, (or one, two, three).

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 trete, v. s. 5258, treaty.

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 trewe, trew, a. P. 184, i. 702, 1198, iii. 2228, 2346, v. 2877, 7391, true; superl. the treweste, ii. 1282.

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* *
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unkest, a. ii. 467, unkist, iv. 2712, unkissed.
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