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The Scottish Text Society

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THE POEMS

OF

ROBERT HENRYSON



THE POEMS

OF

ROBERT HENRYSON

EDITED BY

G. GREGORY SMITH

VOL. II.

(TEXT-Vol. I.)



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PREFATORY NOTE.

THIS volume, the first of the text of The Poems of Robert Henryson, contains all the early versions of the Fables. The next volume (Vol. III.) will include the texts of the Orpheus, the Testament of Cresseid, and the Shorter Poems. Vol. I., containing the General Introduction and other matter, will appear last. By this order of publication scholars who are anxious to have the texts for their own purposes are not compelled to wait the pleasure of the editor in the preparation of his Introduction; and the editor, in turn, will have the advantage of considering fresh problems raised in the discussion of the ampler material now presented.

The earliest texts of the Fables are derived from five sources:—

I. The Edinburgh edition published in 1570 by Robert Lekpreuik for Henry Charteris (known as 'Charteris' in this edition).

Title-page.—The Morall Fabillis | of Esope the Phrygis |
an, Compylit in Claquent, and Ornate Scattis | Meter, be
Maister Tobert Henrisone, | Scholemaister of Yur- | fermeling. |
b

[Type ornament] ¶ Dulcius Arrident Seria Picta Iocis. | ¶ Vt Naufragij leuamen est Portus, Ita Tranquillitas animi, seu Iucunditas, est quasi Vitæ Portus. | ¶ Debulie Emprentit | at Coimburgh, br Tobert Tekprenik, at the Expensis of Benrie Charteris: and ar to be | sauld in his Buith, on the Botth gibe | of the gait, about the Thome. | Anno. Day. M. D. LXX. | [Type ornament at head and foot of page.]

(See the facsimile, facing p. viii in this volume.)

Colophon.—¶ Imprentit at Edin- | burgh be Robert Lekpreuik, at the Expensis of | Henrie Charteris, the xvi day of Decem- | ber: the 3eir of God ane thousand | fyue hundreth, thre scoir, | Nyne şeiris. |

Collation.—A1^a Title. 1^b The Taillis contenit in the present Buke. Aij-N4^a The Fabillis of Esope. N4^b blank. 52 folios.

The volume is a small quarto, printed in black-letter. The only known copy, which was purchased by the late Mr William Henry Miller of Craigentinny, near Edinburgh, is preserved in the library at Britwell Court, Bucks. In the preface to the Maitland Club reprint of Hart's edition of 1621, and again in Laing's edition of Henryson (1865), p. 264, it is stated that a copy of this edition was sold in 1695 at the dispersal of Sir Andrew Balfour's collection (Catalogue, p. 113). Laing records (u.s., p. 264) that he had seen, "not many years since," a copy in private hands in Edinburgh.

II. Harleian MS. 3865, British Museum (known as 'Harleian' in this edition).

Title-page (MS.), on the verso of fol. 1, facing the Prolog.—The morall fabilis of | Esope compylit be | maister Robert Henrisoun | Scolmaister of Dun- | fermling: | 1571. |

(See the facsimile, facing p. x of this volume.)

The Mozall Fabillis of Clope the Phyygi-

an, Compplit in Sloquent, and Opnate Scotus Geter, be Maifer Robert Denrifone, Scholemaifter of Dans fermeling.

15 (50 45) TI

Dulcius Arrident Seria Pica Tocis.

animi fer Iucundires, elt quafi Vitæ Portus.

Mcwlie Imprentit

at Edinburgh, be Robert Lekprentk, at the Coppents of Henrie Charterts: and at to be fauld in his Buith, on the Porth federal, abone the Thione.

GANNO. DO. M. D. LXX

26 26 26 26 26

POHMS OF ROBERT HENRYSON VOL. II

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TITLE-PAGE OF THE CHARTERIS EDITION, 1570 (BRITWELL COURT)



The MS, which is written on paper (19 cm. \times 28.5 cm.), extends to 75 folios, and contains 2968 lines. There are generally three stanzas, or from 19 to 25 lines on each page. The title-page, tailpiece, illustrations on ff. 3b and 43b (see the facsimiles facing pp. 7 and 121 of this volume), and 14 initial letters have been coloured, in a very crude way, probably by a later hand. The binding of the volume is modern.

The MS. is described by Laing, u.s., pp. 228 and 266, and by Ward, Catalogue of Romances in the British Museum, ii. pp. 354-356.

III. The Makculloch MS., in the Library of the University of Edinburgh (Laing MSS. No. 149), and known as 'Makculloch' in this edition.

The Manuscript proper consists of Latin notes on logic by Magnus Makculloch (or Iohannis de Tayn), a Scots student at Louvain in 1477. The volume appears to have been in the hands of I. Purde, who may have been the scribe of the vernacular pieces on the blank pages. There are several of Henryson's poems on these pages. The extract from the Fables is written on the front fly-leaves.

The MS. was acquired by Dr David Laing in 1854, and was bequeathed by him to the University of Edinburgh. A description of the MS. will be found in the editor's *Specimens of Middle Scots* (1902), pp. lxvii-lxix.

IV. The Bannatyne MS. (1568) in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh (MSS. 1. 1. 6), and known as 'Bannatyne' in this edition.

The MS. has been reprinted by the Hunterian Club (1873-1902). The Fables will be found in Vol. IV. (1896).

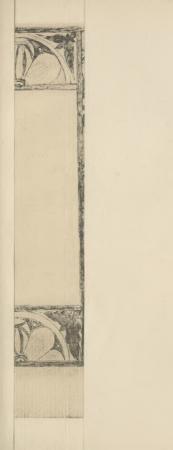
V. A transcript by William Gibb, for George Chalmers, made in 1810 from the Asloan MS. (early sixteenth

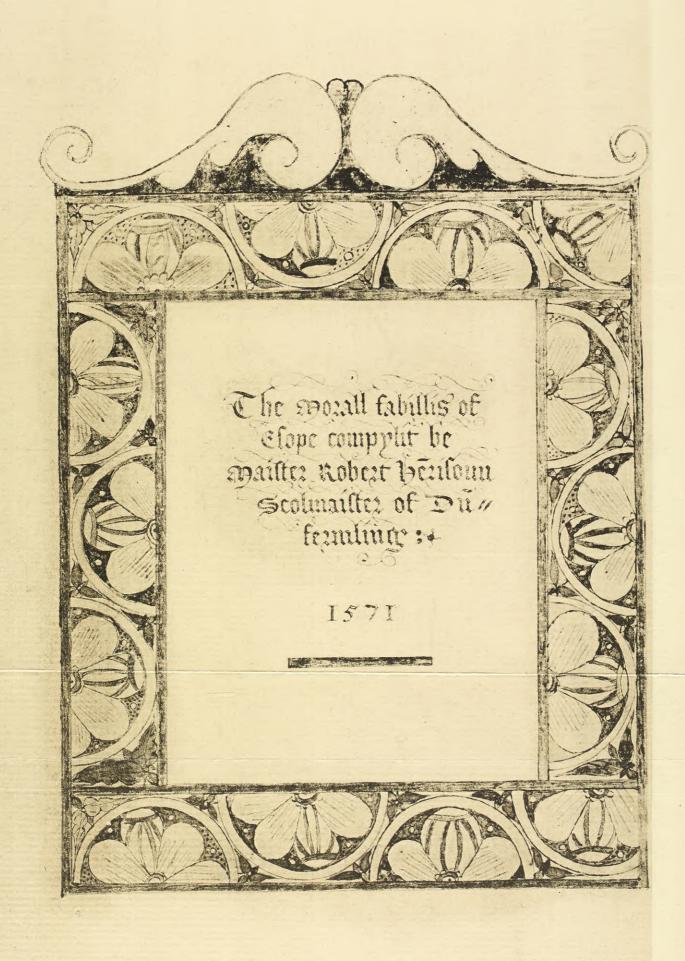
century), and known as the 'Asloan-Chalmers' in this edition.

An account of the Asloan MS., based on notes made during an examination of the MS. when it was deposited in the British Museum (about fifteen years ago), is given in Specimens of Middle Scots, u.s., pp. lxx-lxxii. The MS. appears to have contained the following fables by Henryson: (32) The fablis of Esope: and first of pe paddok and the mouß; (33) The preching of pe swallow; (34) Pe lyoun & the mouß; (35) Chanticler and pe fox; (36) Pe tod and pe wolf; (37) Pe parliament of bestis; (42) Pe tale of pe uplandis mouß and the borrowstoum mouß. All, except the last, have been lost by the mutilation of the MS.

It is matter for regret that Lord Talbot de Malahide, to whom the MS. passed, in 1882, from the collection at Auchinleck, has declined to give the Scottish Text Society, and several independent workers in this country and abroad, permission to examine its pages. The text of the Tale of the Two Mice printed in this volume is taken from the Chalmers Transcripts preserved among the Laing MSS. in the Library of the University of Edinburgh (Laing MSS. 450*, ff. 236-240).

Of these sources, I.-V., the Charteris print and the Harleian MS. give us what may be accepted as Henryson's complete text of the Fables and the original order of composition. The Bannatyne MS., though in some respects of great importance, is a selection of ten fables, made without regard to the place of each in the whole work. The Makculloch and Asloan-Chalmers texts are only fragments. The accompanying table of the con-





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tents of these texts (pp. xx, xxi) will serve as a key to the arrangement in this volume. Discussion of the relationship of the texts to each other is reserved for the first volume.

It is not unlikely that the Fables were printed by Chepman and Myllar, who issued Henryson's Orpheus and two of his shorter poems (see Vol. III.); but evidence of this is at present entirely wanting. The later reprints of the Fables, subsequent to the Charteris and Harleian texts of 1569-1570 and 1571, may be thus briefly described:—

EDITIONS.

I. The Fabulous tales of | Esope the Phrygian, Compiled | moste eloquently in Scottishe | Metre by Master Robert | Henrison, & now lately | Englished. | Every tale Moralized most aptly to | this present time, worthy | to be read. | [Ornament; with Motto—Occulta Veritas Tempora patet] | Imprinted at London by | Richard Smith. | Anno 1577.

A copy of this edition was seen by Dr David Laing in the Library of Sion College (Press mark E B ix. 40). It had disappeared from that collection before 1864-5, when Laing was preparing his edition of the Poems. All efforts to trace it have been unavailing. Laing has given in the Introduction to his edition of Henryson, the following description of "this little black volume" which he had written in his "younger days" before the book had gone astray.

"Title, 4 leaves, and A to H2 in eights, pp. 115 in sm. 8vo, black-letter.

On the back of the title are two twelve-line stanzas, in short metre, entitled, The Bookes Passport,—

'That man neare wrote Whose wryte pleasd all mens mynd,' &c.

followed by Smith's dedication 'To Mr Richard Stonely,

Esquire, one of the foure tellers of the Q. Maiesties receyt of the Eschecker, &c., by R. S.:—

'There came,' he says, 'unto my hande a Scottishe pamphlet of the Fabulous Tales of Esope, a worke, Sir, as I thinke, in that language wherein it was written, verie eloquent and full of great invention. And no doubt you shall finde some smatch thereof, although very rudely I have obscured the authour, and having two veres since turned it into Englishe, I have kept it unpublished, hoping some one els of greater skill would not have let it lyen dead. But whether most men have that Nation in derision for their hollowe hearts and ungratefull mindes to this Countrey alwayes had (a people very subject to that infection), or thinking scorne of the authour or first inventer, let it passe, as frivolous and vaine matter: vet in my conceite there is learning for all sorts of people worthie of the memorie. Therefore, knowing not howe by any meanes to let you understand my good will towarde you, but by this meanes, at last putting all feare aside, I boldly presente this unto your worship, hoping, &c .- Yours at commandement. RICHARD SMITH.'

On the next leaf are 'The Contentes of the Booke;' after which is subjoined The Argument between Esope and The Translatour.

Aside I cast mine eve. And ere I wist, to me appearde Apparelled both braue and fine, I stoode then still, with ardent evne I viewde him twise or thrise 'Behold,' quoth he, 'now am I here, And faine would meete some one To speake English that would me leare.' With that quoth I anone: 'Why, English, Sir, you speake right well-What more would you require? 'Yea, that's in prose: my tales to tell In verse I do desire. 'Alasse! I am not for your tourne; Ye must repayre unto The Innes of Court and Chancery, Where learned have to do. At Helicon I never came-The way I do not knowe; (God Pan his servant, Sir, I am, And duetie to him owe).

On oaten pipe we still do play,-That's all that he teach can: Of other lore he takes no way Minervas impes they Orpheus keepe, In musicke they delite, To serve your turne before they sleepe, Your Fables wise and eloquent With phrases feate and fine, Endewed with Apollo gent That passeth muse of mine. 'Content your selfe,' quoth Esope than, 'Do thus much once for me, To learne me verse so as ye can Myselfe as playne as ye; They do not care for Scottish bookes,-They list not looke that way : But if they would but cast their lookes Some time when they do play, Somewhat to see perhaps they might That then would like them wel, To teach them treade thair way aright To blisse, from paines of hel. 'Farewel, good Phrygian Poet, now, 'If not,' sayth Esope, 'then adew, 'Nay, rather will I venture hard And bring your minde to passe, If that I gaine to my rewarde King Midas eares of asse, And have a thousand ill reports Still tumbling downe on me, Than this to want unto all sorts And view of every eye. Wherefore have here, good Reader, now, My rurall skillesse skill: I aske no more but this of you,-One ynche of your good will: Which it to grant as I do crave That's even as much as I would have,

HIS VERDICT ON HIS LABOUR.

ORPHEUS once did walke abrode
'Mong fragrant flowers t'encrease his glee,
To set his harpe in one accorde
In tune to make his strings agree,
Whereby was heard such pleasant sounde
That all the woodes thereof rebound.

And playing thus in pleasant shade,
Wild beastes and men to him did come;
With musicke strayte them stones he made,
His gift was such, them to transforme.
He fell a sleepe, and or he wooke,
In hand a while his harpe I tooke.

This Scottish Orpheus I meane,
That Esopt tales hath made to gree
In Rethoricke both trim and cleane,
That all my wittes bereft hath hee.
His harpe, alas! I make to jarre,
And both his name and mine do marre;
But since I made them disagree,
Leave me the blame, the Laurel he.

The contents of the volume are as follows :-

The Argument or Prologue.

'Though fayned Fables of auncient poetry,' p. 1, 9 stanzas of 7 lines each.

The tale of the Grosshead, Chauntcleare the Cock, and precious Stone, p. 3.

'A cock sometime with feathers fresh and gay,' 8 stanzas of 7 lines. The Morall, p. 5, 6 stanzas, 'This gentle Jasp,' &c.

The prety tale of the playne countrey Mouse, and deyntie towne Mouse, p. 7.

'Esope mine Author maketh mention,' 29 stanzas; Moralitie, p. 14, 'Frendes ye may finde,' &c., 4 stanzas.

The pleasant tale of the Cock and the Foxe, how wyly beguyles himselfe.

'Though brutall beasts be irrationall,' 27 stanzas; Moralitie, p. 23, 'Now worthie folke,' &c., 4 stanzas.

The pleasant tale howe this false dissembling Tod made his confession to the hypocrite fryer Wolfe Waytskayth.

'Leaving this wydow glad I you assure,' p. 24, 23 stanzas; Moralitie, p. 30, 'This sudden death,' &c., 3 stanzas.

The Retoricall tale of the sonne and heyre of the foresayd Foxe called Father Wars, also the Parlement of foure footed Beastes, holden by the Lyon, p. 31.

'This foresayd Foxe, that dide for his misdeeds,' 42 stanzas; Moralitie, p. 42, 'Ryght as the myner,' &c., 7 stanzas.

The wofull tale of the playntif Dogge, agaynst the poore Sheepe, before Justice Wolfe, p. 44.

'Esope a tale puts in memory,' 16 stanzas; Moralitie, p. 49, 'This selly sheepe,' &c., 9 stanzas.

The exemplative tale of the Lion and the Mouse; with the Author's Prologue before, p. 51.

The prologue, p. 51, 'In mids of June that sweete season,' &c., contains 12 stanzas. The Tale, p. 54, 'A lion at his pray was overrunne,' 24 stanzas; Moralitie, p. 60, 'As I suppose,' &c., 7 stanzas.

The notable tale of the preaching of the Swallow, p. 62.

'The hie prudence and working marvellous,' 38 stanzas; Moral-

itie, p. 72, 'Lo! worthy folke,' 9 stanzas.

The mery tale of the Wolf that wold have had the Neckhering, through the wyles of the Foxe, that beguiled the Carrier, p. 77.

'Whylom there wound in a wildernes,' 36 stanzas; Moralitie, p. 84, 'This tale is mingled,' &c., 4 stanzas.

The excellent tale of the wyly Laurence Foxe that beguylde the covetous crafty Wolfe, with the shadow of the Moon, p. 86.

'In elder dayes as Esope can declare,' 28 stanzas; Moralitie, 'The Wolf I liken to a wicked man,' 4 stanzas.

The mery tale of the Wolfe and the Weather, p. 94.

'Whylom there was, as Esope can report,' 19 stanzas; Moralitie, p. 99, 'Esope the poet, first father of this Fable,' 4 stanzas.

The wofull tale of the cruell Wolfe and the innocent Lambe, p. 101.

'A cruell Wolfe, right ravenous and fell,' 13 stanzas; Moralitie, p. 104, 'The poore people this Lambe may signifie,' &c., 10 stanzas.

The tale of the wofull ende of the Paddocke and the Mouse: shewing the mischiefe of desemblers, p. 107.

'Upon a time (as Esope coulde report),' 19 stanzas; Moralitie, p. 112, 'My brother if thou,' &c., 9 stanzas.

The last stanza of this Moralitie may be quoted :-

Adew, my friend; and if that any aske
Of these Fables, so shortly I conclude,
Say thou I left the rest unto the learneds taske
To make example and some similitude.
Now Christ for us that died on the rood,
Of soule and life, as thou art Saviour,
Grant us to passe into a blessed houre.

Finished in the Vale of Aylesburie the thirtenth of August Anno Domini 1574.

The volume concludes with the Translator's Epilogue, 3 stanzas of 7 lines,—'Shewing (as Smith says in the Fable) that in a deformed creature God may and wil set forth his glorie.

Then love this worke, and reade it at your will; I but eclipse his Tales of so great skill."

Richard Smith was the printer of Gascoigne's *Steel Glas*, 1576, on the title-page of which the ornament described above also appears.

- [2 (?). An edition of "Esope's fables in miter" is named in the Stationers' Registers, under the date 6 Nov. 1598, as the property of William Wood. "This may have been the version anglicized from Henryson and first printed in 1577" (Hazlitt, Bibliographical Collections, ii.).]
- [3 (?). "In 1599 Robert Smyth, bookseller and printer in Edinburgh, obtained a grant of the privilege of printing 'The Fabillis of Esope,' with other books. After his death this privilege was transferred to Thomas Finlayson. In the inventory of stock of Robert Smith, librar (bookseller), who died May 1st, 1602, we find 743 copies of the 'Fabillis of Isope,' an edition now totally unknown' Laing, w.s., p. 264)]
- 4. The | Morall Fables | of Esope the | Phrygian. | Compyled into eloquent and ornamentall | Meeter, by Robert Henrisoun | schoole-master of Dumfermeling | ¶ Dulcius arrident seria picta Jocis | ¶ Ut Naufragii levamen est portus: ita tranquillitas | animi, seu iocunditas est quasi vitæ portus | Newlie reuised and corrected | [type ornament] | Edinburgh: | Printed by Andro Hart, 1621.¹

The only known copy of this edition, an octavo of 96 pages, is preserved in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh. (See next entry.)

 The | Moral Fables | of | Robert Henryson | reprinted from the edition of | Andrew Hart || [Maitland Club block] | Edinburgh, MDCCCXXXII.

This edition, a reprint of No. 4, was presented to the Maitland Club by Duncan Stewart. The Preface, which is unsigned, was written by David Irving, author of The History of Scotish Poetry, issued posthumously in 1861. The Preface may be compared with the tenth chapter of that volume and with Irving's article on Henryson in the Encyclopedia Britannica, 7th edit. (1836).

¹ Referred to as 'Hart' in the footnotes infra.

 The | Poems and Fables | of | Robert Henryson, | now first collected. | With Notes, and a Memoir of his Life. | By David Laing. | Edinburgh: MDCCCLXV. | William Paterson, Princes Street. Sm. 8vo., 331 pages.

The Fables are printed on pp. 101-217.

 Henrisone's Fabeln; in Anglia, ix., pp. 342-390, 453-492, edited by A. R. Diebler, author of a dissertation entitled Henrisone's Fabeldichtungen (Halle, 1885). The text in Anglia is a reprint of the Harleian.

SELECTIONS.

- r. Allan Ramsay printed 'The Borrowstoun Mous and the Landwart Mous' and 'The Lyon and the Mous' (including the Prologue to the latter) in the first volume of *The Ever Green* (1724), pp. 144-155, 185-199. These are free renderings of the Bannatyne text, which Ramsay acknowledges in his Preface to have been his source. They are of more interest to the student of Ramsay than to the student of Henryson.
- 2. In Lord Hailes's volume of Ancient Scottish Poems, published from the MS. of George Bannatyne, MDLXVIII (1770), the following portions are printed: (a) The Dog, the Wolf, and the Scheip (pp. 138-146); (b) The Wolfe and the Lame (pp. 147-154); (c) Moralitas of The Mouss and the Paddok (pp. 155-158); (d) Moralitas of The Cok and the Pretious Stone (pp. 159-161); (e) Moralitas of The Borrowistoun Mous and the Up-on-land Mouss (pp. 162-163); (f) Moralitas of The Lyon and the Mouss (pp. 164-166). Notes on these passages occupy pp. 238-331.
- 3. In J. Sibbald's Chronicle of Scottish Poetry, vol. i. (1802), there is a short account (pp. 87-90) of Henryson, followed by these texts: (a) The Prologue to the Lion and the Mouse (pp. 90-93); (b) The Wolf and the Lame (pp. 94-99); (c) The Dog, Wolf, and Sheep (pp. 100-106); (d) The Twa Mice (pp. 107-114). The editor claims for the last that "it is here for the first time given correctly from the Bannatyne MS." (p. 107). (b) and (c) also are taken,

- as in Hailes's volume, from the Bannatyne MS., and are, on the whole, given more accurately.
- In the Appendix to G. F. Nott's edition of the Poems of Sir Thomas Wyatt (1816), the Fable of the Two Mice is printed from the Harleian MS.
- In Medieval Scottish Peetry (Glasgow, 1892), edited by George Eyre-Todd, the Prologue to the Tale of the Lion and the Mouse (described, in error, as the 'Prologue to the Moral Fables') and the Tale of the Two Mice are reprinted from Laing's edition, u.s.
- 6. In the editor's Specimens of Middle Scots (1902) the Prologue and Tale of the Cock and Jewel are printed from the Makculloch MS. (pp. 1-7), and the Tale of the Paddock and the Mouse from the Bannatyne MS. (pp. 34-41). Notes on these extracts are printed on pp. 267-269, 277-280.

The texts have been transcribed and collated by Mr George Stevenson, M.A., who has, at every stage of the preparation of this volume, given invaluable aid. The editor, in offering his thanks for this assistance during a long task, desires to express his pleasure that the collaboration has been the means of securing Mr Stevenson as an independent contributor to the publications of the Society. The editor also desires to thank Mrs Christie-Miller of Britwell Court for her kindness in placing the unique copy of Charteris's edition at his disposal, and the librarians of the British Museum, the Advocates' Library, and the University of Edinburgh, for privileges readily granted.

Nov. 11, 1906.



TITLES.

Ι.	Prolog						
II.	The Taill of the Cok and the Iasp [The Cock & pe Iewell.—Bann.]		:			:	1
III.	The Taill of the Uponlandis Mous a [The Twa Myss.—Bann.] The tale of be wplandis mouf) a Asloan-Chalmers].	and þe	borrow	stoun		:	-
IV.	The Taill of Schir Chantecleir and to [The Fox and the Cock.—Bann.]			:		:	}
V.	The Taill how this foirsaid Tod mai Waitskaith. [The Fox and the Wolf.—Bann.]				reir Wo		}
VI.	The Taill of the sone and air of the Alswa the Parliament of fourfut [The Fox tryed before the Lyon.—A	ttit beist	oxe, cal is haldi	lit Fath n be th	e Lyou	r: n	}
VII.	The Taill of the Scheip and the Doi [The Dog, pe Scheip, & pe Wolff.—	g . Bann.]	:	:	:	:	}
7111.	The Taill of the Lyoun and the Mou [The Lyon & the Mouss.—Bann.] The Taill of the Lyoun and the Mou [The Lyon and the Mous.—Bann.]	us		:	:	:	2
IX.	The Preiching of the Swallow . [The Swallow & othir Birdis.—Bana	n.] `	:	:	:	:	}
X.	The Taill of the Wolf that gat the the Foxe that begylit the Cadge				vrinkis (}
XI.	The Taill of the Foxe that begylit to Mone	the Wolf	f in the	Schado	ow of th	ie	}
XII.	The Taill of the Wolf and the Wede	der					
XIII.	The Tail of the Wolf and the Lamb [The Wolff & pe Lamb.—Bann.]		:	:	:		}
XIV.	The Taill of the Paddok and the Mo [The Mouss and the Paddock.—Bar		:	:	:	:	}

THE TEXTS.

-	CHARTERIS (Britwell Court).	HARLEIAN (British Museum).	MAKCULLOCH (Univ. of Edin.)	BANNATYNE (Advocates' Lib.)	ASLOAN- CHALMERS (Univ. of Edin.)
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PROLOG.

THOCHT FEN3EIT FABILLIS of auld poetrie
Be nocht all groundit vpon treuth, 3it than
Thair polite termis of sweit Rhetorie
Richt plesand ar vnto the eir of man;
And als the caus that thay first began
Wes to repreif the haill misleuing
Of man. be figure of ane vther thing.

¶ In lyke maner as throw the busteous eird, Swa it be laubourit with greit diligence, Springis the flouris and the corne abreird, Hailsum and gude to mannis sustenance, Sa dois spring ane Morale sweit sentence Out of the subtell dyte of Poetry, To gude purpois, quha culd it weill applie.

The Nuttis schell, thocht it be hard and teuch,
Haldis the kirnell, and is delectabill.
Sa lyis thair ane doctrine wyse aneuch,
And full of frute, vnder ane fein3eit fabill.
And Clerkis sayis, it is richt profitabill
Amangis ernist to ming ane merie sport,
To licht the spreit, and gar the tyme be schort.

Prolog.

Be not all grunded vpon truth, 3it than
Thair polite termes of sweit rethorie
Richt plesand ar vnto the eir of man;
And als the caus that thay first began
Wes to repreue the haill misleuing
Of man, be figure of ane vther thing.

5

In lyke maner as throw the bustious eird, Swa it be laubourit with grit diligence, Springis the flouris and the corne abreird, Hailsum and gude to mannis sustenence, Swa dois spring ane morale sweit sentence Out of the subtell dyte of poetry, To gude purpois, quha culd it weill apply.

10

The nuttis schell, thocht [it] be hard and teuch,
Haldis the kirnell, and is delectabill.
Sa lyis thair ane doctrine wyse aneuch,
And full of frute, vnder ane feinşeit fabill.
And clerkis sayis, it is richt profitabill
Amangis eirnist to ming ane mery sport,
To licht the spreit, and gar the tyme be schort.

15

Forther mair, ane Bow that is ay bent Worthis vnsmart and dullis on the string Sa gais the man that is ay diligent In ernestfull ¹ thochtis, and in studying: With sad materis sum merines to ming Acordis weill, thus Esope said, I wis, Dukius arrident seria picta Iocis.

25

■ Of this author, my Maisteris, with your leif, Submitting me in your correctioun, In Mother toung of Latyne I wald preif To mak ane mater of Translatioun; Nocht of my self, for vane presumptioun, Bot be requeist and Precept of ane Lord, Of guhome the Name it neidis not record.²

In hamelie language and in termis rude Me neidis wryte, for quhy of Eloquence Nor Rethorike I neuer vnderstude. Thairfoir meiklie I pray 3our reuerence, Gif that 3e find it throw my negligence Be deminute, or 3it superfluous, Correct it at 3our willis gratious.

40

My Author in his Fabillis tellis 30w,
That brutall beistis spak, and vnderstude,
In to guid purpois dispute, and maid argow,
In Philosophie propone, and eik conclude;
Put in exempill, and in similitude,
How mony men in operatioun
Ar lyke to beistis in conditioun.

45

¹ Orig. 'ernest full.'

² Orig. 'decord.'

45

HARLEIAN

Forther mair, ane bow that is ay bent
F. 2.b. Worthis vnsmart and dullis on the string:
Sa dois the mynd that is ay diligent
In eirnistfull 1 thoc[h]tis, and in studying:
With sad materis sum merynes to myng
Acordis weill, thus esope said, I wis,
Bulcius arribent seria picta Eocis.

Of this authour, my maisteris, with 3our leif,
Submitting me in 3our correctioun,
In mother toung of Lating I wald preif
To mak ane maner of translatioun;
Not of my self, for vane presumptioun,
Bot be requeist and precept of ane lord,
Of quhome the name it neidis nocht record.

In hamelie language and in termes rude

Me neidis not, for quhy of eloquence

Nor rethorik I neuer vnderstude.

Thairfoir meiklie I pray your reuerence,
Gif that 3e find it throw my negligence

Be deminute, or 3it superfluous,

Correct it at 3our willis gratious.

F. 3 a. My author in his fabillis tellis how
That brut beistis spak, and vnderstude,
In to guid purpois dispute, and argow,
Ane sillogisme propone, and eik conclude;
Put in exempill, and in similitude,
How mony men in operatioun
Ar like to beistis in conditioun.

1 MS, 'eirnist full,'

Na maruell is ane man be lyke ane Beist,
Quhilk lufis ay camall and foull delyte;
That schame can not him renge nor arreist,
Bot takis all the lust and appetyte,
And that throw custum and daylie ryte.
Syne in thair myndis sa fast is Radicate
That thay in brutall beistis ar transformate.

This Nobill Clerk Esope, as I haif tauld, In gray vestiment, and in facound purpurate, Be figure wrait his buik; for he nocht wald Lak the wisedome of hie nor law estait. And to begyn, first of ane Cok he wrait, Seikand his meit, quhilk fand ane Iolie stone, Of quhome the Fabill 3e sall heir anone.

ANE COK, SUMTYME, with feddrame fresche and gay,
Richt cant and Crous, albeit he was bot pure,
flew furth ypon ane dounghill sone be day;
To get his dennar set wes all his cure:
Scraipand amang the as, be auenture
He fand ane Iolie Iasp, richt precious,
Wes castin furth in sweping of the hous.
70

As Damysellis wantoun and Insolent,
That fane wald play, and on the streit be sene,
To swoping of the hous thay tak na tent:
Thay cair na thing swa that the flure be clene;
Iowellis ar tint, as oftymis hes bene sene,
Upon the flure, and swopit furth anone—
Peraduenture, sa wes the samin stone.





al data

Na mervell is ane man be like ane beist, 50
Quhilk luifis ay carnall and foull delite;
That schame can not him reinje nor arreist,
Bot takis all the lust and appetyte,
And that throw custum and dalye ryte.
Syne in thair myndis sa fast is radicate 55
That thay in brutall beistis ar transformate.

This nobill clerk esope, as I haif tald,
In gay meter, as poete lawriate,
Be figure wrait his buik; for he not wald
Lack the disdane of hie nor law estait.
And to begin, first of ane cok he wrate,
Seikand his meit, quhilk fand ane Ioly stone,
Of quhome the fabill ge sall heir anone.

F. 3 b. The Taill of the Cok and the Hasp.

Richt cant and crouß, albeit he was bot pure, 65
Flew furth vpoun ane dung hill sone be day;
To get his dennar set was all his cure:
Scraipand amang the aß, be euenture
He fand ane Ioly Iasp, richt precious,
Was castin furth be sweping of the houß.

Was castin furth be sweping of the houds.

70

F. 4 a. As damesellis wantoun and insolent,
That fane wald play, and on the streit be sene,
To sweping of the houß thay tak na tent;
Thay cair na thing swa that the flure be clene;
Iowellis ar tint, as oftymes hes bene sene,
Vpon the flure, and swopit furth anone—
Peraduenture, sa was the samyn stone.

Sa meruelland vpon the stane, quod he, 'O gentill Iasp! O riche and Nobill thing! Thocht I the find, thow ganis not for me; Thow art ane Iowell for ane Lord, or king. Pietie it wer thow suld ly in this midding, And buryit be thus on this muke on mold,¹ And thow so fair, and worth sa mekill gold.

85

80

It is pietie I suld the find, for quhy Thy greit vertew, nor 3it thy cullour cleir, It may me nouther extoll nor magnifie; And thow to me may mak bot lytill cheir. To greit Lordis thocht thow be leif and deir, I lufe fer better thing of les auaill, As draf, or corne, to fill my tume Intraill.

95

90

Amangis this mow, and luke my lyfis fude, As draf, or corne, small wormis, or snaillis, Or ony meit wald do my stomok gude, Than of Iaspis ane mekill multitude:

And thow agane, vpon the samin wyis, For thyne auaill may me as now despyis.

'I had leuer haif scrapit heir with my naillis

TOO

'Thow is na corne, and thairof haif I neid;
Thy cullour dois bot confort to the sicht,
And that is not aneuch my wame to feid;
For wyfis sayis lukand werkis ar licht.
I wald haif sum meit, get it gif I micht,
For houngrie men may not leif on lukis:
Had I dry breid, I compt not for na cukis,

105

Sa mervelland vpon this stane, quod he,
'O gentill Iasp! o riche and noble thing!
Thocht I the find, thow ganis not for me;
Thow art ane Iowell for ane lord, or king.
Pietie it war thow suld ly in this midding,
Be buryit thus amang this muk on mold,
And thow as fair, and worth sa mekte gold.

80

'It is pietie I suld the fynd, for quhy
Thy gret vertue, nor jit thy cullour cleir,
It may me nouther extoll nor magnify;
And thow to me may mak bot litill cheir.
To gret lordis thocht thow be leif and deir,
I luif fer better thing of les auaill,
As draf, or corne, to fill my tume Intraill.

90

85

F. 4.6. 'I had leuer ga scrapit heir with my naillis Amangis this mow, and luik my lyfis fude, As draf, or corne, small wormes, or snaillis, Or ony meit wald do my stomok gude, Than of Iaspis ane mekle multitude: And thow agane, vpoun the samyn wyse, For les auaill may me as now dispyis.

95

'Thow hes na corne, and thairof I haif neid; Thy cullour dois but confort to the sicht, And that is not enewch my wame to feid; For wyfis sayis luikand workis ar licht. I wald haif sum meit, get it gif I mycht, For hungrie men may not leue on luikis: Had I dry breid, I compt not for na cuikis.

100

'Quhar suld thow mak thy habitatioun?

Quhar suld thow dwell, bot in ane Royall Tour?

Quhar suld thow sit, bot on ane Kingis Croun,

Exaliti in worschip and in greit honour?

Ryse, gentill Iasp, of all stanis the flour,

Out of this midding, and pas quhair thow suld be;

Thow ganis not for me, nor I for the.'

Leuand this Iowell law vpon the ground,
To seik his meit this Cok his wayis went;
Bot quhen, or how, or quhome be it wes found,
As now I set to hald na Argument:
Bot of the Inward sentence and Intent
Of this, as myne Author dois write,
I sall reheirs in rude and hamelie dite.

Moralitas.1

This Iolie Iasp had properteis seuin:

The first, of cullour it wes meruelous,
Part lyke the fyre, and part like to the heuin:
It makis ane man stark and victorious;
Preseruis als fra cacis perrillous:
Quha hes this stane sall haif gude hoip to speid,
Or fyre nor watter him neidis not to dreid.

This gentill Iasp, richt different of hew,
Betakinnis perfite prudence and cunning,
Omate with mony deidis of vertew,

Betakinnis perfite prudence and cunning,
Omate with mony deidis of vertew,
Mair excellent than ony eirthlie thing,
Quhilk makis men in honour for to Ring,
Happie, and stark to wyn the victorie
Of all yycis and Spirituall enemie.

¹ In the original this heading introduces the next stanza.

- 'Quhair suld thow mak thy habitatioun?
 Quhair suld thow duell, bot in ane royell tour?
 Quhair suld thow sit, bot on ane kingis croun,
 Exaliti in worschip and in gret honour?
 Ryse, gentill Iasp, of all stanis the flour,
 Out of this midding, and pas quhair thow suld be;
 Thow ganis not for me, nor I for the.'
- F. 5 a. Leuand this Iowell law vpoun the ground,
 To seik his meit this cok his wayis went;
 Bot quhen, or how, or quhome be it was found,
 As now I set to hald na argument:
 Bot of the inwart sentence and intent
 Of this, as myne author dois wryte,
 I sall reheirs in rude and hamelie dyte.

Moralitas.1

- This Ioly Iasp had properteis sevin:

 The first, of cullour it was meruellous,
 Part lyke the fyre, and part like to the hevin:

 It makis ane man stark and victorious;
 Preseruis als fra cacis perrilous:

 Quha hes this stane sall haif gude hap to speid,
 Or fyre nor water him neidis not to dreid.
- This gentill Iasp, richt different of hew,
 Betakynnis perfite prudence and cuzming,
 Ornate with mony deidis of vertew,
 Mair excellent than ony eirthlie thing,
 130
 F. 5 & Quhilk makis men in honour for to ring,
 Happie, and stark to win the victorie

Of all vicis and spirituale Enemie.

¹ In the MS, this heading introduces the next stanza.

Quha may be hardie, riche, and gratious?	
Quha can eschew perrell and auenture?	135
Quha can Gouerne in ane Realme or hous	-
Without science? ouer all thing, I 30w assure,	
It is riches that euer sall Indure,	
Ouhilk Maith, nor moyst, nor vther rust can freit :	
To mannis Saule it is Eternall meit.	140
This Cok, desyrand mair the sempill corne	
Than ony Iasp, may till ane fule be peir,	
Quhilk at science makis bot ane moik and scorne,	
And na gude can; als lytill will he leir;	
His hart wammillis wyse argument to heir,	145
As dois ane Sow, to guhome men for the nanis	
In hir draf troich wald saw precious stanis.	
Ouha is enemie to science and cunning,	
Bot Ignorance that vnderstandis nocht?	
Ouhilk is sa Nobill, sa precioufs, and sa ding,	150
That it may not with eirdlie thing be bocht.	-
Weill war that man ouer all vther, that mocht	
All his lyfe dayis in perfite studie wair	
To get science; for him neidis na mair.	
Bot now, allace, science is tint and hid:	155
We seik it nocht, nor preis it for to find.	
Haif we riches, na better lyfe we bid,	
Of science thocht the Saull be bair and blind.	

160

Of this mater to speik it wer bot wind; Thairfoir I ceis, and will na forther say:

Ga seik the iasp quha will, for thair it lay.

Quha may be hardie, riche, and gratious?	
Quha can eschew perrell and euenture?	135
Quha can gouerne ane realme, citie, or houß	
Without science? na man, I 30w assure.	
It is riches that euer sall indure,	
Quhilk maith, nor moist, nor vther rust can screit 1:	
To mannis saule it is Eternale meit.	140

This cok, desirand mair the sempill corne
Than ony Iasp, vnto ane fule is peir,
Quhilk at science makis bot ane mok and scorne,
And na gude can; als litill will he leir;
His hart wammillis wyse argument to heir,
As dois ane sow, to quhome men for the nanis
In hir draf troch wald saw precious stanjs.

F. 6 a. Quha is enemie to science and cuzning,
Bot ignorantis that vnderstandis nocht?
Quhilk is sa nobte, sa preciouß, and sa ding,
That it may not with eirdlie thing be bocht.
Weill war that man ouer all vther, that mocht
All his lyfe days in perfite studie wair
To get science; for him neidis na mair.

Bot now, [allace], this Iasp is tint and hid:

We seik it nocht, nor preis it for to find.

Haif we riches, na better lyfe we bid,

Of science thocht the saule be bair and blind.

Of this mater to speik it war but wind;

Thairfoir I ceis, and will na ferther say:

Ga seik the iasp quha will, for thair it lay.

Finis.

¹ So MS. See pp. 12, 228; also cf. p. 275.

¶ THE TAILL OF THE UPONLANDIS MOUS AND THE BURGES MOUS.

SOPE, myne Author, makis mentioun
Of twa Myis, and thay wer Sisteris deir,
Of quham the eldest dwelt in ane Borrous town,
The vther wynnit Uponland, weill neir,
Soliter, quhyle vnder busk, quhyle vnder breir,
Quhylis in the corne, and vther mennis skaith,
As outlawis dois and leuis on thair waith.

This rurall Mous in to the wynter tyde
Had hunger, cauld, and tholit greit distres.
The vther Mous that in the Burgh can byde

The viter Mous that in the Burgh can byde
Wes Gild brother and maid ane fre Burges;
Toll fre als, but custum mair or les,
And fredome had to ga quhair euer scho list,
Amang the cheis in Ark, and meill in kist.

Ane tyme quhen s[c]ho wes full and vnfute sair,
Scho tuik in mynde hir sister yponland,
And langit for to heir of hir weilfair,
To se quhat lyfe scho had vnder the wand:
Bairfute, allone, with pykestalf in hir hand,
As pure Pilgryme scho passit out of toun,
To seik hir sister baith our daill and doun.

¶ Furth mony wilsum wayis can scho walk,
Throw mosse & muir, throw barkis, balk,¹ and breir,
Scho ranne with mony ane hiddeous quaik,
'Cum furth to me, my awin Sister deir;
Cry peip anis!' With that the Mous cryit 'heir,'
And knew hir voce, as kinnisman will do,
Be yernay kynd; and furth scho come hir to.

¹ Orig. 'blak'; Hart, 'balke.' See p. 15.

F. 63. The Taill of the vponlandis Mous and the burges Mous.

Sope, my author, makis mentioun Of twa myis, and thay wer sisteris deir, Of quhome the eldest duelt in ane borous toun, The vther wynnit vponland, weill neir, Soliter, quhile vnder busk, quhile vnder breir, Quhilis in the corne, and vther mennis skaith, As outlawis dois and leuis on thair waith.

This rurall mouß in to the winter tyde
Had hunger, cauld, and tholit gret distres.
The wher mous that in the burgh can byde
Was gild brother and maid ane fre burgeß;
Toll fre als, but custum mair or les,
And fredome had to ga quhair euer scho list,
Amang the cheis in ark, and meill in kist.

Scho tuik in mynde hir sister vponland,
And langit for to heir of hir weilfair,
F. 7 a. To se quhat lyfe scho had vnder the wand:
Bairfute, allone, with pykestalf in hir hand,
As pure pilgryme scho passit out of toun,

Ane tyme guhen scho was full and vnfute sair,

To seik hir sister baith ouer daill and doun.

Furth mony wilsum wayis can scho walk,

Throw moß and mure, throw bankis, [busk 1] and breir,

Scho ran cryand, quhill scho come to ane balk: 185

'Cum furth to me, my awin sister deir;

Cry peip anis!' With that the mousse culd heir,

And knew hir voce, as kynnisman will do,

Be verray kynd; and furth scho come hir to.

¹ Cf. pp. 284, 320; also p. 14.

The hartlie ioy, God! gif 3e had sene,

Beis kith quhen that thir Sisteris met;
And greit kyndenes wes schawin thame betuene,
For quhylis thay leuch, and quhyllis for ioy thay gret,
Quhyle kissit sweit, quhylis in armis plet;
And thus thay fure, quhill soberit wes thair mind,

Syne fute for fute vnto the Chalmer wend.

As I hard say, it was ane sober wane,
Of fog and fairn full febilie wes maid,
Ane sillie scheill vnder ane steidfast stane,
Of quhilk the entres was not hie nor braid;
And in the samin thay went but mair abaid,
Without fyre or candill birnand bricht,
For commounlie sic pykeris lufes not licht.

Quhen thay wer lugit thus, thir selie Myse,
The 3oungest sister into hir butterie 3eid,
And brocht furth nuttis and candil in steid of spyce;
Gif this wes gude fair, I do it on thame besyde.
The Burges Mouß prompit furth in pryde,
And said, 'sister, is this 3our daylie fude?'
'Qyhy not,' quod scho, 'is not this meit rycht gude?'

¶ 'Na, be my saull, I think it bot ane scorne.'

'Madame,' quod scho, '3e be the mair to blame;
My mother said, sister, quhen we wer borne,
That I and 3e lay baith within ane wame:
I keip the rate and custume of my dame,
And of my leuing in to pouertie,
For landis haif we nane in propertie'

And of my leuing in to pouertie.

And of my leuing in to pouertie.

And of my leuing in to pouertie.

To landis haif we nane in propertie'

The landis haif we nane in propertie.

The landis haif we have in the landis haif we have in the landis haif we have the landis have the landis haif we have the l

The hartlie Ioy, ¹ god ! gif 3e had sene, 190
Beis kyth quhen that thir sisteris met;
And gret kyndnes was schawin thame betuene,
For quhillis thay leuch, and quhillis for ioy thay gret,
Quhile kissit sweit, quhillis in armes plet;
And thus thay fure, quhill soberit was þair mude, 195
Syne fute for fute vnto the chalmer 3ude.

F. 7.6. As I hard say, it was ane sober wane,
Of fog and fairne ² full febilie was maid,
Ane sillie scheill vnder ane steidfast stane,
Of quhilk the entres was not hie nor braid;
And in the samyn thay went but mair abaid,
Without fire or candill birnand bricht,
For commonlie sic pykeris luites nocht licht.

Quhen thay war lugeit thus, thir sillie myis,
The 3oungest sister in to hir butterie glide,
And brocht furth nuttis and candill in steid of spyce;
Gif this was gude fair, I do it on thame beside.
The burges mouß prompit furth in pride,
And said, 'sister, is this 3our daylie fude?'
'Quhy not,' quod scho, 'is not this meit richt gude?'

'Na, be my saule, I think it bot ane scorne.'
'Madame,' quod scho, '3e be the mair to blame;
My mother said, sister, quhen we war borne,
That I and 3e lay baith within ane wame:
I keip the rait and custome of my dame,
And of my leving in to pouertie,
For landis haif we name in propertie.'

¹ See p. 284, l. 29, and p. 320, l. 29.
² MS. farine.
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'My fair sister,' quod scho, 'haif me excusit,	
This rude dyet and I can not accord;	
To tender meit my stomok is ay vsit,	220
For quhylis I fair als weill as ony Lord;	
Thir widderit peis and nuttis, or thay be bord,	
Will brek my teith, & mak my wame full sklender,	
Quhilk wes befoir vsit to meittis tender.'	

'Weill, weill, sister,' quod the rurall Mous,	225
'Gif it pleis 30w, sic thingis as 3e se heir,	
Baith meit and drink, harberie and hous,	
Salbe 3our awin, will 3e remane all 3eir;	
3e sall it haif with blyith and merie cheir,	
And that suld mak the maisses that ar rude,	230
Amang freindis, richt tender and wonder gude.	

'Quhat plesure is in the Feistis delicate,	
The quhilkis ar geuin with ane glowmand brow?	
Ane gentill hart is better recreat	
With blyith curage, than seik to him ane kow:	235
Ane Modicum is mair for till allow,	
Swa that gude will be keruer at the dais,	
Than thrawin will and mony spycit mais.'	

Œ	For all hir merie exhortatioun,	
	This Burges Mous had lytill will to sing,	240
	Bot heuilie scho kest hir browis doun,	
	For all the daynteis that scho culd hir bring.	
	3it at the last scho said, half in hething,	
	'Sister, this victuall and 3our royall feist	
	May weill suffice vnto ane rurall beist.	245

	L.	
F. 8 a.	'My fair sister,' quod scho, 'haif me excusit, This rude dyat and I can not accord; To tender meit my stomok is ay vsit, For quhilis I fair als weill as ony lord; Thir widderit peis and nuttis, or thay be bord, Will brek my teith, and mak my wame full sklender, Quhilk was befoir vsit to meitis tender.'	220
	'Weill, weill, sister,' quod the rurale mouß, 'Gif it pleis 30w, sic thing as 3e se heir, Baith meit and drink, herberie and houß, Sall be 30ur awin, will 3e remane all 3eir;	225
	3e sall it haif with blith and mery cheir, And that sould mak the maissis that ar rude, Amang freindis, richt tender and wonder gude.	230
	'Quhat plesure is in the feistis delicate, The quhilk ar gevin with ane glowmand brow? Ane gentill hart is better recreate With blith courage, than seith to him ane kow: Ane modicum is mair for till allow, Sua that gude will be caruer at the dais, Than thrawin vult and mony spycit maiΩ.'	235
F. 8 å.	For all hir mery exhortatioun, This burges mous had litill will to sing, Bot heuilie scho kest hir browis doun, For all the daynteis that scho culd hir bring. 3 it at the last scho said, half in hething, 'Sister, this victuall and 3 our royell feist	240
	May weill suffice vnto ane rurall beist.	245

'Lat be this hole, and cum into my place;
I sall to 3ow schaw be experience
My gude fryday is better nor 3our Pace;
My dische weschingis is worth 3our haill expence;
I haif housis anew of greit defence;
Of Cat nor fall-trap I haif na dreid.'
'I grant,' quod scho; and on togidder thay seid.

In stubbill array throw gers and corne,
And vnder buskis preuelie couth thay creip,
The eldest wes the gyde and vent beforne,
The 3ounger to hir wayis tuke gude keip.
On nicht thay ran, and on the day can sleip;
Quhill in the morning, or the Lauerok sang,
Thay fand the toun, and in blythlie couth gang.

Not fer fra thyne vnto ane worthie vane
This burges brocht thame sone quhar thai suld be;
Without God speid thair herberie wes tane,
In to ane spence with vittell greit plentie;
Baith Cheis and Butter vpone thair skelfis hie,
And fleshe and fishe aneuch, of freshe and salt,
And sekkis full of meill and eik of malt.

■ Efter quhen thay disposit war to dyne,
Withouttin grace thay wesche and went to meit,
With all coursis that Cukis culd deuyne,
Muttoun and beif strikin in tail3eis greit;
Ane Lordis fair thus couth thay counterfeit,
Except ane thing, thay drank the watter cleir
In steid of wyne, bot it thay maid gude cheir.

'Let be this hole, and cum vnto my place;
I sall to 30w schaw be experience
My gude fryday is better nor 30ur pace;
My dische likkingis is wirth 30ur haill expence.
I haif housis anew to grit defence;
Of cat nor fall-trap I haif na dreid.'
'I grant,' quod scho; and on togidder thay 3eid.

In stubbill array throw gres and come,
And vnder buskis preuilie culd thay creip,
The eldest was the gide and went beforne,
The 3ounger to hir wayis tuik gude keip.
On nycht thay ran, and on the day can sleip;
Quhill in the morning, or the lauerok sang,
Thay fand the toun, and in blithlie culd gang.

F. 9 a. Not fer fra thine vnto ane wirthie wane
This burges brocht thame sone quhair thay suld be;
Without god speid thair herberie was tane,
In to ane spence with victuell grit plentie;
Baith cheis and butter vpoun thair skelfis hie,
And flesche and fische aneuch, baith fresche & salt,
And sekkis full of meill and eik of malt.

Efter quhen thay disposit war to dyne,
Without grace thay wesche and went to meit,
With all coursis that cuikis culd defyne,
Muttoun and beif strukkin in tail3eis greit;
Ane lordis fair thus culd thay counterfeit,
Except ane thing, thay drank the watter cleir
In steid of wyne, bot 3it thay maid gude cheir.

With blyith vpcast and merie countenance,	
The eldest Sister sperit at hir gaist,	275
Gif that scho be ressone fand difference	
Betuix that chalmer and hir sarie nest.	
'3e, dame,' quod scho, 'how lang will this lest?'	
'For euermair, I wait, and langer to.'	
'Gif it be swa, 3e ar at eis,' quod scho.	280

Till eik thair cheir ane subcharge furth scho brocht,
Ane plait of grotis, and ane dische full of meill;
Thraf caikkis als I trow scho spairit nocht,
Aboundantlie about hir for to deill;
And mane full fyne scho brocht in steid of geill,
And ane quhyte candill out of ane coffer stall,
In steid of spyce to gust thair mouth withall.

This maid thay merie quhil thay micht na mair,
And 'haill 3uill, haill !' cryit vpon hie.
3it efter ioy oftymes cummis cair,
290
And troubill efter greit prosperitie.
Thus as thay sat in all thair iolitie,
The spenser come with keyis in his hand,
Oppinnit the dure, and thame at denner fand.

Thay taryit not to wesche, as I suppose,
Bot on to ga quha that micht formest win.
The Burges had ane hoill, and in scho gois;
Hir sister had na hole to hyde hir in:
To se that selie Mous it wes greit sin,
So desolate and will of ane gude reid;
For verray dreid scho fell in swoun neir deid.

With blith vpcast and merie countenance,
The eldest sister sperit at hir gaist,
Gif that scho be ressone fand differrence
Betuix that chalmer and hir sarie nest.
'3e, dame,' quod scho, 'how lang will this lest?'
'For euermair, I wait, and langer to.'
'Gif it be swa, 3e ar at eis,' quod scho.

280

F. 9. Till eik thair cheir ane subcharge furth scho brocht,
Ane plait of grottis, and ane dische full of meill;
Thraf caikis als I trow scho spairit nocht,
Aboundantlie about hir for to deill;
And man fulle fyne 1 scho brocht in steid of geill,
And ane quhite candill out of ane coffer stall,
In steid of spyce to gust thair mouth with all.

This maid thay merie quhill thay mycht na mair,
And 'haill 3uill, haill!' cryit vpone hie.
3it efter Ioy oftymes cumis cair,
And troubill efter grit prosperitie.
Thus as thay sat in all thair iolitie,
The spensar come with keyis in his hand,
Oppynnit the dur, and thame at denner fand.

Thay taryit not to wasche, as I suppois,

Bot on to ga quha that mycht formest win.

The burges had ane hoill, and in scho gois;

Hir sister had na hoill to hide hir in:

To se that selie mouß it was grit sin,

So desolate and will of ane gude reid;

For verray dreid scho fell in swoun neir deid.

¹ MS. manfulle syne.

305

This rurall Mous lay flatling on the ground,	
And for the deith scho was full sair dredand,	310
For till hir hart straik mony wofull stound,	
As in ane feuer scho trimbillit fute and hand;	
And quhan hir sister in sic ply hir fand,	
For verray pietie scho began to greit,	
Syne confort hir with wordis humbill & sweit.	315

'Quhy ly 3e thus? ryse vp my sister deir,	
Cum to 3our meit, this perrell is ouerpast.'	
The vther answerit hir with heuie cheir,	
'I may not eit, sa sair I am agast;	
I had leuer thir fourtie dayis fast,	320
With watter caill and to gnaw benis and peis,	
Than all 3our feist in this dreid and diseis.'	

With fair tretie 3it scho gart hir vpryse, And to the burde thay went and togidder sat; And scantlie had thay drunkin anis or twyse, Quhen in come Gib hunter, our Iolie Cat, And bad God speid: the Burges vp with that, And till the hole scho went as fyre on flint: Bawdronis the vther be the bak hes hint, F. 10 a. Bot as god wald, it fell ane happie cace; The spensar had na laser for to bide. Nouther to seik nor serche, to skar nor chace, Bot on he went, and left the dur vp wyde. The bald burges his passing weill hes spyde; Out of hir hoill scho come and crvit on hie. 'How fair 3e sister? cry peip, quhair euer 3e be!' This rurall mouß lay flatling on the ground, And for the deith scho was full sair dreidand. 310 For till hir hart straik mony wofull stound, As in ane feuer scho trimblit fute and hand; And guhen hir sister in sic ply hir fand, For verray pietie scho began to greit, Syne confort hir with wordis hunny sweit. 315 'Ouhy ly ze thus? ryse vp my sister deir, Cum to 3our meit, this perrell is ouer past.' The vther answerit hir with heuie cheir. 'I may not eit, sa sair I am agast : I had leuer thir fourtie dayis fast, 320 With watter caill and to gnaw benis and peis, Than all 3our feist in this dreid and diseis.' F. 10 b. With fair tretie 3it scho gart hir ryse, And to the burde thay went and to gidder sat; And skantlie had thay drunkin anis or twyse, 325 Quhen in come gib hunter, our Iolie cat, And bad god speid: the burges vp with that, And till hir hoill scho went as fyre on flint:

Bawdronis the vther be the bak hes hint.

Fra fute to fute he kest hir to and fra,	330
Quhylis vp, quhylis doun, als cant as ony kid;	
Quhylis wald he lat hir rin vnder the stra,	
Quhylis wald he wink, and play with hir buk heid.	
Thus to the selie Mous greit pane he did,	
Quhill at the last, throw fortune and gude hap,	335
Betuix ane burde and the wall scho crap.	

And vp in haist behind ane parralling
Scho clam so hie, that Gilbert micht not get hir,
Syne be the cluke thair crafelie can hing,
Till he wes gane, hir cheir wes all the better.
Syne doun scho lap quhen thair wes nane to let hir,
And to the Burges Mous loud can scho cry:
'Fairweill, sister, thy Feist heir I defy!

'Thy mangerie is mingit all with cair,
Thy guse is gude, thy gansell sour as gall;
The subcharge of thy seruice is bot sair,
Sa sall thow find efterwart na faill.

I thank 30ne courtyne and 30ne perpall wall
Of my defence now fra ane crewell beist.
Almychtie God, keip me fra sic ane Feist!

Fra fute to fute he kest hir to and fra,

Quhilis vp, quhilis doun, als cant as ony kid;

Quhilis wald he lat hir rin vnder the stra,

Quhilis wald he wink, and play with hir bukheid.

Thus to the selie mous grit pane he did,

Quhill at the last, throw fortoun and gude hap,

Betuix ane burde and the wall scho crap.

And vp in haist behind ane parraling
Scho clam sa hie, that gilbert mycht not get hir,
Syne be the cluke thair craftelie can hing,
Till he was gane, hir cheir was all the better.
340
Syne doun scho lap quhen thair was nane to lat hir,
And to the burges mouß loud can scho cry:
'Fairweill, sister, thy feist heir I defy!

F. II.a. 'Thy mangerie is mingit all with cair,

Thy guse is gude, thy gansell sour as gall;

345

The subcharge of thy seruice is bot sair, 1

Sa sall thow find heirefterwart na fall.

I thank 3one courtyne and 3one perpall wall

Of my defence now fra 3one crewell beist.

Almvchie god, keip me fra sic ane feist !

'Wer I in to the kith that I come fra,
For weill nor wa suld I neuer cum agane.'
With that scho tuik hir leue and furth can ga,
Quhilis throw the corne, and quhilis throw the plane;
Quhen scho was furth and fre, scho was full fane,
And merilie merkit vnto the mure:
I can not tell how weill thairefter scho fure.

 Bot I hard say scho passit to hir den, Als warme as woll,1 suppose it wes not greit, Full beinly stuffit, baith but and ben, 360 Of Beinis, and Nuttis, Peis, Ry, and Quheit: Ouhen euer scho list, scho had aneuch to eit, In guyet and eis, withoutin ony dreid: Bot to hir sisteris feist na mair scho zeid. MORALITAS. FREINDIS, 3e may find, and 3e will tak heid, 365 In to this fabill ane gude moralitie; As fitchis myngit ar with nobill seid, Swa intermynglit is aduersitie And als troubill, and sum vexatioun, With eirthlie iov, swa that na estait is fre, That ar not content of small possessioun, And namelie thay quhilk climmis vp maist hie.2 Blissit be sempill lyfe withoutin dreid ; Blissit be sober feist in quietie:

Blissit be sober test in quetie:
Quha hes aneuch, of na mair hes he neid,
Thocht it be lytill into quantitie.
Greit aboundance and blind prosperitie
Oftymes makis ane euill conclusioun;
The sweitest lyfe, thairfoir, in this cuntrie
Is sickernes, with small possessioun.

380

1 Orig. 'weill.'

² Cf. the order of ll. 369-372 with that of ll. 369-372 on p. 29.

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Bot I hard say scho passit to hir den,
Als warme as woll, suppois it was not greit,
Full benelie stuffit, baith but and ben,
Of beinis, and nuttis, peiß, ry, and quhite;
Quhen euer scho list, scho had aneuch to eit,
In quiet and eis, withouttin ony dreid:
Bot to hir sisteris feist na mair scho yeid.

F. 11 b. Moralitas.

#reinois, 3e may find, and 3e will tak heid,
In to this fabill ane gude moralitie;
As fytchis myngit ar with noble seid,
Swa intermynglit is aduersitie
With eirdlie Ioy; swa that na estait is fre,
Without trubill and sum vexatioun:
As namelie thay quhilk clymmis yp maist hie,
That ar not content with small possessioun.
Blissit be sempill lyfe withouttin dreid;

Blissit be sober feist in quietie:
Quha hes aneuch, of na mair hes he neid,
Thocht it be litill in to quantitie.
Grit aboundance and blind prosperitie
Oftymes makis ane euill conclusioun;
The sweitest lyfe, thairfoir, in this cuntrie
Is sickernes, with small possessioun.
380

O wantoun man! that vsis for to feid Thy wambe, and makis it ane god to be, Luik to thy self; I warne the weill, but dreid, The cat cummis, and to the mouß hes ee: Quhat vaillis than thy feist and ryaltie, With dreidfull hart and tribulationn?

F. 18 d. With dreidfull hart and tribulatioun?

Best thing in eird thairfoir, I say, for me,
Is blyithnes in hart, with small possessioun.

¶ Thy awin fyre, my freind, sa it be bot ane gleid, It warmis weill, and is worth Gold to the; And Solomon sayis, gif that thow will reid, 'Vnder the heuin thair can not better be, Than ay be blyith and leif in honestie.' Quhairfoir I may conclude be this ressoun: Of eirthly ioy it beris maist degre, Blyithnes in hart, with small possessioun.

FINIS.

385

THE TAILL OF SCHIR CHANTECLEIR AND THE FOXE.

THOCHT brutall beistis be Irrationall,¹
That is to say, wantand discretioun,
390
3it ilk ane in thair kynde naturall
Hes mony diuers inclinatioun;
The Bair busteous, the Wolf, the wylde Lyoun,
The Foxe semis craftic and cautelous,
The Dog to bark on nicht and keip the hous.
305

Sa different thay ar in properteis,
Unknawin to man, and sa infinite,
In kynd hauand sa fell diuersiteis,
My cunning is excludit for to dyte;
For thy as now I purpose for to wryte
Ane cais I fand, quhilk fell this ather 3eir,
Retuix ane Foxe and ane gentill Chantecleir.

1 Orig. 'Irrationabill.'

Thy awin fire, my freind, sa it be bot ane gleid,
It warmes weill, and is wirth gold to the;
390
And salomon sayis, gif that thow will reid,
'Vnder the heuin thair can not better be,
Than ay be blyith and leue in honestle.'
Quhairfoir I may conclude be this ressoun:
Of eirdlie I opy it beris maist degre,
395
Blithnes in hart, with small possessioun.

Finis.

F. 12 5. The taill of schir chantecleir and the Fore.

Tbocbt brutall beistis be Irrationall,
That is to say, wantand discretioun,
3it ilk ane in thair kynde naturale
Hes mony diueris inclinatioun;
The bair boustious, the wolf, the wylde lyoun,
The fox fein;eit, craftie and cawtelous,
The dog to bark on nycht and keip the houß.

Sa different thay ar in properteis,
Vnknawin to man, and sa infinite,
In kynd havand sa fell deuersiteis,
My cunning is excludit for to dyte;
Forthy as now I purpois for to write
Ane cais I fand, quhilk fell this ather 3eir,
Betuix ane foxe and ane gentill chantecleir.

	Ane Wedow duelt in till ane drop thay dayis, Quhilk wan hir fude of spinning on hir Rok; And na mair had forsuth, as the fabill sayis, Except of hennis scho had ane lytill flok; And thame to keip scho had ane iolie Cok, Richt curageous, that to this wedow ay Deuydit nicht, and crew befoir the Day.	40
•	Ane lytill fra this foirsaid Wedowis hous, Ane thornie schaw thair wes of greit defence, Quhairin ane Foxe, craftie and cautelous, Maid his repair and daylie residence: Quhilk to this Wedow did greit violence,	410
	In pyking of pultrie baith day and nicht, And na way be reuengit on him scho micht.	415
	This wylie Tod, quhen that the Lark couth sing, Full sair hungrie vnto the Toun him drest, Quhair Chantecleir in to the gray dawing, Werie for nycht, wes flowin fra his nest. Lowrence this saw, and in his mynd he kest The Ieperdie, the wayis, and the wyle, Be quhat menis he micht this Cok begyle.	420
	Dissimuland in to countenance and cheir, On kneis fell, and simuland this he said: 'Gude morne, my maister, gentill Chantecleir!' With that the Cok start bakwart in ane braid. 'Schir, be my Saule, 3e neid not be effrayit, Nor qit for me to start, nor fle abak;	425
	I come bot heir, seruice to 30w to mak.	430

Ane wedow duelt in to ane drop thay dayis, Quhilk wan hir fude of spinning on hir rok; And na mair had forsuith, as the fabil sayis, Except of hennis scho had ane litill flok; And thame to keip scho had ane iolie cok,

415

F. 13 a. Richt curagious, that to this wedow ay
Deuidit nycht, and crew before the day.

Ane litill fra this foirsaid wedowis houß, Ane thornie schaw thair was of grit defence, Quhairin ane fox, craftie and cautelous, Maid his repair and daylie residence: Quhilk to the wedow did grit violence, In pyking of pultrie baith day and nycht, And na way be reuengit on him scho mycht.

420

This wylie tod, quhen that the lark couth sing, Full sair hungrie vnto the toun him drest, Quhair chantecleir in to the gray dawing, Werie for nycht, was flowin fra his nest. Lowrence this saw, and ¹ in his mynde he kest The Ieperdie, the wayis, and the wyle, Be quhat menis he mycht this cok begile.

425

Dissimuland in to countenance and cheir,
On kneis fell, and simuland thus he said:
'Gude mome, my maister, gentill chantecleir!'
F. 13 b. With that the cok start bakwart in ane braid.
'Schir, be my saule, 3e neid not be affraid,

430

Nor 3it for me to start, nor fle abak; I come bot heir, seruice to 30w to mak. 435

1 Repeated twice in the MS.

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(

'Wald I not serue to 30w, it war bot blame, As I haif done to your progenitouris: 3our Father full oft fillit hes my wame, And send me meit fra midding to the muris: And at his end I did my besie curis. To hald his heid, and gif him drinkis warme Syne at the last, the Sweit swelt in my arme.'

435

¶ 'Knew 3e my Father?' quod the Cok, and leuch. '3ea, my fair Sone, I held vp his heid, Quhen that he deit vnder ane birkin beuch; Syne said the Dirige, guhen that he wes deid. Betuix vs twa how suld thair be ane feid? Ouhame suld ze traist bot me, zour Seruitour,

That to your Father did sa greit honour?

440

' Ouhen I behald your fedderis fair and gent, 445 3our beik, 3our breist, 3our hekill, and 3our came, Schir, be my Saull, and the blissit Sacrament, My hart is warme; me think, I am at hame: To mak now blyith, I wald creip on my wame In froist, in snaw, in wedder wan and weit, 450 And lay my Lyart loikkis vnder 3our feit.'

This fenzeit Foxe, fals and dissimulate, Maid to this Cok ane cauillatioun: '3e ar, me think, changit and degenerate Fra your Father of his conditioun: Of craftie crawing he micht beir the Croun, For he wald on his tais stand and craw; This was na le: I stude besyde and saw,'

455

- Wald I not serue to 30w, it war bot blame,
 As I haif done to 30ur progenitouris:
 30ur father full oft fillit hes my wame,
 And send me meit fra midding to the muris;
 And at his end I did my besie curis,
 To hald his heid, and gif him drinkis warme;
 Syne at the last, the sweit swelt in my arme.'
 445
- 'Knew 3e my father?' quod the cok, and leuch.
 '3e, my fair sone, I held vp his heid,
 Quhen that he deit vnder ane birkin beuch;
 Syne said the dirigie, quhen that he was deid.
 Betuix ws twa how suld thair be ane feid?
 Quhome suld 3e traist bot me, 3our seruitour,
 That to 3our father did sa grit honour?
- 'Quhen I behald 3our fedderis fair & gent,
 3our beik, 3our breist, 3our hekill, and 3our kame,
 F. 14 a. Schir, be my saule, and the blissit sacrament,
 My hart is warme; me think, I am at hame:
 To mak 3ow blyith, I wald creip on my wame
 In frost, in snaw, in wedder wan and weit,
 And lay my lyart loikkis vnder 3our feit.'
 - This feingeit foxe, fals and dissimulate,

 Maid to this cok ane cauellatioun:

 '3e ar, me think, changit and degenerate

 Fra 3our father of his conditioun;

 Of craftic crawing he mycht beir the croun,

 For he wald on his tais stande and craw;

 This was na le; I stuid beside and saw.'

With that the Cok, vpon his tais hie,
Kest vp his beik, and sang with all his micht.
Quod Schir Lowrence, 'weill said, sa mot I the,
3e ar 3our Fatheris Sone and air vpricht;
Bot of his cunning 3it 3e want ane slicht,
For,' quod the Tod, 'he wald, and haif na dout,
Baith wink and craw and turne him thryis about.'

The Cok, infect with wind and fals vanegloir,
That mony puttis vnto confusioun,
Traisting to win ane greit worschip thairfoir,
Vnwarlie winkand, wawland vp and doun,

470

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The Foxe wes war and hint him be the throte.

Syne to the woid but tarie with him hyit,
Of that cryme haifand but lytill dout.
With that Pertok, Sprutok, and Toppok cryit;
The Wedow hard, and with ane cry come out;
Seand the cace, scho sichit and gaif ane schout:

And syne to chant and craw he maid him boun.

And suddandlie, be he had crawin ane note,

'How, murther, hay!' with ane hiddeous beir, 'Allace, now lost is gentill Chantecleir!'

As scho wer woid, with mony 3ell and cry, Ryuand hir hair, vpon hir breist can beit, Syne paill of hew, half in ane extasie, Fell doun for cair in swoning and in sweit. With that the selie hennis left thair meit, And, quhill this wyfe wes lyand thus in swoun, Fell in that cace in disputatioun.

¹ MS. 'crvit.' See pp. 37, 246.

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[HARLEIAN

With that the cok, vpoun his tais he,
Kest vp his beik, and sang with all his mycht.
Quod schir lowrence, 'weill said, sa mot I the,
3e ar your fatheris sone and air vpricht;
470
Bot of his cunning jit je want ane slicht,
For,' quod the tod, 'he wald, and haif na dout,
Baith wink and craw and turne him thryis about.'

The cok, infect with wind and fals vane gloir,
F. 14 b. That mony puttis vnto confusioun,
Traisting to win ane grit worschip thairfoir,
Vnwarlie winkand, wawland vp and doun,
And syne to chant and craw he maid him boun.
And suddantile, be [he] had crawin ane note,
The fox was wer and hint him be the throte.

Syne to the wode but tarie with him hyit,
Of that cryme haifand but litill dout.
With [that] pertok, sprutok, and toppok cryit;
The wedow hard, and with ane cry come out;
Seand the cace, scho sichit and gaif ane schout:
'How, murthour, hay!' with ane hiddious beir,
'Allace, now lost is gentill chantecleir!'

As scho war wod, with mony 3ell and cry, Rywand hir hair, younn hir breist can beit, Syne pale of hew, half in ane extasie, Fell doun for cair in swoning and in sweit. With that the selie hennis left thair meit, And, quhill this wyfe wes liand this in swoun, Fell in that cace in disputatioun.

4Allace,' quod Pertok, makand sair murning,
With teiris greit attour hir cheikis fell,
3one wes our drowrie, and our dayis darling,
Our Nichtingaill, and als our Orlege bell,
Oure walkryfe watche, vs for to warne and tell,
Quhen that Aurora, with hir curcheis gray,
Put vp hir heid betuix the nicht and day.

'Quha sall our Lemman be? quha sall vs leid?
Quhen we ar sad, quha sall vnto ws sing?

495
With his sweit Bill he wald brek vs the breid:
In all this warld wes thair ane kynder thing?
In paramouris he wald do vs plesing
At his power, as nature did him geif;
Now efter him, allace, how sall we leif?'

¶ Quod Sprutok than: 'Ceis sister of 3our sorrow; 3e be to mad for him; sic murning mais: We sall fair weil!; I find, Sanct Iohne to borrow, The Prouerb sayis, "als gude lufe cummis as gais": I will put on my haly dayis claithis, 505 And mak me fresche agane this Iolie May, And chant this sang, "wes neuer Wedow sa gay!"

510

'He wes angrie and held vs ay in aw, And woundit with the speir of Ielowsie; Of chalmerglew, Pertok, full weill 3e knaw, Waistit he wes, of Nature cauld and dry. Sen he is gone, thairfoir, Sister, say I, Be blyith in baill, for that is best remeid: Let quik to quik, and deid ga to the deid.'

520

THARLEIAN

F. 15 a. 'Allace,' quod pertok, makand sair ¹ murning,
With teiris grit attour hir cheikis fell,
'3 one wes oure drowrie, and oure dayis darling,
Oure nichtingall, and als oure orlege bell,
Oure walkryfe watche, ws for to warne and tell,
Quhen that aurora, with hir curcheis gray,
Put vp hir heid betuix the nicht and day.

'Quha sall owr lammen be? quha sall ws leid?
Quhen we ar sad, quha sall vnto ws sing?
With his sweit bill he wald brek ws the breid:
In all this warld was thair ane kynder thing?
In paramouris he wald do ws pleising
At his powar, as nature did him geif;
Now efter him, allace, how sall we leif?'

Quod sprutok than: 'ceis sister of 3 our sorrow;
3e be to mad for him; sic murning mais:
510
We sall fair weill; I find, sanct Iohnne to borrow,
The prouerbe sayis, "als gude luif cummis as gais":
I will put on my haly dayis clais,
And mak me fresche agane this Iolie may,
And chant this sang, "was neuer wedow sa gay!"
515

F. 15 & 'He was angrie and held ws ay in aw,
And woundti with the speir of Ielowsie;
Of chalmer glew, full weill, pertok, 3e knaw,
Waistit he was, of nature cauld and dry.
Sen he is gone, thairfoir, sister, say I,
Be blyith in baill, for that is best remeid:
Let quik to quik, and deid ga to the deid.'

1 MS. ? 'fair.'

Than Pertok spak with fengeit faith befoir:	515
'In lust but lufe he set all his delyte 1;	
Sister, 3e wate, of sic as him ane scoir	
Wald not suffice to slaik our appetyte.	
I hecht 2 be my hand, sen he is quyte,	
Within ane oulk, for schame and I durst speik,	520
To get ane berne suld better claw my breik.'	

Than Toppok lyke ane Curate spak full crous:
'30ne wes ane verray vengeance from the heuin;
He wes sa lous, and sa lecherous;
He had,' quod scho, 'kittokis ma than seuin;
Bot rychteous God, haldand the balandis euin,
Smytis richt sair, thocht he be patient,
For Adulterie that will thame not repent.

525

Quhen this wes said, this Wedow fra hir swoun Start vp on fute, and on hir kennettis cryit,
'How! berk,' Berrie, Bausie Broun,
Rype schaw, Rin weill, Curtes, Nuttieclyde,
To gidder all but grunching furth 3e glyde!
Reskew my Nobill Cok, or he be slane,
Or ellis to me se 3e cum neuer agane.'

Than pertok spak with fein3eit faith befoir:

'In lust but lufe he set all his delite 1;
Sister, 3e wate, of sic as him ane scoir
Wald not suffice to slaik oure appetyte.
I hecht 2 be my hand, sen he is quite,
Within ane oulke, for schame and I durst speik,
To get ane berne suld better claw our breik.'

Than tappok like ane curate spak full crous: 530
'3one was ane verray vengeance frome the hevin;
He was sa loufs, and sa lecherous;
He had,' quod scho, 'kittokis ma than sevine;
Bot rychtiouß god, haldand the ballandis evin,
Smytis richt sair, thocht he be patient,
For adulterie that will thame not repent.

F. 16.4 'Prydfull he was, and Ioyit of his sin,
And comptit not for goddis fauour nor feid,
Bot traistit ay to rax and sa to rin,
Quhill at the last his sinnis can him leid
To schamefull end, and to 3 one suddane deid;
Thairfoir it is the verray hand of god
That causit him be werryit with the tod.'

Quhen this was said, this wedow fra hir swoun
Start vp on fute, and on hir kennettis cryde,
'How! bark,' berrie, bawsie broun,
Rypeschaw, rinweill, curtes, nuttieclyde,
To gidder all but grunching furth 3e glide!
Reskew my nothe cok, or he be slane,
Or ellis to me se 3e cum neuer agane.'
550

¹ Cf. p. 247, l. 128, ² See p. 247, l. 131. ³ Cf. p. 248, l. 150.

With that, but baid, thay braidit ouer the bent;
As fyre of flint thay ouer the feildis flaw,
Full wichtlie thay throw woid and watteris went,
And ceissit not schir Lowrence quhill thay saw.
Bot quhen he saw the kennetis cum on raw,
Unto the Cok in mynd he said: 'God sen
That I and thow wer fairlie in my den.'

Than said the Cok, with sum gude Spirit inspyrit,

'Do my counsall, and I sall warrand the;

'Do my counsall, and I sall warrand the;

Hungrie thow art, and for greit trauell tyrit,

Richt faint of force, and may not ferther fle:

Swyith turne agane, and say, that I and 3e

Freindis ar maid and fellowis for ane 3eir;

Than will thay stint, I stand for it, and not steir.'

■ This Tod, thocht he wes fals and friuolous,
And had frawdis¹ his querrell to defend,
Desauit wes be menis richt meruelous;
For falset falighes ay at the latter end.
He start about and cryit as he wes kend;
With that the Cok he braid out of² the beuch.
Now Juez ea all quhairat Schir Lowence leuch.

The Total Total

This Tod, thoch is a queriely to get a proper to get a prop

Begylit thus, the Tod vnder the tre
On kneis fell, and said, 'gude Chantecleir,
Cum doun agane, and I, but meit or fey,
Salbe 3our man and seruand for ane 3eir.'
'Na, fals theif and reuar, stand not me neir;
My bludie hekill and my nek sa bla
Hes partit freindschip for euer betwene vs twa.

565

¹ Orig. 'freindis.'

² See p. 249, l. 174.

THARLEIAN

With that, but baid, thay braidit ouer the bent; As fyre of flint thay ouer the feildis flaw, Full 1 wichtilie thay throw wod and watteris went, And ceissit not schir lawrence quhill thay saw. Bot quhen he saw the kennetis cum on raw, Vnto the cok he said in mvnde: 'god sen That I and thow wer fairlie in my den.'

F. 16 b. Than said the cok, with sum gude spreit inspyrit, 'Do my counsale, and I sall warrand the; Hungrie thow art, and for grit trauell tyrit, 560 Richt faint of force, and may not ferther flie: Swyith turne agane, and say, that I and se Freindis ar maid and fellowis for ane zeir; Than will thay stint, I stand for it, and not steir.'

565

This tod, thocht he was fals and friuolous, And had frawdis his querell to defend, Dissauit was be menis richt meruelous: For falset failzeis av at the letter end. He start about and cryit as he was kend; With that the cok he braid out of 2 the bewche. Now Iuge 3e all quhair at schir [lowrence] lewche.

Begylit thus, the tod vnder the tre On kneis fell, and said, 'gude chantecleir, Cum doun agane, and I, but meit or fe, Sall be your man and seruand for ane zeir.' 'Na, fals theif and reuar, stand not me neir: My bludy hekill and my nek sa bla Hes pairtit freindschip for euer betwene ws twa.

¹ MS. 'throw.' See p. 42.

² See p. 249, l. 174.

'I wes vnwyse that winkit at thy will, Quhairthrow almaist I loissit had my heid.' 'I wes mair fule,' quod he, 'to be sa still,1 Quhairthrow to put my play in to pleid.' 'Fair on, fals theif, God keip me fra thy feid.' With that the Cok ouer the feildis tuke his flicht, And in at the Wedowis Luwer couth he licht. NOW, worthie folk, suppose this be ane Fabill, And ouerheillit with typis figurall, 3it may ze find ane sentence richt agreabill, Under thir fengeit termis textuall: To our purpose this Cok weill may we call Nyse proud men, woid and vanegloreous Of kin and blude, quhilk is presumpteous. I Fy! puft vp pryde, thow is full poysonabill; 585 Quha fauoris the on force man haif ane fall. Thy strenth is nocht, thy stule standis vnstabill; Tak witnes of the Feyndis Infernall, Ouhilk houndit down wes fra that heuinlie hall To Hellis hole, and to that hiddeous hous, Becaus in pryde thay wer presumpteous. This fenzeit Foxe may weill be figurate To flatteraris with 2 plesand wordis quhyte, With fals mening and mynd maist toxicate, To leif and le that settis thair haill delyte. All worthie folk at sic suld haif despyte;

For quhair is thair mair perrillous pestilence Nor³ gif to learis haistelie credence?

¹ See p. 249, l. 185.

² Orig. 'richt.'

³ See p. 250.

F. 17 a. 'I was vnwyse that winkit at thy will,

Quhairthrow almaist I loissit had my heid.'
'I was mair fule,' quod he, 'to be sa still,'

Quhairthrow to put my pray in to pleid.'
'Fair on, fals theif, god keip me fra thy feid.'

With that the cok ouer the feildis tuke his flicht,

And in at the wedowis lewer couth he lycht. 585

Moralitas.

How, worthie folk, suppois this be ane fabill,
And ouerheillit with typis figurall,
3 it may 3e find ane sentence richt agreable,
Vnder thair fein;eit termes textuale:
To oure purpois this cok weill may we call
Nyse proud men, wod and vane glorious
Of kin and blude, quhilk ar presumpteous.

This fein3eit fox may weilbe figurate
To flatteraris with plesand wordis quhite,
With fals mening and mynd maist toxicate
To loif and le that settis thair haill delite.
F. 17 b. All worthie folk at sic sould haif dispite;

7. 17 b. All worthie folk at sic sould haif dispite;
For quhair is thair mair perrelous pestilence
Nor 2 gif to learis haistelie credence?

¹ See p. 249, l. 185.

² See p. 250.

The 1 wickit mynd and Adulatioun,
Of sucker sweit haifand the similitude,
Bitter as gall, and full of poysoun,
To taist 2 it is, quha cleirlie vnderstude.
For thy, as now schortlie to conclude,
Thir twa sinnis, flatterie and vaneglore,
Ar mannis enemeis; gude folk, fle thame thairfoir! 605

FINIS.

¶ THE TAILL HOW THIS FOIRSAID TOD MAID HIS CONFESSIOUN TO FREIR WOLF WAITSKAITH.

LEIF we this Wedow glaid, I 30w assure,
Of Chantecleir mair blyith than I can tell,
And speik we of the subtell auenture
And destenie that to this Foxe befell,
Quhilk durst na mair with waiting Intermell,
Als lang as leme or licht wes of the day,
Bot, bydand nicht, full still lurkand he lay,

■ Quhill that ³ the Goddes of the flude Phebus had callit to the harberie, And Hesperous put up his cluddle heid, Schawand his lustie wisage in the sky. Than Lowrence luikit vp, quhair he couth ly, And kest his hand vpon his Ee on hicht, Merie and glaid that cummit wes the nicht.

¹ Orig. 'Hie.'

² Orig. 'traist.'

³ See p. 251, l. 8.

The wickit mynd and adultatioun, 600
Of sucker sweit haifand the similitude,
Bitter as gall, and full of poysoun,
To taist it is, quha cleirlie vnderstude.
For thy, as now schortlie to conclude,
Thir twa sinnis, flatterie and vane gloir,
Ar vennomous; gude folk, flie thame thairfoir!

Finis.

F. 18 d. The taill how this foirsaid Tod maid his confessioun to freir wolf wait= skaith.

Teif we this wedow glaid, I yow assure,
Of chantecleir mair blyth than I can tell,
And speik we of the subtell auenture
And destenie that to this foxe befell,
Quhilk durst na mair with wayting intermell,
Als lang as leme or licht was of the day,
Bot, bydand nicht, full still lurkand he lay,

Quhill that 1 the goddes of the flude
Phebus had callit to the harberie,
And hesperous put up his cluddie hude,
Schawand his lustie visage in the sky.
Than lawrence luikit up, quhair he culd ly,
And kest his hand upoun his Ee on hicht,
Merie and glaid that cummit wes the nycht.

1 See p. 251, l. 8.

Out of the wod vnto ane hill he went,
Quhair he micht se the tuinkling sternis cleir,
And all the Planetis of the firmament,
Thair cours, and eik thair mouing in the Spheir,
Sum Retrograde, and sum Stationer,
And of the 3odiak, in quhat degre
Thay wer ilk ane, as Lowrence leirnit me.

Than Saturne auld was enterit in Capricorne,
And Iuppiter mouit in Sagittarie,
And Mars vp in the Rammis heid wes borne,
And Phebus in the Lyoun furth can carie;
Venus the Crab, the Mone wes in Aquarie;
Mercurius, the God of Eloquence,
Into the Uirgyn maid his residence.

Bot Astrolab, Quadrant, and Almanak,

Teichit of nature be Instructioun,
The mouing of the heuin this Tod can tak,
Quhat influence and Constellatioun
Wes like to fall vpon the eirth adoun;
And to him self he said, withouttin mair,
'Weill worth my Father, that send me to the lair.

'My destenie and eik my weird I ken ¹;

My auentour is cleirlie to me kend;

With mischeif myngit is my mortall Ene ²;

My misleuing the soner bot gif I mend:

It is rewaird of sin ane schamefull end.

Thairfoir I will ga seik sum Confessour,

And schryif me clene of my sinnis to this hour.

¹ See p. 252. ² See pp. 49, 252.

Out of the wod in to ane hill he went, Quhair he micht se the tuinkling sterris cleir,

F. 18 & And all the planeitis of the firmament,
Thair courß, and eik thair moving in the spheir,
Sum retrograde, and sum stationeir,
And of the 3odiake, in quhat degre
Thay wer ilkane, as lowrence leimit me.

Than saturne auld was enterit in capricorne,
And Iuppiter movit in sagittarie,
And mars up in the ramms heid was borne,
And phebus in the Iyoun furth can carie;
Venus the crab, the mone was in aquarie;
Mercurius, the god of eloquence,
In to the virgyne maid his residence.

Bot astrolab, quadrant, and almanak,
Teichit of nature be instructioun,
The moving of the heuin this [tod] can tak,
Quhat influence and constellatioun
Was like to fall vpoun the eirth adoun;
And to him self he said, withouttin mair,
'Weill worth my father, that send me to the lair.

F. 19 a. 'My destenie and eik my weird I ken 1;
My auenture is cleirlie to me kend;
With mischeif myngit is my mortale men 2;
My misleuing the soner bot gif I mend:
It is rewaird of sin ane schamefull end.
Thairfoir I will ga seik sum confessour,
And schryif me clene of my synnis to this hour.

¹ See p. 252.

² See pp. 48, 252.

'Allace,' quod he, 'richt waryit ar we theifis;
Our lyifis set ilk nicht in auenture;
Our cursit craft full mony man mischeuis;
For euer we steill, and euer ar lyke pure:
In dreid and schame our dayis we Indure;
Syne widdinek and Crakraip callit als,
And till our hyre hangit vp be the hals.'

Accusand thus his cankerit conscience,

In to ane Craig he kest about his Ee;
So saw he cummand, ane lyill than from [t]hence,
Ane worthie Doctour in diuinitie,
Freir Wolf Waitskaith, in science wonder sle,
To preiche and pray wes new cummit fra the Cloister,
660
With Beidis in hand, sayand his Pater noster.

Seand this Uolf, this wylie tratour Tod
On kneis fell, with hude in to his nek:
'Welcome, my Goistlie Father vnder God,'
Quod he, with mony binge and mony bek.
'Ha,' quod the wolf, 'Schir Tod, for quhat effek
Mak ze sic feir? ryse vp, put on 3our hude.'
'Father,' quod he, 'I haif greit cause to dude.

'3e ar Mirrour, Lanterne, and sicker way,
Suld gyde sic sempill folk as me to grace;
3our bair feit, and 3our Russet Cowll of gray,
3our lene cheik, 3our paill pieteous face,
Schawis to me 3our perfite halines;

For weill wer him, that anis in his lyue Had hap to 30w his sinnis for to schryue.'

'Allace,' quod he, 'richt waryit ar we theuis;
Our lyfis set ilk nycht in auenture;
Our cursit craft full mony man mischeuis;
For euer we steill, and euer ar like pure:
In dreid and schame our dayis we indure;
Syne widdienek and crakraip callit als,
And till oure hire hangit vp be the hals.'

655

Accusand this his cankerit conscience,
In to ane craig he kest about his Ee;
Sa saw he cumand, ane litill than frome thence,
Ane wirthie doctour of diuinitie,
Freir wolf waitskaith, in science wonder slie,
To preich and pray wes new cummit fra the closter,
With beidis in hand, sayand his pater noster.

F. 19 & Seand this wolf, this wylie tratour tod
On kneis fell, with hude in to his nek:
'Welcome, my father, gostliest wnder god,'
Quod he, with mony binge and mony bek.
'Ha,' quod the wolf, 'schir tod, for quhat effek
Mak ye sic feir? Ryse vp, put on your hude.'
'Father,' quod he, 'I haif grit caus to dude.

'3e ar mirrour, lanterne, and sicker way,
Suld gide sic sempill folk as me to grace;
3our bairfeit, and 3our russat coule of gray,
3our lene cheik, 3our paill pietious face,
Schawis to me 3our perfite halienes;
For weill war him, that anis in his lyfe
Had hap to 3ow his sinnis for to schrüe.'

¶ 'Na, selie Lowrence,' quod t	the Uolf, and leuch:
'It plesis me that 3e ar peni	tent.'
'Of reif and stouth, schir, I	can tell aneuch,
That causis me full sair for t	to repent;
Bot, Father, byde still heir v	pon the bent, 68c
I 30w beseik, and heir me to	o declair
3.6	-1.1

'Weill,' quod the wolf, 'sit doun vpon thy kne.'
And he doun bair heid sat full humillie,
And syne began with Benedicite.

Quhen I this saw, I drew ane lytill by,
For it effeiris nouther to heir nor spy,
Nor to reueill thing said vnder that seill:
Unto the Tod this Gait the Wolf couth tell.

'Art thou contrite and sorie in thy Spreit 690
For thy Trespas?' 'Na, Schir, I can not doid:
Me think that hennis ar sa honie sweit,
And Lambis flesche that new ar lettin bluid;
For to repent my mynd can not concluid,
Bot of this thing, that I haif slane sa few.'
695
'Weill,' quod the wolf. 'in faith, thow art ane schrew.

'Sen thow Can not forthink thy wickitnes,
Will thow forbeir in tyme to cum, and mend?'
'And I forbeir, how sall I leif, allace,
Haifand nane vther craft me to defend?
Neid causis me to steill quhair euer I wend.
I eschame to thig, I can not wirk, 3e wait,
3it wald I fane pretend to gentill stait.'

'Na, selie lawrence,' quod the wolf, and leuch:
'It plesis me that ye ar penitent.'
'Of reif and stouth, schir, I can tell aneuch,
That causis me full sair for to repent;
Bot, father, byde still heir vpoun the bent,
I 30w beseik, and heir me to declair
My conscience that prikkis me sa sair.'

F. 20 a. 'Weill,' quod the wolf, 'sit doun on thy kne.'

And he doun bairheid sat full humilly,

And syne began with benedicitie.

Quhen I this saw, I drew a litill by,

For it effeiris nouther to heir nor spy,

Nor to reuele thing said vnder that seill:

Vnto the tod this gait the wolf couth kneill.\(^1\)

'Art thou contreit and sorie in thy spreit
For thy traspas?' 'Na, schir, I can not dude:
Me think that hennis ar sa honie sweit,
And lambes flesche that new ar lattin blude;
For to repent my mynde can not conclude,
Bot of this thing, that I haif slane sa few.'
'Weill,' quod the wolf, 'in faith, thow art are schrew.

'Sen thow can not forthink thy wickitnes,
Will thow forbeir in tyme to cum, and mend?'
'And I forbeir, how sall I leif, allace,
Haifand na vther craft me to defend?
Neid causis me to steill quhair euer I wend.
I eschame to thig, I can not wirk, 3e wait,
3it wald I fane pretend to gentill stait.'

¹ So MS. Cf. pp. 52, 254.

5
)

'3it, neuertheles, I wald, swa it wer licht,
Schort, and not greuand to my tendernes,
Tak part of pane, fulfill it gif I micht,
To set my selie Saull in way of grace.'
'Thow sall,' quod he, 'forbeir flesche vntill Pasche,
To tame this Corps, that cursit Carioun;
And heir I reik the full Remissioun'

'I grant thairto, swa 3e will gif me leif
To eit puddingis, or laip ane lytill blude,
Or heid, or feit, or paynchis let me preif,
In cace I falt of flesche in to my fude.'
'For greit mister I gif the leif to dude
Twyse in the oulk, for neid may haif na Law.'
'God zeild zow. Schir, for that Text weill I knaw.'

Quhen this wes said, the Wolf his wayis went.

The Foxe on fute he fuir vnto the flude—
To fang him fische haillelie wes his intent;
Bot quhen he saw the watter and ¹ wallis wod,
Astonist all still in to ane stair he stude,
And said: 'better that I had biddin at hame,
Nor bene ane Fischar in the Deuillis Name.

1 Cf. p. 255, l. 123.

Belangand to perfite confessioun. To the thrid pairt of penitence let ws ga: Will thow tak pane for thy transgressioun?' 'Na, schir, considder my complexioun,	
Selie and waik, and of my nature tender, Lo, will 3e se, I am baith lene and sklender.	710
'3it, neuertheles, I wald, sa it war licht, Schort, and not greuand to my tendernes, Tak pairt of pane, fulfill it ³ gif I mycht, To set my selie saule in way of grace.' 'Thow sall,' quod he, 'forbeir flesche vntill To tame this corps, that cursit carioun; And heir I reik the full remissioun.'	715 pace,
'I grant thairto, swa 3e will gif me leif To eit puddingis, or laip ane litill blude, Or heid, or feit, or panchis let me preif, In cace na flesche vnto my fude I fall.' 'I gif the leif to gust thy mouth with all Twyis in the oulk, for neid may haif na law,	720
'God 3eild 30w, schir, for that text weill I k	
F. 21 a. Quhen this wes said, the wolf his wayis wen The foxe on fute he fuir vnto the flude— To fang him fische haillelie wes his intent; Bot quhen he saw the watter and ² wallis we Astonist all still in to ane stair he stude, And said: 'better that I had biddin at ham Nor bene ane fischar in the deuillis name. ¹ MS. falfillit. ² Cf. p. 255, 1.	oude, 730 ne,

- I 'Now man I scraip my meit out of the sand, And I haif nouther boittis nor 3it Net.' As he wes thus for falt of meit murnand, Lukand about his leuing for to get. Under ane tre he saw ane trip of Gait; Than wes he blvith, and in ane heuch him hid, And fra the Gait he stall ane lytill Kid.
- I Syne ouer the heuch vnto the see he hyis, And tuke the Kid be the hornis twane, 740 And in the watter outher twyis or thryis He dowkit him, and till him can he savne: 'Ga doun Schir Kid, cum vp Schir Salmond agane!' Ouhill he wes deid : syne to the land him dreuch, And of that new maid Salmond eit anewch. 745

Thus fynelie fillit with 30ung tender meit, Unto ane derne for dreid he him addrest, Under ane busk, quhair that the sone can beit, To beik his breist and bellie he thocht best; And rekleslie he said, ouhair he did rest, Straikand his wame aganis the sonis heit, 'Upon this wame set wer ane bolt full meit.'

Ouhen this wes said, the keipar of the Gait, Cairfull in hart his kid wes stollin away, On euerilk syde full warlie couth he wait,

Quhill at the last he saw quhair Lowrence lay; Ane Bow he bent, ane flane with fedderis gray He haillit to the heid, and, or he steird, The Foxe he prikkit fast vnto the eird.

'Now mon I scraip my meit out of the sand,
And I haif nather boittis, net, nor¹ bait.'
As he was thus for falt of meit murnand,
Luikand about his leuing for to lait,
Vnder ane tre he saw ane trip of gait;
Than wes he blithe, and in ane heuch him hid,
And fra the gait he stall ane litill kid.

Syne ouer the heuch vnto the see he hyis,

And tuik the kid be the hornis twane,

And in the watter outher twyis or thryis

He doukit him, and till him can he sayne:

'Ga doun schir kid, cum vp schir salmond agane!'

Quhill he wes deid; syne to the land him drewch,

And of that new maid salmond eit enewch.

F. 21 & Thus fynelie fillit with 30ung tender meit,

Vnto ane derne for dreid he him addrest,

Vnder ane busk, quhair that the sone can beit,

To beik his breist and bellie he thocht best;

And rekleslie he said, quhair he did rest,

Straikand his wame aganis the sonis heit,

'Vpoun this wame set war ane bolt full meit.'

Quhen this was said, the keipare of the gait,
Cairfull in hart his kid wes stollen away,
755
On euerie side full warlie couth he wait,
Quhill at the last he saw quhair lawrence lay;
Ane bow he bent, ane flane with fedderis gray
He haillit to the heid, and, or he steird,
The fox he prikkit fast vnto the eird.

¹ MS. 'boittis nor net bait.' Cf. p. 255.

MORALITAS.

THIS suddand deith and vnprouysit end
Of this fals Tod, without prouisioun,
Exempill is exhortand folk to amend,
For dreid of sic ane lyke confusioun;
For mony now hes gude professioun,
3ti not repentis, nor for thair sinnis greit,
Because thay think thair lustic Lyfe sa sweit.

Sum bene also throw consuetude and ryte Uincust with carnall sensualitie;
Suppose thay be as for the tyme contreyte, Can not forbeir, nor fra thair sinnis fle;
Use drawis Nature swa in propertie
Of beist and man, that neidlingis thay man do, As thay of lang tyme hes bene hantit to.

780

785

Be war, gude folk, and feir this suddane schoit, Quhilk smytis sair withouttin resistence; Attend wyisile, and in 3our hartis be noit, Aganis deith may na man mak defence; Ceis of 3our sin, Remord 3our conscience, Obey vnto 3our God, and 3e sall wend, Efter 3our deith, to blis withouttin end.

FINIS.

¹ Cf. p. 256.

'Now,' quod the foxe, 'allace and wallaway!
Gorrit I am and may na ferther gang 1;
Me think na man may speik ane worde in play,
Bot now on dayis in eirnist it is tane.'
He harlit him, and out he drew his flane;
And for his kid, and vther violence,
He tuik his skin, and maid ane recompence.

F. 22 a. Doralitas.

This suddane deith and vnprouisit end

Of this fals tod, without prouisioun, Exempill is exhortand folk to mend. For dreid of sic ane like confusioun: For mony now hes gude professioun, 3it not repentis, nor for thair synnis greit, Becauß thay think thair lustie lyfe sa sweit. Sum bene also throw consuetude and ryte Vincust be carnale sensualitie: Suppois thay be as for the tyme contreit, Can not forbeir, nor fra thair sinnis fle; Vse drawis nature sa in propertie Of beist and man, that neidlingis thay mon do, 780 As thay of lang tyme hes bene hantit to. Bewar, gude folk, and fle this suddane schot, Ouhilk smytis sair withoutin resistence: Attend wyselie, and in your hartis be note, Aganis deith may na man mak defence; 785 F. 22 b. Ceis of 30ur sin, remord 30ur conscience,

Finis.

Obay vnto 3our god, and 3e sall wend, Efter 3our deith, to blis withoutin end.

¶ THE TAILL OF THE SONE AND AIR OF THE FOIRSAID FOXE, CALLIT FATHER-WER: ALSWA THE PARLIAMENT OF FOURFUTTIT BEISTIS HALDIN BE THE LYOUN.

THIS foirsaid Foxe, that deit for his misdeid,
Had not ane barne wes gottin richteouslie,
Till airschip be Law that micht succeid,
Except ane Sone, quhilk in Adulterie
He gottin had in purches priuelle,
And till his Name wes callit Fatherwar,
That luift weill with pultrie to tig and tar.

It followis weill be resoun naturall,

And gre be gre of richt comparisoun,

Of euill cummis war, of war cummis werst of all,

Of wrangous geir cummis fals possessioun.

This Foxe, Bastard of generatioun,

Of verray kynde behufit to be fals;

Soo

Swa wes his Father and his Grandschir als.

As Nature will, seikand his meit be sent,
Of cace he fand his Fatheris Carioun,
Nakit, new slane; and till him hes he went,
Tuke vp his heid, and on his kne fell doun,
Thankand greit God of that conclusioun;
And said: 'now sall I bruke, sen I am air,
The boundis guhair thow wes wont for to repair,'

¹ Cf. pp. 61, 258.

F. 22 h. The taill of the sone & air of the foirsaid for, callit father wer: Alswa the parliament of fourfuttit Beistis baldin be the Lyoun.

F. 23 a. This foirsaid Fox, that deit for his misdeid,
Had not ane barne wes gottin richteouslie,
Till airschip be law that micht succeid,
Except ane sone, quhilk in adulterie
He gottin had in purches priuelie,
And till his name was callit father war,
That luifit weill with pultrie to tig and tar.

It followis weill be ressoun naturall,
And gre be gre of richt comparisoun,
Of euill cumis war, of war cumis werst of all,
Of wrangous geir cumis fals successioun.
This foxe, bastard of generatioun,
Of verray kynde behuift to be fals;
Sa wes his father and his grandschir als.

As nature will, seikand his meit be sent,
Of cace he fand his fatheris carioun,
Nakit, new slane; and till him hes he went,
Tuik vp his heid, and on his kne fell doun,
Thankand grit god of that conclusioun;
And said: 'Now sall I bruik, sen I am air,
The boundis quhair thow was wont for to repair.'

- Fy! Couetice, vnkynd and venemous:
 The Sone wes fane he fand his Father deid,
 Be suddan schot for deidis odious,
 That he micht regne and raxe in till his steid,
 Dreidand na thing the samin lyfe to leid,
 In thift and reif, as did his Father befoir;
 Bot to the end attent he tuke no moir.
- The Carioun vpon his bak he tais:

 'Now find I weill this Prouerb trew,' quod he,

 '"Ay rinnis the Foxe, als lang as he fute has."'

 Syne with the Corps vnto ane peitpoit gais,

 Of watter full, and kest him in the delp,

 And to the Deuill he gaif his banis to keip.
 - O fulische man! plungit in warldlines,
 To conqueis warldlie gude, golde, and rent,
 To put thy Saule in pane or heuines,
 To riche thy air, quhilk efter thow art went,
 Haif he thy gude, he takis bot small tent
 To execute, to do, to satisfie
 Thy letter will, thy det, and legacie.
- This Tod to rest him, he passit to ane Craig,
 And thair he harde ane buisteous Bugill blaw,
 Quhillk, as he thocht, maid all the warld to wag.
 Ane Unicome come lansand ouer ane Law;
 Than start he vp, quhen he this hard and saw;
 Withe horne in hand, ane bill in breist he bure,
 Ane Pursephant semelie, I 3ow assure.

Fy! couetice, vnkynd and venemous:

810
F. 23 b. The sone was fane he fand his father deid,
Be suddane schot for deidis odious,
That he mycht ring and rax in to his steid,
Dreidand na thing the samyn lyfe to leid,
In thift and reif, as did his father befoir;
Bot to the end attent he tuik no moir.

3it neuertheles, throw naturall pietie
The carioun vpoun his bak he tais:
'Now find I weill the prouerbe trew,' quod he,
'"Ay rynnis the foxe, als lang as he fute hes."'
Syne with the corps vnto the peitpot gais,
Of watter full, and kest him in the deip,
And to the deuill he gaif his banis to keip.

O fulische man! plungit in warldlienes,
To conqueis warldlie gude, and golde, & rent,
To put thy saule in pane or heuines,
To riche thy air, quhilk efter thow art went,
Haif he thy gude, he takis bot small tent
To execute, to do, to satisfie
Thy letter will, thy det, and legacie.

830

F. 24 a. This tod to rest him, he passit to ane craig, And thair he harde ane boustious bugill blaw, Quhilk, as he thocht, maid all the warld to waig. Ane vnicorne come lansand ouer ane law; Than start he vp, quhen he this hard and saw; Withe horne in hand, ane bill in breist he bure, Ane pursehant semelie, I 30w assure.

Unto ane bank, quhair he micht se about
On euerilk syde, in haist he culd him hy,
Schot out his voce full schill, and gaif ane schout,
And on this wyis twyse or thryse did cry.

84
With that the beistis in the feild thairby,
All merueland quhat sic ane thing suld mene,
Greitlie agast, thay gadderit on ane grene.

● Out of his breist ¹ ane bill sone can he braid,
And red the Text withoutfin tarying:

Commandand silence, sadlie thus he said:

¹The Nobill Lyoun, of all beistis the King,
Greting to God, helth euerlesting
To brutall beistis and Irrationall,
I send, as to my subiectis greit and small.

'My Celsitude and hie magnificence
Lattis 30w to wit, that euin incontinent,
Thinkis the morne, with Royall diligence,
Upon this hill to hald ane Parliament;
Straitlie thairfoir I gif Commandement
For to compeir befoir my Tribunall,
Under all pane and parrell that may fall.'

The morrow come, and Phebus with his bemis
 Consumit had the mistic cluddis gray;
 The ground wes grene, and als as gold it glemis,
 With gers growand gudelie, greit, and gay;
 The spyce thay spred to spring on euerilk spray;
 The Lark, the Maueis, and the Merll full hie,
 Sweitlie can sing, trippand⁴ fra tre to tre.
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 Sweitlie can sing, trippand⁴ fra tre to tre.
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¹ MS. 'buist.'

² Orig. 'creipand.' See p. 260, Hart, 'tripping.'

Vnto ane bank, quhair he mycht se about
On euerie side, in haist he culd him hy,
Schot out his voce full schill, and gaif a schout,
And on this wyis twyse or thryse culd cry.
With that the beistis in the feild thairby,
All merueland quhat sic ane thing suld mene,
Gretlie agast, thay gadderit on ane grene.

Out of ane bus ane bull sone can he braid,
And red the text withoutin tarying:
Commandand silence, sadlie thus he said:
'The noble lyoun, of all beistis the king,
Greting to god, health euerlesting
To brutall beistis and Irrationall,
I send, as to my subiectis grit and small.

F. 24 b. 'My celsitude and hie magnificence
Lettis 30w to wit, that euin incontinent,
Thinkis the morne, with royell diligence,
Vpoun this hill to hald ane parliament;
Straitlie thairfoir I gif commandiment
For to compeir befoir my tribunall,
Vnder all pane and parrell that may fall.'

The morrow come, and phebus with his bemis
Consumit had the mistic cluddis gray;
The ground was grene, and als like gold it glemis,
With gres growand grillie, gude, and gay;
The spyce thay spred to spring on euerie spray;
The lark, the maueis, and the merle full hie,
Sueitlie can sing, trippand 1 fra tre to tre.

865

¹ MS. ? 'creipand.' See opposite page,

The ¹ Leopardis come with Croun of massie gold Beirand they brocht vnto that hillis hicht, With Iaspis Ionit, and Royall Rubeis rold,	86
And mony diueris Dyamontis dicht, With powis proud ane Pal3eoun doun thay picht; And in that Throne thair sat ane wild Lyoun	870
In Rob Royal, with Sceptour, Swerd, & Croun.	·
Efter the tennour of the cry befoir, That gais on all fourfuttit beistis in eirth,	
As thay commandit wer withouttin moir,	
Befoir thair Lord the Lyoun thay appeirit;	87
And quhat thay wer, to me as Lowrence leirit,	
I sall reheirs ane part of euerilk kynd,	
Als fer as now occurris to my mynd.	
The Minotaur, ane Monster meruelous,	
Bellerophont, that beist of Bastardrie,	880
The Warwolf, and the Pegase perillous,	
Transformit be assent of sorcerie,	
The Linx, the Tiger full of Tirannie,	
The Elephant, and eik the Dromedarie;	
The Cameill with his Cran nek furth can carie.	88

The Leopard, as I haif tauld beforne,
The Anteloip, the Sparth furth couth speid,
The payntit Pantheir, and the Unicorne;
The Rayndeir Ran throw Reueir, Rone, and Reid,
The Iolie Gillet, and the gentill Steid,
The Asse, the Mule, the Hors of euerilk kynd;
The Da, the Ra, the hornit Hart, the Hynd.

The ¹ leopardis come with croun of massie gold
Beirand they brocht vnto that hillis hicht,
With iaspis ioynit, and royell rubeis rold,
And mony diueris dyamontis dicht,
With powis ² proud ane palgeoun can thay picht;
And in that throne thair sat ane wyld lyoun
In rob royell, with sceptour, sword, and croun.

F. 25 a. Efter the tennour of the cry befoir,

That gais on all fourfutit beistis on eird,
As thay commandit war withoutin moir,

Befoir the lord the lioun thay appeirit:

And quhat thay wer, to me as lowence leirit,
I sall reheirs ane pairt of euerie kynd,
Als fer as now occurris to my mynd.

The minotaur, ane monster meruelous,
Bellerophant, that beist of bastardrie,
The warwolf, and the pegase perillous,
Transformit be assent of sorcerie,
The linx, the tiger full of tiranie,
The elephant, and eik the dromedarie;
885
The cameill with his cran nek furth can carie.

The leopard, as I haif tald beforne,
The anteloip, the sparth furth can speid, ³
The peyntit pantheir, and the vnicorne;
The reyndeir ran throw reueir, rone, and reid,
The Iolie gillet, and the gentill steid,
The asse, the mule, the horß of euerie kynd;
The da, the ra, the hornit hart, the hynd.

¹ Cf. p. 261.

² MS. 'towis.'

³ MS. 'spreid.

The Bull, the Beir, the Bugill, and the Bair,
The Tame Cat, Uildcat, and the Uild wod Swyne,
The Hardbakkit Hurcheoun, and the Hirpla#d Hair,
Baith Otter and Aip, and Pennit Porcupyne;
The Gukit Gait, the selie Scheip, the Swyne,
The wyld Once, the Buk, the Uelterand Brok,
The Fowmart with the Fibert furth can flok.

899

The gray Grewhound with Sleuthound furth can slyde, With Doggis all diueris and different;
The Rattoun ran, the Glebard furth can glyde,
The quhrynand Quhitret with the Quhaisill went,
The Feitho that hes furrit mony fent,
The Mertrik, with the Cunning and the Con,
The Bouranbane, and eik the Lerioun.

€ The Marmysset the Mowdewart couth leid, Because that Nature denyit had hir sicht; Thus dressit thay all furth for dreid of deid; The Musk, the lytill Mous with all hir micht With haist scho haikit vnto that hill of hicht; And mony kynd of beistis I couth not knaw, Befoir thair Lord the Lyoun thay loutit law.

Seing thir beistis all at his bidding boun,
He gaif ane braid, and lukit him about;
Than flatlingis to his feit thay fell all doun,
For dreid of deith thay droupit all in dout.
He lukit quhen that he saw thame lout,
And bad thame, with ane countenance full sweit,
'Be not effeit, but stand yo on your feit.

1 Cf. p. 262. Hart, 'Bourabane.'

F. 25 b. The bull, the beir, the bugill, and the bair,

The tame cat, wyldcat, and the wyld wod swyne,
The hardbakkit hurcheoun, and the hirpilland hair,
Baith otter and aip, and pennit porcupyne;
The gukit gait, the selie scheip, the swyne,
The wyld once, the buk, the welterand brok,
The foumart with the febert furth can flok.

The gray grewhound with slwthound furth can slide,
With doggis all diueris and different;
The rattoun ran, the glebard furth can glide,
The quhuirand quhitret with the quhasill went,
The feitho that hes furrit mony fent,
The mertrik, with the cuning and the con,
The bowranbane, and eik the lerion.

The marmisset the mowdewart couth leid,
Becaus that nature had denyit hir sicht;
Thus dresset thay all furth for dreid of deid;
The musk, the litill mous with all hir micht
With haist scho haikit vnto that hill of hicht;
And mony kynd of beistis I couth not knaw,
Befoir thair lord the lioun thay lowtit law.

F. 26 a. Seing thir beistis all at his bidding boun,

He gaif ane braid, and luikit him about;

Than flatlingis to his feit thay fell all doun,

For dreid of deith thay droupit all in dout.

He luikit quhen that he saw thame lout,

And bad thame, with ane countenance full sweit,

'Be not effeirit, but stand vp on your feit.

¹ See note on p. 68.

'I lat yow wit my micht is merciabill,
And steiris nane that ar to me prostrait,
Angrie, austerne, and als vnamyabill
To all that stand fray 1 ar to myne estait.
I rug, I reif all beistis that makis debait
Aganis the micht of my Magnificence:
Se nane pretend to pryde in my presence.

'My Celsitude and my hie Maiestie
With micht and mercie myngit sall be ay;
The lawest hart I can full sone vp hie,
And mak him maister ouer 30w all I may.
The Dromedarie, gif he will mak deray,
The greit Cameill, thocht he wer neuer sa crous,
I can him law als lytill als ane Mous.

The Panther, with his payntit Coit Armour, Fensit the Court, as of the Law effeirit; Than Tod Lowrie lukit quhair he couth lour, And start on fute, all stonist, and all steird; Ryifand his hair, he cryit with ane reird, Quaikand for dreid, and sichand couth he say: 'Allace this hour, allace this dulefull day

1 Orig, 'standfray,'

945

HARLEIAN

'I lat 30w wit my mycht is merciable,
And steiris nane that ar to me prostrait,
Angrie, austerne, and als vnamiable
To all that stand fray to myne estait.
I rug, I reif all beistis that makis debait
Aganis the micht of my magnificence:
Se nane pretend to pryde in my presence.

'My celsitude and my hie maiestie

With micht and mercie myngit salbe ay;

The lawest heir I can full sone vp hie,

And mak him maister ouer 30w all I may.

The dromedarie, gif he will mak dirray,

The grit cameill, thoch the war neuer sa crous,

Fact I can him law als litill als ane mous.

'Se neir be tuentie mylis quhair I am
The kid ga saiflie be the gaittis side,
The tod lowrie luik not to the lam,
Na reuand beistis nouther rin nor ryde.'
Thay couchit all efter that this was cryde;
1940
This Iustice bad the court for to gar fence,
The suittis callit, and foirfalt all absence.

The panther, with the payntit coit armour, Fensit the court, as of the law effeirit; Than tod lowrie luikit quhair be couth lour, And start on fute, all stoneist, and all steirit; Ryifand his hair, he cryit with ane reird, Quaikand for dreid, and sichand culd he say: 'Allace this hour, allace this dulefull day!

'I wait this suddan Semblie that I se,	
Haifand the pointis of ane Parliament,	950
Is maid to mar sic misdoars as me;	
Thairfoir, gif I me schaw, I wilbe schent;	
I wilbe socht, and I be red absent;	
To byde, or fle, it makis not remeid;	
All is alyke, thair followis not bot deid.'	955

Perplexit thus in his hart can he mene
Throw falset how he micht him self defend;
His Hude he drew laich attour his Ene,
And, winkand with ane Eye, furth he wend;
Clinscheand he come, that he micht not be kend,
And, for dreddour that he suld bene arreist,
He playit bukhude behind, fra beist to beist.

● O fylit Spreit, and cankerit Conscience!

Befoir ane Roy Rengeit with richteousnes,

Blakinnit cheikis and schamefull countenance!

Fairweill thy fame, defylit for ay is,

The Phisnomie, the fauour of thy face,

For thy defence is foull and disfigurate,

Brocht to the licht, blasit, blunt, and blait.

Be thow atteichit with thift or with tressoun
For thy misdeid wrangous and wickit fay,
Thy cheir changis, Lowrence; thow man luke doun;
Thy worschip of this warld is went away.
Luke to this Toid, how he wes in effray,
And fle the filth of falset, I the reid,
Ouhairthrow thair followis syn & schameful deid.

F. 27

		[HARLEIAN
a.	'I wait this suddane semblie that I se, Haifand the pointis of ane parliament, Is maid to mar sic misdoars as me; Thairfoir, gif I me schaw, I wilbe schent; I wilbe socht, and I be red absent; To byde, or fle, it makis no remeid; All is alike, thair followis not bot deid.'	950
	Perplexit thus in his hart can he mene Throw falset how he micht him self defend; His hude he drew laich attour his ene, And, winkand with ane eye, furth he wend; Clinschand he come, that he micht not be kend And, for dreddour that he suld bene arreist, He playit bukhude behind, fra beist to beist.	96o I,
	O fylit spreit, and cankerit conscience! Befoir ane roy rein3eit with richteousnes, Blakinnit cheikis and schamefull countenance! Fairweill thy fame, now gone is all thy grace, The phisnomie, the fauour of thy face, For thy defence is foull and disfigurate, Brocht to the licht, baisit, blunt, and blait.	965
	Be thow atteichit with thift or with tressone	

For thy misdeid wrangous and wickit fay,
Thy cheir chaingis, lowrence; thow may luik doun;
Thy worschip of this warld is went away.
F. 27 & Luik to this tod, how he wes in effray,
And fle the filth of falset, I the reid,
Quhairthrow thair followis sin and schamefull deid.

Comperand thus befoir thair Lord and King,
In ordour set as to thair stait effeird,
Of euerlik Kynd he gart ane part furthbring,
And awfullie he spak, and at thame speird
Gif thair wes ony kynd of beistis in eird
Absent, and thairto gart thame deiplie sweir;
And thay said: 'nane, except ane Stude gray Meir.'

'Ga, make ane message sone vnto that Stude.'
The Court than cryit: 'now see, quha sall it be?' 985
'Cum furth, Lowrie, lurkand vnder thy hude.'
'Aa, Schir, mercie! lo, I haif bot ane Ee;
Hurt in the heid, and cruikit as 3e may se;
The Uolf is better in Ambassatrie,
And mair cunning in Clergie fer then L' 990

Rampand he said, 'ga furth, brybouris baith!'
And thay to ga withouttin tarying.
Ouer Ron and Rute thay ran togidder raith,
And fand the Meir at hir meit in the morning.
'Now,' quod the Tod, 'Madame, cum to the King, 995
The Court is callit, and 3e ar Contumax.'
'Let be, Lowrence,' quod scho, '3our Courtlie Knax.'

("Maistres," quod he, 'cum to the Court 3e mon;
The Lyoun hes commandit so in deid."
'Schir Tod, tak 3e the Flyrdome, and the Fon,
I haif respite ane 3eir, and 3e will reid."
'I can not spell," quod he, 'sa God me speid:
Heir is the Uolf, ane Nobill Clerk at all,
And of this Message is maid principall.

980
ir.'

'Ga, mak ane message sone vnto that stuid.'	985
The court than cryit: 'now se, quha sall it be?'	
'Cum furth, lowrie, lurkand vnder thy hude.'	
'Aa, schir, mercie! lo, I haif bot ane Ee;	
Hurt in the hoche, and cruikit as 3e may se;	
The wolf is better in ambassatry,	990
And mair cumning in clergie fer then I.'	

	Rampand he said, 'ga furth, brybouris baith!'	
	And thay to ga withoutin tarying.	
	Ouer ron and rute thay ran to gidder raith,	
F. 28 a.	And fand the meir at hir meit in the morning.	995
	'Now,' quod the tod, 'madame, cum to the king,	
	The court is callit, and 3e ar contumax.'	
	'Let be, lawrence,' quod scho, 'zour courtlie knax.'	

'Maistres,' quod he, 'cum to the court 3e mon;	
The lyoun hes commandit so indeid.'	1000
'Schir tod, tak 3e the flirdome, and the fon,	
I haif respite ane 3eir, and 3e will reid.'	
'I can not spell,' quod he, 'sa god me speid:	
Heir is the wolf, ane noble clerk at all,	
And of this message is maid principall.	1005

'He is Autentik, and ane man of age,
And hes greit practik of the Chancellarie;
Let him ga luke, and reid 3our Priuilege,
And I sall stand, and beir witnes 3ow by.'
'Quhair is thy Respite?' quod the Uolf, in hy.
'Schir, it is heir, vnder my hufe weill hid.'
'Hald yp thy heill,' quod he; and so scho did.

Thoch the wes blindit with pryde, 3it he presumis
To luke doun law, quhair that hir letter lay.
With that the Meir gird him vpon the gumis,
And straik the hattrell of his heid away.

1015
Half out of lyif, thair lenand doun he lay:
'Allace,' quod Lowrence, 'Lupe, thow art loist.'
'His cunning,' quod the Meir, 'wes worth sum coist.

'Lowrence,' quod scho, 'will thow luke on my letter,
Sen that the Uolf na thing thairof can wyn?'
'Na, be Sanct Bryde,' quod he, 'me think it,"better
To sleip in haill nor in ane hurt skyn.
Ane skrow I fand, and this wes writtin in,
—For flue schillingis I wald not anis forfault him—
Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.'

■ With brokin skap, and bludie cheikis reid,
This wretchit Uolf weipand thus on he went,
Of this men3e markand to get remeid;
To tell the King the cace wes his Intent.
'Schir,' quod the Tod, 'byde still ypon this bent,
And fra 3our browis wesche away the blude,
And tak ane drink, for it will do 3ow gude.'

Togother

Tog

'He is autentik, and ane man of aige, And hes grit practik of the chancellarye; Let him ga luik, and reid 3our priuilage, And I sall stand, and beir witnes 30w by. 'Quhair is thy respite?' quod the wolf, in hy.

'Schir, it is heir, vnder my hufe weill hid,'

'Hald vp thy heill,' quod he; and so scho did.

Thocht he was blindit with pryde, 3it he presumis F. 28 b. To luik down law, guhair that hir letter lay. With that the meir gird him vpoun the gumis, And straik the hatt[r]ell of his heid away. Half out of lyfe, thair lenand down he lay: 'Allace,' quod lowrence, 'Lupus, thow art loist.' 'His cunning,' quod the meir, 'was wirth sum coist.

> 'Lawrence,' quod scho, 'will thow luik on my letter, Sen that the wolf na thing thairof can win?' 'Na, be sanct bryde,' quod he, 'me think it better To sleip in haill than in hurt skin. Ane skrow I fand, and this wes written in. -For five schillingis I wald not anis forfaut him- 1025 ffelix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum,'

> With bludie skap, and cheikis bla and reid, This wretchit wolf weipand thus on he went, Of this menize markand to get remeid; To tell the king the cace wes his intent. 'Schir,' quod the tod, 'byde still vpoun this bent, And fra your browis wesche away the blude. And tak ane drink, for it will do 30w gude.'

To feche watter this fraudfull Foxe furth fure, Sydelingis abak \(^1\) he socht vnto ane syke \(^2\); On cace he meittis, cummand fra the mure, Ane Trip of Lambis dansand on ane dyke. This Tratour Tod, this Tirrane, and this Tyke, The fattest of this flock he fellit hais, And eit his fill; syne to the Uolf he gais.

Thay drank togidder, & syne thair Journey takis; 1040 Befoir the King syne kneillit on thair kne.

'Quhair is 30ne Meir, Schir Tod, wes Contumax?'
Than Lowrence said: 'My Lord, speir not at me! Speir at 30ur Doctour of Diuinitie,
With his reid Cap can tell 30w weill aneuch.' 1045
With that the Lyoun and all the laif thay leuch.

'Tell on the cais now, Lowrence, let vs heir.'
'This wittie Uolf,' quod he, 'this Clerk of age,
On 3our behalf he bad the Meir compeir,
And scho allegit to ane priuilege—
"Cum neir and se, and ge sall haif 3our wage."
Because he red hir respite plane and weill,
3one reid Bonat scho raucht him with hir heill.'

The Lyoun said, 'be 3one reid Cap I ken This Taill is trew, quha tent unto it takis; ro55 The greitest Clerkis ar not the wysest men; The hurt of ane happie the vther makis.' As thay wer carpand in this cais and ³ Knakis, And all the Court in merines and in gam, Swa come the 3ow, the Mother of the Lam. ro60

¹ Cf. p. 266. ² Orig. 'slyke.'

³ See opposite page, and p. 267, l. 257.

F. 29 a. To fetche watter this fraudfull foxe furth fure,

Sydelingis abak ¹ he socht vnto ane syke;

On cace he meittis, cumand fra the mure,

Ane trip of lambis dansing on ane dyke.

This tratour tod, this tirrane, and this tyke,

The fattest of this flock he fellit hais,

And eit his fill; syne to the wolf he gais.

Thay drank to gidder, and syne thair Iourney taks;
Before the king syne kneillit on thair kne.
'Quhair is 30ne meir, schir tod, wes contummar?'
Then lowrence said: 'My lord, speir not at me!
Speir at 30ur doctour of diuinitie,
With his reid cap can tell 30w weill aneuch.'
With that the lioun and all the laif thay leuch.

'Tell on the cace now, lowrence, let ws heir.'
'This wittie wolf,' quod he, 'this clerk of age,
On 3our behalf he bad the meir compeir,
And scho allegit to ane priullege—
"Cum neir and se, and 3e sall haif 3our wage."
Becaus he red hir respite plane and weill,
F. 29 & 3one reid bonat scho racht him with hir heill.'

The lioun said, 'be 3one reid cap I ken
This taill is trew, quha tent wnto it takis;
The grittest clerkis ar not the wysest men;
The hurt of ane happie the vther makis.'
As thay wer carpand in this cace with knakis,
And all the court in merines and gam,
Sua come the 3ow, the mother of the lam.

Befoir the Iustice on hir kneis fell,
Put out hir playnt on this wyis wofullie:
'This harlet huresone, and this hound of hell,
Deuorit hes my Lamb full doggitlie,
Within ane myle, in contrair to 3our cry.

1065
For Goddis lufe, my Lord, gif me the Law
Of this lurker;' with that Lowerone let draw.

'Byde,' quod the Lyoun, 'Lymmer, let vs se Gif it be suthe the sellie Jow hes said.' 'Aa, Souerane Lord, saif 3our mercy,' quod he, 'My purpois wes with him for to haif playid; Causles he fled, as he had bene effrayid; For dreid of deith he duschit ouer ane dyke, And brak his nek.' 'Thow leis,' quod scho, 'fals tyke.

'His deith be practik may be preuit eith:
Thy gorrie gumis and thy bludie snout,
The woll, the flesche git stikkis on thy teith,
And that is euidence aneuch, but dout.'
The Iustice bad ga cheis ane Assyis about;
And so thay did, and fand that he wes fals,
Of Murther, thift, pyking, and tressoun als.

■ Thay band him fast, the Iustice bad belyif
To gif the dome, and tak of all his claithis;
The Uolf, that new maid Doctour, couth him schryif;
Syne furth him led, and to the gallous gais,
And at the ledder fute his leif he tais;
The Aip wes Boucher, and bad him sone ascend,
And hangit him; and thus he maid his end.

The Aip wes Boucher, and the him sone ascend,
The Aip wes Boucher, and the him sone ascend,
The Aip wes Boucher, and the him and his end.

The Aip west Boucher, and the him sone ascend,
The Aip west Boucher, and the him sone ascend,
The Aip west Boucher,
The Aip west Bou

THARLEIAN

Before the iustice on hir kneis fell,
Put out hir plaint on this wayis wofully:
'This harlet huresoun, and this hound of hell,
Deuorit hes my lamb full doggity,
Within ane myle, in contrair to 3our cry.
For goddis lufe, my lord, gif me the law
Of this lurker:' with that lowrence let draw.

'Byde,' quod the lioun, 'limmer, let ws se
Gif it be suthe the sillie 30w hes said.'
1070
'Aa, souerane lord, saif 30ur mercy,' quod he,
'My purpois wes with him for to haif plaid;
Causles he fled, as he had bene effraid;
For dreid of deith he duschit ouer ane dyke,
And brak hes nek.' 'thow leis,' quod scho, 'fals tyke.

F. 30 a. 'His deith be practik may be preuit eith:

Thy gorrie gumis and thy bludie snout,

The woll, the flesche jit stikkis on thy teith,

And that is euidence aneuch, but dout.'

The iustice bad ga cheis ane assyis about;

And so thay did, and fand that he wes fals,

Of murthour, thift, pykeing, and tressoun als.

Thay band him fast, the iustice bad belyif
To gif the dome, and tak of all his clais;
The wolf, that new maid doctour, couth him schriue;
Syne furth him led, and to the gallowis gais,
And at the ledder fute his leif he tais;
The aip wes boucher, and bad him sone ascend,
And hangit him; and thus he maid his end.

MORALITAS.

RICHT as the Mynour in his Minorall	
Fair gold with fyre may fra the Leid weill wyn,	109
Richt so vnder ane Fabill figurall	
Sad sentence men may seik, and efter fyne,	
As daylie dois the Doctouris of Deuyne,	
That to our leuing full weill can apply	
And paynt thair mater furth be Poetry.	109
The Lyoun is the warld be liknes,	
To quhome loutis baith Empriour and King,	
And thinkis of this warld to get incres,	
Thinkand daylie to get mair leuing;	
Sum for to reull, and sum to raxe and Ring;	IIO
Sum gadderis geir, sum gold, sum vther gude;	
To wyn this warld, sum wirkis as thay wer wod.	
The Meir is Men of gude conditioun,	
As Pilgrymes walkand in this wildernes,	
Approuand that for richt Religioun	IIO
Thair God onlie to pleis in euerilk place;	110
Abstractit frome this warldis wretchitnes,	
Fechtand with lust, presumptioun, and pryde,	
And fra this warld in mynde ar mortyfyde.	
The ha this want in hylide at mortylyde.	
This Uolf I likkin to Sensualitie,	1110
As quhen, lyke brutall beistis, we accord	
Our mynd all to this warldis vanitie,	
Lyking to tak and loif him as our Lord:	
Fle fast thairfra, gif thow will richt remord;	
Than sall Ressoun ryse, Rax, and Ring,	1115
And for thy Saull thair is na better thing.	

Moralitas.

- Richt as the minor in his minorale
 Fair gold with fire may fra the leid weill win,
 Richt so vnder ane fabill figurall
 Sad sentence men may seik, and efter fyne,
 As dailie dois the doctouris of deuyne,
 That to oure leuing full weill can apply
 And paynt thair mater furth be poetry.
- F. 30 ♠. The lioun is the warld be liknes,

 To quhome loutis baith empriour and king,

 And thinkis of this warld to get incres,

 Thinkand dailie to get mair leuing;

 Sum for to rule, and sum to rax and ring;

 Sum gadderis geir, sum gold, sum vther gude;

 To win this warld, sum wirkis as thay wer wod.

The meir is men of gude conditioun,
As pilgrimes wandrand in this wildernes,
Approuand that for richt religioun
Thair god onlie to pleis in euerie place;
Abstractit frome this wardis wretchidnes,
Fechtand with lust, presumptioun, and pryde,
And fra this warld in mynde ar mortyfide.

This wolf I likkin to sensualitie,
As quhen, like brutall beistis, we accord
Oure mynd all to this warldis vanitie,
Lyking to tak and loif him as oure lord:
Fle fast thairfra, gif thow will richt remord;
Than sall ressoun ryis, rax, and ring,
And for thy saule thair is na better thing.

(I Hir Hufe I likkin to the thocht of deid. Will thow remember, Man, that thow man de? Thow may brek Sensualiteis heid, And fleschlie lust away fra the sall fle, Fra thow begin thy mynd to mortifie; Salomonis saying thow may persaif heirin: 'Think on thy end, thow sall not glaidlie sin.'

This Tod I likkin to Temptationis,
Beirand to mynd mony thochtis vane,
Assaultand men with sweit persuasionis,
Ay reddie for to trap thame in ane trayne;
3it gif thay se Sensualitie neir slane,
And suddand deith draw neir with panis sore,
Thay go abak, and temptis thame no moir.

O Mediatour! mercifull and meik,
Thow Souerane Lord, and King Celestiall,
Thy Celsitude maist humillie we beseik,
Us to defend fra pane and perrellis all,
And help vs vp vnto thy heuinlie hall,
In gloir, quhair we may se the face of God.—
And thus endis the talking of the Tod.

FINIS.

F. 31 a. Hir hufe I likkin to the thocht of deid.

Will thow remember, man, that thow mon de?

Thow may brek sensualiteis heid,

And fleschlie lust away fra the sall fle,

Fra thow begin thy mynd to mortifie;

Salomonis saying thow may persaif heirin:

'Think on thy end, thow sall not glaidlie sin.'

This tod I likkin to temptationis,

Beirand to mynd mony thochtis vane,

Assaultand men be sweit perswationis,

Ay reddie for to trap thame in ane trane;

3it gif thay se sensualitie neir slane,

And suddane deith draw neir with panis sore,

Thay go abak, and temptis thame no moir.

O mediatour! mercifull and meik,
Thow souerane lord, and king celestiall,
Thy celsitude maist humelie we beseik,
Ws to defend frome pane and perrellis all,
And help ws vp vnto thy heuinlie hall,
In gloir, quhair we may se the face of god.—
And thus endis the talking of the tod.

THE TAILL OF THE SCHEIP AND THE DOIG.

[E] SOPE ane Taill puttis in memorie, How that ane Doig, because that he wes p	
Callit ane Scheip to the Consistorie,	114
Ane certane breid fra him for to recure.	
Ane fraudfull Uolf wes Iuge that tyme, and bure	
Authoritie and Iurisdictioun,	
And on the Scheip send furth ane strait summoun.	
For by the vse, and cours, and commoun style	114
On this maner maid his Citatioun:	
'I, Maister Uolf, partles of fraud and gyle,	
Under the panis of hie Suspensioun,	
Of greit Cursing, and Interdictioun,	
Schir Scheip, I charge the for to compeir,	115
And answer to ane Doig before me heir.'	
Schir Corbie Rauin wes maid Apparitour,	
Quha pykit had full mony Scheipis Ee;	
The charge hes tane, and on the letteris bure;	
Summonit the Scheip befoir the Uolf, that he	115
Peremptourlie, within twa dayis or thre,	
Compeir vnder the panis in this bill,	
'To heir quhat Perrie Doig will say the till.'	
This Summond is 2 maid befoir witnes anew;	
The Rauin, as to his office weill effeird,	1160
Indorsat hes the write, and on he flew;	
The selie Scheip durst lay na mouth on eird,	
Till he befoir the awfull Iuge appeird,	
The hour of cause quhilk that the Iuge vsit than,	
Quhen Hesperus to schaw his face began.	116

² Orig. 'Summondis.'

1 Torn off in the original.

F. 31 b. The taill of the Scheip and the Dog.

sope ane 1 taill puttis in memorie, How that ane dog, becaus that he wes pure, 1140 Callit ane scheip to the consistorie. Ane certane breid fra him for to recuir. Ane fraudfull wolf wes juge that tyme, & bure Authoritie and iurisdictioun, And on the scheip send furth ane strait summoun. 1145 For by the vse, and cours, and commoun stile On this maner maid his citatioun: 'I, maister wolf, pairtles of fraude and gile, Vnder the panis of hie suspensioun, Of grit cursing, and interdictioun, 1150 Schir scheip, I chairg the for to compeir, And answeir to ane dog before me heir.' Schir corbie rauin wes maid apparetour, Quha pykit had full mony scheipis ee; The charge hes tane, and on the letteris bure: Summonit the scheip before the wolf, that he Peremptourlie, within twa dayis or thre, F. 32 a. Compeir vnder the panis in this bill, 'To heir quhat pirrie dog will say the till.' This summond is maid before witnes anew: 1160 The rauin, as to his office weill effeird, Indorsate hes the write, and on he flew: The sillie scheip durst lay na mouth on eird. Till he before the awfull juge appeird, The hour of caus quhilk that the iuge vsit than, 1165

1 Repeated twice in the MS.

Quhen hesperous to schaw his face began.

The Foxe wes Clerk and Noter in the cause;
The Gled, the Graip, at the Bar couth stand;
As Aduocatis expert into the Lawis,
The Doggis pley togidder tuke on hand,
Quhilk wer confidderit straitlie in ane band,
Aganis the Scheip to procure the sentence;
Thoch it was fals, thay had na conscience.

€ The Clerk callit the Scheip, and he wes thair; The Aduocatis on this wyse couth propone: 'Anr¹ Certane breid, worth fyue schilling or mair, 1175 Thow aw the Doig, of quhilk the terme is gone.' Of his awin heid, but Aduocate allone, The Scheip auysitlie gaif answer in the cace: 'Heir I declyne the Iuge, the tyme, the place.

'This is my cause, in motiue and effect:
The Law sayis, it is richt perrillous
Till enter in pley before ane Iuge suspect;
And 3e, Schir Uolf, hes bene richt odious
To me, for with 3 our Tuskis rauenous
Hes slane full mony kinnismen of myne;
Thairfoir, Iuge as suspect, I 3 ow declyne.

'And schortlie, of this Court 3e memberis all,
Baith Assessouris, Clerk, and Aduocate,
To me and myne ar enemeis mortall,
And ay hes bene, thoch I mycht not it lat;
I190
The place is fer, the tyme is feriat,
Quhairfoir na Iuge suld sit in Consistorie,

Sa lait at euin, I 30w accuse for thy.'

¹ Orig. 'and.' ² Orig. 'insperate,' but indistinct. Hart, 'desperat.'

1185

HARLEIAN

The foxe wes clerk and notare in the cause;
The gled, the grape, at the bar couth stand;
As aduocatis expert in the lawis,
The doggis pley to gidder tuke on hand,
Quhilk wer confidderate straitlie in ane band,
Aganis the scheip to procure the sentence;
Thocht it was fals, thay had na conscience.

The clerk callit the scheip, and he wes thair;
The aduocatis on this wayis couth propone:

'Ane certane breid, worth fyue schillingis or mair,
Thow aw the dog, of quhilk the terme is gone.'
Of his awin heid, but aduocate allone,
F. 30 & The scheip auisitlie gaif answer in the cace:
'Heir I decline the iuge, the tyme, the place.

'This is my cause, in motiue and effect: The law sayis, it is richt perrillous Till enter in pley before ane iuge suspect; And 3e, schir wolf, hes bene richt odious To me, for with 3our tuskis rauenous Hes slane full mony kynnismen of myne; Thairfoir, iuge as suspect, I 3ow decline.

'And schortlie, of this court 3e memberis all,
Baith assessouris, clerk, and aduocate,
To me and myne ar ennemeis mortale,
And ay hes bene, as mony scheiphird wate;
The place is fer, the tyme is feriat,
Quhairfoir na iuge suld sit in consistorie,
Sa lait at evin, I yow accuse for thy.'

Quhen that the Iuge on this wyse wes accusit,
He bad the parteis cheis, with ane assent,
Twa Arbeteris, as in the Law is vsit,
For to declair and gif Arbitrement,
Quhidder the scheip suld answer in Iugement
Before the Uolf; and so thay did but weir,
Of quhome the Namis efterwart ze sall heir.

¶ The Beir, the Brok the mater tuke on hand, For to decyde gif this exceptioun Wes of na strenth, nor lauchfullie mycht stand; And thairupon, as Iugis, thay sat doun, And held ane lang quhile disputatioun, Seikand full mony Decretits of the Law, And Glosis als, the veritie to knaw.

Of Ciuile Law volumis full mony thay reuolue,
The Codies and Digestes new and ald;
Contrait, Prostrait Argumentis thay resolue,
Sum obiecting, and sum can hald;
For prayer, or price, trow ge that thay wald fald?
Bot had the glose and Text of the Decreis,
As trew Iugis; I beschrew thame ay that leis.

Schortlie to mak ane end of this debait:

The Arbiteris than did sweir full plane,
The sentence gaif and proces fulminat:
The Scheip suld pas befoir the Uolf agane,
And end his pley. Than wes he nathing fane,

For fra thair sentence couth he not appeill.

On Clerkis I do it, gif this sentence wes leill.

Quhen that the iuge in this wayis wes accusit,
He bad the parteis cheis, with ane assent,
Twa arbeteris, as in the law is vsit,
For to declair and gif arbitriment,
Quhidder the scheip suld answer in iugement
F. 33 a. Before the wolf; and so thay did but weir,
Of quhome the names efterwart 3e sall heir.

The beir, the brok the mater tuik on hand,
For to decyde gif this exceptioun
Wes of na strenth, nor lauchfullie micht stand;
And thairupoun, as iugeis, thay sat doun,
And held ane lang quhile disputatioun,
Seikand full mony decreitis of the law,
And glosis als, the veritie to knaw.

Of ciuile law volumis full mony thay reuolue,
The codies and degistis new and ald;
Contrait, prostrait argumentis thay resolue,
Sum obiecting, and sum can hald;
For prayer, or price, trow ge that thay wald fald?
Bot held the text and glose of the decries,
As trew ingeis; I beschrew thame ay that leis.

Schortlie to mak ane end of this debait:
The arbiteris than sweirand plane,
The sentence gaif and proces fulminate:
F. 33 & The scheip suld pas before the wolf agane,
And end his pley: than wes he na thing fane,
For fra thair sentence couth he not appeill.
On clerkis I do it, gif this sentence wes leill.

- ¶ The Scheip agane befoir the Uolf derengeit,
 But Aduocate, abasitile couth stand.
 Up rais the doig, and on the Scheip thus plengeit:
 'Ane soume I payit haif befoir the hand
 For certane breid;' thairto ane Borrow he fand,
 That wrangouslie the Scheip did hald the breid;
 Ouhilk he denvit: and thair begant he pleid.

 The defent of the denvit of the
 - And quhen the Scheip this strif¹ had contestait,
 The Iustice in the cause furth can proceid;
 Lowrence the actis and the process wrait,
 And thus the pley vnto the end thay speid.
 This Cursit Court, corruptit all for meid,
 Aganis gude faith, Law, and eik conscience,
 For this fals Doig pronuncit the sentence.

And it till put to executioun,
The Uolf chargit the Scheip, without delay,
Under the panis of Interdictioun,
The soume of siluer, or the breid, to pay.
Of this sentence, allace, quhat sall I say,
Quhilk dampnit hes the selie Innocent,
And Iustifvit the wrangous Iusement?

The Scheip, dreidand mair executioun,
Obeyand to the sentence, he couth tak
His way vato ane Merchand of the Toun,
And sauld the woll that he bure on his bak;
Syne bocht the breid, and to the Doig couth mak
Reddie payment, as it commandit was:

Nakit and bair syne to the feild couth pas.

The scheip agane before the wolf dereinzeit,
But aduocat, abasitlie couth stand.
Vp rais the dog, and on the scheip thus pleinzeit: 1225
'Ane soume I pait haif before the hand
For certane breid;' thairto ane borrow he fand,
That wranguslie the scheip did hald the breid;
Quhilk he denyit; and thair began the pleid.

And quhen the scheip this stryif had contestait,
The iustice in the caus furth can proceid;
Lowrence the actis and the proces wrait,
And thus the pley vnto the end thay speid.
This cursit court, corruptit all for meid,
Aganis gude faith, law, and eik conscience,
For this fals dog pronuncit the sentence.

And it till put to executioun,
The wolf chairgit the scheip, without delay,
Vnder the panis of interdictioun,
F. 34.4. The sowme of siluer, or the breid, to pay.
Of this sentence, allace, quhat sall I say,
Quhilk dampnit hes the silie innocent,
And iustifiit the wrangous iugement?

The scheip, dreidand mair the executioun,
Obayand to the sentence, he couth tak

1245
His way vnto ane merchand of the touñ,
And sauld the woll he bure vpoun his bak;
Syne brocht the breid, and to the dog couth mak
Reddië payment, as it commandit was:
Naikit and bair syne to the feild couth pas.

MORALITAS.

	THIS sillie Scheip may present the figure	1250
	Of pure commounis, that daylie is opprest	
	Be Tirrane men, quhilkis settis all thair cure	
	Be fals menis to mak ane wrang conqueist,	
	In hope this present lyfe suld euer lest;	
	Bot all begylit thay will in schort tyme end,	1255
	And efter deith to lestand panis wend.	00
I	This Uolf I likkin to ane Schiref stout,	
	Quhilk byis ane forfalt at the Kingis hand,	
	And hes with him ane cursit Assyis about,	
	And dytis all the pure men vp on land.	1260
	Fra the Crownar haif laid on him his wand,	
	Thocht he wer trew as euer wes Sanct Iohne,	
	Slane sall he be, or with the Iuge compone.	
	mi - Davia I Ullia ta ana fila Carana	
	This Rauin I likkin to ane fals Crownar,	
	Quhilk hes ane portioun 1 of the Inditement,	1265
	And passis furth befoir the Iustice Air,	
	All misdoaris to bring to Iugement;	
	Bot luke, gif he wes of ane trew Intent,	
	To Scraip out Iohne, and wryte in Will, or Wat,	
	And swa ane bud at baith the parteis tak.2	1270
	Of this fals Tod, of quhilk I spak befoir,	
	And of this Gled, quhat thay micht signifie,	
	Of thair nature, as now I speik no moir;	
	Bot of this Scheip and of his cairfull cry	
	I sall reheirs; for as I passit by	1275
	Ouhair that he lay, on cais I lukit doun,	, ,
	And hard him mak sair lamentatioun.	
	¹ Cf. p. 296. ² Cf. p. 296.	
	On pr 2701	

Moralitas.

This sillie scheip may present the figure Of pure commounis, that daylie ar opprest Be tirrane men, quhilk settis all thair cure Be fals meinis to mak ane wrang conquest, In hope this present life suld euer lest; Bot albeglit thay will in schort tyme end, And efter deith to lestand panis wend.

1255

This wolf I likkin to ane schireff stout,
P. 34 b. Quhilk byis ane forfalt at the kingis hand,
And hes with him ane cursit assyis about,
And dytis all the pure men vpon land.
Fra the crownare haif lait on him his wand,
Thocht he wer trew as euir wes sanct Iohnne,
Slane sall he be, or with the juge compone.

1260

This ravin I likkin to ane fals crownair, Quhilk hes ane portioun 1 of the inditement, And passis furth before the iustice air, All misdoaris to bring to iugement; Bot luik, gif he was of ane trew intent, To scraip out Iohne, and write in will, or wat, And tak ane bud at baith the parteis tat.² 1265

Of this fals tod, of quhilk I spak befoir, And of this gled, quhat thay micht signifie, Of thair nature, as now I speik no moir; Bot of this scheip and of his cairfull cry I sall reheirs; for as I passit by Quhair that he lay, on cais I luikit doun, And hard him mak sair lamentatiouñ. 1270

² Cf. p. 296,

¹ Cf. p. 296.

'Allace,' quod he, 'this cursit consistorie,
In middis of the winter now is maid,
Quhen Boreas with blastis bitterlie
And hard froistis thir flouris doun can faid;
On bankis bair now may I mak na baid.'
And with that word in to ane Coff he Crap,
Fra sair wedder and frostis him to hap.

Quaikand for cauld, sair murnand ay amang,

Kest vp his Ee vnto the heuinnis hicht,
And said: 'Lord God, quhy sleipis thow sa lang?

Walk, and discerne my cause, groundit on richt;
Se how I am, be fraud, maistrie, and slicht,
Peillit full bair:' and so is mony one

1290

Now in this warld, richt wonder, wo be gone!

Se, how this cursit sone ¹ of couetice,
Loist hes baith lawtie and eik Law.
Now few or nane will execute Iustice,
In falt of quhome the pure man is ouerthraw.

1295
The veritic, suppois the Iuge it knaw,
He is so blindit with affectioun,
But dreid, for micht, he lettis the richt ga doun.

Seis thow not, Lord, this warld ouerturnit is,
As quha wald change gude gold in leid or tyn;
The pure is peillit; the Lord may do na mis;
And Simonie is haldin for na syn;
Now is he blyith with okker maist may win;
Gentrice is slane, and pietie is ago,
Allace, gude Lord, quhy tholis thow it so?

¹ See p. 297, l. 155.

'Allace,' quod he, 'this cursit consistorie,
In middis of the winter now is maid,
F. 35.a. Quhen borias with blastis bitterlie
And hard frostis thir flouris down can faid:

1280

And hard frostis thir flouris doun can faid; On bankis bair now may I mak na baid.' And with that word in to ane coif he crap, Fra sair wedder and frostis him to hap.

1285

Quaikand for cauld, sair murnand ay amang, Kest vp his ee vnto the hevinis hicht, And said: 'lord god, quhy slepis thow sa lang? Walk, and decerne my caus, groundit on richt; Se how I am, be fraude, maistrie, and slicht, Peillit full bair:' and so is mony one Now in this warld, richt wonder, wo be gone!

1290

Se, how this cursit sone ¹ of couetice, Lost hes baith lawtie and eik law. Now few or nane will execute instice, In falt of quhome the pure man is ouerthraw. The vertite, suppois the inge it knaw, He is so blindit with affectioun, But dreid, for micht, he lettis the richt ga doun.

1295

Seis thow not, lord, this warld ouerturnit is, As quha wald change gude gold in leid or tin; The pure is peillit; the lord may do na mis; And simonie is haldin for na sin;

1300

1305

Allace, gude lord, quhy tholis thow it so?

1 See p. 297, l. 155.

F. 35 b. Gentrice is slane, and pietie is ago,

² Line omitted in MS.

VOL. II.

G

Thow tholis this euin for our gret offence, Thow sendis vs troubill and plaigis soir, As hunger, derth, greit weir, or Pestilence; Bot few amendis now thair lyfe thairfoir. We puir pepill, as now may Do no moir Bot pray to the, sen that we ar opprest In to this eirth, grant vs in heuin gude rest.

FINIS.

1310

THE TAILL OF THE LYOUN AND THE MOUS.

IN middis of Iune, that sweit seasoun,
Quhen that fair Phebus, with his bemis bricht,
Had dryit vp the dew fra daill and doun,
And all the land maid with his bemis licht,
In ane morning, betuix mid day and nicht,
I Rais, and put all sleuth and sleip asyde,
And to ane wod I went allone but gyde.

■ Sweit wes the smel of flouris, quhyte and reid,
The noyes of birdis richt delitious,
The bewis braid blomit abone my heid,
The ground growand with gers gratious;
Of all plesance that place wes plenteous,
With sweit odouris and birdis harmonie,
The Murning Myld: my mirth wes mair for thy.

Thow tholis this evin for oure grit offence,
Thow sendis ws troubill and plaigis sore,
As hunger, derth, grit weir, or pestilence;
Bot few amendis now thair lyfe thairfore.
We puir peple, as now may do no moir
Bot pray to the, sen that we ar opprest
In to this eirth, grant ws in hevin gude rest.

1310

Finis.

F. 36 a. The taill of the Lyoun and the Mous.

Pin mtòbis of Iune, that sweit seasouñ,
Quhen that fair phebus, with his bemis bricht,
Had dryit vp the dew fra daill and doun,
And all the land maid with his bemis licht,
In ane morning, betuix midday and nicht,
I rais, and put all sleip and sleuth aside,
And to ane wod I went allone but gide.

Sweit was the smell of flouris, quhite and reid,
The noyes of birdis richt delitious,
The bewis braid blomit abone my heid,
The ground growand with gres gratious;
Of all plesance that place wes plentious,
With sweit odouris and birdis harmony,
The morning myld: my mirth wes mair for thy.

The Rosis reid arrayit on Rone and Ryce,
The Prymeros, and the Purpour Uiola;
To heir it wes ane poynt of Paradice,
Sic Mirth the Mauis and the Merle couth ma.

1330
The blossummis blyith brak vp on bank and bra;
The smell of Herbis and of foullis cry
Contending quha suld haif the victorie.

Me to conserue than fra the sonis heit,
Under the schadow of ane Hawthorne grene,
I lenit doun amang the flouris sweit,
Syne cled my heid, and closit baith my Ene
On sleip I fell amang thir bewis bene,
And in my dreme me thocht come throw the schaw
The fairest man that euer before I saw.

His gowne wes of ane claith als quhyte as milk;
His hude of Scarlet, bordowrit weill with silk,
On hekillit wyis, vntill his girdill doun;
His Bonat round, and of the auld fassoun;
His heid wes quhyte; his Ene wes greit and gray,
With lokker hair, quhilk ouer his schulderis lay.

¶ Ane Roll of paper in his hand he bair; Ane Swannis pen stikand vnder his eir; Ane Inkhorne, with ane prettie gilt Pennair, Ane bag of silk, all at his belt can beir: Thus was he gudlie graithit in his geir. Of stature large, and with ane feirfull face: Euin quhair I lay he come ane sturdie pace.

The rosis reid arrayit on rone and tyce,
The prymerois, and the purpour violat bla;
To heir it was ane point of parradice,
Sic mirth the maueis and the merle couth ma.
The blossumis blith brak vp on bank and bra;
The smell of herbis and of foulis cry
Contending quha suld haif the victory.

F. 36 b. Me to conserue than fra the sonis heit,

Vnder the schaddow of ane hawthorne grene,

I lenit doun amang the flouris sweit,

Syne cled my heid, and closit baith my ene.

One sleip I fell amang thir bewis bene,

And in my dreme me thocht come throw the schaw

1340

The fairest man that euer before I saw.

His gown wes of ane claith als quhite as milk;
His chemeis was of chambelet pourpour broun;
His hude of skarlate, bordourit weill whth silk,
On hekillit wyis, vntill his girdill doun;
His bonet round, and of the auld fassoun;
His beind wes quhite; his ene wes grit and gray,
With lokker hair, quhilk ouer his schulderis lav.

Ane roll of paper in his hand he bair;
Ane swaznis pen stikkand vnder his eir;
Ane Inkhorne, with ane prettie gilt pennair,
Ane bag of silk, all at his belt can beir:
Thus was he gudlie grathit in his geir.
Of stature large, and with ane feirfull face:
Evin quhair I lay he come ane sturdy pace,



And said, 'God speid, my sone'; and I wes fane
Of that couth word, and of his cumpanie;
With reuerence I salusit him agane:
'Welcome, Father'; and he sat doun me by.
'Displeis 3ow not, my gude maister, thocht I
Demand 3our birth, 3our facultie, and name,
Quhy 3e come heir, or quhair 3e dwell at hame.'

'My sone,' said he, 'I am of gentill blude;
My natiue land is Rome withouttin nay;
And in that' Towne first to the Sculis I 3ude,
In Ciuile Law studyit full mony ane day;
And now my winning is in Hevin for ay:
Esope I hecht; my wryting and my werk
Is couth and kend to mony cunning Clerk.'2

'O Maister Esope, Poet Laureate,

1365

God wait, 3e ar full deir welcum to me;

Ar 3e not he that all thir Fabiliis wrait,
Quhilk in effect, suppois thay fengeit be,
Ar full of prudence and moralitie?'

'Fair sone,' said he, 'I am the samin man.'
God wait, gif that my hert wes merie than.

I I said, 'Esope, my Maister Uenerabill,
I 30w beseik hartlie, for cheritie,
3e wald not disdayne to tell ane prettie Fabill,
Concludand with ane gude Morallitie.'
Schaikand his heid, he said: 'my sone lat be,
For quhat is it worth to tell ane fengeit taill,
Ouhen haly preiching may na thing auaill?

Orig. 'the.' Lines 1367 and 1368 are transposed in orig.

1380

		Luakri	LIAN
F. 37 a.	And said, 'god speid, my sone'; and I was far Of that couth word, and of his cumpany; With reuerence I salust him agane: 'Welcome, father'; & he sat doun me by. 'Displeis yow not, my gude maister, thocht I Demand 3our birth, 3our facultie, and name, Quhy 3e come heir, or quhair 3e dwell at hame		1360
	'My sone,' said he, 'I am of gentill blude; My natiue land is Rome withouttin nay;		
	And in that toun first to the scolis I 3ude, In ciuile law studijt full mony ane day; And now my wymning is in hevin for ay: Esope I hecht; my writing and my werk Is couth and kend to mony cumning clerk.'		1365
	'O maister esope, poete lawriate, God wait, 3e ar full deir welcome to me; Ar 3e not he that all thir fabillis wrait, Quhilk in effect, suppois thay fein3eit be, Ar full of prudence and moralitie?'		1370
	'Fair sone,' said he, 'I am the samyn man.' God wait, gif that my hert wes merie than.		1375
	I said, 'esope, my maister venerable,		
n !	I 30w beseik hertlie, for charitie,		

Concludand with ane guid moralitie.' Schaikand his heid, he said: 'my sone lat be, For quhat is it wirth to tell ane feinzeit taill, Ouhen halie preiching may na thing awaill?

'Now in this warld, me think, richt few or nane
To Goddis worde that hes deuotioun;
The eir is deif, the hart is hard as stane,
Now oppin sin without correctioun,
The eir Inclynand to the eirth ay doun;
Sa roustie is the warld with canker blak,
That now my taillis may lytill succour mak.'
'3it,' gentill Schir,' said I, 'for my requeist,
Not to displeis your Fatherheid, I pray,
Under the figure of ane brutall beist,

Under the figure of ane brutall beist,
Ane morall Fabill 3e wald den3e to say:
Quha wait nor I may leir and beir away
Sum thing thairby heirefter may auaill?'
'I grant,' quod he, and thus begouth ane taill.

 The end of the Prolog and beginnis the Taill:

ANE LYOUN AT HIS Pray verray foirrun,
To recreat his limmis and to rest,
Beikand his breist and bellie at the Sone,
Under ane tre lay in the fair Forrest;
Swa come ane trip of Myis out of thair nest,
Rycht tait and trig, all dansand in ane gyis,
And ouer the Lyoun th[a]y dansit twyis or thryis.

He lay so still, the Myis wes not efferd,
 Bot to and fro out ouer him tuke thair trace;
 Sum tirillit at the Campis of his beird,
 Sum spairit not to claw him on the face;
 Merie and glaid thus dansit thay ane space,
 Till at the last the Nobill Lyoun woke,
 And with his pow the maister Mous he tuke.

1400

1405

1410

[HARLEIAN

'Now in this warld, me think, richt few or nane
To goddis worde that hes deuotioun;
The eir is deif, the hart is hard as stane,
Now oppin sin without correctioun,
The hart inclynand to the eirth ay doun;
Sa roustit is the warld with canker blak,
That now my taillis may litill succour mak.'

'3it, gentill schir,' said I, 'for my requeist,
Not to displeis 3our father heid, I pray,
Vnder the figure of a brutale beist,
Ane morale fabill 3e wald dense to say:
Quha wait nor I may leir and beir away
Sum thing thairby heirefter may auaill?'
'I grant,' quod he, and thus begouth ane taill.

The end of the prolog & beginnis the taill:

F. 38 a. Ene Lyoun at bis pray wery 1 foirrun,
To recreat his limmis and to rest,

Beikand his breist and belly at the sun,
Vnder ane tre lay in the fair forrest;
Sua come ane trip of myis out of thair nest,
Richt tait and trig, all dansand in ane gyis,
And ouer the lioun lansit twyis or thryis.

He lay sa still, the myis was not effeird,
Bot to and fra out ouer him tulk thair trace;
Sum tirlit at the campis of his beird,
Sum sparit not to claw him on the face;
Merie and glaid thus dansit thay ane space,
Till at the last the noble lyoun woke,
And with his pow the maister mous he tuke.

Scho gaif ane cry, and all the laif agast
Thair dansing left, and hid thame heir and thair;
Scho that wes tane cryit and weipit fast,
And said allace oftymes that scho come thair:
'Now am I tane ane wofull presonair,
And for my gilt traisits Incontinent
Of lyfe and deith to thoill the Iugement.'

Than spak the Lyoun to that cairfull Mous:
'Thow Catiue wretche, and vile vnworthie thing,
Ouer malapert and eik presumpteous
Thow wes, to mak out ouer me thy tripping,
Knew thow not weill I wes baith Lord and King
Of beistis all?' '3'es,' quod the Mous, 'I knaw;
Bot I misknew, becaus 3e lay so law.

*Lord! I beseik thy Kinglie Royaltie,

Heir quhat I say, and tak in pacience;
Considder first my simple pouertie,
And syne thy mychtie hie Magnificence;
Se als how thingis done of Negligence,
Nouther of malice nor of presumptioun,
The rather suld haif grace and remissioun.

¶ 'We wer repleit and had greit aboundance
Of alkin thingis, sic as to vs effeird;
The sweit sesoun prouokit vs to dance,
And mak sic mirth as nature to vs leird.

3e lay sa still and law vpon the eird
That, be my saull, we weind ₃e had bene deid,
Ellis wald we not haif danct ouer ₃our heid.'

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1638

Scho gaif ane cry, and all the laif agast
Thair dansing left, and hid thame sone all quhair;
Scho that wes tane cryit and weipit fast,
And said allace oftymes that scho come thair:
'Now am I tane ane wofull presonair,
And for my gilt traistis incontinent
Of lyfe and deith to thole the iugement.'

Than spak the lioun to that cairfull mous:

F. 38 & 'Thow catiue wretche, and vile vnworthie thing,
Ouer malapart and eik presumpteous
Thow wes, to mak out ouer me thy tripping.
Knew¹ thow not weill I was baith lord and king
Of beistis all?' '3is,' quod the mous, 'I knaw;
Bot I misknew, becaus 3e lay so law.

'Lord! I beseik thy kinglie royaltie,

Heir quhat I say, and tak in patience;
Considder first my simple pouertie,
And syne thy michtie hie magnificence;
Se als how thingis done of negligence,
Nouther of malice nor of presumptioun,
The rather suld haif grace and remissioun.

'We war repleit and had grit aboundance
Of all kin thingis, sic as to ws effeird;
The sweit sesoun prouokit ws to dance,
And mak sic mirth as nature to ws leird.
3e lay sa still and law ypoun the eird
That, be my saule, we wenid 3e had bene deid,
Ellis wald we not haif dancit ouer your heid.'

TERIS	
'Thy fals excuse,' the Lyoun said agane, 'Sall not auaill ane myte, I vnderta; I put the cace, I had bene deid or slane, And syne my skyn bene stoppit full of stra, Thocht thow had found my figure lyand swa, Because it bair the prent of my persoun, Thow suld for feir on kneis haif fallin doun.	1440
'For thy trespas thow sall mak na defence, My Nobill persoun thus to vilipend; Of thy feiris, nor thy awin negligence, For to excuse, thow can na caus pretend; Thairfoir thow suffer sall ane schamefull end, And deith, sic as to tressoun is decreit, Upon the Gallous hangit be the feit.'	1450
'Na, mercie, Lord, at thy gentrice I ase, As thow art King of beistis Coronat, Sober thy wraith, and let it ouerpas, And mak thy mynd to mercy Inclynat. I grant offence is done to thyne estait, Quhairfoir I worthie am to suffer deid, Bot gif thy cumlie mercy reik remeid.	1455
'In euerie Iuge mercy and reuth suld be As Assessouris, and collaterall; Without mercy Iustice is_crueltie, As said is in the Lawis speciall: Quhen Rigour sitis in the Tribunall, The equitie of Law quha may sustene? Richt few or nane, but mercie gang betwene.	1460

1450

HARLEIAN

- 'Thy fals excuse,' the lioun said agane,

 1440

 F. 39 a. 'Sall not awaill ane myte, I vnderta;

 I put the cace, I had bene deid or slane,

 And syne my skin bene stoppit full of stra,

 Thocht thow had found my figure liand swa,

 Becaus it bare the prent of my persoun,

 Thow suld for feir on kneis haif fallin doun.
 - 'For thy trespas thow can mak na defence, My noble persoun thus to vilipend; Of thy feiris, nor thy awin negligence, For to excuse, thow can na caus pretend; Thairfoir thow suffer sall ane schamefull end, And deith, sic as to tressoun is decreit, Vpon the gallous harlit be the feit.'
 - 'Na, mercie, lord, at thy gentrice I ase,
 As thow art king of beistis coronate,
 Sober thy wraith, and let it ouerpas,
 And mak thy mynd to mercy inclynate.
 I grant offence is done to thine estait,
 Quhairfore I wirthie am to suffer deid,
 Bot gif thy kinglie mercy reik remeid.

 1460
- 'In euerie iuge mercy and truth suld be
 F. 39 & As assessouris, and collaterall;
 Without mercy iustice is crueltie,
 As said is in the lawis speciall:
 Quhen rigour sittis in the tribunale,
 The equitie of law quha may sustene?
 Richt few or nane, but mercy gang betwene.

['Alswa ze knaw the honour Triumphall	
Of all Uictour vpon the strenth dependis	
Of his compair, quhilk manlie in battell	
Throw Ieopardie of weir lang defendis.	1470
Quhat price or louing, quhen the battell endis,	
Is said of him that ouercummis ane man,	
Him to defend quhilk nouther may nor can?	
,	
'Ane thousand Myis to kill, and eik deuoir,	
Is lytill manheid to ane strang lyoun;	1475
Full lytill worschip haif 3e wyn thairfoir,	
To quhais strenth is na comparisoun;	
It will degraid sum part of 3our renoun	
To sla ane Mous, quhilk may mak na defence,	
Bot askand mercie at 3our excellence.	1480
'Also it semes not 3our Celsitude,	
Quhilk vsis daylie meittis delitious,	
To fyle 3our teith or lippis with my blude,	
Quhilk to 3our stomok is contagious;	
Unhailsum meit is of ane sarie Mous,	1485
And that namelie vntill ane strang Lyoun,	
Uont till be fed with gentill Uennisoun.	
'My lyfe is lytill worth, my deith is les,	
3it and I leif, I may peraduenture	
Supple 3our hienes beand in distres;	1490
For oft is sene ane man of small stature	
Reskewit hes ane Lord of hie honour,	
Keipit that wes in point to be ouerthrawin	
Throw misfortune: sic cace may be 3our awin.	

- 'Alswa 3e knaw the honour triumphall
 Of all victour vpoun the strenth dependis
 Of his conqueist, quhilk manlie in battell
 1470
 Throw ieoperdie of weir lang defendis.
 Quhat price or louing, quhen the battell endis,
 Is said of him that ouercumis ane man,
 Him to defend quhilk nouther may nor can?
- 'Ane thousand myis to kill, and eik deuoir,

 Is litill manheid to ane strang lioun;
 Full litill worschip haif 3e win thairfoir,
 To quhais strenth is na comparisoun;
 It will degraid sum pairt of 30ur renoun
 To slay ane mous, quhilk may mak na defence,
 1480
 Bot askand mercie at 30ur excellence.
- 'Also it simes not 3 our celsitude,
 F. 40 a. Quhilk vsis dalie meittis delitious,
 To fyle 3 our lippis and teith with my blude,
 Quhilk to 3 our stomok is contagious;
 Vnhailsum meit is of ane sarie mous,
 And that namelie vnto ane strang lioun,
 Wont till be fed with gentill vennesoun.
 - 'My lyfe is litill worth, my deith is les,
 3it and I leif, I may peraduentour

 Supplie 3our hienes beand in distres;
 For oft is sene ane man of small stature
 Reskewit hes ane lord of hie honour,
 Keipit that wes in point to be ouerthrawin
 Throw misfortoun: sic cace may be 3our awin.'

 1495

¶ Quhe	n this wes said, the Lyoun his language	149
Paissi	t, and thocht according to ressoun,	
And	gart mercie his cruell Ire asswage,	
And t	to the Mous grantit Remissioun;	
Oppin	nnit his Poll, and scho on kneis fell doun,	
And	baith hir handis vnto the heuin vpheld,	150
Cryar	nd: 'Almychtie God mot 30w forzeild!'	

Quhen scho wes gone, the Lyoun held to hunt,
For he had nocht, bot leuit on his Pray,
And slew baith tayme and wyld, as he wes wont,
And in the cuntrie maid ane greit deray;
Till at the last the pepill fand the way
This cruell Lyoun how that thay mycht tak:
Of Hempvn cordis strang Nettis couth thay mak.

And in ane Rod, quhair he wes wont to ryn,
With Raipis rude fra tre to tre it band;
Syne kest ane Range on raw the woid within,
With hornis blast, and Kennettis fast calland.
The Lyoun fled, and, throw the Ron rynnand,
Fell in the Net, and hankit fute and heid;
For all his strenth he couth mak na remeid.

Uelterand about with hiddeous rummissing,
Quhyle to, quhyle fra, quhill he mycht succour get;
Bot all in vane, it vail;eit him na thing;
The mair he flang, the faster wes the Net;
The Raipis rude wes sa about him knet,
On euerilk syde, that succour saw he nane;
Bot still lyand and murnand maid his mane.

Ouhen this wes said, the lioun his language Paissit, and thocht according to ressoun, And gart mercie his cruell ire asswage, And to the mous grantit remissioun: Oppynnit his pow, and scho on kneis fell doun, 1500 And baith hir handis vnto the heuin vpheild, Cryand: 'almichtie god mot 30w for3eild!'

Quhen scho was gone, the lioun held to hunt, For he had nocht, bot leuit on his pray, F. 40 b. And slew baith tayme and wyld, as he wes wunt, And in the cuntrie maid a grit deray; Till at the last the pepill fand the way This cruell lioun how that thay micht tak: Of hempin cordis strang nettis couth thay mak.

> And in be rod, quhair he was wont to rin, With raipis rude fra tre to tre it band: Syne kest ane range on raw the wod within, With hornis blast, and kennetis fast calland. The lioun fled, and, throw the rone rynnand, Fell in the net, and hankit fute and heid: For all his strenth he couth mak na remeid.

Welterand about with hiddious rummissing, Quhile to, quhile fra, quhill he micht succour get; Bot all in vane, it vailseit him na thing : The mair he flang, the faster was the net; 1520 The raipis rude was sa about him plet, On euerie side, that succour saw he none: Bot still liand and murnand maid his mone.

- ¶ 'O lamit Lyoun, liggand heir sa law, Quhair is the mycht of thy Magnificence, Of quhome all brutall beist in eird stude aw, And dred to luke vpon thy Excellence? But hoip or help, but succour or defence, In bandis strang heir man I ly, allace!

 Till I be slane, I se nane vther grace.

 1 **Till I be slane, I se nane vther grace.**

 1 **Till I be slane, I se nane vther grace.**

 1 **Till I be slane, I se nane vther grace.**

 1 **Till I be slane, I se nane vther grace.**

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 1 **Till I be slane, I se nane vther grace.**

 1 **Till I be slane, I se nane vther grace.**

 1 **Till I be slane vt
 - 'Thair is na wy that will my harmis wreik,

 Nor creature do confort to my Croun.

 Quha sall me bute? quha sall my bandis brek?

 Quha sall me put fra pane of this Presoun?'

 Be he had maid this lamentatioun,

 Throw auenture the lytill Mous come neir,

 And of the Lyoun hard the pietuous beir.

And suddandlie it come in till hir mynd
That it suld be the Lyoun did hir grace,
And said, 'now wer I fals and richt vnkynd,
Bot gif I quit sum part of thy gentrice
Thow did to me:' and on this way scho gais
To hir fellowis, and on thame fast can cry,
'Cum help, cum help!' and thay come all in hy.

'Lo,' quod the Mous, 'this is the samin Lyoun
That grantit grace to me quhen I wes tane;
1545
And now is fast heir bundin in Presoun,
Brekand his hart with sair murning and mane;
Bot we him help, of succour wait he nane;
Cun help to quyte ane gude turne for ane vther,
1549
Go, lous him sone:' and thay said, 'tea, gude brother.'

1530

THARLEIAN

'O lamit lioun, liggand heir sa law,

Quhair is the micht of thy magnificence,
Of quhome all brutall beistis in eird stuid aw,

F. 41 a. And dreid to luik vpoun thy excellence?
But hoip or help, but succour or defence,
In bandis strang heir man I ly, allace!

Till I be slane, I se nane vther grace.

And of the lioun hard the pietuous beir.

- 'Thair is na wy that will my harmes wreik,
 Nor creature do confort to my croun.
 Quha sall me bute? quha sall my bandis breke?
 Quha sall me put fra pane of this presoun?'
 Be he had maid this lamentatioun,
 Throw auenture the litill mous come neir,
- And suddanlie it come in to hir mynd
 That it suld be the lioun did hir grace,
 And said, 'now wer I fals and richt vnkynd,
 Bot gif I quite sum pairt of thy gentrace
 Thow did to me:' and on this wayis scho gais
 To hir fellowis, and on thame fast can cry,
 'Cum help, cum help!' and thay come all in hy.
- 'Lo,' quod the mouß, 'this is the samyn lioun
 That grantit grace to me quhen I was tane;
 And now is fast heir bundin in presoun,
 Brekand his hart with sair murning and mane;
 F. 41 b. Bot we him help, of succour wait he nane;
 - Cum help to quit ane gude turne for ane vther,
 Go, lous him sone:' and thay said, '3e, gude brother.'

¶ Thay tuke na knyfe, thair teith wes scharp aneuch.
To se that sicht, forsuith it wes greit wonder,
How that thay ran amang the raipis teuch;
Befoir, behind, sum ₃eid about, sum vnder,
And schuir the raipis of the Mast in schunder;
Syne bad him ryse; and he start vp anone,
And thankit thame; syne on his way is gone.

1555

Now is the Lyoun fre of all danger,
Lous and Deliuerit to his libertie,
Be lytill beistis of ane small power,
As ye haif hard, becaus he had pietie.
Quod I, 'Maister, is thair ane moralitie
In this Fabill?' '3ea, sone,' he said, 'richt gude.'—
'I pray you, Schir,' quod I, '4e wald conclude.'

MORALITAS.

AS I SUPPOSE, THIS mychtie gay Lyoun
May signifie ane Prince, or Empriour,¹
Ane Potestate, or jit ane king with Croun,
Quhilk suld be walkrife gyde and Gouernour
Of his pepill, that takis na labour
To reule and steir the land, and Iustice keip,
Bot lyis still in lustis, sleuth, and sleip.

The fair Forrest with leuis lowne and le,
With foullis sang, and flouris ferlie sweit,
Is bot the warld and his prosperitie,
As fals plesance myngit with cair repleit.
Rycht as the Rois with frost and winter weit
Faidis, swa dois the warld, and thame desauis
Ouhilk in thair lustis maist confidence hauis.

¹ In the original this line is fourth in the stanza,

Thay tuik na knyfe, thair teith was scharpe aneuch.

To se that sicht, forsuith it was grit wounder,
How that thay ran amang the raipis tewch;
Befoir, behind, sum gaid about, sum vnder,
And schuir the raipis of the net in schunder;
Syne bad him ryis; and he start vp anone,
And thankit thame; syne on his way is gone.

Now is the lioun fre of all danger,
Lous and deliuerit to his libertie,
Be litill beistis of ane small power,
As 3e haif hard, becaus he had pitie.
Quod I, 'maister, is thair ane moralitie
In this fabill?' '3e, sone,' he said, 'richt guid.'—
'I pray 3ow, schir,' quod I, '3e wald conclude.'
1565

Finis.

F. 42 a. Moralitas.

As I suppose, this michtie gay lioun
May signifie ane prince, or empriour,
Ane potestate, or jit ane king with croun,
Quhilk suld be walkryfe gide and gouernour
Of his pepill, that takis na labour
To reule and steir the land, and iustice keip,
Bot lyis still in lustis, sleuth, and sleip.

The fair forest with leuis lowne and lie,

With foullis sang, and flouris ferlie sweit,

Is bot the warld and his prosperitie,

As fals plesance mingit with cair repleit.

Richt as the rois with frost and winter weit

Faidis, swa dois the warld, and thame desauis

Quhilk in thair lustis maist confidence hauis.

Thir lytill Myis ar bot the commountie, Uantoun, vnwvse, without correctioun: 1580 Thair Lordis and Princis guhen that thay se Of Iustice mak nane executioun, Thay dreid na thing to mak Rebellioun, And disobey, for quhy thay stand nane aw, That garris thame thair Soueranis misknaw. 1585 Be this Fabill 3e Lordis of Prudence May considder the vertew of Pietie; And to remit sumtyme ane greit offence, And mitigate with mercy crueltie: Oftymis is sene ane man of small degre Hes quit ane turne baith for gude and euill, As Lord hes done Rigour, or grace him till. Quha wait how sone ane Lord of greit Renoun, Rolland in warldlie lust and vane plesance, May be ouerthrawin, destroyit, and put doun Throw fals fortoun, quhilk of all variance Is haill maistres, and leidar of the dance Till Injust men, and blindis thame so soir. That thay na perrell can prouyde befoir. Thir cruell men, that stentit hes the Net, тбос In quhilk the Lyoun suddandlie wes tane, Uaittit alway amendis for to get, For hurt men wrytis in the Marbill stane. Mair till expound as now I let allane, Bot king and Lord may weill wit quhat I mene; 1605 Figure heirof oftymis hes bene sene.

Thir litill myis ar bot the commountie,

Wantoun, wnwyse, without correctioun:

Thair lordis and princes quhen that thay se
Of iustice mak na executioun,

Thay dreid na thing to mak rebellioun,

And disobey, for quhy thay stand nane aw,

That garris thame thair soueranis misknaw.

F. 42 b. Be this fabill 3e lordis of prudence

May considder the vertue of pietie;
And to remit sum tyme ane grit offence,
And mitigate with mercy crueltie:
Of tymes is sene ane man of small degrie
Hes quit ane kinbute baith of gude and ill,
As lordis hes done rigour, and grace him till.

1590

Quha wait how sone ane lord of grit renoun, Rowand in warldlie wit ¹ and vane plesance, May be ouerthrawin, distroyit, and put doun Throw fals fortoun, quhilk of all varience Is haill maistres, and leidare of the dance Till vniust men, and blindis thame so soir, That thay na perrell can prouide befoir.

тбоо

Thir rurall men, that stentit hes the net, In quhilk the lioun suddanelie was tane, Waittit alway amendis for to get, For hurt men writis in the merbill stane. Mair till expone as now I let allane, Bot king and lord may weill wit quhat I mene; Figure heirof oftymes hes bene sene.

1605

Quhen this wes said, quod Esope: 'my fair child, I 30w beseik and all men for to pray
That tressoun of this cuntrie be exyld,
And Iustice Regne, and Lordis keip thair fay
Unto thair Souerane Lord, baith nicht and day.'
And with that word he vanist, and I woke;
Syne throw the Schaw my Iourney hamewart tuke.

FINIS.

THE PREICHING OF THE SWALLOW.

THE HIE PRUDENCE, and wirking meruelous,
The profound wit of God omnipotent
Is sa perfyte, and sa Ingenious,
Excellent far all mannis Iugement;
For quhy to him all thing is ay present,
Richt as it is, or ony tyme sall be,
Befoir the sicht of his Diuinitie.
1620

Thairfoir our Saull with Sensualitie
So fetterit is in presoun Corporall,
We may not cleirlie vnderstand nor se
God as he is, nor thingis ¹ Celestiall:
Our mirk and deidle corps Naturall ¹
Blindis the Spirituall operatioun,
Lyke as ane man wer bundin in presoun.

1 Cf. p. 231.





Quhen this was said, quod esope: 'my fair childe,
F. 43 a. I the beseik and all men for to pray
That tressoun of this cuntrie be exyld,
And iustice ring, and lordis keip thair fay
Vnto thair souerane king, baith nycht and day.'
And with that word he vanist, and I woke;
Syne throw the schaw my iurnay hamewart tuik.

Endis the moralitie.

F. 43 8. The preiching of the Swallow.

The profound wit of god omnipotent
Is sa perfite, and sa ingenious,
Excellent fer all mannis Iugement;
For quhy to him all thing is ay present,
Richt as it is, or ony tyme salbe,
Befoir the sicht of his diuinitie.

Thairfoir oure saule with sensualitie

So fetterit is in presoun corporale,

We may not cleirlie vnderstand nor sie

God as he is, nor thingis¹ celestiall:

1625

F. 44 a. Oure mirk and deidle corps naturall¹

Blindis the spirituall operatioun,

Like as ane man war bundin in presoun.

1 Cf. p. 231.

■ In Metaphisik Aristotell sayis	
That mannis Saul is lyke ane Bakkis Ee,	
Quhilk lurkis still als lang as licht of day is,	1630
And in the gloming cummis furth to fle;	
Hir Ene ar waik, the Sone scho may not se:	
Sa is our Saull with fantasie opprest,	
To knaw the thingis in nature manifest.	

For God is in his power Infinite,	1635
And mannis Saull is febill and ouer small,	
Of vnderstanding waik and imperfite,	
To comprehend him that contenis all.	
Nor suld presume, be ressoun naturall,	
To seirche the secreitties of the Trinitie,	1640
Bot trow fermelie, and lat all ressoun be.	

It neuertheles we may hair knawlegeing
Of God almychtie be his Creaturis,
That he is gude, fair, wyis, and bening;
Exempill tak be thir Iolie flouris,
Rycht sweit of smell and plesant of colouris,
Sum grene, sum blew, sum purpour, quhyte, & reid,
This distribute be gift of his Godheid.

The firmament payntit with sternis cleir,	
Frome eist to west rolland in cirkill round,	1650
And euerilk Planet in his proper Spheir,	
In mouing makand Harmonie and sound;	
The Fyre, the Air, the watter, and the ground-	
Till vnderstand it is aneuch, I wis,	
That God in all his werkis wittie is.	1655

In metaphisik aristotell sayis
That mamis saule is like ane bakkis ee,
1630
Quhik lurkis still als lang as licht of day is,
And in the gloming cumis furth to flie;
Hir ene ar waik, the sone scho may not se:
Sa is oure saule with fantisie opprest,
To knaw the thingis in nature manifest.
1635

For god is in his poware infinite,
And mannis saule is febill and ouer small,
Of vnderstanding waik and imperfite,
To comprehend him that contenis all.
Nane suld presume, be reasoun naturall,
To seirche the secretities of the trinitie,
Bot trow fermelie, and lat all ressoun be.

3it neuertheles we may haif knawleging
Of god almichtie be his creatouris,
That he is guid, fair, wyse, and beninge;
Exempill tak be thir Iolie flouris,
Richt sweit of smell and plesand of colouris,
Sum grene, sum blew, sum purpour, quhite, and reid,
F. 44 b. This distribute be gift of his godheid.

The firmament paintit with starnis cleir,

Frome eist to west rolland in cirkill round,
And euerie planet in his proper spheir,
In moving makand harmonie and sound;
The fyre, the air, the watter, and the ground—
Till vnderstand it is aneuch, I wis,
That god in all his werkis wittie is.

Luke weill the fische that swimmis in the se;
Luke weill in eirth all kynd of bestiall;
The foullis fair, sa forcelic thay fle,
Scheddand the air with pennis greit and small;
Syne luke to man, that he maid last of all,
Lyke to his Image and his similitude:
Be thir we knaw that God is fair and gude.

All creature he maid for the behufe
Of man, and to his supportatioun
In to this eirth, baith vnder and abufe,
In number, wecht, and dew proportioun;
The difference of tyme, and ilk seasoun,
Concordand till oure oportunitie,
As daylie be experience we may se.

1665

The Somer with his Iolie mantill grene,
With flouris fair furrit on euerilk fent,
Quhilk Flora Goddes, of the flouris Quene,
Hes to that Lord as for his seasoun lent,
And Phebus with his goldin bemis gent
Hes purfellit and payntit plesandlie,
With heit and moysture stilland from the sky.

Syne Haruest hait, quhen Ceres that Goddes
Hir barnis benit ¹ hes with abundance;
And Bacchus, God of wyne, renewit hes
The tume Pyipis in Italie and France,
With wynis wicht, and liquour of plesance;
And copia temporis to fill hir horne,
That neuer wes full of quheit nor wher corne,

Luik weill the fische that swymmis in the se;
Luik weill in eirth all kynd of bestiall;
The foullis fair, sa forcelie thay fle,
Scheddand the air with pennis grit and small;
Syne luik to man, that he maid last of all,
Lyke to his image and his similitude:
Be thir we knaw that god is fair and gude.

All creture he maid for the behuif
Of man, and to his supportatioun
1665
In to this eirth, baith vnder and abuif,
In number, wecht, and dew proportioun;
The difference of tyme, and ilk seasoun,
Concordand till oure oppertunitie,
As daylie be experience we may se.
1670

F. 45 a. The somer with his Iolie mantill grene,

With flouris fair furrit on euerilk fent,

Quhilk flora goddes, of the flouris quene,

Hes to that lord as for his seasoun lent,

And phebus with his goldin bemis gent

Hes purfellit and payntit plesandly,

With heit and moysture stilland frome the sky.

Syne heruest hait, quhen Ceres that goddes
Hir barnis benit hes with abundance;
And bachus, god of wyne, renewit hes
The tume pypeis in Italie and france,
With wynis wicht, and liquour of plesance;
And copia temporis to fill hir horne,
That neuer wes full of quheit nor vther corne.

¹ MS. 'oppertumitie.'

Syne wynter wan, quhen Austerne Eolus,
God of the wynd, with blastis boreall,
The grene garment of Somer glorious
Hes all to rent and reuin in pecis small;
Than flouris fair faiddit with frost man fall,
And birdis blyith changit thair noitis sweit
In still murning, neir slane with snaw and sleit.

1690

The dalis deip with dubbis drownit is,

Baith hill and holt heillit with frostis hair;

And bewis bene baissit bair of blis,

Be wickit windis of the winter ¹ wair.

All wyld beistis than from the bentis bair

Drawis for dreid vnto thair dennis deip,

Coucheand for cauld in coifis thame to keip,

¶ Syne cummis Uer, quhen winter is away,
The Secretar of Somer with his Seill,
Quhen Columbie vp keikis throw the clay,
Quhilk fleit wes befoir with frostis fell.
The Mauis and the Merle beginnis to mell;
The Lark on loft, with vther birdis small,
Than drawis furth fra derne, ouer doun and daill.

That samin seasoun, in to ane soft morning,
Richt blyith that bitter blastis wer ago,
Vnto the wod, to se the flouris spring,
And heir the Maueis sing and birdis mo,
I passit furth, syne lukit to and fro,
To se the Soill that wes richt sessonabill,

1 Orig. 'wickit.'

Sappie, and to resaif all seidis abill.

1695

THARLEIAN

Syne winter wan, quhen austerne eolus,
God of the wynd, with blastis boreall,
The grene garment of somer glorious
Hes altorent and revin in pecis small;
Than flouris fair faiddit with frost man fall,
And birdis blyith chaingit thair noitis sweit
In still murning, neir slane with snaw and sleit.

The daillis deip with dubbis drounit is,
F. 45.6. Baith hill and holt heillit with frostis hair;
And bewis bene laifit bair of blis,
Be wickit windis of the winter wair.
All wyld beistis than frome the bentis bair
Drawis for dreid vnto thair dennis deip,
Couchand for cauld in coifis thame to keip.

Syne cumis ver, quhen winter is away,
The secretar of somer with his seill,
Quhen columbie vykeikis throw the clay,
Quhilk fleit was before with froistis fell.
The maueis and the merle begymnis to mell;
The lark on loft, with vther birdis haill,
Than drawis furth fra 1 derne, ouer doun & daill.

1705

That samyn seasoun, in to ane soft morning, Richt blyith that bitter blastis wer ago, Vnto the wod, to se the flouris spring, And heir the maueis sing and birdis mo, I passit furth, syne luikit to and fro, To se the soill quhilk was richt seasonable, Sappie, and to resaue all seidis able.

7

Mouing thusgait, greit mirth I tuke in mynd,
Of lauboraris to se the besines,
Sum makand dyke, and sum the pleuch can wynd,
Sum sawand seidis fast frome place to place,
The Harrowis hoppand in the saweris trace:
It wes greit Ioy to him that luft corne,
To se thame laubour, baith at euin and morne.

And as I baid vnder ane bank full bene,
In hart greitlie reiosit of that sicht,
Vnto ane hedge, vnder ane Hawthorne grene,
Of small birdis thair come ane ferlie flicht,
And doun belyif can on the leifis licht,
On euerilk syde about me quhair I stude,
Richt meruelous, ane mekill multitude.

174

Amang the quhilkis ane Swallow loud couth cry,
On that Hawthorne hie in the croip sittand:
'O 3e Birdis on leiffis heir me by,
3e sall weill knaw, and wyislie vnderstand,
Quhair danger is or perrell appeirand;
It is greit wisedome to prouyde befoir,
It to deuoid, for dreid it hurt 3ow moir.'

'Schir Swallow,' quod the Lark agane, & leuch,
'Quhat haif ge sene that causis 30w to dreid?'
'Se 3e 30ne Churll,' quod scho, 'be3ond 30ne pleuch,
Fast sawand hemp, lo se,' and linget seid?
30ne lint will grow in lytill tyme in deid,
And thairof will 30ne Churll his Nettis mak,
Under the quhilk he thinkis vs to tak.

¹ Orig. 'lose.' Cf. p. 235, l. 123.

THARLEIAN

Mouing thus gait, grit mirth I tuik in mynd,
Of lawboraris to se the besines,
Sum makand dyke, and sum the pleuch can wynd,
171
F. 46 a. Sum sawand seidis fast frome place to place,

The harrowis hoppand in the saweris trace:

It wes grit ioy to him that luifit corne,

To se thame labour, baith at evin and morne.

And as I baid vnder ane bank full bene,
In hart gritlie reioisit of that sicht,
Vnto ane hege, vnder ane hawthorne grene,
Of small birdis thair come ane ferlie flicht,
And doun belyif can on the leifis licht,
On euerie side about me quhair I stuid,
Richt meruelous, ane mekle multitude.

Amang the quhilkis ane swallow loud can cry,
On that hawthorne hie in the crope sittand:
'O 3e birdis on bewis heir me by,
3e sall weill knaw, and wyselie vnderstand,
Quhair danger is or perrell apperand;
It is grit wisdome to prouide befoir,
It to deuoid, for dreid it hurt 30w moir.'

'Schir swallow,' quod the lark agane, and leuch,
'Quhat haif 3e sene that causis 30w to dreid?'
'Se 3e 3one churle,' quod scho, 'be3ond 3one pleuch,
F. 46 b. Fast sawand hemp, and gude linget seid?
3one lixt will grow in litill tyme indeid,
And thairof will 3one churle his nettis mak,
Vnder the quhilk he thinkis ws to tak.

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1740

'Thairfoir I reid we pas quhen he is gone,

At euin, and with our naillis scharp and small Out of the eirth scraip we zone seid anone,

CHARTERIS]

And eit it vp; for, gif it growis, we sall Haif caus to weip beirefter ane and all: Se we remeid thairfoir furth with Instante, Nam leuius ledit quicquid preuidimus 1 ante.	174
'For Clerkis sayis it is nocht sufficient To considder that is befoir thyne Ee; Bot prudence is ane inwart Argument, That garris ane man prouyde and foirse Quhat gude, quhat euill is liklie for to be Of euerilk thing euin at the finall end, And swa fra perrell the better him defend.'	1750
The Lark, lauchand, be Swallow this couth scorne, And said, 'scho fischit lang befoir the Net; The barne is eith to busk that is vnborne; All growis nocht that in the ground is set; The nek to stoup, quhen it the straik sall get, Is sone aneuch; deith on the fayest fall.'— Thus scornit thay the Swallow ane and all.	1755
Despysing thus hir helthsum document, The foullis ferlie tuke thair flicht anone; Sum with ane bir thay braidit ouer the bent, And sum agane ar to the grene woid gone. Upon the land, quhair I wes left allone,	1765

1 Orig. 'preuiuimus,'

I tuke my club, and hamewart couth I carie, Swa ferliand, as I had sene ane farie.

'Thairfoir I reid we pas quhen he is gone,
At evin, and with oure naillis scharpe and small ¹
Out of the eirth scrape we 30ne seid anone,
And eit it vp; for, gif it growis, we sall
Haue caus to weip heirefter ane and all:
5 8 we remeid thairfoir with instante,
Nam leuius lebit quicquib praeuibimus ante.

'For clerkis sayis it is not sufficient
To considder that is before thine ee;
Bot prudence is ane inwart argument,
That garris ane man prouide and forese
Quhat guid, quhat euill is liklie for to be,
Of euerie thing behald the finell end,
And swa fra perrell the better him defend.'

The lark, lauchand, the swallow this couth scorne,
And said, 'scho fischit lang before the net;
The barne is eith to busk that is vnborne;
F. 47 a. All growis not that in the ground is set;
The nek to stoup, quhen it the straik sall get,
Is sone aneuch; deith on the fayest fall.'—
Thus scornit thay the swallow ane and all.

Dispysing thus hir helthsum document,
The foullis ferlie tuik thair flicht anone;
Sum with ane bir thay braiddit ouer the bent,
And sum agane ar to the grene wod gone.

1765
Vpon the land, quhair I was left allone,
I tuik my club, and hamewart couth I carie,
Swa ferliand, as I had sene ane farie.

Thus passit furth quhill Iune, that Iolie tyde,
And seidis that wer sawin of beforne
Wer growin hie, that Hairis mycht thame hyde,
I mouit furth, betuix midday and morne,
Unto the hedge, vnder the Hawthorne grene,
Quhair I befoir the said birdis had sene.

And as I stude, be auenture and cace,
The samin birdis as I haif said 30w air,
I hoip because it wes thair hanting place,
Mair of succour or 3it mair solitair,
Thay lychtit doun; and, quhen thay lychtit war,
The Swallow swyith put furth ane pietuous pyme,
Said, 'wo is him can not bewar in tyme!

O, blind birdis! and full of negligence,
Unmyndfull of 3our awin prosperiite,
Lift vp 3our sicht and tak gude aduertence;
Luke to the Lint that growis on 3one le;
3one is the thing I bad forsuith that we,
Quhill it wes seid, suld rute furth of the eird;
Now is it Lint, now is it hie on breird.

(I 'Go 3it, qubill it is tender and small,¹
And pull it vp; let it na mair Incres;
My flesche growis, my bodie quaikis all,
Thinkand on it I may not sleip in peis.'
Thay cryit all and bad the Swallow ceis,
And said, '5one Lint heirefter will do gude,
For linext is to lytill birdis fude.

¹ See p. 237.

	Thus passit furth quhill iune, that iolie tyde, And seidis that war sawin of beforne Wer growin [hie 1], that hairis micht thame hide, And als the qualige craikand in the corne; I mouit furth, betuix midday and morne, Vnto the hedge, vnder the hawthorne grene, Quhair I befoir the said birdis had sene.	1770
·.	And as I stuid, be auenture and cace, The samyn birdis as I haif said 30w air, I hope becaus it was thair hanting place, Mair of succour or jit mair soliter, Thay lichtit doun; and, quhen thay lichtit wair, The swallow swyth put furth ane pietious pyme, Said, 'wo is him can not be war in tyme!	1780
	'O, blind birdis! and full of negligence, Vnmyndfull of 30ur awin prosperitie, Lift vp 30ur sicht and tak guid aduertence; Luik to the lint that growis on 30ne le; 30ne is the thing I bad forsuith that we, Quhill it was seid, suld rute furth of the eird; Now is it lint, now is it he on breird.	1785
	'Go 3it, quhill it is tender ² and small, And pull it vp; let it na mair incres; My flesche growis, my bodie qualkis all, Thinkand on it I may not sleip in peis.' Thay cryit all and bad the swallow ceis,	1790
	And said, '3one lint heirefter will do gude, For linget is to litill birdis fude.	1795

¹ See p. 132 and p. 236.

F. 47 b

² See p. 237.

'We think, quhen that 3one lint bollis ar ryip,
To mak vs Feist, and fill vs of the seid,
Magre 3one Churll, and on it sing and pyip.'
'Weill,' quod the Swallow, 'freindis hardlie beid;
Do as 3e will, bot certane sair I dreid,
Heirefter 3e sall find als sour as sweit,
Quhen 3e ar speldit on 3one Carlis speit.

'The awner of 30ne lint ane fouler is,
Richt cautelous and full of subteltie;
His pray full sendill tymis will he mis,
Bot gif we birdis all the warrer be;
Full mony of our kin he hes gart de,
And thocht it bot ane sport to spill thair blude:
God keip me fra him, and the halie Rude.'

Thir small birdis haifand but lytill thocht
Of perrell that micht fall be auenture,
The counsell of the Swallow set at nocht,
Bot tuke thair flicht and furth togidder fure;
Sum to the woid, sum markit to the Mure.
I tuke my staf, quhen this wes said and done,
And walkit hame, for it drew neir the none.

The Lint ryipit, the Carll pullit the Lyne,
Rippillit the bollis, and in beitis set,
It steipit in the burn, and dryit syne,
And with ane Betill knokkit it and bet,
Syne swingillit it weill, and hekkillit in the flet;
His wyfe it span, and twynit it in to threid,

Of quhilk the Fowlar Nettis maid in deid.

'Me think, quhen that 3 one lint bollis ar ryip, To mak ws feist, and fill ws of the seid, Magre 3 one churle, and on it sing and pype.'

'Weill,' quod the swallow, 'freindis hardlie beid; 1800

Do as 3e will, bot certane sair I dreid, F. 48 a. Heirefter 3e sall find als sour as sweit.

Quhen 3e ar speildit on 3one carlis speit.

'The awner of 3 one lint ane fouler is,
Richt cawtelous and full of subtilite;
Itis pray full sindill tymes will he mis,
Bot gif we birdis all the warrer be;
Full mony of oure kin he hes gart die,
And thocht it bot ane sport to spill thair blude:
God keip me fra him, and the halie rude.'

Thir small birdis haueand but litill thocht
Of perrell that micht fall be auenture,
The counsell of the swallow set at nocht,
Bot tuik thair flicht and furth to gidder fure;
Sum to the wod, sum markit to the mure.
I tuik my stalf, quhen this was said and done,
And walkit hame, for it drew neir the none.

The lint rypit, the carle pullit the lyne,
Rippillit the bollis, and in beitis set,
It steipit in the burne, and dryit syne,
And with ane bittill knokit it and bet,
Syne swyngillit it weill, and hekkillit in þe flet;

F. 48 b. His wyfe it span, and twynit it in to threid, Of quhilk the fouller nettis maid indeid.

The wynter come, the wickit wind can blaw,
The woddis greene wer wallowit with the weit,
Baith firth and fell with froistis wer maid faw,
Slonkis and slaik maid slidderie with the sleit;
The foulis fair for falt thay fell of feit;
On bewis bair it wes na bute to byde,
Bot hyit vnto housis thame to hyde.

1830

Thair lugeing tuke and maid thair residence;
The Fowlar saw, and greit aithis hes sworne
Thay suld be tane trewlie for thair expence.
His nettis hes he set with diligence,
And in the snaw he schulit hes ane plane,
And heillit it all ouer with calf agane.

Sum in the barn, sum in the stak of corne

Bot of the Nettis na presume thay had,

Thir small birdis seand the calf wes glaid;
Trowand it had bene corne, thay lychtit doun;

Nor of the Fowlaris fals Intentioun; To scraip and seik thair meit thay maid thame boun. The Swallow on ane lytill branche neir by, Dreidand for gyle, thus loud on thame couth cry:

¶ 'In to that calf scraip quhill 3our naillis bleid,

Thair is na corne, 3e laubour all in vane;

1845

Trow 3e 3one Churll for pietie will 3ow feid?
Na, na, he hes it heir layit for ane trane;
Remoue, I reid, or ellis 3e will be slane;
His Nettis he hes set full priuely,

Reddie to draw; in tyme be war for thy.'

The winter come, the wickit wind can blaw,
The wodis grene war wallowit with the weit,
Baith firth and fell with froistis war maid faw,
Slonkis and slaik maid slidderrie with the sleit;
The foulis fair for falt thay fell of feit;
On bewis bair it was na bute to byde,
Bot hyit vnto housis thame to hide.

Sum in the barn, sum in the stak of corne
Thair lugeing tuik and maid thair residence;
The foular saw, and grit aithis hes sworne
Thay suld be tane trewlie for thair expence.
His nettis hes he set with diligence,
And in the snaw he schuillit hes ane plane,
And heillit it all ouer with calf agane.

Trowand it had bene come, thay lichtit doun; 1840
Bot of the nettis na presume thay had,
Nor of the fowlaris fals intentioun;
F. 49 a. To scraip and seik thair meit thay maid thame boun.
The swallow on ane littill brenche neir by,
Dreidand for gile, thus loud on thame couth cry: 1845

Thir small birdis seand the calf was glaid;

'In to that calf scraip quhill 3our naillis bleid,
Thair is na corne, 3e laubour all in vane;
Trow 3e 3one churle for pietie will 3ow feid?
Na, na, he hes it heir layit for ane trane;
Remoue, I reid, or ellis 3e wilbe slane;
His nettis he hes set full priuely,
Reddie to draw; in tyme bewar for thy.'

Greit fule is he that puttis in dangeir
His lyfe, his honour, for ane thing of nocht;
Greit fule is he that will not glaidlic heir

Thair cairfull sang and lamentatioun: Sum with ane staf he straik to eirth on swoun,

CHARTERIS]

Counsall in tyme, quhill it auaill him mocht;	18
Greit fule is he that hes na thyng in thocht	
Bot thing present, and efter quhat may fall,	
Nor of the end hes na memoriall.	
Thir small birdis for hunger famischit neir,	
Full besie scraipand for to seik thair fude,	180
The counsall of the Swallow wald not heir,	
Suppois thair laubour did thame lytill gude.	
Quhen scho thair fulusche hartis vnderstude,	
Sa Indurat, vp in ane tre scho flew;	
With that this Churll ouer thame his Nettis drew.	186
Allace! it wes greit hart sair for to se	
That bludie Boucheour bet thay birdis doun,	
And for till heir, guhen thay wist weill to de,	

Sum half on lyfe he stoppit in his bag.

And quhen the Swallow saw that thay war deid,

'Lo,' quod scho, 'thus it happinnis mony syis
Of thame that will not tak counsall and reid
Of Prudent men or Clerkis that ar wyis;
This greit perrell I tauld thame mair than thryis;
Now ar thay deid, and wo is me thairfoir!'
Scho tuke hir flicht, bot I hir saw no moir.

Of sum the heid he straik, of sum he brak the crag,

1870

Grit fule is he that puttis in dangeir
His lyfe, his honour, for ane thing of nocht;
Grit fule is he that will not glaidlie heir
Counsall in tyme, quhill it auaill him nocht¹;
Grit fule is he that hes na thing in thocht
Bot thing present, and efter quhat may fall,
Nor of the end hes na memoriall.

Thir small birdis for hunger famischit neir,
Full besie scraipand for to seik thair fude,
The counsall of the swallow wald not heir,
Suppois thair laubour did thame litill gude.
F. 40 b. Ouhen scho thair fulische hartis vnderstude,

F. 49 b. Quhen scho thair fulische hartis viderstude,
Sa indurat, vp in ane tre scho flew;
With that this churle ouer thame his nettis drew.

Allace! it was grit hart sair for to se
That bludie bowcheour beit thay birdis doun,
And for to heir, quhen thay wist weill to de,
Thair cairfull sang and lamentatioun:

1870
Sum with ane staf he straik to eirth on swoun,
Of sum the heid he straik, of sum he brak the crag,
Sum half on lyfe he stoppit in his bag.

And quhen the swallow saw that thay war deid,

'Lo,' quod scho, 'thus it happymis mony syis

Of thame that will not tak couusall and reid.

Of prudent men and clerkis that ar wyse;

This grit perrell I tauld thame mair than thryis;

Now ar thay deid, and wo is me thairfoir!'

Scho tuik hir flicht, bot I hir saw no moir.

Minis.

MORALITAS.

LO, WORTHIE FOLK, ESOPE, that Nobill Clerk,
Ane Poet worthie to be Lawreat,
Quhen that he waikit from mair autentik werk,
With vther ma, this foirsaid Fabill wrait,
Quhilk at this tyme may weill be applicat
To guid morall edificatioun,
Haifand ane sentence according to ressoun.

This Carll and Bond of gentrice spoliat,
Sawand this calf, thir small birdis to sla,
It is the Feind, quhilk fra the Angelike stait
Exylit is, as fals Apostata: 189c
Quhilk day and nicht weryis not for to ga
Sawand poysoun in mony wickit thocht
In mannis Saull, quhilk Christ full deir hes bocht.

And quhen the Saull, as seid in to the eird,
Geuis consent vnto delectioun, 1

The wickit thocht beginnis for to breird
In deidlie sin, quhilk is dampnatioun;
Ressoun is blindit with affectioun,
And carnall lust grows full grene and gay,
Throw consuetude hantit from day to day.

Proceding furth be vse and consuetude,
The sin ryipis, and schame is set on syde;
The Feynd plettis his Nettis scharp and rude,
And vnder plesance preuilie dois hyde;
Syne on the feild he sawis calf full wyde,
Quhilk is bot tume and verray vanitie
Of fleschile lust and vaine prosperitie.

F. 50 a.

Moralitas.

Lo, wirthic folk, Esope, that noble clerk,
Ane poet wirthie to be lawriate,
Quhen that he vaikit frome mair autentik werk,
With vther ma, this foirsaid fabili wrait,
Quhilk at this tyme may weill be applecate
To guid morale edificatioun,
Hauand ane sentence according to ressoun.

This carle and bond of gentrice spoliate,
Sawand this calf, thir small birdis to sla,
It is the feind, quhilk fra the angelike stait
Exylit is, as fals apostata:
Quhilk day and nicht weryis not for to ga
Sawand poysoun in mony wickit thocht
In marnis saule, quhilk full deir Christ hes bocht.

And quhen the saule, as seid in to the eird,
Gifis consent vnto delectioun,
The wickit thocht begynnis for to breird
In deidlie sin, quhilk is dampnatioun;
Ressoun is blindit with affectioun,
And carnell lust growis full grene and gay,
Throw conswetude hantit frome day to day.

F. 50 b. Proceding furth be vse and consuetude,
The sin ryipis, and schame is set on side;
The feind plettis his nettis scharpe and rude,
And vnder plesance preuilie dois hyde;
Syne on the feild he sawis calf full wyde,
Quhilk is bot tume and verray vanitie
Of fleschlie lust and vane prosperitie.

1	
¶ Thir hungrie birdis wretchis we may call, As scraipand in this warldis [vane¹] plesance, Greddie to gadder gudis temporall, Quhilik as the calf ar tume without substance, Lytill of auaill, and full of variance, Lyke to the mow befoir the face of wind Quhiskis away and makis wretchis blind.	1910
This Swallow, quhilk eschaipit is the snair, The halie Preicheour weill may signifie, Exhortand folk to walk and ay be war Fra Nettis of our wickit enemie, Ouha sleipis not, bot euer is reddie,	1915
Quhen wretchis in this warld calf dois scraip, To draw his Net, that thay may not eschaip.	1920
Allace! quhat cair, quhat weiping is and wo, Quhen Saull and bodie departit ar in twane; The bodie to the wormis Keiching go, The Saull to Fyre, to euerlestand pane. Quhat help is a than this calf, thir gudis vane, Quhen thow art put in Luciferis bag, And brocht to hell, and hangit be the crag?	1925
Thir hid Nettis for to persaue and se, This sarie calf wyislie to vnderstand, Best is ³ be war in maist prosperite, For in this warld thair is na thing lestand; Is na man wait how lang his stait will stand, His lyfe will lest, nor how that he sall end	1930
Efter his deith, nor quhidder he sall wend.	1935

Thir hungrie birdis wretchis we may call, As scraipand in this warldis vane plesance, Greddie to gadder guidis temporall, Ouhilk as the calf ar tume without substance, Litill of auaill, and full of varience, Like to the mow before the face of wind Ouhiskis away and makis wratchis blind. This swallow, quhilk eschaipit hes the snair, The halie preichour weill may signifie, Exhortand folk to walk and ay be wair Fra nettis of oure wickit enemie, Quha sleipis not, bot euer is reddie, 1920 Ouhen wretchis in this warld calf dois scraip, To draw his net, than may thay not eschaip. Allace! quhat cair, quhat weiping is and wo, F. 51 a. Ouhen saule and bodie depairtit ar in twane; The bodie to the wormes keitching go, 1925 The saule to fire, to euerlestand pane. Ouhat help is 1 than this calf, thir guidis vane, Ouhen thow art put in luciferis bag, And brocht to hell, and hangit be the crag? Thir hid nettis for to persaue and se, This sarie calf wyislie to vnderstand, Best is bewar in maist prosperitie, For in this warld thair is na thing lestand; Is na man wait how lang his stait will stand, His lyfe will lest, nor how that he sall end

Efter his deith, nor quhidder he sall wend.

■ Pray we thairfoir, quhill we ar in this lyfe,
For four thingis: the first, fra sin remufe;
The secund is fra all weir and stryfe;
The thrid is perfite cheritic and lufe;
The feird thing is, and maist for oure behufe,
That is in blis with Angellis to be fallow.
And thus endis the preiching of the Swallow.

T FINIS.

¶ THE TAILL OF THE UOLF THAT GAT THE NEKHERING THROW THE WRINKIS OF THE FOXE THAT BEGYLIT THE CADGEAR.

UHYLUM THAIR wynnit in ane wildernes,
As myne Authour expresile can declair,
Ane reuand Uolf, that leuit yon cais
On bestiall, and maid him weill to fair;
Was nane sa big about him he wald spair,
And he war hungrie, outher for fauour or feid,
Bot in his breith he weryit thame to deid.

Swa happinnit him in watching, as he went,
To meit ane Foxe in middis of the way;
He him foirsaw, and fengeit to be schent,
And with ane bek he bad the Uolf gude day.
'Welcum to me,' quod he, 'thow Russell gray;'
Syne loutit doun, and tuke him be the hand.

1955
'Ryse vp, Lowrence, I leif the for to stand.

1 Cf. p. 242.

Pray we thairfore, quhill we ar in this lyfe, For foure thingis: the first, fra sin remufe; The secund is fra all weir and strvif:1 The thrid is perfite charitie and luif; The feird thing is, and maist for oure behuif, That is in blis with angellis to be fallow. And thus endis the preiching of the swallow.

F. 51 b. The taill of the wolf that gat the nekbering throw the wri= nkis of the fore that begilit the cadgear.

mbilum thair wynnit in a wildernes, As myne authour expreslie can declair, Ane reuand wolf, that leuit vpoun purche[s]2 On bestiall, and maid him weill to fair; Was nane sa big about him he wald spair, And he wer hungrie, outher for fauour or feid, Bot in his wraith he werryit thame to deid.

Swa happynnit him in wetching, as he went, To meit ane foxe in middis of the way: He him foirsaw, and feingeit to be schent, And with ane bek he bad the wolf gud day. 'Welcum to me,' quod he, 'thow russell gray:' 1955 Syne loutit doun, and tuik him be the hand. 'Ryse vp, lowrence, I leif the for to stand.

¹ Cf. p. 242.

² The 's' has been cut off by the binder.

'Quhair hes thow bene this sesoun fra my sicht?
Thow sall beir office, and my Stewart be,
For thow can knap doun Caponis on the nicht,
And, lourand law, thow can gar hennis de.'
'Schir,' said the Foxe, 'that ganis nocht for me:
And I am raid, gif thay me se on far,
That at my figure beist and bird will skar.'

(I 'Na,' quod the Uolf, 'thow can in couert creip,
Upon thy wame, and hint thame be the heid;
And mak ane suddand schow vpon ane scheip,
Syne with thy wappinnis wirrie him to deid.'
'Schir,' said the Foxe, '3e knaw my Roib is reid,
And thairfoir thair will na beist abyde me,
Thocht I wald be sa fals as for to hyde me.'

'3is,' quod the Uolf, 'throw buskis and throw brayis,'

Law can thow lour to cum to thy Intent.'
'Schir,' said the Foxe, '3e wait weill how it gais;

Ane lang space fra thame thay will feill my sent,

Then will thay eschaip, suppois I suld be schent;

And I am schamefull for to cum behind thame

In to the feild, thoch I suld sleipand find thame.'

'Na,' quod the Uolf, 'thow can cum on the wind,
For euerie wrink, forsuith, thow hes ane wyle.'
Schin,' said the Foxe, 'that beist 3e micht call blind, 1980
That micht not eschaip than fra me ane myle.
How micht I ane of thame that wyis begyle?
My tippit twa eiris, and my twa gray Ene,
Garris me be kend, quhair I wes neuer sene.'

- 'Quhair hes thow bene this sesoun fra my sicht?
 Thow sall beir office, and my stewart be,
 Thow sall beir office, and my stewart be,
 F. 52 a. For thow can knap doun caponis on the nicht,
 And, lowrand law, thow can gar hennis de.'
 'Schir,' said the foxe, 'that ganis not for me:
 And I am rad, gif thay me se on far,
 That at my figure beist and bird will skar.'
 - 'Na,' quod the wolf, 'thow can in couert creip,
 Vpoun thy wame, and hint thame be the heid;
 And mak ane suddane chow vpoun ane scheip,
 Syne with thy wappynnis wirrie him to deid.'
 'Schin,' said the fox, '3e knaw my rob is reid,
 And thairfoir thair will na beist abide me,
 Thocht I wald be sa fals as for to hide me,'
 - '3is,' quod the wolf, 'throw buskis and throw breiris,
 Law can thow lour to cum to thine intent.'
 'Schir,' said the fox, '3e wait weill how it gais;
 Ane lang space fra thame thay feill my sent,
 Then will thay eschaip, suppois thay suld be schent;
 And I am schamefull for to cum behind thame
 In to the feild, thocht I suld sleipand find thame.'
- For euerie wrink, forsuith, thow hes ane wyle.'

 'Schir,' said the fox, 'that beist 3e micht call blind,

 F. 5a b. That micht not eschaip than fra me ane myle.

 How micht I ane of thame that wyis begile?

 My tippit twa eiris, and my twa gray ene,

 Garris me be kend, quhair I was neuer sene.'

 1985

'Na,' quod the wolf, 'thow can cum on the wind,

'Than,' said the Uolf, 'Lowrence, I heir the le,
And castis for perrellis thy ginnes to defend;
Bot all thy songeis sall not auaill the,
About the busk with wayis thocht thow wend;
Falset will failge ay at the latter end;
To bow at bidding, and byde not quhill thow brest,
Thairfoir I gif the counsall for the best.'

I 'Schir,' said the Foxe, 'it is Lentring, 3e se;
I can nouther fische with huke nor Net,
To tak ane Banestikill; thocht we baith suld de,
I had [n]ane vther craft to win my meit;
Bot wer it Pasche, that men suld pultrie eit,
As Kiddis, Lambis, or Caponis in to ply,
To beir your office than wald I not set by.'

'Than,' said the Uolf, in wraith, 'wenis thow with wylis,
And with thy mony mowis me to mat?

It is ane auld Dog, doutles, that thow begylis:
Thow wenis to Draw the stra befoir the catt!'
'Schir,' said the Foxe, 'God wait, I mene not that;
For and I did, it wer weill worth that 3e
In ane reid Raip had tyit me till ane tre.

'Bot now I se he is ane fule perfay
That with his maister fallis in ressoning;
I did bot till assay quhat 3e wald say;
God wait, my mynd wes on ane vther thing;
I sall fulfill in all thing 3our bidding,
Quhat euer 3e charge, on nichtis or on dayis.'
'Weill,' quod the Uolf, 'I heir weill quhat thow sayis.

'Than,' said the wolf, 'lowrence, I heir the le,
And castis for perrellis thy ginnes to defend;
Bot all thy seinjes sall not auaill the,
About the busk with wayis thocht thow wend;
Falset will failje ay at the latter end;
To bow at bidding, and byde not quhill thow brest,
Thairfoir I gif the counsall for the best.'

'Schir,' said the fox, 'it is lenterne, 3e se;
I can not fische, for weitting of my feit,
To tak ane bane stikkill; thocht we baith suld de,
I haif na vther craft to win my meit;
Bot war it pasche, that men suld pultrie eit,
As kiddis, lambes, or caponis in to ply,
To beir 3our office than wald I not set by.'

'Than,' said the wolf, in wraith, 'wenis thow with wylis,
And with thy mony mowis me to mat?
It is ane auld dog, doutles, that thow begills:
Thow wenis to draw the stra befoir the catt!'
'Schir,' said the fox, 'god wait, I mene not that;
F. 53 a. For and I did, it war weill worth that 3e
In ane reid raip had tyit me till ane tre.

'Bot now I se he is ane fule perfay
That with his maister fallis in ressoning;
I did bot till assay quhat 3e wald say;
God wait, my mynd was on ane wher thing;
I sall fulfill in all thing 3our bidding,
Quhat euer 3e chairge, on nichtis or on dayis.'
'Weill,' quod the wolf, 'I wait weill quhat thow sayis.

'Bot ʒit I will thow mak to me ane aith,
For to be leill attour all leuand leid.'
2014
'Schir,' said the Foxe, 'that ane word makis me wraith,
For now I se ʒe haif me at ane dreid;
Jit sall I sweir, suppois it be not neid,
Be Iuppiter, and on pane of my heid,
I sall be trew to ʒow, quhill I be deid.'

With that ane Cadgear, with capill & with creillis, 2020 Come carpand furth; than drew this Boucheour by.

The fox the flewer of the fresche hering feillis,
And to the Uolf he roundis priuelie:

'Schir, 3one ar hering the Cadgear caryis by;
Thairfoir I reid that we se for sum wayis

To get sum fische aganis thir fasting dayis.

¶ 'Sen I am Stewart, I wald we had sum stuf, And 3e ar siluer seik, I wait richt weili!; Thocht we wald thig 3one verray Churlische chuf, He will not gif vs ane hering of his Creill, Befoir 3one Churle on kneis thocht we wald kneill; Bot 3it I trow alsone that 3e sall se, Gif I can traist 1 to bleir 3one Carllis Ee.

'Schir, ane thing is, and we get of 3 one pelf,
3e man tak trauell and mak vs sum supple;
For he that will not laubour and help him self,
In to thir dayis, he is not worth ane fle;
I think to wirk as besie as ane Be.
And 3e sall follow ane lytill efterwart,
And gadder hering, for that sall be 3 our part.'

¹ Orig. indistinct. Cf. p. 151.

'Bot 3it I will thow mak to me ane aith,

For to be leill attour all leuand leid.'

2015
'Schin,' said the foxe, 'that ane word makis me wraith,

For now I se 3e haif me at ane dreid;

3it sall I sweir, suppois it be not neid,

Be Iuppiter, and on pane of my heid,

I salbe trew to 30w, quhill I be deid.'

2020

With that ane cadgear, with capill and with creillis,
Come carpand furth; than lowrence culd him spy.
The fox the flewar of the fresche heiring feillis,
And to the wolf he roundis priuely:
'Schir, yone ar hering the cadgear caryis by;
Thairfoir I rid that we se for sum wayis
To get sum fische aganis thir fasting dayis.

F. 53 b. 'Sen I am stewart, I wald we had sum stuff,
And 3e ar siluer seik, I wait richt weill;
Thoch we wald thig 3one verray churlische chuff,
He will not gif ws ane hering of his creill,
Befoir 3one churle on kneis thocht we wald kneill;
Bot 3it I trow alsone that 3e sall se,
Gif I can craft to bleir 3one carlis ee.

Schir, ane thing is, and we get of 30ne pelf,
3e man tak trauell and mak ws sum supple;
For he that will not labour and help him self,
In to thir dayis, he is not worth ane fle;
I think to wirk as bessie as ane be.
And ge sall follow ane littill efterwart,
And gedder hering, for that salbe your pairt.'

With that he kest ane compas far about,
And straucht him doun in middis of the way,
As he war deid he fengeit him, but dout,
And than ypon ane lang vnliklie bray
The quhyte of his Ene he turnit vp in tway;
His toung out hang ane handbreid of his heid,
And still he lay, als straucht as he wer deid.

2045

¶ The Cadgear fand the Foxe, and he wes fane, And till him self this softlie can he say: 'At the nixt bait, in Faith, je sall be flane, And of your skyn I sall mak mittennis twa.' He lap full lichtlie about him quhair he lay, And all the trace he trippit on his tais; As he had hard ane pyper play, he gais.

2050

'Heir Lyis the Deuill,' quod he, 'deid in ane dyke. Sic ane selcouth saw I not this seuin ʒeir; I trow ʒe haif bene tussillit with sum tyke, That garris ʒow ly sa still withouttin steir: Schir Foxe, in Faith, ʒe ar deir welcum heir; It is sum wyfis malisone, I trow,
For pultrie pyking, that lychtit hes on ʒow.

2060

'Thair sall na Pedder, for purs, nor 3it for gluifis, Nor 3it for poyntis pyke 3our pellet fra me; I sall of it mak mittennis to my luifis, Till hald my handis hait quhair euer I be; Till Flanderis sall it neuer sall the se.'
With that in hy, he hint him be the heillis, And with ane swak he swang him on the creillis.

2065

With that he kest ane compas far about,
And strawcht him doun in middis of the way,
As he wer deid he fein;eit him, but dout,
And than vpoun lenth vnliklie lay;
The quhite he turnit vp of his ene tway;
His toung out hang ane hand braid of his heid,
And still he lay, als straucht as he wer deid.

The cadgear fand the fox, and he was fane,

F. 54.a. And till him self this softlie can he say:

'At the nixt bait, in faith, 3e salbe flane,

And of 3our skin I sall mak mittenis tway.'

He lap about lichtlie quhair he lay,

And all the trace he trippit on his tais;

As he [had ¹] hard ane pyper play, he gais.

'Heir lyis,' quod he, 'the deuill deid in a dyke.
Sic ane selcouth saw I not this sevin seir;
I trow 3e haif bene tussillit with sum tyke,
That garris 3ow ly sa still withoutin steir:
Schir foxe, in faith, 3e ar deir welcum heir;
It is sum wyfis malisoun, I trow,
For pultrie pyking, that lichtit hes on 3ow.

'Thair sall na pedder, for purs, nor [3it] for glufis,
Nor 3it for pointis pyke 3 our pellet fra me;
I sall of it mak mittenis to my lufis,
Till hald my handis hait quhair euer I be;
Till flanderis sall it neuer saill the se.'
With that in hy, he hint him be the heillis,
And with ane swak he swang him on the creillis.

Syne be the heid the hors in hy hes hint;
The fraudfull Foxe thairto gude tent hes tane,
2070
And with his teith the stoppell, or he stint,
Pullit out, and syne the hering ane and ane
Out of the creillis he swakkit doun gude wane.
The Uolf wes war, and gadderit spedilie;
The Cadgear sang, 'huntis yp, vp, vpoun hie.'
2075

3it at ane burne the Cadgear luikit about;
With that the Foxe lap quyte the creillis fra;
The Cadgear wald haif raucht the Foxe ane rout,
Bot all for nocht, he wan his hoill that day.
Than with ane schout thus can the Cadgear say: 1
2080
'Abyde, and thow ane Nekhering sall haif,
Is worth my Capill, Creillis, and all the laif.'

'Now,' quod the Foxe, 'I schrew me, and we meit:
I hard quhat thow hecht to do with my skyn.
Thy hands sall neuer in thay mittennis tak heit,
And thow war hangit, Carll, and all thy kyn!
Do furth thy mercat; at me thow sall nocht wyn;
And sell thy hering thow hes thair till hie price,

Ellis thow sall wvn nocht on thy merchandice.'

The Cadgear trimillit for teyne quhair that he stude; 2090
'It is weill worthie,' quod he, 'I want 30ne tyke,
That had not in my hand sa mekill gude,
As staf, or sting, 30ne truker for to stryke.'
With that lychtlie he lap outouer ane dyke,
And snakkit doun ane staf, for he wes tene,
That heuie wes and of the Holvne grene.

¹ In the original II. 2079 and 2080 are transposed.

2080

HARLEIAN

Syne be the heid the horß in hy hes hint;

The fraudfull foxe thairto guid tent hes tane,
And with his teith the stoppell, or he stint,

F. 54 & Pullit out, and syne the hering ane and ane
Out of the creillis he swakkit doun gude wane.

The wolf was war, and gadderit spedilie;
The cadgear sang, 'huntis vp, vp, vpoun hie.'

Bit at ane burne the cadgear luikit about;
With that the foxe lap quite the creillis fray;
The cadgear wald haif raucht the foxe ane rout,
Bot all for nocht, he wan his hoill that day.
Than with ane schout thus can the cadgear say:
'Abyde, and thow ane nekhering sall haif,
Is worth my capill, creillis, and all the laif.'

'Now,' quod the foxe, 'I schrew me, and we meit:
I hard quhat thow hecht to do with my skin.
Thy handis sall neuer in thay mittenis tak heit,
And thow war hangit, carle, and all thy kin!
Do furth thy marcat; at me thow sall not win;
And sell thy hering thow hes thair till hie price,
Ellis thow sall win nocht on thy marchandice.'

The cadgear trimmillit for teyne quhair that he stuid;
'It is weill worthie,' quod he, 'I want 3one tyke,
That had not in my hand sa mekle gude,
As staf, or sting, 3one truker for to strike.'
With that lichtlie he lap out ouer ane dyke,
P. 55 a. And hakkit doun ane staf, for he was tene,

That heuie was and of the holvne grene.

With that the Foxe vnto the Uolf couth wend,
And fand him be the hering, quhair he lyis;
'Schir,' said he than, 'maid I not fair defend?
Ane wicht man wantit neuer, and he wer wyis;
Ane hardie hart is hard for to suppryis.'
Than said the Uolf: 'thow art ane Berne full bald,
And wyse at will, in gude tyme be it tald.

'Bot quhat wes 30ne the Carll cryit on hie,
And schuke his heid, quhen that he saw thow fell?'
'Schir,' said the Foxe, 'that I can tell trewlie;
He said the Nekhering wes in till the creill.'
'Kennis thow that hering?' '3e, Schir, I ken it weill,
And at the creil mouth I had it thryis but dout;
The wecht thair of neir tit my tuskis out.

■ 'Now, suithlie, Schir, micht we that hering fang,
It wald be fische to vs thir fourtie dayis.'
Than said the Uolf, 'now God nor that I hang,
Bot to be thair, I wald gif all my clais,
To se gif that my wappinnis mycht it rais.'
'Schir,' said the Foxe, 'God wait, I wischit 3ow oft,
Ouhen that my pith micht not beir it on loft.

**Total Total Total

'It is ane syde of Salmond, as it wer,
And callour, pypand like ane Pertrik Ee;
It is worth all the hering 3e haif thair,
3e, and we had it swa, it is 'worth sic thre.'
'Than,' said the Uolf, 'quhat counsell geuis thow me?'
'Schir,' said the Foxe, 'wirk efter my deuyis,
And ye sall haif it, and tak yow na suppryis.

With that the fox vnto the wolf culd wend,
And fand him be the hering, quhair he lyis;
Schir,' said he than, 'maid I not fair defend? 2100
Ane wicht man wantit neuer, and he war wyse;
Ane hardie hart is hard for to suppryis.'
Than said the wolf: 'thow art ane berne full bald,
And wyse at will, in gude tyme be it tald.

'Bot quhat was sone the carle cryit on hie, 2105
And schuik his hand, quod he, hes thow na feill?'
Schin,' said the foxe, 'that I can tell trewlie;
He said the nekhering was in the creill.'
'Kennis thow that hering?' '5e, schir, I ken it weill,
And at the creill mouth I had it thryis but dou[t] 1; 2110
The wecht thair of neir tit my tuskis out.

'Now, surelie, schir, mycht we that hering fang,
It wald be fische to ws thir fourtie dayis.'
Than said the wolf, 'now god nor that I hang,
Bot to be thair, I wald gif all my clays,
To se gif that my wappyvnis micht it rais.'
'Schir,' said the foxe, 'god wait, I wischit 30w oft,
Quhen that my teith micht not beir it on loft.

F. 55 %. 'It is ane side of salmond, as it wair,
And callour, pypand like ane pertrik ee;
It is worth all the hering 3e haif thair,
3e, and we had it swa, it is 2 worth sic thre.
'Than,' said the wolf, 'quhat counsale geuis thow me?'
'Schir,' said the foxe, 'wirk efter my deuyis,
And 3e sall haif it, and tak 3ow na suppryis.

2125

¹ The t has been cut off by the binder.

² MS. 'is it.'

First, 3e man cast ane cumpas far about, Syne straucht 30w doun in middis of the way; Baith heid, and feit, and taill ge man streik out, Hing furth 30ur toung, & clois weill 30ur Ene tway; Syne se 30ur heid on ane hard place 3e lay; And dout not for na perrell may appeir, 2130 Bot hald 30w clois quhen that the Carll cummis neir.

'And thocht 3e se ane staf, haif 3e na dout,
Bot hald 3ow wonder still in to that steid;
And luke 3our Ene be clois, as thay wer out,
And se that 3e schrink nouther fute nor heid:
Than will the Cadgear Carll trow 3e be deid,
And in till haist will hint 3ow be the heillis,
As he did me, and swak 3ow on his creillis.'

(I'Now,' quod the Uolf, 'I sweir the be my thrift,
I trow yone Cadgear Carlle dow not me beir.'
'Schir,' said the Foxe, 'on loft he will yow lift,
Upoun his creillis, and do him lytill deir.
Bot ane thing dar I suithlie to yow sweir,
Get ye that hering sicker in sum place,
ye sall not fair in fisching mair quhill Pasche.

'I sall say In principio vpon 30w,
And croce 3our corps from the top to ta;
Wend quhen 3e will, I dar be warrand now
That 3e sall de na suddan deith this day.'
With that the Uolf gird vp sone and to ga,
And caist ane cumpas about the Cadgear far;
Syne straucht him in the gait, or he come nair.

First, 3e mon cast ane compas far about,
Syne straucht 3ow doun in middis of the way;
Baith heid, and feit, and tail 3e man streik out,
Hing furth 3our toung, and clois weill 3our ene tway;
Syne se 3our heid on ane hard place 3e lay;
And dout not for na perrell may appeir,
Bot hald 3ow clois quhen that the carle cummis neir.

'And thocht 3e se ane staf, haif 3e na dout,
Bot hald 3ow winder still in to that steid;
And luik 3our ene be clois, as thay war out,
And se that 3e schrink nouther fute nor heid:
Than will the cadgear carle trow 3e be deid,
And in till haist will hint 3ow be the heillis,
As he did me, and swak 3ow on his creillis.'

'Now,' quod the wolf, 'I sweir the be my thrift,
F. 56 a. I trow 30ne cadger carle he will me beir.'
'Schir,' said the foxe, 'on loft he will 30w lift,
Vpoun his creillis, and do him litill deir.
Bot ane thing dar I surelie to 30w sweir,
Get 3e that hering sicker in sum place,
3e sall not fair in fisching mair quhill pasche.

'I sall say En principio vpoun 30w,
And cros 3our corpis frome the top to tay;
Wend quhen 3e will, I dar be warrand now
That 3e sall die na suddane deith this day.'
With that the wolf gird vp sone and to gay,
And kest ane compas about the cadger far;
Syne raucht him in the gait, or he come nar.

¹ See the better reading on p. 158.

He laid his haltheid sicker hard and sad,	
Syne straucht his four feit fra him, and his heid,	
And hang his toung furth as the Foxe him bad;	2155
Als still he lay, as he wer verray deid,	
Rakkand na thing of the Carllis fauour nor feid,	
Bot euer vpon the Nekhering he thinkis,	
And quyte forgetts the Foxe and all his wrinkis.	
With that the Cadgear, als wraith as ony wind,	2160
Come rydand on the laid, for it wes licht,	
Thinkand ay on the Foxe that wes behind,	
Upon quhat wyse reuenge him best he micht;	
And at the last of the Uolf gat ane sicht,	
Quhair he in lenth lay streikit in the gait;	2165
Bot gif he lichtit doun, or nocht, God wait!	J
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¶ 'Softlie,' he said, 'I wes begylit anis;
Be I begylit twyis, I schrew vs baith,
That euill bot it sall licht vpon thy banis,
He suld haif had that hes done me the skaith.'
On hicht he houit the stalf, for he wes wraith,
And hit him with sic will vpon the heid,
Quhill neir he swonit and swelt in to that steid.

Thre battis he buir, or he his feit mycht find,
Bot jit the Uolf wes wicht, and wan away.

14 micht not se, he wes sa verray blind,
Nor wit reddilie quhether it wes nicht or day.
The Foxe beheld that seruice quhair he lay,
And leuch on loft, quhen he the Uolf sa seis,
Baith deif and dosinnit, fall swonand on his kneis.

2180

He laid his halfheid sicker hard and sad,

Syne straucht his foure feit fra him, and his heid,

And hang his toung furth as the foxe him bad;

Als still he lay, as he war verray deid,

Rakkand na thing of the carlis fauour nor feid,

Bot euer vpoun the nekhering he thinkis,

And quite forzetis the foxe and all his wrinkis. 2160

Come rydand on the laid, for it was licht,
F. 50 & Thinkand ay on the foxe that was behind,
Vpoun quhat wyse reuengit on him he micht;
And at the last of the wolf gat ane sicht,
Quhair he in lenth lay streikit in the gait;
Bot gif he lichtit down, or not, god wait!

With that be cadger, wauering as the wind,

'Softlie,' he said, 'I was begilit anis;
Be I begilit twyis, I schrew ws baith,
That euill bot it sall licht vpoun thy banis,
He suld haif had that hes done me the skaith.'
On hicht he houit the stalf, for he was wraith,
And hit him with sic will vpoun the heid,
Quhill neir he swonit and swalt in to that steid.

Thre battis he buir, or he his feit micht find,
Bot 3it the wolf was wicht, and wan away.
He micht not se, he wes sa verray blind,
Nor wit reddilie quhether it wes nicht or day.
The foxe beheld that seruice quhair he lay,
And leuch on loft, quhen he the wolf sa seis,
Baith deif and dosinnit, fall swounand on his kneis.

He that of ressoun can not be content,
Bot couetis all, is abill all to tyne.
The Foxe, quhen that he saw the Uolf wes schent,
Said to him self, 'thir hering sall be myne;'
I le, or ellis he wes efterwart fyne
That fand sic wayis his maister for to greif:
With all the fische thus Lowence tuk his Leif.

¶ The Uolf wes neir weill dungin to the deid,
That vneis with his lyfe away he wan,
For with the Bastoun weill brokin wes his heid.
The Foxe in to his den sone drew him than,
That had betraisit his Maister and the man:
The ane wantit the hering of his creillis,
The vtheris blude wes rynnand ouer his heillis.

The vtheris blude wes rynnand ouer his heillis.

The vtheris blude wes rynnand ouer his heillis.

¶ The vtheris blude wes rynnand ouer his heillis.

MORALITAS.

THIS Taill is myngit with Moralitie, 2195
As I sall schaw sumquhat, or that I ceis:
The Foxe vnto the warld may likkinnit be,
The reuand Uolf vnto ane man but leis,
The Cadgear Deith, quhome vnder all man preis:
That euer tuke lyfe throw cours of kynd man dee,
As man, and beist, and fische in to the see.

The warld, 3e wait, is Stewart to the man,
Quhilk may mak man to haif na mynd of Deid,
Bot settis for winning all the craftis thay can;
The Hering I likkin vato the gold sa reid,
Quhilk gart the Uolf in perrell put his heid:
Richt swa the gold garris land, certeis,
With weir be waistit, daylie as men seis.

¹ See the better reading on p. 163.

He that of ressoun can not be content,

Bot couetis all, is abill all to tyne.

The foxe, quhen that he saw the wolf wes schent,
Said to him selff, 'thir hering salbe myne;'

2185

F. 57 a. I le, or ellis he was efterwart fyne
That fand sic wayis his maister for to greif:
With all the fische thus lowrence tuik his leif.

The wolf was neir weill dungin to the deid,
That vneith with his lyfe away he wan,
2190
For with the bastoun weill brokin wes his heid.
The foxe in to his den sone drew him than,
That had betraisit his maister and the man:
The ane wantit the hering of his creillis,
The vtheris blude was rynnand ouer his heillis.
2195

Moralitas.

Tb(s taill is mingit with moralitie,
As I sall schaw sum quhat, or that I ceis:
The foxe vnto the warld may likkinnit be,
The reuand wolf vnto ane man but leis,
The cadger deith, quhome vnder all men preis:
That euer tuik lyfe throw cours of kynd man die,
As man, and beist, and fische in to the see.

The warld, 3e wait, is stewart to the man,
Quhilk makis man to haif na mynd of deid,
Bot settis for wynning all the craft thay can;
The hering I likkin vnto the gold sa reid,
Quhilk gart the wolf in perrell put his heid:
Richt swa the gold garris landis and cieteis
F. 57 & With weir be waistit, daylie as men seis.

And as the Foxe with dissimulance and gyle
Gart the Uolf wene to haif worschip for euer,
Richt swa this warld with vane glore for ane quhyle
Flatteris with folk, as thay suld failse neuer,
3it suddandlie men seis it oft disseuer;
With thame that trowis oft to fill the sek,
Deith cummis behind and nippis thame be the nek.

The micht of gold makis mony men sa blind,
That settis on Auarice thair felicitie,
That thay forjet the Cadgear cummis behind
To strike thame, of quhat stait sa euer thay be.
Quhat is mair dirk than blind prosperitie?
Quhairfoir I counsell mychtie men to haif mynd
Of the Nekhering, Interpreit in this kynd.

T FINIS.

THE TAILL OF THE FOXE THAT BEGYLIT THE UOLF IN THE SCHADOW OF THE MONE.

IN ELDERIS dayis, as Esope can declair,
Thair wes ane Husband, quhilk had ane pleuch to steir.
His vse wes ay in morning to Ryse air;
2225
Sa happinnit him in streiking tyme of 3eir
Airlie in the morning to follow furth his feir,
Unto the pleuch, bot his gadman and he;
His stottis he straucht with 'Benedicite.'

And as the foxe with dissimulance and gile
Gart the wolf wene to haif worschip for euer,
Richt swa this warld with vane gloir for ane quhile
Flatteris with folk, as thay suld faile neuer,
3it suddandlie men seis it oft disseuer;
With thame that trowis oft to fill the sek,
Deith cummis behind and nippis thame be the nek.

The micht of gold makis mony men [sa 1] blind,
That settis on auerice thair felicitie,
That thay forjet the cadger cusmis behind
To stryke thame, of quhat stait so euer thay be.
Quhat is mair dirk than blind prosperitie?
Quhairfoir I counsall michtie men to haif mynd
Of the nekhering, interpreit in this kynd.

Finis.

F. 58 a. The taill of the fore that begilit the wolf in the schadow of the mone.

The elbert's dayis, as esope can declair,

Thair wes ane husband, quhilk had ane pleuch to steir.

His vse wes ay in morning to ryis air;

Swa happynnit him in streiking tyme of 3eir

Airlie in the morning to follow furth his feir,

Vnto the pleuch, bot his gadman and he;

His stottis he straucht with 'benedicite.'

The Caller cryit: 'how, haik vpon hicht; 2230
Hald draucht, my dowis;' syne broddit thame full sair.
The Oxin wes vnwsit, 30ung, and licht,
And for fersnes thay couth the fur forfair.
The Husband than woxe angrie as ane hair,
Syne cryit, and caist his Patill and greit stanis: 2235
'The Uolf,' quod he, 'mor haif 30w all at anis.'

Bot jit the Uolf wes neirar nor he wend,
For in ane busk he lay, and Lowrence baith,
In ane Rouch Rone, wes at the furris end,
And hard the hecht; than Lowrence leuch full raith: 2240
'To tak Jone bud,' quod he, 'it wer na skaith.'
'Weill,' quod the Uolf, 'I hecht the be my hand;
3one Carllis word, as he wer king, sall stand.'

The oxin eirit mair reullie at the last;
Syne efter thay lousit, fra that it worthit weill lait;
The Husband hamewart with his cattell past.
Than sone the Uolf come hirpilland in his gait,
Befoir the Oxin, and schupe to mak debait.
The Husband saw him, and worthit sumdeill agast,
And bakwart with his beistis wald haif past.

The Uolf said, 'quhether dryuis thow this, Pray? I challenge it, for nane of thame ar thyne.' The man thairof wes in ane felloun fray, And soberlie to the Uolf answerit syne: 'Schir, be my Saull, thir oxin ar all myne; 2255 Thairfoir I studie quhy 3e suld stop me, Sen that I faltit neuer to yow, trewlie.'

¹ Hart, 'forfraire.'

The caller cryit: 'how, haik vpoun hicht;
Hald draucht, my dowis;' syne broddit thame full sair.
The oxin wes vnwsit, 30ung, and licht,
And for fersnes thay couth the fur forfair.
The husband than woxe angrie as ane hair,
Syne cryit, and caist his patill and grit stanis:
'The wolf,' quod he, 'mot haif yow all at anis.'

Bot jit the wolf was neirar nor he wend,
For in ane busk he lay, and lowrence baith,
In ane ruch rone, was at the furris end,
And hard the hecht; than lowrence leuch full raith:
'To tak 3one bud,' quod he, 'fit war na skaith.'
'Weill,' quod the wolf, 'I hecht the be my hand;
3one carlis word, as he war king, sall stand.'

F. 58 & The oxin waxit mair reulie at the last;

Syne efter thay lousit, fra that it worthit weill lait;
The husband hamewart with his cattell past.
Than sone the wolf come hirpilland in his gait,
Befoir the oxin, and schupe to mak debait.
The husband saw him, and worthit sum deill agast,
And bakwart with his beistis wald haif past.

The wolf said, 'quhether dryuis thow this, pray?

I chalenge it, for nane of thame ar thine.'

The man thairof was in ane felloun fray,

And soberlie to the wolf answerit syne:

'Schir, be my saule, thir oxin ar all myne;

Thairfoir I studdie quhy 3e suld stop me,

Sen that I faltit neuer to 3ow, trewlie.'

The Uolf said, 'Carle, gaif thow not me this drift
Airlie, quhen thow wes eirand on 30ne bank?
And is thair oucht, sayis thow, frear than gift?

This tarying will tyne the all thy thank;
Far better is frelie for to gif ane plank
Nor be compellit on force to gif ane mark.
Fy on the fredome that cummis not with hart!'

'Schir,' quod the husband, 'ane man may say in greif, 2265
And syne ganesay, fra he auise and se:
I hecht to steill, am I thairfoir ane theif?'
'God forbid, Schir, all hechtis suld haldin be!'
'Gaif I my hand or oblissing?' quod he,
'Or haif 3e witnes or writ for to schaw?
2270
Schir, reif me not, but go and seik the Law.'

'Carll,' quod the Uolf, 'ane Lord, and he be leill,
That schrinkis for schame, or doutis to be reprufit,
His saw is ay als sickker as his Seill.
Fy on the Leid that is not leill and luft!
Thy argument is fals, and eik contrufit,
For it is said in Prouerb: "But lawte
All wher vertewis ar nocht worth ane fle."'

'Schir,' said the husband, 'remember of this thing:

Ane¹ leill man is not tane at half ane taill.

I may say, and ganesay, I am na King:

Quhair is 30ur witnes that hard I hecht thame haill?'

Than said the Uolf, 'thairfoir it sall nocht faill;

Lowrence,' quod he, 'cum hidder of that Schaw,

And say na thing bot as thow hard and saw.'

2285

The wolf said, 'carle, gaif thow not me this drift

[HARLEIAN

Airlie, quhen thow wes eirrand on 3 one bank?

And is thair oucht, sayis thow, frear than gift?

This tarying will tyne the all thy thank;

For better is frelie for to gif ane plank

Nor be compellit on force to gif ane mart.

Fy on the fredome that cummis not with hart!'

2265

'Schir,' quod the husband, 'ane man may say in greif,

F. 59. a. And syne gane say, fra he auise and se:

I hecht to steill, am I thairfoir ane theif?'

'God forbid, schir, all hechtis suld haldin be!'

'Gaif I my hand or oblissing?' quod he,

'Or haif se wit to rwitnes for to schaw?

Schir, reif me not, but go and seik the law.'

'Carle,' quod the wolf, 'ane lord, and he be leill,
That schrinkis for schame, or doutis to be repruuit,
His saw is ay als sickker as his seill.

227!
Ty on the leid that is not leill and luifit!
Thy argument is fals, and eik contruft,
For it is said in prouerb: "but lawte
All vther vertewis ar not worth ane fle."

'Schir,' said the husband, 'remember of this thing: 2280
Ane¹ leill man is not tane at half ane taill.
I may say, and ganesay, I am na king:
Quhair is your witnes that hard I hecht thame hai[ll]¹?'
Than said the wolf, 'thairfoir it sall not faill;
Lowrence,' quod he, 'cum hidder of that schaw,
And say na thing bot as thow hard and saw.'

¹ Clipped by the binder.

¶ Lowrence come lourand, for he lufit neuer licht, And sone appeirit befoir thame in that place:

The man leuch na thing, quhen he saw that sicht.

¹Lowrence,' quod the Uolf, 'thow man declair this cace,

Quhairof we sall schaw the suith in schort space; 2290

I callit on the leill witnes for to beir:

Quhat hard thow that this man hecht me lang eir?'

'Schin,' said the Tod, 'I can not hastelie
Swa sone as now gif sentence finall;
Bot wald 3e baith submit 3ow heir to me,
To stand at my decreit perpetuall,
To pleis baith I suld preif, gif it may fall.'
'Weill,' quod the Uolf, 'I am content for me:'
The man said, 'swa am I, how euer it be.'

Than schew thay furth thair allegeance but fabil,
And baith proponit thair pley to him compleit.
Quod Lowrence: 'now I am ane Iuge amycabil:
3e sall be sworne to stand at my decreit,
Quhether heirefter 3e think it soure or sweit.'
The Uolf braid furth his fute, the man his hand,
And on the Toddis Taill sworne thay ar to stand.

Than tuke the Tod the man furth till ane syde,
And said him: 'freind, thow art in blunder brocht;
The Uolf will not forgif the ane Oxe hyde,
3it wald my self fane help the, and I mocht;
Bot I am laith to hurt my conscience ocht.
Tyne not thy querell in thy awin defence;
This will not throw, but greit coist and expence.

Lowrence come lowrand, for he luift neuer licht,
And sone appeirit befoir thame in that place:
F. 59 & The man lewch na thing, quhen he saw that sicht. 2289
'Lawrence,' quod the wolf, 'thow man declair this cace,
Quhairof we sall schaw the suith in schort space;
I callit on the leill witnes for to beir:
Ouhat hard thow that this man hecht me lang eir?'

'Schir,' said the tod, 'I can not hastelie
Swa sone as now gif sentence finall;
2295
Bot wald 3e baith submit 3ow heir to me,
To stand at my decreit perpetuall,
To pleis baith I suld preif, gif it may fall.'
Weill,' quod the wolf, 'I am content for me:'
The man said, 'swa am I, how euer it be.'
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Than schew thay furth thair allegeance but fabill,
And baith proponit thair pley to him compleit.
Quod lowrence: 'now I am iuge amicable:
3e salbe sworne to stand at my decreit,
Quhether heirefter je think it soure or sweit.'
The wolf braid furth his fute, the man his hand,
And on the toddis taill sworne thay ar to stand.

Than tuik the tod the man furth to ane side,
And said him: 'freind, thow art in blunder brocht;
The wolf will not forgif the ane ox hide,
2310
F. 60 a. 3it wald my self fane help the, and I mocht;
Bot I am laith to hurt my conscience ocht.
Tyne not thy quarell in thy awin defence;
This will not throw, but grit coist and expence.

¶ 'Seis thow not Buddis beiris Bernis throw,
And giftis garris crukit materis hald full euin?
Sumtymis ane nedill haldis ane man in ane Kow.
All ar not halie that heifis thair handis to heuin.'
'Schir,' said the man, '3e sall haif sex or seuin,
Richt of the fattest hennis of all the floik:
I compt not all the laif, leif me the Coik.

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2

'I am ane Iuge,' quod Lowrence than, and leuch;
'Thair is na Buddis suld beir me by the rycht;
I may tak hennis and Caponis weill aneuch,
For God is gane to sleip; as for this nycht,
Sic small thingis ar not sene in to his sycht;
2325
Thir hennis,' quod he, 'sall mak thy querrell sure,
With emptie hand na man suld Halkis lure.'

Concord in this, than Lowrence tuke his leif,
And to the Uolf he went in to ane ling;
Syne priuelie he plukkit him be the sleif:
'Is this in ernist,' quod he, '3e ask sic thing?
Na, be my Saull, I trow it be in hething?
Than said the Uolf: 'Lowrence, quhy sayis thow sa?
Thow hard the hecht thy self that he couth ma.'

'The hecht,' quod he, '3one man maid at the pleuch, 2335
Is that the cause quhy 3e the cattell craif?'
Half in to heithing, said Lowrence than, and leuch;
'Schir, be the Rude, vnroikkit now 3e raif;
The Deuill ane stirk taill thairfoir sall 3e haif;
Wald I tak it vpon my conscience 2340
To do sa pure ane man as zone offence?

'Seis thow not buddis beris bernis throw, And giftis garris cruikit materis hald full evin? Sum tymes ane hen haldis ane man in ane kow. All ar not halie that heifis thair handis to heuin.' 'Schir,' said the man, 'ze sall haif sex or sevin, Richt of the fattest hennis of all the flok : 2320 I compt not all the laif, leif me the cok.'

'I am ane iuge,' quod lawrence than, and leuch ; 'Thair is na buddis suld beir me by the richt; I may tak hennis and caponis weill aneuch, For god is gane to sleip; as for this nicht, Sic small thingis ar not sene in to his sicht; Thir hennis,' quod he, 'sall mak thy quarell sure, With emptie hand na man suld halkis lure.'

Concordit thus, than lawrence tuik his leiff, And to the wolff he went in to ane ling; Syne preuelie he plukkit him be the sleiff: F. 60 b. 'Is this,' quod he, 'in eirnist ze ask sic thing? Na, be my saule, I trow it be in heithing.' Than said the wolff: 'lowrence, quhy sayis thow sa? Thow hard the hecht thy self that he couth ma,'

> 'The hecht,' quod he, '3one man maid at the pleuch, Is that the caus quhy 3e the cattell craif?' Half in to heithing, said lowrence than, and leuch; 'Schir, be the rude, vnrokkit now ze raif: The deuill ane stirk taill thairfoir sall 3e haif; 2340 Wald I tak it vpoun my conscience To do sa pure ane man as zone offence?

CENTER	
T '3it haif I communit with the Carll,' quod he; 'We ar concordit vpon this cunnand: Quyte of all clamis, swa 3e will mak him fre, 3e sall ane Cabok haif in to 3our hand, That sic ane sall not be in all this land; For it is Somer Cheis, baith fresche and fair; He sayis it weyis ane stane and sumdeill mair.'	2345
'Is that thy counsell,' quod the Uolf, 'I do, That 3one Carll for ane Cabok suld be fre?' '3e, be my Saull, and I wer sworne 3ow to, 3e suld nane vther counsell haif for me; For gang 3e to the maist extremitie, It will not wyn 3ow worth ane widderit neip;	2350
Schir, trow 3e nocht, I haif ane Saull to keip!'	2355
'Weill,' quod the Uolf, 'it is aganis my will That 3 one Carll for ane Cabok suld ga quyte.' 'Schir,' quod the Tod, '3e tak it in nane euill, For, be my Saull, 3 our self had all the wyte.' 'Than,' said the Uolf, '1 bid na mair to flyte, Bot I wald se 3 one Cabok of sic pryis.' 'Schir,' said the Tod, 'he tauld me quhar it lyis.	2360
Than hand in hand thay held vnto ane hill; The Husband till his hors hes tane the way, For he wes fane; he schaipit from thair euill, And on his feit woke the dure quhill day. Now will we turne vnto the vther tway. Throw woddis waist thir Freikis on fute can fair, Fra busk to busk, quhill neir midnycht and mair.	2365

	'3it haif I communit with the carle,' quod he; 'We ar concordit vpoun this cunnand: Quit of all clames, swa 3e will mak him fre, 3e sall ane cabok haif in to 3our hand, That sic ane sall not be in all this land; For it is somer cheis, baith fresche and fair; He sayis it weyis ane stane and sum deill mair.'	2345
<i>a</i> .	'Is that thy counsale,' quod the wolf, 'I do, That yone carle for ane cabok suld be fre?' '3e, be my saule, and I war sworne 3ow to, 3e suld na vther counsal haif for me; For gang to to the maist extremitie,	2350
	It will not win 30w worth ane widderit neip; Schir, trow 3e not, I haif ane saule to keip!	2355
	'Weill,' quod the wolf, 'it is aganis my will That yone carle for ane cabok suld ga quite.' 'Schir,' quod the tod, '3e tak it in na euill, For, be my saule, 3our self had all the wyte.' 'Than,' said the wolf, '1 bid na mair to flyte, Bot I wald se yone cabok of sic pryis.' 'Schir,' said the tod, 'he tauld me quhair it lyis.'	2360
	Than hand in hand thay held vnto ane hill; The husband to his hors hes tane the way, For he wes fane; he chaippit frome thair ill, And on his feit wouke the dur quhill day. Now will we turne vnto the vther tway.	2365
	Throw woddis waist thir freikis on fute can fair, Fra busk to busk, quhill neir mydnicht and mair.	2370

F. 61 a

Lowrence wes euer remembring vpon wrinkis

And subtelteis the Uolf for to begyle;
That he had heeth ane Caboik he forthinkis,
3it at the last he findis furth ane wyle,
Than at him self softlie couth he smyle.
The Uolf sayis, 'Lowrence, thow playis bellie blind;
We seik all nycht, bot na thing can we find.'

The schadow of the Mone schone in the well.

'Schir,' said Lowrence, 'anis 3e sall find me leill;

Now se 3e not the Caboik weill 3our sell,

Quhyte as ane Neip, and round ¹ als as ane schell?

He hang it 3onder, that ² na man suld it steill:

Schir, traist 3e weill, 3one Caboik 3e se hing

Micht be ane presen[t] to our Lord the King.'

2390

'Na,' quod the Uolf, 'mycht I 3one Caboik haif
On the dry land, as I it 3onder se,
I wald quitclame the Carll of all the laif;
His dart Oxin I compt thame not ane fle;
3one wer mair meit for sic ane man as me.
Lowrence,' quod he, 'leip in the bukket sone,
And I sall hald the ane, quhill thow haif done.'

¹ Orig. 'and als round.'

² Orig, 'than.'

Lowrence wes euer remembring vpoun wrinkis
And subtelteis the wolf for to begyle;
That he had hecht ane cabok he forthinkis,
3it at the last he findis furth ane wyle,
F. 61 & Than at him self softlie couth he smyle.
237:
The wolf sayis, 'lowrence, thow playis bellie blind;
We seik all nycht, bot na thing can we find.'

'Schir,' said the tod, 'we ar at it almaist;
Soft yow ane litill, and ye sall se it sone.'
Than to ane manure place thay hyit in haist:
2380
The nicht was licht, and penny full the mone.
Than till ane draw well thir sein

The schadow of the mone schone in the well.

'Schir,' said lowrence, 'anis 3e sall find me leill;

Now se 3e not the cabok weill 3our sell,

Quhite as ane neip, and round als as ane seill?

He hang it 3onder, that na man suld it steill:

Schir, traist 3e weill, 3one caboik 3e se hing

Micht be ane present to ony lord or king.'

'Na,' quod the wolf, 'micht I 3one caboik haif
On the dry land, as I it 3onder se,
I wald quitclame the carle of all the laif;
His dart oxin I compt thame not ane fle;
3one war mair meit for sic ane man as me.
Lowrence,' quod he, 'leip in the bukket sone,
F. 6a a. And I sall hald the ane, quhill thow haif done.'

Lowrence gird doun baith sone and subtellie;
The vther baid abufe, and held the flaill.
'It is sa mekill,' quod Lowrence, 'it maisteris me, 2400
On all my tais it hes not left ane naill;
3e man mak help vpwart, and it haill:
Leip in the vther bukket haistelle,
And cum sone doun, and make me sum supple.'

¶ Than lychtlie in the bukket lap the loun;
His wecht but weir the vther end gart ryis;
The Tod come hailland vp, the Uolf yeid doun;
Than angerlie the Uolf upon him cryis:
¹I cummand thus dounwart, quhy thow vpwart hyis?¹
'Schir,' quod the Tod, 'thus fairis it of fortoun:
As ane cummis vp, scho quheillis ane vther doun!¹

2410

Than to the ground sone 3eid the Uolf in haist;
The Tod lap on land, as blyith as ony bell,
And left the Uolf in watter to the waist.
Quha haillit him out, I wait not, of the well.
Heir endis the Text; thair is na mair to tell.
3it men may find agane moralitie
In this sentence, thoch it ane Fabill be.

MORALITAS

THIS Uolf I likkin to ane wickit man,

Quhilk dois the pure oppres in euerie place,

And pykis at thame all querrellis that he can,

Be Rigour, reif, and vther wickitnes.

The Foxe the Feynd I call in to this cais,

Actand I ilk man to ryn vnrychteous rinkis,

Thinkand thairthrow to lok him in his linkis.

Lowichee gird down baltii solle and subtellie,	
The vther baid abuif, and held the flaill.	2400
'It is sa mekill,' quod lowrence, 'it maisteris me,	
On all my tais it hes not left ane naill;	
3e man mak help vpwart, and it haill:	
Leip in the vther bukket haistelie,	
And cum sone doun, and mak me sum supplie.'	2405

Than lichtlie in the bukket lap the loun;
His wecht but weir the vther end gart ryis;
The tod come hailland vp, the wolf zeid doun;
Than angerlie the wolf upoun him cryis:
'I cummand thus dounwart, quhy thow vpwart hyis?'
'Schir,' said the foxe, 'this fair is of fortoun:
As ane cummis vp, scho quheillis ane vther doun!'

Than to the ground sone 3ude the wolf in haist;
The tod lap on land, as blyith as ony bell,
And left the wolf in watter to the waist.

Quha haillit him out, I wait not, of the well.
Heir endis the text; thair is na mair to tell.
3it men may find ane gude moralitie
In this sentence, thoch it ane fabili be.

F. 62 b. Moralitas.

Tbis wolf I likkin to ane wickit man,

Quhilk dois the pure oppres in euerie place,

And pykis at thame all quarrellis that he can,

Be rigour, reif, and vther wickitnes.

The foxe the feind I call in to this cais,

Actand ilk man to rin vnrichtious rinkis,

2425

Thinkand thairthrow to lok him in his linkis.

The Husband may be callit ane godlie man,
With quhome the Feynd falt findis, as Clerkis reidis,
Besie to tempt him with all wayis that he can.
The hennis ar warkis that fra ferme faith proceidis: 2429
Quhair sic sproutis spreidis, the euill spreit thair not speidis,
Bot wendis vnto the wickit man agane;
That he hes tint his trauell is full vnfane.

¶ The woddis waist, quhairin wes the Uolf wyld,
Ar wickit riches, quhilk all men gaipis to get;
Quha traistis in sic Trusterie ar oft begyld;
For Mammon may be callit the Deuillis Net,
Quhilk Sathanas for all sinfull hes set.
With proud plesour quha settis his traist thairin,
But speciall grace, lychtlie can not outwin.

The Cabok may be callit Couetyce, 2440
Qublik blomis braid in mony mannis Ee;
Ua worth the well of that wickit vyce!
For it is all bot fraud and fantasie,
Dryuand ilk man to leip in the buttrie
That dounwart drawis vnto the pane of hell.— 2445
Christ keip all christianis frome that wickit well!



The husband may be callit ane godlie man,
With quhome the feind faltis findes, as clerkis reidis,
Besie to tempt him with all wayis that he can.
The hennis ar warkis that fra ferme faith proceidis: 2430
Quhair sic sproutis spreidis, the euill spreit pair not speid[is].
Bot wendis vnto the wickit man agane;
That he hes tint his trauell is full vnfane.

The woddis waist, quhairin wes the wolf wyld,
Ar wickit riches, quhilk all men gaipis to get;
Quha traisits in sic trustrie ar oft begyld;
For mammon may be callit the deuillis net,
Quhilk sathanas for all sinfull hes set.
With proud plesour quha settis his traist thairin,
But speciall grace, lichtlie can not outwin.

The caboik may be callit couetice,

F. 63.4. Quhilk blomes braid in mony mannis 2 ee;

Wa worth the well of that wickit vyce!

For it is all bot fraud and fantasie,

Dryuand ilk man to leip in the buttrie

That dounwart drawis vnto the pane of hell.—

Christ keip all christianis frome that wickit well!

Finis.

¹ Clipped by the binder.

2 MS, 'manmis.'

¶ THE TAILL OF THE UOLF AND THE UEDDER.

	THE UEDDEK.	
	UHYLUM thair wes, as Esope can Report, Ane scheiphird dwelland be an Forrest neir, Quhilk had ane Hound that did him greit comfort; Full war he wes to walk his Fauld but weir,	2450
	that nouther Uolf nor Uildcat durst appeir, Nor Foxe on feild, nor jit na vther beist, Bot he thame slew, or chaissit at the leist.	-43-
	Sa happinnit it, as euerilk beist man de, This Hound of suddand seiknes to be deid; Bot than, God wait, the keipar of the fe	2455
	For verray wo woxe wanner nor the weid: 'Allace,' quod he, 'now se I na remeid To saif the selie beistis that I keip,	
0	For wit the Uolf werryit beis all my scheip.' It wald haif maid ane mannis hart sair to se The selie scheiphirdis lamentatioun: 'Now is my Darling deid, allace,' quod he; 'For now to beg my breid I may be boun,	2460
		2465
	'Maister,' quod he, 'mak merie and be blyith;	2470

F. 63 b. The taill of the wolf & the wedder.

	ubylum thair wes, as esope can report, Ane scheiphird duelland be ane forrest neir, Quhilk had ane hound that did him grit comfort; Full war he wes to walk his fauld but weir, that nouther wolf nor wyld cat durst appeir, Nor foxe on feild, nor jit na vther beist, Bot he thame slew, or chaissit at the leist.	2450
	Swa happynnit it, as euerie beist man de, This hound of suddane seiknes to be deid; Bot than, god wait, the keipar of the fe For verray wo woxe wanner nor the weid: 'Allace,' quod he, 'now se I na remeid	2455
	To saif the selie beistis that I keip, For wit the wolf werryit beis all my scheip.'	2460
	It wald haif maid ane mannis hart sair to se The selie schiphirdis lamentatioun: 'Now is my darling deid, allace,' quod he; 'For now to beg my breid I may me boun, With pykestaff and with scrip to fair of toun; For all the beistis before bandonit bene Will schute vpoun my beistis with ire and tene.'	2465
a.	With that ane wedder wretchitlie wan on fute: 'Maister,' quod he, 'mak merie and be blyith; To brek 3our hart for baill it is na bute; For ane deid dog 3e na cair on 3ow kyith. Ga fetche him hidder, and fla his skin of swyth; Syne sew it on me; and luik that it be meit,	2470
	Bodie and heid, baith taill, crag, and feit.	2475

F. 64

'Than will the Uolf trow that I am he;

For I sall follow him fast quhair euer he fair.

All haill, the cure I tak it vpon me,

3our scheip to keip at midday, lait and air.

And he persew, be God, I sall not spair

To follow him als fast as did 3our Doig,

Swa that, I warrand, 3e sall not want ane hoig.'

'Than,' said the scheiphird, 'this come of ane gude wit;
Thy counsall is baith sikker, leill, and trew;
Quha sayis ane scheip is daft, thay lieit of it.'
With that in hy the Doggis skyn of he flew,
And on the scheip rycht softlic couth it sew.
Than worth the Uedder wantoun of his weid:
'Now of the Uolf,' quod he, 'I haif na dreid.'

■ In all thingis he counterfait the Dog;
For all the nicht he stude and tuke na sleip,
Swa that weill lang thair wantit not ane Hog.
Swa war he wes and walkryfe thame to keip,
That Lowrence durst not luke vpon ane scheip;
For and he did, he followit him sa fast,
That of his lyfe he maid him all agast,
2495

Was nouther Uolf, Uildcat, nor 3it Tod
Durst cum within thay boundis all about,
Bot he wald chace thame baith throw rouch & snod.
Thay bailfull beistis had of thair lyuis sic dout,
For he wes mekill and semit to be stout,
That euerilk beist thay dred him as the deid,
Within that wold, that name durst hald thair heid.

'Than will the wolf trow that I am he;
For I sall follow him fast quhair euer he fair.
All haill, the cure I tak it youn me,
Jour scheip to keip at midday, lait and air.
And he persew, be god, I sall not spair
To follow him als fast as did Jour doge,
Swa that, I warrand, Je sall not want ane hoig.'

'Than,' said the scheiphird, 'this come of ane gude wit;
Thy counsall is baith sickker, leill, and trew;
Quha sayis ane scheip is daft, thay leit of it.'
With that in hy the dogis skin of he flew,
And on the scheip richt softlie couth it sew.
Than worth the wedder wantoun of his weid:
'Now of the wolf,' quod he, 'I haif na dreid.'

In all thingis he counterfait the dog; 2490
For all the nicht he stuid and tuik na sleip,
For all the nicht he stuid and tuik na sleip,
For all the weill lang thair wantit not ane hog.
Swa war he was and walkryfe thame to keip,
That lowrence durst not luik vpoun ane scheip;
For and he did, he followit him sa fast,
That of his lyfe he maid him all agast.

Was nouther wolf, wyldcat, nor jit tod
Durst cum within thay boundis all about,
Bot he wald chais thame baith throw rouch and snod.
Thay bailfull beistis had of thair lyfis sic dout,
For he wes me'tle and semit to be stout,
That euerie beist thay dred him as the deid,
Within that wod, that nane durst hald thair heid.

3it happinnit thair ane hungrie Uolf to slyde
Out throw his scheip, quhair thay lay on ane le;
'f sall haif ane,' quod he, 'quhat eure betyde,
Thocht I be werryit, for hunger or I de;'
With that ane lamb in till his cluke hint he.
The laif start vp, for thay wer all agast;
Bot god wait gif the Uedder followit fast.

Went neuer Hound mair haistelie fra the hand,

Quhen he wes rynnand maist raklie at the ra,

Nor went this Uedder baith ouer Mois and strand,

And stoppit nouther at bank, busk, nor bra;

Bot followit ay sa ferslie on his fa,

With sic ane Drift, quhill dust and dirt ouerdraif him, 2515

And maid ane wow to God that he suld haif him.

With that the Uolf let out his Taill on lenth,
For he wes hungrie, and it drew neir the euin,
And schupe him for to ryn with all his strenth,
Fra he the Uedder sa neir cummand had sene.
He Dred his lyfe, and he ouertane had bene;
Thairfoir he spairit nouther busk nor boig,
For weill he kennit the cunning 10 of the Doig.

To mak him lycht, he kest the Lamb him fra,
Syne lap ouer leis, and draif throw dub and myre.
'Na,' quod the wedder, 'in Faith we part not swa:
It is not the Lamb, bot the, that I desyre;
I sall cum neir, for now I se the tyre.'
The Uolf ran till ane rekill stude behind him,
Bot ay the neirar the Uedder to couth wyn him.

3it happynnit thair ane hungrie wolf to slide	
Out throw his scheip, quhair thay lay on ane le;	250
'I sall haif ane,' quod he, 'quhat euer betyde,	
Thocht I be werryit, for hunger or I de;'	
With that ane lamb in to his cluke hint he.	
The laif start vp, for thay war all agast;	
Bot god wait gif the wedder followit fast.	2510

Went neuer hound mair haistelie fra the hand,
Quhen he wes rynnand maist raklie at the ra,
Nor went this wedder baith ouer mois & strand,
F. 65 a. And stoppit nouther at bank, busk, nor bra;
Bot followit ay sa ferslie on his fa,
With sic ane drift, quhill dirt and dust ouer draif him,
And maid ane vow to god that he suld haif him.

With that the wolf let out his taill on lenth,
For he wes hungrie, and it drew neir the ene,
And schupe him for to rin with all his strenth,
Fra he the wedder sa neir cumand had sene.
He dred his lyfe, and he ouertane had bene;
Thairfoir he spairit nouther busk nor boig,
For weill be kennit the kenenes of the doig.

To mak him licht, he caist the lamb him fra,

Syne lap ouer leis, and draif throw dub & myre.

'Na,' quod the wedder, 'in faith we part not swa:

It is not the lamb, bot the, that I desire;

I sall cum neir, for now I se the tyre.'

The wolf ran still quhill ane strand stuid behind him,

Bot ay the neirar the wedder he couth bind him.

Sone efter that he followit him sa neir,
Quhill that the Uolf for fleidnes fylit the feild;
Syne left the gait, and ran throw busk and breir,
And schupe him fra the schawis for to scheild.
He ran restles, for he wist of na weild;
The wedder followit him baith out and in,
Ouhill that ane breir busk raif rudelie of the skyn.

The Uolf wes wer, and blenkit him behind,
And saw the Uedder come thrawand throw the breir;
Syne saw the Doggis skyn hingand on his lind.

2540

'Na,' quod he, 'is this 3e that is sa neir?
Richt now ane Hound, and now quhyte as ane Freir:
I fled ouer fer, and I had kennit the cais:
To God I wow that 2e sall rew this rais.

'Quhat wes the cause 3e gaif me sic ane cache 1?' 2545
With that in hy he hint him be the horne.
'For all 3our mowis 3e met anis with 3our mache,
Suppois 3e leuch me all this 3eir to scorne.
For quhat enchessoun this Doggis skyn haif 3e borne?'
'Maister,' quod he, 'bot to haif playit with 3ow; 2550
I 3ow requyre that 3e nane vther trow.'

¶ 'Is this 3our bourding in eirnist than?' quod he,
'For I am verray effeirit, and on flocht;
Cum bak agane and I sall let 3ow se.'
Than quhair the gait wes grimmit he him brocht.
'Quhether call 3e this fair play, or nocht?
To set 3our Maister in sa fell effray,
Ouhill he for feiritnes hes fylit vp the way.

1 Orig. 'chace.'

Sone efter that he followit him sa neir,

Quhill that the wolf for fleidnes fylit he feild;

Syne left the gait, and ran throw busk and breir,

And schupe [him 1] fra the schawis for to scheild.

2535

He ran restles, for he wist of na beild;

The wedder followit him baith out and in,

Ouhill that ane breir busk raif rudlie of the skin.

The wolf was war, and blenkit him behind,

2539

And swa the wedder come thrawand throw the breir;

Syne saw the doggis skin hingand on his lend.

'Na,' quod he, 'is this 3e that is sa neir?

Richt now ane hound, and now quhite as ane freir:

I fled ouer fer, and I had kennit the cais:

To god I wow that 3e sall rew this rais.

2545

'Quhat was the caus 3e gaif me sic ane catche?'
With that in hy he hint him be the horne.
'For all 3our mowis 3e met anis with 3our matche,
Suppois 3e leuch me all this 3eir to scorne.
For quhat enchessoun this doggis skin haif 3e borne?'
'Maister,' quod he, 'bot to haif playit with 3ow;
I 3ow require that 3e na vther trow.'

'Is this your bourding in eirnist than?' quod he,
'For I am verray effeirit, and on flocht;
Cum bak agane and I sall let yow se.'
Than quhair the gait was grymmit he him brocht.
'Quhether call 3e this fair play, or nocht?'
To set your maister in sa fell effray,
F. 66.a. Quhil he for feiritness hes fift ty on the way.

Thryis, be my Saull, 3e gart me schute behind; Upon my hoichis the senseis may be sene; For feiritnes full oft I fylit the wind.	2560
Now is this 3e? na, bot ane Hound, I wene; Me think 3our teith ouer schort to be sa kene.	
Blissit be the busk that reft 30w 30ur array,	
Ellis, fleand, bursin had I bene this day.'	2565
'Schir,' quod the Uedder, 'suppois I ran in hy,	
My mynd wes neuer to do 3our persoun euill;	
Ane flear gettis ane follower commounlie,	
In play or ernist, preif quha sa euer will. Sen I bot playit, be gracious me till,	
And I sall gar my freindis blis 30ur banis,	2570
Ane full gude seruand will crab his Maister anis.'	
'I haif bene oftymis set in grit effray,	
Bot, be the Rude, sa rad 3it wes I neuer,	
As thow hes maid me with thy prettie play.	2575
I schot behind, quhen thow ouertuke me euer,	
Bot sickkerlie now sall we not disseuer.'	
Than be cragbane smertlie he him tuke.	

MORALITAS.

Or euer he ceissit, and it in schunder schuke.

ESOPE, THAT POETE, first Father of this Fabill, 2580
Wrait this Parabole, quhilk is conuenient,
Because the sentence wes fructuous & agreabill,
In Moralitie exemplatine prudent;
Quhais problemes bene verray excellent;
Throw similitude of figuris, to this day,
Geuis doctrine to the Redaris of it ay.

'Thryis, be my saule, 3e gart me schute behind; Vpoun my hoichis the seinzeis may be sene;	2560
For feiritnes full oft I fylit the wind.	
Now is this 3e? na, bot ane hound, I wene;	
Me think your teith ouerschort to be sa kene.	
Blissit be the busk that reft 30w 30ur array,	2565
Ellis, fleand, bursin had I bene this day.'	
'Schir,' quod the wedder, 'suppois I ran in hy,	
My mynd wes neuer to do 3our persoun euill;	
Ane flear gettis ane followare commounly,	
In play or eirnist, preif quha sa euer will.	2570
Sen I bot playit, be gratious me till,	
And I sall gar my freindis blis 30ur banis,	
Ane full gude seruand will crab his maister anis.'	
'I haif bene oftymes set in grit effray,	
Bot, be the rude, sa rad 3it wes I neuer,	2575
As thow hes maid me be thy prettie play.	0.0
I schot behind, quhen thow ouertuik me euer,	
Bot sickerlie now sall we not disseuer.'	
Than be cragbane smertlie he him tuke,	
Or ener he ceissit, and it in schunder schuik.	2580

F. 66 b. Aboralitas.

Esope, that poete, first father of this fabill,
Wrait this parabole, quhilk is convenient,
Becaus the sentence wes fructuous and agreable,
In moralitie examplatine prudent;
Quhais problemis bene verray excellent;
Throw similitude of figuris, to this day,
Gifis doctrine to the reidaris of it ay.

Heir may thow se that riches of array
Will cause pure men presumpteous for to be;
Thay think thay hald of nane, be thay als gay,
Bot counterfute ane Lord in all degre.

2590
Out of thair cais in pryde th[a]y clym sa hie,
That thay forbeir thair better in na steid,
Quhill sum man tit thair heillis ouer thair heid.

Richt swa in seruice vther sum exceidis,
And thay haif withgang, welth, and cherissing,
That thay will lychtlic Lordis in [to]¹ thair deidis,
And lukis not to thair blude, nor thair ofspring:
Bot 3it na[ne]¹ wait how lang that reull will ring;
Bot he was wyse that bad his Sone considder:
Bewar in welth, for Hall benkis ar rycht slidder.

2600

Thairfoir I counsell men of euerilk stait
To knaw thame self, and quhome thay suld forbeir,
And fall not with thair better in debait;
Suppois thay be als galland in thair geir,
It settls na seruand for to vphald weir,
Nor clym so hie, quhill he fall of the ledder;
Bot think vpon the Uolf and on the wedder!

TINIS.

¹ See p. 193.

Heir may thow se that riches of array
Will caus pure men presumptuous for to be;
Thay think thay hald of nane, be thay als gay,
Bot counterfait ane lord in all degrie.
Out of thair cais in pryde thay clym so hie,
That thay forbeir thair better in na steid,
Quhill sum man tit thair heillis ouer thair heid.

Richt swa in seruice vther sum exceidis,

And thay haif withgang, welth, and cherising,
That thay will lichtlie lordis in to thair deidis,
And luikis not to thair blude, nor thair ofspring:
Bot 3it nane wait how lang that reull will ring;
Bot he wes wyse that bad his sone considder:

Bewar in welth, for hall benkis ar richt slidder.

Thairfoir I counsall men of euerilk stait
F. 67 a. To knaw thame selff, and quhome thay suld forbeir,
And fall not with thair better in debait;
Suppois thay be als galland in thair geir,
It settis na seruand for to vphald weir,
Nor clym so hie, quhill he fall of the ledder;
Bot think ypon the wolf and on the wedder!

Finis.

THE TAIL OF THE UOLF AND THE LAMB.

NE cruell Uolf, richt rauenous and fell, Upoun ane tyme past to ane Reuer. Descending from ane Roche vnto ane well. 2610 To slaik his thrist, drank of the watter cleir. Swa vpon cace ane selie Lamb come neir, Bot of his fa, the Uolf, na thing he wist, And in the streme laipit to cule his thrist. This drank thay baith, bot not of ane Intent; 2615 The Uolfis thocht wes all of wickitnes; The selie Lamb wes meik and Innocent: Upon the Reuer, in ane vther place, Beneth the Uolf he drank ane lytill space, Ouhill he thocht gude, beleuand thair nane euill; The Uolf him saw, and Rampand come him till, With girnand teith and awfull angrie luk, Said to the Lamb: 'thow Catiue wretchit thing, How durst thow be sa bald to fyle and Bruk,1 Ouhar I suld drink, with thy foull slauering? It wer Almous the for to draw and hing, That suld presume, with thy foull lippis wyle, To glar my drink, and this fair watter fyle.' The selie Lamb, quaikand for verray dreid, On kneis fell, and said: 'Schir, with your leif, Suppois I dar not say thairof 3e leid; Bot, be my Saull, I wait ze can nocht preif That I did ony thing that suld yow greif; 3e wait alswa that zour accusatioun

The tail of the wolf & the Lamb.

Discending from an erote vnto a well,

Vpoun ane tyme past to ane reueir,

Discending frome ane rotche vnto a well,

To slaik his thrist, drank of the watter cleir.

Swa vpon cace ane selie lamb come neir,

Bot of his fa, the wolf, na thing he wist,

And in the streme laipit to cuill his thrist.

261

F. 67 5. This drank thay baith, bot not of ane intent;
The wolfis thocht wes all on wickitnes;
The selie lamb wes meik and innocent:
Vpon the reueir, in ane vther place,
Beneth the wolf he drank ane litill space,
Quhill he thocht guid, beleuand thair nane ill;
The wolf him saw, and rampand come him till.

2620

With girnand teith and awfull angrie luik, Said to the lamb: 'thow catiue wretchit thing, How durst thow be sa bald to fyle and bruik,' Quhair I sould drink, with thy foull slauering? It wer almous the for to draw and hing, That suld presume, with thy foull lippis vyle, To glar my drink, and this fair watter fyle.' The selie lamb, quaikand for verray dreid,

2625

On kneis fell, and said: 'schir, with your leif, Suppois I dar not say thairof ye leid; Bot, be my saule, I wait ye can not preif That I did ony thing that suld yow greif; Je wait alswa that your accusatioun Faillies fra treuth, and contrair is to ressoun. 2030

2635

■ 'Thocht I can not, Nature will me defend, And of the deid perfyte experience; All heuie thing man of the self discend; Bot gif sum thing on force mak resistence, Than may the streme on na way mak ascence, Nor ryn bakwart: I drank beneth 30w far; Ergo, for me Your Bruke wes neuer the war.

2640

'Alswa my lippis, sen that I wes ane Lamb,
Tuichit na thing that wes contagious;
Bot soukkit milk from Pappis of my dame,
Richt Naturall, sweit, and als delitious.'
'Weill,' quod the Uolf, 'thy language Rigorous
Cummis the of kynd; swa thy Father before
Held me at bait, baith with boist and schore.

'He wraithit me, and than I culd him warne Within ane 3eir, and I brukit my heid, I suld be wrokkin on him, or on his barne, For his exhorbitant and frawart pleid; Thow sall doutles for his deidis be deid.' Schir, it is wrang, that for the Fatheris gilt The saikles sone suld punist be or spilt.

2650

'Haif ze not hard quhat halie Scripture sayis, Endytit with the mouth of God Almycht? Of his awin deidis ilk man sall beir the prais,¹ As pane for sin, reward for werkis rycht; For my trespas quhy suld my sone haif plycht? Ouha did the mis let him sustene the pane.'

660

'Thocht I can not, nature will me defend, And of the deid perfite experience;

F. 68 a. All heuie thing man of the force discend;

Bot gif sum thing on force mak resistence,

Than may the streme on na way mak ascence,

Nor rin bakwart: I drank beneth 30w far;

Exrog, for me 30ur bruik wes neuer the war.

2640

'Alswa my lippis, sen that I wes ane lam, Tuichit na thing that wes contagious; Bot sowkit milk frome pappis of my dam, Richt naturall, sweit, and als delitious.' 'Weill,' quod the wolf, 'thy language rigorous Cummis the of kynd; swa thy father before

2645

2650

'He wraithit me, and than I culd him warne Within ane 3eir, and I bruikit my heide, I suld be wrokkin on him, or on his barne, For his exhorbetand and thrawart pleid:

Held me at bait, baith with boist and schore.

2655

Thow sall doutles for his deidis be deid.' 'Schir, it is wrang, that for the fatheris gilt The saikles sone suld puneist be or spilt.

2660

'Haif 3e not hard quhat halie scriptour sayis, Endytit with the word of god almicht? Of his awin deidis ilk man sall beir the prayis,¹ As pane for sin, rewaird for werkis rycht; For my trespas quhy suld my sone haif plicht?

F. 68 b. Quha did the mis let him sustene the pane.'
'3aa,' quod the wolf, '3it pleyis thow agane?

¶ 'I let the wit, quhen that the Father offendis,
I will chereis nane of his Successioun; 2665
And of his barnis I may weill tak amendis,
Unto the twentie degre descending doun.
Thy Father thocht to mak ane strang poisoun,¹
And with his mouth into my watter spew.'
'Schir,' quod the Lamb, 'thay twa ar nouther trew. 2670

'The Law sayis, and 3e will vnderstand,
Thair suld na man, for wrang, nor violence,
His aduersar 2 punis at his awin hand,
Without proces of Law and euidence;
Quhilk suld haif leif to mak lawfull defence,
And thairupon Summond is Peremptourlie,
For to propone, contrairie, or reply.

Set me ane lauchfull Court, I sall compeir
Before the Lyoun, Lord and leill Iustice,
And, be my hand, I oblis me rycht heir,
2680
That I sall byde ane vnsuspect Assyis.
This is the Law, this is the Instant vse;
3e suld pretend ³ thairfoir; ane Summondis mak
Aganis that day, to gif ressoun and tak.'

'Na,' quod the Uolf, 'thow wald Intruse ressoun, 2685 Quhar wrang and reif suld dwell in propertie. That is ane poynt and part of fals tressoun, For to gar reuth remane with crueltie. Be his woundis, fals tratour, thow sall de, For thy trespas, and for thy Fatheris als.' 2690 With that anone he hint him be the hals.

Orig. 'presoun.' Cf. pp. 199, 300.
 Orig. 'awin sair.'
 Cf. p. 301.

THARLEIAN

'I Let the wit, quhen that the father offendis,
I will refuis¹ nane of his successioun;
And of his bairnis I will tak amendis,
Vnto the twentie degre discending doun.
Thy father thocht to mak ane strang poysoun,
And with his mouth in my watter did spew.'
'Schir,' quod the lamb, 'thay twa ar nouther trew.

'The law sayis, and 3e will understand,
Thair suld na man, for wrang, nor violence,
His aduersar puneis at his awin hand,
Without proces of law and euidence;
Quhilk suld hair leif to mak lawfull defence,
And thairupoun summound peremptowile,
For to propone, contrarie, or reply.

'Set me ane lauchfull court, I sall compeir
Before the lioun, lord and leill iustice, 2680
And, be my hand, I obleis me richt heir,
That I sall byde ane vnsuspect assyis.
This is the law, this is the instant gyis;
3 e suld pretend ² thairfoir; ane summoundis mak
Aganis that day, to gif reasoun and tak.' 2685

F. 69 a. 'Na,' quod the wolf, 'thow wald intruse ressoun,
Quhair wrang and reif suld duell in propertie.
That is ane point and pairt of fals tressoun,
For to gar reuth remane with creueltie.
Be his woundis, fals tratour, thow sall die,
For thy trespas, and for thy fatheris als.'
With that amone he high thim be the hals.

¹ See pp. 198, 300.

² Cf. p. 301.

The selie Lamb culd do na thing bot blait;
Sone wes he deid; the Uolf wald do na grace,
Syne drank his blude, and of his flesche can eit,
Quhill he wes full, and went his way on pace.
Of his murther quhat sall we say, allace?
Wes not this reuth, wes not this greit pietie,
To gar this selie Lamb but gilt thus de?

MORALITAS.

THE pure pepill this Lamb may signifie,

As Maill men, Merchandis, & all lauboureris,
Of quhome the lyfe is half ane Purgatorie,
To wyn with lautie leuing as effeiris.

The Uolf betakimins fals extortioneris
And oppressouris of pure men, as we se,
Be violence, or craft in facultie.

2705

¶ Thre kynd of Uolfis in this warld now Ringis: The first ar fals peruerteris of the Lawis, Quhilk vnder Poet¹ termis falset mingis, Lettand that all wer Gospell that he schawis; Bot for ane bud the pure man he ouerthrawis, Smoirand the richt, garrand the wrang proceid: Of sic Uolfis hellis five sall be thair meid.

O man of Law! let be that subteltie,
With nyce gimpis, and fraudis Intricate,
And think that God in his Diuinitie
The wrang, the richt of all thy werkis wait:
For prayer, price, for hie nor law estait,
Of fals querrelli se thow mak na defence;

Hald with the rycht, hurt not thy conscience.

1 See p. 302.

The selie lamb culd do na thing bot bleit;

Sone wes he deid; the wolf wald do na grac[e],¹
Syne drank his blude, and of his flesche can eit,

Quhill he wes full, syne went his way a pace.

Of his murthour quhat sall we say, allace?

Wes not this reuth, wes not this grit pietie,

To gar this selie lamb but gilt thus die?

Moralitas.

The pure people this lamb may signifie,

As maill men, marchandis, and all lawboreris,

Of quhome the lyfe is half ane purgatorie,

To win with lawtie leuing as effeiris.

The wolf betakynnis fals extortioneris

And oppressouris of pure men, as we se,

Be violence,² or craft in facultie.

Thre kynd of wolfis in this warld now ring's:

F. 69 b. The first ar fals peruerteris of the lawis,

Quhilk vnder poete 3 termes falset mingis,

Lettand that all wer gospell that he schawis;

Bot for ane bud the pure man he ouerthrawis,

Smorand the richt, garrand the wrang proceid:

Of sic wolfis hellis fyre sall be thair meid.

O man of law! let be thy subteltie,

With nyce gimpis, and fraudis intricait,
And think that god in his diuinitie
The wrang, the richt of all thy werkis wait:
For prayer, pryce, for hie nor law estait,
Of fals querrellis se thow mak na defence;
Hald with the richt, hurt not thy conscience.
2720

¹ Clipped by the binder. ² MS. 'vioelence.' ⁸ See p. 302.

Ane vther kynd of Uolfis Rauenous	2720
Ar mychtie men, haifand aneuch plentie,	
Quhilkis ar sa gredie and sa couetous,	
Thay will not thoill the pure in pece to be;	
Suppois he and his houshald baith suld de	
For falt of fude, thairof thay gif na rak,	272
Bot ouer his heid his mailling will thay tak.	

O man! but mercie, quhat is in thy thocht, War than ane Uolf, and thow culd vnderstand? Thow hes aneuch; the pure husband richt nocht Bot croip and calf vpon ane clout of land. For Goddis aw, how durst thow tak on hand, And thow in Barn and Byre sa bene and big, To put him fra his tak and gar him thig?

The thrid Uolf ar men of heritage, As Lordis that hes land be Goddis lane, And settis to the Mailleris ane Uillage, And for ane tyme Gressome payit and tane; Syne vexis him, or half his terme be gane, With pykit guerrellis for to mak him fane To flit, or pay his Gressome new agane.

2740

His Hors, his Meir, [he man] Len to the Laird, To drug and draw in Court or in Cariage; His seruand nor his self may not be spaird To swing and sweit, withouttin Meit or wage. Thus how he standis in laubour and bondage, 2745 That scantlie may he purches by his maill, To leue vpon dry breid and watter caill.

Ane vther kynd of wolfis rauenous
Ar michtie men, hauand full grit plentie,
Qubilkis ar sa gredie and sa couetous,
Thay will not thoill the pure in pece to be;
Suppois he and his houshald baith suld die
For falt of fude, thairof thay gif na rak,
Bot ouer his heid his mailling will thay tak.

O man! but mercye, quhat is in thy thocht,
War than ane wolf, and thow culd vnderstand?
Thow hes aneuch; the pure husband richt nocht
F. 70 a. Bot croip and calf vpoun ane clout of land.
For goddis aw, how durst thow tak on hand,
And thow in barn and byre sa bene and big,
To put him fra his tak and gar him thig?

The thrid wolff ar men of heritage,

As lordis that hes land be goddis lane,
And settis to the mailleris ane villege,
And for ane tyme gressum pait and tane;
Syne vexis him, or half his 3eir be gane,
With pykit querrellis for to mak him fane
To flit, or pay his gressome new agane.

His horß, his meir, he man len to the laird,
To drug and draw in court and cariage;
His seruand nor his self may not be spaird
To swing and sweit, withouttin meit or wage.
Thus how he standis in labour and bondage,
That scantlie may he purches be his maill,
To leif ypon dry breid and watter caill.

Hes thow not reuth to gar thy tennentis sweit
Into thy laubour with faynt and hungrie wame,
And syme hes lytill gude to drink or eit,
With his men3e at euin quhen he cummis hame?
Thow suld dreid for rychteous Goddis blame;
For it cryis ane vengeance vnto the heuinnis hie,
To gar ane pure man wirk but Meit or fe.

● O thow greit Lord, that riches hes and rent,
Thow art ane Uolf, thus to deuoir the pure;
Think that na thing cruell nor violent
May in this warld perpetuallie Indure:
This sall thow trow and sikkerlie assure,
For till oppres thow sall haif als greit pane
As thow the oure had with thy awin hand slane.

God keip the Lamb, quhilk is the Innocent, Frome Uolfis byit and men ex[t]ortioneris; God grant that wrangous men of fals Intent Be manifestit, and punischit as effeiris. And god, as thow all rychteous prayer heiris, Mot saif our King, and gif him hart and hand All sic Uolfis to banis out of the land.

2765

T FINIS.

Hes thow not reuth to gar thy tennentis sweit

In to thy labour with faint 1 and hungrie wame,
And syne hes littll gude to drink or eit,
With his meniye at euin quhen he cummis hame?

F. 70 & Thow suld dreid for richteous goddis blame;
For it cryis ane vengeance vnto the heuinnis hie,
To gar ane pure man wirk but meit or fe.

2755

O thow grit lord, that riches hes and rent,
Be not ane wolf, thus to deuoir the pure;
Think that na cruell nor violent thing present
May in this warld perpetuallie indure:
This sall thow trow and sikkerlie assure,
For till oppres thow sall haif als grit pane
As thow the pure had with thy awin hand slane.

God keip the lamb, quhilk is the innocent,
Frome wolfis byte and fell extortioneris;
God grant that wrangous men of fals intent
Be manifestit, and punischit as effeiris.
And god, as thow all richteous prayer heiris,
Mot saif oure king, and gif him hart and hand
All sic wolfis to banes out of the land.

Finis.

1 MS. 'fanit.'

THE TAILL OF THE PADDOK AND THE MOUS.

VPON ANE tyme, as Esope culd Report,
Ane lytill mous come till ane Reuer syde;
Scho micht not waid, hir scharkis wer sa schort,
Scho culd not swym, scho had na hors to ryde:
Of verray force behouit hir to byde,
And to and fra besyde that Reuer deip
Scho ran, cryand with mony pietuous peip.

'Help ouer, help ouer,' this sillie mous can cry,
'For Goddis lufe, sum bodie ouer the brym.'
With that ane Paddok, in the watter by,
Put vp hir heid, and on the bank can clym,
Quhilk be nature culd dowk and gaylie swym;
With voce full rauk, scho said on this maneir:
'Gude morne, schir Mous, quhat is your erand heir?'

¶ 'Seis thow,' quod scho, 'of corne 3one Iolie flat,
Of ryip Aittis, of Barlie, Peis, and Quheit?
I am hungrie, and fane wald be thairat,
2785
Bot I am stoppit be this watter deip;
And on this syde I get na thing till eit
Bot hard Nuttis, quhilkis with my teith I bore.
Wer I beyond, my Feist wer fer the more.

'I haif no boit; heir is no Marineris; 1 279

¹ Seven lines are here omitted. The first line of the fourth stanza of Harleian and II. 2-7 of the fifth stanza of Harleian are printed together in Charteris as the fourth stanza.

2780

HARLEIAN

F. 71 a. The taill of the paddok & the Mous.

1 pon ane tyme, as esope culd report,	277
Ane litill mous come to ane reueir syde;	
Scho micht not waid, hir schankis wer sa schort,	
Scho culd not swym, scho had na horß to ryde:	
Of verray force behouit hir to byde,	
And to and fra beside that reueir deip	277
Scho ran, cryand with mony pietious peip.	
'Help ouer, help ouer,' this selie mous can cry,	
'For goddis lufe, sum bodie ouer the brym.'	
With that ane paddok, in the watter by,	

With voce full rauk, scho said on this maneir: 'Gude morne, schir mous, quhat is 30ur eirand heir?'

Put vp hir heid, and on the bank can clym,

Ouhilk be nature culd douk and gaylie swym;

'Seis thow,' quod scho, 'of corne 3one Iolie flat,
Of ryip aitis, of barlie, peis, and quheit?

I am hungrie, and fane wald be thairat,
Bot I am stoppit with this watter greit;
And on this syde I get na thing till eit
Bot hard nuttis, quhilkis with my teith I bore.
Wer I beyond, my feist wer fer the moir.

2790

'I haif no boit; heir is no maryner;

F.71 & And thocht thair war, I haif na fraucht to pay.'

Quod scho, 'sister, let be thy heuie cheir;

Do my counsale, and I sall find the way

Without horsh, brig, boit, or 3it gallay,

To bring the ouer saiflie,—be not effeird!—

And not weitand the campis of thy beird.'

[]¹
How can thow fleit without fedder or fyn.
This Reuer is sa deip and dangerous,
Me think that thow suld drownit be thairin.
Tell me, thairfoir, quhat facultie or gyn
Thow hes to bring the ouer this watter.' Than 2795
Thus to declair the Paddok sone began.

'With my twa feit,' quod scho, 'lukkin and braid,
In steid of Air, I row the streme full still;
And thocht the brym be perrillous to waid,
Baith to and fra I row at my awin will.
I may not droun, for quhy my oppin Gill
Deuoidis ay the watter I resaif:
Thairfoir to droun forsuith na dreid I haif.'

The Mous beheld wito hir fronsit face,
Hir runkillit cheikis, and hir lippis syde,
Hir hingand browis, and hir voce sa hace,
Hir loggerand leggis, and hir harsky hyde.
Scho ran abak, and on the Paddod cryde:
'Gif I can ony skill of Phisnomie,
Thow hes sum part 2 of falset and Inuie.

2810

For Clerkis sayis the Inclinatioun
Of mannis thocht proceidis commounlie
Efter the Corporall complexioun
To gude or euill, as Nature will apply:
Ane thrawert vult, ane thrawert Phisnomy.
The auld Prouerb is witnes of this Lorum 3—
Distortum vultum seauliur distortio morum.'

¹ See note on p. 206. ² Orig. 'sumpart.' ³ Orig. ': Lorum.'

THARLEIAN

'I haif grit wounder,' quod the litill mous,
'How can thow fleit without fedder or fin.
This reuer is sa deip and dangerous,
Me think that thow suld drownit be thairin.
Tell me, thairfoir, quhat facultie or gin
Thow hes to bring the ouer this watter wan.'
That to declair the paddok this began.

'With my twa feit,' quod scho, 'lukkin and braid,
In steid of airis, I row the streme full still;
And thocht the brym be perrillous to waid,
Baith to and fra I row at my awin will.
I may not droun, for quhy my oppin gill
Deuoidis ay the watter I ressaif:

2810
Thairfoir to droun forsuith na dreid I haif.'

The mous beheld vnto hir fronsit face,
Hir runkillit cheikis, and hir lippis syde,
Hir hingand browis, and hir voce sa hace,
Hir logerand leggis, and hir harsky hyde.

Scho ran abak, and on the paddok cryde:
F. 72 a. 'Gif I can ony skill of phisnomy,
Thow hes sum part of falset and invy.

'For clerkis sayis the inclinatioum
Of mannis thocht procedids commounly
Efter the corporale complexioun
To guid or euill, as nature will apply:
Ane thrawin will, ane thrawin phisnomy.
The ald prouerb is witnes of this Lorum 1—
Bistortum bultum sequitur Visitortic morum.'
2825

CHARTERIS]

'Na,' quod the Taid, 'that Prouerb is not trew;
For fair thingis oftymis ar fundin faikyn.
The Blaberryis, thocht thay be sad of hew,
Ar gadderit vp quhen Primeros is forsakin.
The face may faill to be the hartis takin.
Thairfoir I find this Scripture in all place:
Thow suld not Iuge ane man efter his face.

'Thocht I vnhailsum be to luke ypon,

1 haif na cause quhy I suld lakkit be;

Wer I als fair as Iolie Absolon,

I am no causer of that greit beutie.

This difference in forme and qualitie

Almychtie God hes causit dame Nature

2830

To prent and set in euerlik creature.

'Of sum the face may be full flurischeand,
Of silkin toung and cheir rycht amorous,
With mynd Inconstant, fals, and warian[d],
Full of desait and menis Cautelous.'

'Let be thy preiching,' quod the hungrie Mous,
And be quhat '1 craft thow gar me vnderstand,
That thow wald gyde me to 30ne 30nder land.'

¶ 'Thow wait,' quod scho, 'ane bodie that hes neid
To help thame self suld mony wayis cast;
Thairfoir ga tak ane dowbill tuynit threid,
And bind thy leg to myne with knottis fast.
I sall the leir to swym—be not agast !—
Als weill as I.' 'as thow?' than quod the Mous,
'To preif that play it war richt perrillous.

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1 Orig, 'quhae,'

[HARLEIAN

'Na,' quod the taid, 'that prouerb is not trew; For fair thingis oftymes ar fundin faikin. The blaberyis, thocht thay be sad of hew, Ar gadderit vp quhen prymerois is forsaikin. The face may faill to be the hartis takin. Thairfoir I find this scriptour in all place: Thow suld not juge ane man efter his face.

2830

'Thocht I vnhailsum be to luik vpoun, I haif na caus quhy I suld lakkit be; Wer I als fair as iolie Absolon. I am no causer of that grit beutie. This difference in forme and qualitie Almichtie god hes causit dame nature

2835

'Of sum the face may be full flurischand, F. 72 b. Of silkin toung and cheir richt amorous, With mynd inconstant, fals, and variant,

To prent and set in euerie creature.

2840

Full of dissait and menis cautelous." 'Let be thy preiching,' quod the hungrie mous, And be quhat craft thow gar me vnderstand That thow wald gide me to sone sonder land.'

2845

'Thow wait,' quod scho, 'ane bodie that hes neid To help thame self suld mony wayis cast: Thairfoir ga tak ane doubill twynit threid, And bind thy leg to myne with knottis fast. I sall the leir to swym-be not agast !-Als weill as I.' 'as thow?' than quod the mous, 'To preif that play it war richt perrillous.

2850

CHARTERIS]

'Suld I be bund and fast quhar I am fre,
In hoip of help, than I schrew ws baith,
For I mycht lois baith lyfe and libertie.
Gif it wer swa, quha suld amend the skaith?
Bot gif thow sweir to me the murthour aith
But fraud or gyle, to bring me ouer this flude
But hurt or harme.' 'In Faith,' quod scho, 'I dude.'

Scho goikit vp, and to the hevin can cry:

'O Iuppiter, of Nature God and King,
I mak ane aith trewlie to the, that I
This lytill Mous sall ouer this watter bring.'
This aith wes maid; the Mous, but persauing
The fals Ingyne of this foull trappald ¹ Taid,
Tuke threid and band hir leg, as scho hir bad.

Then fute for fute thay lap baith in the brym;
Bot in thair myndis thay wer rycht different:
The Mous thocht of na thing bot for to swym,
The Paddok for to droun set hir Intent.
Quhen thay in midwart of the streme wer went,
With all hir force the Paddok preissit Doun,
And thocht the Mous without mercie to Droun.

2870

¶ Persauand this, the Mous on hir can cry: 'Tratour to God, and manesworne vnto me, Thow swore the murthour aith richt now, that I But hurt or harme suld ferryit be and fre;' And quhen scho saw thair wes bot do or de, With all hir mycht scho forcit hir to swym, And preissit ypon the Taiddis bak to Clym.

⁴ So Hart: but cf. pp. 213, 279.

[HARLEIAN

'Sould I be bund and fast quhair I am fre,
In hope of help, than I schrew ws baith,
For I micht lois baith lyfe and libertie.
Gif it war swa, quha suld amend the skaith?
Bot gif thow sweir to me the murthour aith
But fraude or gile, to bring me ouer this flude
But hurt or harme.' 'In faith,' quod scho, 'I dude.'

Scho golkit vp, and to the hevin can cry:

'O Iuppiter, of nature god and king,
I mak ane aith trewlie to the, that I
This litill mous sall ouer this watter bring.'
This aith wes maid; this mous, but presauing
Fr. 73 a. The fals ingyne of this foull carpand 1 pad,
Tulk threid and band hir leg, as scho hir bad.

Then fute for fute thay lap baith in the brym;

Bot in thair myndis thay war richt different:

The mous thocht of na thing bot for to swym,

The paddok for to droun set hir intent.

Quhen thay in midwart of the streme war went,

With all hir force the paddok preissit doun,

And thocht the mous without mercie to droun.

Persauand this, the mous on hir can cry:

'Tratour to god, and manesworne vnto me,
Thow swore the murthour aith richt now, that I
But hurt or harme suld ferryit be and fre;'
And quhen scho saw thair wes bot do or de,
With all hir micht scho forsit hir to swym,
And preissit vpoun the taiddis bak to clym.

CHARTERIS]

The dreid of deith hir strenthis gart Incres,
And forcit hir defend with mycht and mane.
The Mous vpwart, the Paddok doun can preis;
Quhyle to, quhyle fra, quhyle dowkit vp agane.
The sillie Mous, plungit in to greit pane,
Gan fecht als lang als breith wes in hir breist,
Till at the last scho cryit for ane Preist.

2880

Fechtand thusgait, the Gled sat on ane twist,
And to this wretchit battell tuke gude heid;
And with ane wisk, or ony of thame wist,
He claucht his cluik betuix thame in the threid;
Syne to the land he flew with thame gude speid,
Fane of that fang, pyipand with mony pew;
Syne lowsit thame, and baith but pietie slew.

Syne bowellit thame, that Boucheour with his bill,
And belliflaucht full fettillie thame flaid;
Bot all thair flesche wald scant be half ane fill,
And guttis als, vnto that gredie glaid.
Of thair debait thus quhen I hard outraid,
He tuke his flicht, and ouer the feildis flaw:
Gif this be trew, speir ge at thame that saw.

MORALITAS.

MY Brother, gif thow will tak aduertence
Be this Fabill, thow may persaue and se,
It passis far all kynd of Pestilence,
Ane wickit mynd with wordis fair and sle.
Be war thairfoir, with quhome thow fallowis the;
To the wer better beir the stane barrow,
For all thy dayis to delf quhill thow may dre,
Than to be machit with ane wickit marrow.

THARLEIAN

The dreid of deith hir strenthis gart incres,
And forcit hir defend with micht and mane.
The mous vpwart, the paddok doun can pres;
Quhile to, quhile fra, quhile doukit vp agane.
The selie mous, plungit in to grit pane,
Gan fecht als lang als breith war in hir breist,
Till at the last scho cryit for ane preist.

Fechtand thusgait, the gled sat on ane twist,
And to this wretchit battell tuik guid heid;

F. 73 b. And with ane wisk, or ony of thame wist,
He clawcht his cluik betuix thame in the threid;
Syne to the land he flew with thame guid speid,
Fane of that fang, pyipand with mony pew;
Syne lousit thame, and baith but pietic slew.

Syne bowelit thame, that boucheour with his bill,
And bellie flaucht full fettillie thame fled;
Bot all thair flesche wald scant be half ane fill,
And guttis als, vnto that gredie gled.
Of this debait thus quhen I hard outred,
He tuik his flicht, and ouer the feildis flaw:
Gif this be trew, speir ge at thame that saw.

Moralitas.

MDy brother, gif thow will tak aduertence
Be this fabill, thow may persaif and se,
It passis far all kinde of pestilence,
Ane wickit mynd with wordis fair and sle.
Bewar thairfoir, with quhome thow fallowis the;
To the war better beir the stane barrow,
For all thy dayis to delf quhill thow may dre,
Than to be matchit with ane wickit marrow.

CHARTERIS]

•	Ane fals Intent vnder ane fair presence	
	Hes causit mony Innocent for to de.	
	Greit folie is to gif ouer sone credence	2905
	To all that speikis fairlie vnto the.	
	Ane silkin toung, ane hart of crueltie,	
	Smytis more sore than ony schot of arrow.	
	Brother, gif thow be wyse, I rid the fle	
	To mache the with ane thrawart, fenzeit marrow.	2910
	I warne the als, it is greit negligence	
	To bind the fast quhar thow wes frank and fre;	
	Fra thow be bund, thow may mak na defence	
	To saif thy lyfe, nor 3it thy libertie.	
	This simpill counsal, brother, tak of me,	2915
	And it to cun perqueir se thow not tarrow,	
	Better but stryfe to leif allane in le	
	Than to be machit with ane wickit marrow.	
	This hald in mynde: rycht more I sall the tell	
	Quharby thir beistis may be figurate.	2920
	The Paddok, vsand in the flude to dwell,	
	Is mannis bodie, swymand air and lait	
	In to this warld, with cairis Implicate,	
	Now hie, now law, quhylis plungit vp, quhylis doun,	
	Ay in perrell, and reddie for to droun.	2925

2920

2030

HARLEIAN

Ane fals intent vnder ane fair pretence Hes causit mony innocent for to de. Grit folie is to gif ouer sone credence

F. 74 a. To all that speikis fairlie vnto the. Ane silkin toung, ane hart of crueltie,

Smytis more sore than ony schot of arrow. Brother, gif thow be wyse, I rid the fle

To matche the with ane thrawit, feingeit marrow.

I warne the als, it is grit negligence

To bind the fast quhair thow was frank and fre; Fra thow be bund, thow may mak na defence

To saif thy life, nor 3it thy libertie.

This simpill counsale, brother, tak of me, And it to cun 1 perqueir se thow not tarrow,

Better but stryfe allane to leif in le

Than to be matchit with ane wickit marrow.

This hald in mynde: richt moir I sall the tell Ouhairby thir beistis may be figurate. The paddok, vsand in the flude to duell,

Is mannis bodie, swymand air and lait In to this warld, with cairis implicate,

Now hie, now law, quhilis plungit vp, quhilis doun, Ay in perrell, and reddie for to droun.

Now dolorous, now blyith as bird on breir;

Now in fredome, now wappit 2 in distres; Now haill and sound, now deid and brocht on beir;

Now pure as Iob, now rowand in riches;

Now gownis gay, now bratis laid in pres; F. 74 b. Now full as fitche,8 now hungrie as ane hound;

Now on the quheill, now wrappit 4 to the ground, 2040

¹ MS. 'cum.' Cf. pp. 216, 281.

² Hart, 'wrapped.' Cf. p. 282.

³ Or 'ficche.' Cf. p. 282,

⁴ Cf. p. 282. Hart, 'wrapped.'

CHARTERIS]

This lytill Mous, heir knit thus be the schyn,
The Saull of man betakin may indeid;
Bundin, and fra the bodie may not wyn,
Quhill cruell deith cum brek of lyfe the threid;
The quhilk to droun suld euer stand in dreid,
Of Carnall lust be the Suggestioun
Ouhilk drawis ay the Saull, and druggis doun.

The Gled is Deith, that cummis suddandlie,
As dois ane theif, and cuttis sone the battall.
Be vigilant, thairfoir, and ay reddie,
For mannis lyfe is brukill, and ay mortall:
My freind, thairfoir, mak the ane strang Castell
Of Faith in Christ; for deith will the assay,
Thow wait not quhen—euin, morrow, or midday.

Adew, my freind; and gif that ony speiris
Of this Fabill sa schortlie I conclude,
Say thow, I left the Laif vnto the freiris,
To mak exempill and ane similitude.
Now Christ for vs that deit on the Rude,
Of Saull and lyfe as thow art Saluiour,
Grant vs to pas in till ane blissit hour.

FINIS.

[HARLEIAN

This litill mous, heir knit thus be the schin,
The saule of man betakin may indeid;
Bundin, and fra the bodie may not win,
Quhill cruell deith cum brek of life the threid;
The quhilk to droun suld euer stand in dreid,
Of carnale lust be the suggestioun
Quhilk drawis ay the saule, and druggis doun.

The watter is the warld, ay welterand
With mony wall of trubulatioun,
In quhilk the saule and bodie wer steirand,
Standand richt different in thair opinioun;
The saule vpwart, the bodie precis doun:
The saule richt fane wald be brocht ouer, I wis,
Out of this warld in to the heuiznis blis.\(^1\)

The gled is deith, that cummis suddandlie,
As dois ane theif, and cuttis sone the battell.
Be vigilant, thairfoir, and ay reddie,
For mannis lyfe is brukill, and ay mortale:
My freind, thairfoir, mak the ane strang castell
Of faith in christ; for deith will the assay,
Thow wait not quhen—euin, morrow, or midday.

Adew, my freind; and gif that ony speiris
F. 75 a. Of this fabill sa schortlie I conclude,
Say thow, I left the laif vnto the freiris,
To mak exempill and ane similitude.
Now christ for ws that deit on the rude,
Of saule and lyfe as thow art saluiour,
Grant ws to pas in till ane blissit hour.

ffinis.

¹ Cf. p. 282, ll. 179-185.







[PROLOGUE.]

F. 26. THOWCHT fengeit fables of auld poetry
be nocht al groundit vpone trewth, git þan
þar polit termyß of sueit rethory
ar rycht plesand one to þe eyr of man;
and alß þe cauß quhy þai ferst begane
was to repreif þe of þi myslewyng,
of man be figowr of ane oþer thing.

In lik maner as throw a bustewouß erd,
so it be laborit with grit diligens,
spryngyß þe flowris & þe come on brerd,
hailsum & gud to mannis sustunens,
so spryngiß þar a moral sueit sentens
out of þe sutell dyt of poetry,
to gud purpoß, quha cowth it weil apply.

The nuties schell, thoest it be hard & thewch,
haldis þe kyrnal sueit & delectabill:
so lyiß þar a doctryne wiß anewch,¹
and ful of fruyt, wiþin a fenseit fabill.
and clerkiß sayiß, it is rycht profitabill
amang ernyst to myng a mery sport,
to blyth þe spreit, and gar þe tyme be schort.

MAKCULLOCH]

For as a bow þat ay is bent worthis wnsmert & dullis on þe stryng, so dois þe mynd þat ay is diligent in emystful thowchttis, & in studying : with sad materis sum meryneß to myng accordis weil, þis esop said, I wyß, 'dulcius arrident seria picta iocyß.'

25

Off bis poete, my masteris, with your leif, submyttyng me to your correctione, in moder thowng of latyne I walld preif to mak a maner of translatiowne; nocht of my self, for wayne presumptioune, bot be request & precep of ane lord, of quhome he name it nedis nocht record.

30

In hamly langage & in termeß ruyd me nedis wryt, for quhy of eloquers nor rethory neuir I wnderstuyd: parfoir meikly I pray 30ur reuerens, gyf 3e fend owcht þat throw my necligens be dymynut, or 3it superfluus, correk it at 30ur willis gracius.

40

My auctowr in his fabill tellis quhow hat brutell bestis spak, & wnderstuyd, and to gud purpoß disput, & argow, a sylogysme propone, & eik conclud; puttyng exempill & similitud quhow mony men in operatiowne ar lik to bestis in conditiowne.

45

MAKCULLOCH

No merwell is a man be lik a best. quhilk leiffis ay carnal foul delyt; bat schavme can nocht derenze & arrest, bot takis al be lust & appetyt, quhilk, throw custum & be dayly ryt, syne in be mynd is sa fast radicat bat he in brutal best is transformat.

This nobil clerk esop, as I haf tald, In gay meteyr & in facund purpurat, be figow[r] wryt his buk, for he no wald 1 tak be disdevne of he nor law estat. and to begyne, fyrst of a cok he wrat, sekand his meit, quhilk fand a ioly stone, of quhom be fabil 3e sal heir anone.

[THE COCK AND THE JEWEL.]2

A cok, sum tyme, with fetherem frech & gay, rycht cant & crows, albeit he wes bot pure, fl[e]w furth apone a doung hill son be day; to get his dyner set weß al his cure: scrapand amang be ass, be aduenture he fand a joly jasp, rycht precius, weß cassyn out in swopyng of be houß.

As damycellis wantone & insolent, bat's fayne wald play, & on be streit be sene, to swoppyng of be houst bai tak no tent, tak no tent so at be fluyr be clene; Iowellis ar tynt, as oftymyß as bene sene, apone be fluyr, & swoppyt furth anoneperauenture, so weß be sammyne stone.

1 Cf. pp. 6, 7. ² No gap in the MS. 3 MS. ' bai.' VOL. II.

MAKCULLOCH

So merwelland apone be stone, quod he, 'o gentill iasp! o rich & nobill thing! thowch I be fynd, bow ganyß nocht for me; bow art a iowell for a lord or king, it wer pete bow suld in bis myddyng be beriit bus amang bis muk & mold, and bow so fair, & worth so mekill gold.

80

'It is pete I suld be fynd, for quhy bi grit vertu, nor sit bi colowr cleyr, it may naber extoll no sit magwify; and bow to me ma mak bot litil cheir. F. 3 a. til grit lordiß thocht bow be haldyne deyr, I luf far better thing of leß awalle,

as draff, or corne, to fill my town intrall.

'I had leuer go schraip heir with my naillis amang þis moll, & luk my liffis fud, as draff, or corne, smal wormyß, or snallis, or ony meit wald do my stomok gud, þaπ of iaspis a mekill multitud: and þøw agane, apone þe samyne wyß, may me as now for þin awall dispice.

'Thow haß na corne, & þar of I had neid; pi cowlowr doyß bot confort to þe sycht, & þat is nocht an[e]wch my wame to feid; for wyffis sayis þar lukand werk is lycht. I wald sum meit haf, get it gif I mycht, for hungry men ma nocht weil leif on lukiß: had I dry breid, I cownt nocht of na cukiß.

100

105

MAKCULLOCH

'Quhar suld þow mak þhyn habitatiown? quhar suld þow duel, bot in a ryal towr? quhar suld þow set, bot in a kyngir crown, exault in wyrschip & [in] 1 grit honowr? ryß, gextill iasp, of al stanis þe flowr, out of þis fenc, & paß quhar þow suld be; þow ganyh nocht for [me], na I for þe.'

Leiffand þis iowell law apone þe grovnd,
to seik his meit þis cok his wayis went;
bot quhen, or quhow, or quhome by it weß fownd,

11
as now I set to hald no argument:
bot of þe inwart sentens & intent
of þis fabill, as myne autor dois vryt,
I sal reherß in rud & hamele dyt.

MORALITAS.2

This Iowell iasp heß properteys sewyne:
the fyrst, of colowr it is merwaluß,
pairt lik þe fyir, & pairt is lik þe hewyne:
and makiß a man stark & victoryuß;
preßerwiß alß fra casis perellus:
quha haß þis stane sal haf gud hoip to speid,
of fyr & noi sal hyme neidß nocht to dreid.

this gentill Iasp, rycht deferent of hewe,
betaknyß perfyt prudens & cumnyng,
ornat with mony deidis of vertu,
more exelland þan s ony erdly thing,
quhilk makiß man in honowr ay to ryng,
happy, & stark to hef þe victory
of al wicis & spirituall innemy.

¹ Cf. pp. 10, 11.

² In the MS. this heading introduces the next stanza. See pp. 10, 11, and p. 274.

MAKCULLOCH]

quha ma be harddy, rych, & graciowß?
quha can eschew perell & adventure?
quha can gouverne a realme, cite, or howß
without sciens? no thing, I yow assure.
it is rycheß þat euir sall enduir,
quhilk moith, na moist, na oþir rowst [sall] fret:
to mannis saul it is etzmall meit.

140

þis cok, disyryng mare þe sampill corne þan ony ia[s]p, may till a fuyll be peir, quhlik at sciens makis bot a mok & scorne, and na gud can; & alís litill will leir; his hart walwmlys wyß argumentis to heir, as dois a sow, to quhome men for þe nonyß In hir draff trowch wald saw þe præcius stonyß.

145

Quha is innemy to sciens & cunnyng bot ignorantis pat wnderstandis nocht? quhilk is so nobill, precius, & so dyng, pat it may with na erdly gud be bocht. weill war pat man our al opir, pat mocht al his lifdayis in perfyt study wayr to get sciens; for hyme nedit no mare.

150

Bot now, allace, þis iasp is tynt & hid: we seik nocht, no preß it nocht to fynd. haif we rycheß, no bettir þif we byd, of sciens thocht þe saul be bair & blynd. of þis mater to speik it wair bot wynd; þarfoir I cets, and wil na forther say: ga seik þe iasp quha wil, for þar it lay.

155

160





[THE SWALLOW & OTHIR BIRDIS.]1

THE he prudence, and wirking mervellus,
The profound wit of god omnipotent
Is so perfyt and so ingeing,
Excelland fer all manis argument;
For quhy till him all thing is present,
Rycht as it is, or ony tyme salbe,
Befoir be sicht of his devinite.

Thairfore our saull with sensualitie

So fettrit is in presoun corporale,

We may nocht cleirlye vndirstand nor see
God as he is, a thing celestiale 2:

Oure mirk and deidlye corß materiale 2

Blindis þe spirituall operatioun,

Lyke as man war bundin in presoun.

In metaphisik aristotle sayis

That manis saule is lyke ane bakkis ee,
Quhilk lurkis still as lang as lycht of day is,
And in þe gloming cumis furth to flee;
Hir eine ar waik, þe sun scho may nocht see:
So is oure saule whh phantesye opprest,
To knaw the thingis in nature manifest.

¹ The title is in a later hand. This fable begins the 'fyift pairt' of Bannatyne's MS., 'contenyng the fabilis of Esop with diuer@ vpir fabilis and poetical workis maid & Compyld be diuers lernit men 1568.'

² Cf. pp. 120, 121.

For god is in his power infinyte,
And marnis saule is febill and owir small,
Off vndirstanding waik and vnperfyte,
To comprehend him hat contenis all.
Non suld presume, be reasoun naturale,
To serche he secretis of he trinetie,
Bot trow fermlie, and lat dirk ressounis be.

3it nevirpeles we may hawe knawlegeing
Off god almychtie be his creatouris,
That he is guid, fair, wyiß, and bening;
Exemple takis be thir Iolye flouris,
Rycht sweit off smell and plesand of colouris,
Sum grene, sum blew, sum purpure, quhyte, and ride,
Thus distribute be 2 gift of his godheid.

The firmament paintit with starris cleir,
Fra eist to west rolland in circill round,
And everye planete in his propir sphere,
In moving makand armonye and sound;
The fyre, be air, be watter, and be ground—
40
Till vnderstand it is anuch, I wiß,
That god in all his warkis wittie is.

Luik we the fische þat sowmis in þe se;
Luik we in erd all kynd of bestiall;
The foulis fair, so forcelye thay flee,
Scheddand þe air with pexnis grite and small;
Syne luik to man, quhilk god maid last of all,
Lyke till his ymage and his similitude:
Be thir we knaw þat god is fair and guid.

¹ MS. 'vnperfyse.' ² MS. 'be.'

60

BANNATYNE

- F. 299.6. All creatouris he maid For the behuiffe

 Off man, and till his suppertatioun

 Into þis erd, baith vnder and abowe,

 In nowmer, wecht, and dew proportioun;

 The differens off tyme, and ilk seasoun,

 Concordand to oure oportunitie,

 As daylie be experiens we do see.
 - The somer with his Iolye mantill grene,
 With flouris fair furrit on everye fent,
 Quhilk Flora goddes, of everye flouris quene,
 Hes to hat lord as for his seasoun lent,
 And phebus with [his 1] gowdin beames gent
 Hes purfillit and paintit plesandlie,
 With heat and mosture stilland fra he skye.
 - Syne herwest hait, quhen seres hat goddes
 Hir barnis benit hes with abundance;
 65
 And bachchus, god of wyne, renewit hes
 Hir louid¹ pypes in Italie and france,
 With wynis wicht, and liccour of pleasaince;
 And copia temperis to fill hir horne,
 That nevir wes full of quhite nor vhir come.
 - Syne winter wan, quhen austerne Eolus,
 God off 'pe wind, with blastis boriall,
 The grene garmont of symmer glorious
 Hes all to rent and revin in peicis small;
 Than flouris fair faidit with frost moist fall,
 And birdis blyith changeis pair notis sweit
 Intill murning, neir slane with snaw and sleit.

¹ Cf. pp. 124, 125.

Thir dailis deip with dubbis drownit is,
Baith hill and holt heilit with frostis hair;
And bewis bene ar bethit, bair of bliß,
Be wikkit windis of þe wintare wair.
All wyild beistis than fra þe bentis bair
Drawis for dreid vnto þair dennis deip,
Couchand for cauld in cowis þame to keip.

Syne cumis wer, quhen wintare is away,

The secretare of somer with his seill,

Quhen columbie vp kikis throw be clay,

Quhilk fleit was before with frostis feill.

The mavish and be merle beginnis to meale;

The lark on loft, with vpir birdis smale,

Than drawis furth fra dame, on down and daile.

THAT samin seasoun, into a soft morning,
Rycht blyith hai bitter blastis wer ago,
Wnto he wod, to see he flouris spring,
And heir he mawish sing and birdis mo,
I passit furth, syne luikit to and Fro,
To se the suyll hat was richt seasonable,
Sappie, and to ressawe all seidis hable.

Movand thus gait, grit mirth I tuik in mynde,

Off lawboraris to see þe besynace,

1 F. 301 a. Sum makand dike, and sum þe pleuch can wynd,

Sum sawand sedis fast fra place to place,

The harrowis hoppand in the sawaris trace:

It was grite Ioy to him þat lufit corne,

To se thame laboure sa at evin and morne.

¹ Folios 300 and 301 have been transposed (probably in the rebinding of the MS.).

And as I baid vnder a bank full bene,
In hert gritlie reiosit of þat sicht,
Vnto a hege, vnder a hawthorne grene,
Off small birdis þair come a ferlye flicht,
And doun belyve can on þe levis lycht,
On everye syde about me quhair I stude,
Rycht meruelous, a mekle multitude.

Amang the quhilk a sualow loud coûd cry,
On that hawthorne heich in þe crop sittand,
'O 3e birdis on bewis here me by,
3e sall wele knaw, and wyisly vndirstand,
'
Quhair danger is and perrell appeirard;
It is grite wißdome to prowyde before,
It to deuoid, or drede it hurt 3ow more.'

'Schir Suallow,' quod þe lark agane, and leuch,
'Quhat hawe 5e sene þat causis 30w to drede?
'Se 5e 30m churll,' quod scho, 'be3ond 30me pleuch,
Fast sawand hemp—lo, se!—and lynget sede?
30me lynt will grow in lytill tyme of¹ dede,
And thairof will 30me churll his nettis mak,
Vnder þe quhilk he thinkis ws to tak.

'Thairfore I rede pas we quhen he is gone,
At evin, and with our nailis scharp and small,
Out of pe erd schraip we 3one sede anone,
And ete it wp; for, gif it growis, we sall
Haue cauß to weip here eftir ane and all:
Se we remede pairfore furth with instante,
"Nam leuius ledit quicquid prouidimus ante."

¹ See pp. 128, 129.

'For clerkis sayis it is [nocht¹] sufficient
To considder þat is befoir þine ee;
Bot prudence is ane inward argument,
That garris a man prowyde befoir and see
Quhat guid, quhat evill is likly for to be
Off everye thingis at þe Finall end,
And se fro pørtell ethar¹ him defend.'

The lark, lauchand, the suallow thus coud scorne,
And said, 'scho fischit lang befoir þe nett;
The barne is eith to busk þat is vnborne;
All growis nocht þat in þe ground is sett;
The nek to stoup, quhen it þe strake sall get,
Is sone eneuch; dede on þe feyest fall.—
Thus scornit thay be suallow ane and all.

Despising thus hir hailsum document,
The foulis ferßlye ¹ tuke þair flicht anone;
Sum with a bir þaj braidit our þe bent,
And sum agane ar to þe grene wod gone.
Vpoun þe land, quhair I wes left allone,
I tuke my club, and hamewart coud I carye,
So ferlyand, as I had sene a farye.

F. 30r A. We furth passit quhill Iune, that Iolye tyde,
And sedis þat war sawin of beforne
War growin heich, þat hairis mycht þame hyde,
And als þe qualþe crakand in þe corne;
I movit furth, betwene midday and morne,
Vnto þe hege, vnder þe hawthorne grene,
Ouhair I befoir þe said birdis had sene.

¹ See pp. 130, 131.

And as I stude, be aventure and cais,
The samin birdis as I haif said 30w air,
I hoip becaus it was pair hanting place,
Mair of succour or 3it mair solitare,
Thay lychtit doun; and, quhen paj lychtit ware,
The suallow suyft put furth a piteouß pyme,¹
Said, 'wois him can nocht be war in tyme!

O blind birdis I and full of negligence,

Vnmyndfull of 30ur prosperitie,

Cast vp 30ur sycht and tak guid aduertence,

Luik to be lynt þat growis on 30nd lye;

30ne is the thing I bad furthwith þat we,

Quhill it was seid, had tane it out of þe erd;

Now it is lynt, now is it heych on breird.

'Go şit, quhill it is tendir, 30ung and small,
And pull it vp; lett it no moir increß;
My flesch growis, my bodye quakis all,
Thinkand on it I may nocht sleip in peß.'
Thaj cryit all and baid þe suallow ceiß,
And said, '30ne lint heireftir will do guid,
For lingett is a lytill birdis fuid.

'We think, quhen that 3 one lint bowis ar rype,
To mak ws feyst, and fill ws of þe seid,
Mawgre 3 one churil, and on it sing and pype.'
'Weill,' quod þe suallow, 'freindis hardlye beit;
Do as 3 e will, bot certane sair I dreid,
Heireftir 3e sall find als soure as sweit,

1 MS. 'pryme.'

quhen 3e ar speldit on 3one cairlis speit.

"The awnare off 3 one lint ane fowlare is,
Rycht cawtelous and Full off subteltye;
His pray Full seindill tymes will he miß,
Bot giff we birdis all þe warrare be;
Full monye of our kin he [hes ³] gart dee,
And thocht it bot ane sport till spill þair blude:
God keip me fra him, and þe hellie rude.'

Thir small birdis haifand bot litill thocht
Off perrell þat mycht Fall be aventoure,
The counsale of þe suallow sett at nocht,
Bot tuik þair flicht and on togidder fure;
Sum to þe wod, sum markit to þe mure.
I tuik my stalf, quhen this was said and done,
And walkit hame, quhill it drew neir hand none.

This lint rypit, be carll pullit be lyne,
ripplit be bowis, and in beitis sett,

It steipit in be burne, and dryit syne,
And with a bittill knokit it and bett,
Syne scutchit it weill, and heelit it in be flett;
F. 3004. His wylfe it span, and twane it into Freid,
Off quhilk be Foular nettis war maid indeid.

The wintare cam, the wickit wind can blaw,
The woddis grene war wallowit with je weit,
Bayth Firth and Fell with frostis war maid Faw,
Slonkis and slak maid slidderie with je sleit;
The foulis fair For fall paj fell off feit;
Quhen bewis bair, it was na bute to byde,
Bot hyit on in housß þame to hyde.

¹ Cf. pp. 134, 135.

Sum in he berne, sum in he stak of corne The budgeing tuke and maid thair residence; The fowlare saw and grit athis hes he sworne Thaj suld be tane trewlie for hair expence. His nettis he hes sett with diligence, And in he snaw he schulit hes a plane, And healit it all 1 ower with calf agane.	220
Thir small birdis seand be calf was gled; Trowand it had bene corne, þaj lychtit doun; Bot of þe nettis na presume þaj had,	225
Nor of þe fowlaris falß intentioun; To schraip and seik þair meit þaj maid þame boun. The suallow into a branche litill by, ² Dredand for gyle, thus loud on þame coud cry:	230
'Into þis caffe scraip quhill ⁸ 30mr nailis bleid, Thair is na corne, 3e laubour all in vaine ⁴ ; Trow 3e 3one churll for pietie will 3ow feid? Na, na, he hes it lyit heir for a traine; Remowe, I ride 30w, or ellis 3e wilbe slaine; His nettis he hes sett Full priuelie, Reddie to draw; in tyme be war For thye.'	235
Grite Full is he hat puttis in danger His lyfe, his honour, For a thing of nocht; grite fule is he hat will nocht glaidlie heir Counsale in tyme, quhill it availl him mocht; Grite Fule is he hat na thing hes in thocht	240
Bot thing present, and eftir quhat may fall, Nor off be end hes na memoriall.	245

¹ MS. 'at.' Cf. pp. 136, 137.
² Cf. pp. 136, 137.
³ MS. 'will.' Cf. pp. 136, 137.
⁴ MS. 'invaine.'

Thir small birdis, For hungar famist neir, Full bissie scraipand for to seik þair fude, The counsale of þe suallow wald nocht heir, Suppoiß þair laubour did þame litill guid. Quhen scho þair Fulisch hertis vnderstude, So indurate, vp in a tree scho flew; With þat þe churll owir þame his nettis drew.

250

Alace! It was rycht grite hertis sair to see
That bludye bouchure beit þaj birdis doun,
And for to heir, quhen þaj wist weill to dee,
Thair c[a]irfull sang and lamentatioun:
Sum with ane staffe he straik to erd in s[w]oun,
Sum offe þe heid, off sum he brak þe craig,
Sum half on lywe he stappti in his bag.

255

And quhen þe suallow saw þat þaj war deid, 'Lo!' quod scho, 'thus it happinnis oftin syiß Off þame þat will nooft tak counsale nor reid Off prudent men or clerkis þat ar wyiß; This grit perrell I tauld þame mair than thryiß; 260

This grit perrell I tauld pame mair than thryiß;

F. 3006. Now ar þaj deid, and wo is ¹ me þairfore!'

Scho tuik hir flych4.² bot hir I saw no moir.

26

[MORALITAS.]

Lo, worthie folk, esope, þat nobill clerk, Ane poete wirthie to be lawreate, Quhew he waikit fra moir autærtik work, With vther mo, þis foirsaid faibill wrate, Quhilk at þis tyme may weilbe applicate To guid morale edificatioun, Hawand ane sentence cordand to reasoun.

270

1 MS. 'wois.'

2 MS. 'flych.'

This carll and bond of gentrice [s]poliate,¹
Sawand þis caff, þir small birdis to slay,

275
It is þe feind, quhrlik fra þe angellis state
Exylit is, as fals apostita:

Quhilk day and nycht nevir werye to ga
Sawand poysoun and monye wickit thocht
In marmis saule, quhrlik christ full deir hes bocht.

And quhen þe saull, as seid dois in þe erd,
Giffis consent in delectatioun,
The wickit thocht than begynnis to breird
In deidlye syn, quħilk is dampnatioun;
Reasoun is blindit with affectioun,
And carnall lust growis full grene and gay,
Throw conswetude hantit fra day to day.

Proceding Furth be vse and consuetude,
Syn rypis, and schame is sett on syde;
The feind plettis his nettis stark and rude,
And vnder pleasaunce priuelye dois hyde;
Syne on he feild he sawis calf full wyde,
Quhilk is bot tome and verrye vanitie
Off fleschlye lust and vaine prospertite.

Thir hungrie birdis wretchis we may call,

Ay scraipand in þis wardlis vaine plesaunce,

Gredye to gadder guidis temporall,

Quhilk as þe caff ar tome without substaunce,

Litill of vaill, and full of variance,

Lyke to þe mow befoir þe face of wind

Wiskis away and makis wretchis blind.

¹ Cf. pp. 140, 141.

This 1 suallow, quhilk escapit thus be snair,
The halye precheour weill may signifie,
Exortand men to walk and ay be war
Fra nettis of our wickit ennemye,
Quhilk slepis nocht, bot evir is reddye,
Quhen wretchis in bis warldis wrak do scraip,
To draw his nett, that baj may nocht eschaip.

Alace! quhat cair, quhat weping is and wo,
Quhen saull and bodye pairiti at in twane;
The bodye to be wirmis kitching go,
The saull to fyre and evirlasting paine:
Quhat helpis than this caffe and guidis vaine,
Quhen thow art put in luciferis bag,
And brocht to hell, and hangit be be craig?

F. 302 a. Thir hide nettis For to persawe and see,

This sorye caffe wyislye to vnderstand,
Best is be war in maist prosperitie,
For in þis warld þair is no thing lestand;
Is na mar waitt quhow larg his stait will stand,
His lyfe will lest, nor how þat he sall end
eftir his deid, nor quhidder he sall wend.

Pray we thairfore, quhill we ar iz pis lyffe, For foure thingis: pe first, Fra syn remowe; The secund is to seifs all weir and styfe; The thrid is perfyte cheritye and lowe; The ferd thing is, and maist for our behowe, That is in blifs with angellis to be fallow. And thus endis pe preching of pe Suallow.

Finis.

THE FOX & THE COCK.1

F. 310 Å. THOUCHT brutale bestis be Irrationale,
That is to say, lakking discretioun,
3it ilk ane in thair kyndis naturale
Hes monye diuerß inclinatioun;
The bair bustouß, the wolf, þe wyld lyozn,
The fox fenjeit, craftye and cautelouß,
The dog to berk in nycht and keip the houß.

So different thay bene in propirties,
Vnknawin vnto man, and infynite,
In kynd haifand so fele diuersiteis,
My connyng it excedis for to dyte;
Forthy as now my purpois is to wryte
A caß I fand, quhilk fell this hinder 3ere,
Betuix a fox and gentill chanteclere.

A wedow duelt intill a drope thaj daiß,

Quhilk wan hir fude with spynning on hir rok;

And no moir guidis, as þe fable sais,

Except of hennis scho had a ioly flok;

F. 311.0. And thame to kepe scho had a ioly cok,

Rycht curageouß, vnto þis wedow ay

Deuidand nycht, crawand befoir þe day.

¹ Title in the margin in a later hand.

A lytill fra þat foirsaid wedois houß, A thorny schaw þair was of grit defence, Quhairin a fox, craftye and cawtelouß, Maid his repair and daylie residence: Quhilk to this wedow did grete violence, In piking of hir pultry day and nycht, And be no mene reuengit on him scho mycht.

25

This wily tod, quhen þat þe lark coud sing. Full sare hungrye vnto þe toun him drest, Quhair chanteclere into þe gray dawing, Wery of nycht, was flowin fra his nest. Lourence this saw, and in his mynd he kest The Iuperteis, the wayis, and þe wile, Be quhat menis he mycht þis cok begile.

30

Dissimuland thus in countenance and chere, On knees fell, and smyland thus he said: 'Gude morne, my maister, gentill chanteclere!' With pat he cok stert bakward in a braid: 'Schir, be my saull, se neid nookt be affraid, Nor jit for me to drede, nor flee abak; I come bot here yow service for to mak.

40

'Wald I nocht serve 30w, schir, I wer to blame, As I hawe done to 30ure progenitouris: 30ur fader oft fulfillit hes my wame, And send me mete fra middingis to þe muris; At his ending I did my besy curis To hald his hede and gife him drinkis warme; Syne at þe last, that suete suelt in my arme.'

45

'Knew thow my fader?' quod be cok, and leuch.
'3a, my fair sone, forsuth I held his hede,
quhen þat he swelt vnder a birkyn beuch;
Syne said þe dirige, quhen þat he was dede.
Betuix ws twa how suld þair be a fede?
quhom suld 3e trest bot me, 3our seruitour,
quhīlk to 3our fader did sa grite honour?

'Quhen I behald 30ur fetheris fair and gent,
30ure breste, 30ur beke, 30ur hekill, and 30ur came,
Schir, be my saule, ¹ that blissit sacrament,
My hert warmys; me think, I am at hame;
30w for to serve I wald crepe on my wame,
In frost and snaw, in wederis wan and wete,
And law my lvart lokkis voder 30ur fete.'

This feynit fox, falß and dissimulate,
Maid to þe cok a cauillatioun:
'Me think 3ow changit and degenerate
Fra 3our fader and his conditioun;
Off crafty crawing he mycht bere þe croun,
For he wald on his tais stand and crawe;
This is no lee; I stude besyde and sawe.'
7

Kest vp his beke, and sang with all his myth.

Quod lourence than, 'now, schir, sa mot I thee,
3e ar your faderis sone and air vp rytht;
F.3116. Bot sit 3e want of his curnyng [a] slicht.'
'Quhat?' quod be cok:—'he wald, and haif na dout,
Bayth wink and craw and turne him thryis about.'

With bat be cok, vpoun his tais hee,

¹ See pp. 34, 35.

Thus inflate with be wind of fals vaine gloir,

Quhilk puttis monye to confusioun,

Trestand to wir a grit worschip hairfore,

Now warlye winkand, walkit vp and doun,

And syne to chant and craw he maid him boun.

And suddanlie, or he had sung ane note,

The fox was war and hynt him be be throte.

Syne to be schaw but tarye with him hyit,

Off countermaund haifand bot lytill dout.

With hat sprowtok, partlot, and coppok cryit;

The wedow hard, and with a cry come out.

Seand be caiß, scho said and gaif a schout:

'How, marthour, replock!' with a hiddeous beir,

As scho war wod, with monye zell and cry,
Ryvand hir hair, vpoun hir breist can bete,
Syne paill of hew, half in ane extasye,
Fel doun s for cair in swoning and in swete.

95
With pat be sillye hennis left pair mete,
And quhill pis wyfe was lyand thus in swoun,
Fell of pat caiß in disputatioun.

'Alace! hawe I now lost guid chanteclere!'

'Alace!' quod partlot, makand sair murning,
With teiris grete attour hir chekis Fell,
'3one was our drourye, and our day darling,
Oure nychtingale, and our horlage bell,
Oure walcryif weche, ws for to warne and tell,
quhen þat aurora, with hir curchis gray,
put vp hir hede betuix þe nycht and day.4

¹ MS. 'coppok.' Cf. p. 247, l. 123, and pp. 36, 37.

² Cf. pp. 36, 37.

³ MS. 'Feldoun.' ⁴ MS. 'and be day.'

'Ouha sall oure lemmane be? quha sall ws leid? Ouhen we ar sad, quha sall vnto ws sing? With his sweit bill he wald brek ws be breid: In all bis warld was bair na kyndar thing; In paramouris he wald do ws plesing At his power, as nature list him gyffe; Now eftir him, alace, how sall we lywe?'

Than sprowtok spak: 'seiß sister of 30ur sorrow, 3e be to made for him; sic murning mais; We sall fair weill; I find, sanct Iohne to borrow, The proverb 1 sayis, "as guid luif cumis as gaiß": I will put on my hellye dayis clais, And mak me fresch aganis bis iolve may, Syne chant bis sang, "was nevir wedow so gay!"

'He was angrye and held ws in grete aw, And woundit with be speir of ielosye; Off chaumer glew, partlot, how weill ze knaw, Waistit he was, of nature cald and drye. Sen he is gone, bairfore, sister, say I, Be blvith in bale, for bat is best remeid: Lat quik to quik, and deid go to the deid.'

Thus sprowtok,2 bat feynzeit fayth befoir, In luste but luif þat sett all hir delyte,2 'Syster, 3e watte, of sic as him a scoir May nocht 3 suffise to slak 30ur appetyte. I hecht zow be my hand, sen ze ar quyte, Within a wolk, for schame and I durst speik, To gett a berne could better claw 30ur breke.' 4

¹ MS, 'proverd,' ² Cf. pp. 40, 41. 3 MS. 'May it nocht.' Cf. pp. 40, 41. 4 MS. 'beke.' See pp. 40, 41.

F. 312a. Than coppok lyke a curate spak full crouß: '3one was ane verrye weangeance fra þe hevin;" He was sa loweouß and so licherouß; Seiß coud he nocht with sissokkis¹ mo than sevin; Bot rychtuous god, haldand þe ballandis² evin, Smytis full soir, thocht he be patient, Adulteraris þat list þame nocht repent.	135
'Prydefull he was, and ioyit of his syn, And comptit nowhir of goddis falvour nor feid, Bot traistit ay to rax and sa furth rin, Till at he last his synnis could him leid	
To schamefull end, and to 3 one suddane deid; Thairfore I wait it was be hand of god That causit him be wirreit with be tod.'	145
Quhen þis was said, þe wedow fra hir swoun Stert vp in haist, and on hir kennattis cryid,	
'How! birkye, burrye, bell, balsye broun, Rypeschaw, ryn weill, courteß, cutt, and clyid, Togidder all but gruncheing furth 3e glyid! Reskew my nobill cok, or he be slane, Or ellis to me se 3e cum nevir agane.'	150
With pat, but bade, [pay] breddit our pe bent; As fyre of flynt pay a our pe feildis flaw, Wichtlye, I wiß, throw woddis and watteris went, And seissit nocht ßir lourence till thay saw. Bot ouhen he saw be raches cum on raw.	155
Vnto be cok he said in mynde, 'god then' Sen' I and thow wer liftit in my den.'	160
¹ Enclosed thus in MS. sissokis . See pp. 40, 41. ² MS. 'ballaneis.' ³ Cf. pp. 40, 41. ⁴ MS. 'pat.' ⁵ See pp. 42, 43.	

Than spak be cok, with sum guid spreit inspyrit,	
'Do my counsale, and I sall warrand the;	
Hungrie thow art, and for grit travell tyrit,	
Rycht fant of force and may nocht forder flee:	165
Swyith turne agane, and say, þat I and 3e	
Freindis ar maid and fallowis for a zeir;	
Than will þaj stynt, I stand for it, and nocht steir.'	

This fox, thocht he was fals and friuelouß,	
And hes fraudis his quarrellis to defend,	170
Dissauit was throw mynis marvellous;	
For falsheid failzeis at þe latter end.	
He turnit about and cryit as he was kend;	
With pat be cok brade vnto a buche.	
Now reid 3e sall quhair at thir lowrence luche.	175

Begylit thus, be tod vnder a tree
On knees fell, and said, 'gude chanteclere,
Cum doun agane, and I, but mete or fee,
Salbe 30ur man and servand for ane 3eir.'
'Nay, murther theif and rivere, stand on reir;
180
My bludye hekkill and my nek so bla
Hes pairtit lowe for evir betwene ws twa.

^{&#}x27;I was vnwyis þat winkit at thy will,
Quhairthrow allmaist I lossit had my heid.'
'I was moir full,' quod he, 'coud nocht be still,
But spake to put my pray vnto pleid.'
'Fair on, fals theif, god keip me fra thy feid!'
With þat þe coke our feildis tuke þe flicht;
In at þe wedowis lewar coud he licht.

3.5		

Now, worthy folk, suppois this be a fable, F. 312 b. 190 And ourhelit with typis figurall, 3it may 3e find a sentence rycht greabill, Vnder be fenzeit termys textuall. Till oure purpois bis cok wele may we call A nyce proud man, void and vaneglorious PRYD. Off kyn or gude, quhilk is presumptuouß. Fy! pompouß pryd, thow art rycht poysonable, Quha fauouris the of force man haue a fall. Thy strenth is nocht, thy stule standis vnstable. Tak witneß of be feindis infernall, 200 Quhilk huntit war doun fro be hevinly [h]all To hellis hole, and to þat hidous houß, Becaus of prvde baj war presumptuouß.

This feynit fox may wele be figurate
To flatteraris with plesand wirdis quhite,
With fals menyng and mouth mellifluate,
To loife and lee quirilk settis pair delyte.
All worthy folk at sic suld hafe dispyte;
For quhair is moir perilouß pestilence
Than giff to liaris haistelye credence?

FLATTERY.

This wikkit wind of adulatioun,
Off swete socour haifand a similitude,
Bittir of gall and full of fell poysoun,
Quha tastis it and clerelye vnderstude.
Forthy as now schortly for to conclude,
Thir twa synnis, flattery and vaine glore,
Ar venemouß: guid folk, fle þame þairfore.

THE FOX & THE WOLF.1

Indipit.

LEWE we this wedow gled, I 30w assure, liabularin.

Off chartcelere more blyith than I can tell, And speke we of þe fatal aventure

And destenye that to þis fox befell,

That durst no more with miching intermell,

Als lang as leme and lycht was of þe day,

But, bydand nycht, full still lurkand he lay;

Quhill pat Thetes, þe goddesß of þe flude,
Phebus had callit to þe herberye,²
And Esperus put of his cloudy hude,
Schawand his lustye visage in þe skye.
Than lourence lukit vp, quhare he coud lye,
And kest him hand vpoun his Ee on hicht,
Mery and gled þat cummyn was þe nycht.

Out of þe wod vnto ane hill he went,

Quhare he mycht se the twynkling sternis clere,
And all þe planetis of þe firmament,
Thair coursis and þair moving in þair sphere,
Sum retrograde, and sum war stationere;
And in þe 30dyak in quhit degree
Thaj were ilkane, as lourance lerit me.

¹ Title in the margin in a later hand.

² MS, 'herverve,'

Than saturne alde was enterit in capricorne, And Iupiter movit in sigittarye, And mars yp in he rammys hede was borne, And phebus in he lyoun furth coud carye; Venus the crab, the mone was in aquarye; Mercurius, he god of eloquence, Into he virgine maid his residence.

Bot astrolab, quadrant, or almanak,
Techit of nature be instructioun,
F. 313-4. The moving of the hevin this tod can tak,
quhat influence and constillatioun
Was lyk to fall vpone this erd heir doun;
and to him self he said, withouttin mair,
'Weill worth be fadir, bat send me first to lair.

30

40

45

'My destany and eik my werd I watt;
Myn evintour is cleirly to me kend;
Wth mischeif mynget is my mortall fait;
My mysleving the soner bot I mend:
Deid is reward of syn and schamefull end.
Thairfoir I will ga seik sum confessour,
And scryfe me clene of all synnis to this hour.

'allace!' quod he, 'rycht [waryit ar!] we thevis; our lyfe is sett ilk nycht in avinture; our cursit craft full mony ane mischevis; for evir we steill, & evir alyk ar pure: In dreid and schame our dayis we indure; and widdy nek and crakraip callit als, and syne till our hyre ar hazgit be the hals.'

¹ See pp. 50, 51.

Accusand thus his cankerit conscience,	50
Vnto a craig he kest about his E;	
So saw he cumand a littill than frome thence,	
A worthy doctour of divinite,	
Freir wolf waitskath, in science wondrouß sle,	
To preche and pray was new cum of clostir,	55
With beidis on hand, sayand his paternoster.	

Seand the wolf, this wylie tratour tod
on kneis fell, with hud in to his nek:
'welcome, my gaistly fadir vndir god!'
quod he, with mony binge and mony bek. 6o
Than quod the wolf, 'schir fox, to quhat effek
mak 3e sic feir? ryß vp, put on 3our hude.'
'fadir,' qwod he, 'I haif grit cauß to dude.

'3e ar the lanterne and the sicker way,
Suld gyd sic sympill folk as me to grace;
3our bairfeit, and your [r]ousett¹ coull of gray,
3our lene cheikis, 3our paill and petouß face,
Schawis full weill your perfyt halynace;²
for weill war him þat anis in his lyfe
had hap to tow his symnis anis to schryfe.'

'a, silly lowrance,' quod the wolf, and lewch:

'it plesß me þat se ar penitent.'

'of reif and stowth, schit, I can tell ennewch,
pat causß me full sair for till repent;
Bot, fadir, byd still heir on this bent,
I 30w beseik, and heir me now declair
my onscience þat prikis me so sair.'

¹ Cf. pp. 50, 51.

² Lines 67 and 68 are transposed in the MS. Cf. pp. 50, 51.

'Weill,' quod the wolf, 'sit doun vpone thy kne.'
and so he did, bairheid, full humly,
and syn began with benedicite.
quhen I thus saw, I drew a littill by,
for it effeiris nowdir to heir nor spy,
nor to reweill thing said vndir that sele:
bot to be tod thus gait be wolf couth 1 mele.

'Art thow contreit & sory in thy spreit for thy trespas?' 'nay, schir, I can nocht dude: me think þat hennis ar sua hony sueit, & lambis flesch þat new ar lattin blud; F. 313 & For to repent my mynd can nocht conclude,

bot this thing, þat I haif slane so few.'

'weill,' quod the wolf, 'in south thow art a schrew.

90

'Sen thow can nocht forthink thy wicketnaiß,
Will thow forbeir in tyme cuming, & mend?'
'and I forbeir, how sall I leif, allaiß,
haifand na vpir craft me to defend?

95
neid causß me to steill quhair evir I wend.
I schame to beg, I can nocht wirk, 3e wat,
jit wald I fane pretend a gentill stait.'

"Weill," quod the wolf, 'thow wantis pontis twa,
belangand to perfyt confessioun.

Now to be thrid pairte of pennance lat ws ga:
Will thow tak pane for thy transgressioun?'
'A, schir, consedir my complexioun,
And seikly and waik & of my natur tendir,
Lo. will se se. I am baith lene and sklendir.

'3it nevir the les, I wald, sa it wer lycht, and schort, nocht grevand to my tendirneß, tak pairte of pane, fulfill it gife I micht,
To sett my silly saule in way of grace.'
'Thow sall forbeir,' quod he, 'flesche hyne to paiß,
To tame þi corß, that cursit carioun; and heir I reik the full remissioun.'

'I grant þairto, sa ye will gife me leif
to eit puddingis, or laip a littill blude,
or heid and feit, or penchis lat me preif,
In caiß I faut of flesche in to my fude.'
'for grit mister, I gife the leif to dude
twyß in be owlk, for neid may haif no law.'
'god yeild yow, schir, for that text full weill ye ¹ knaw.'

Quhen this was said, the wolf his wayis went.

The fox in fute he fure vnto be flude—

To fang sum fische wes hellely his intent;

Bot quhen he saw thir walterand 2 wawis wode,
all stoneist still into a stair he stude,
and said, 'bettir þat I had biddin at hame,

Than be a fischar in the deuillis name.

'Now mon I skraip my meit out of the sand,
for I haif nowdir net, bottis, nor bate.'
as he wes thus for falt of meit murnand,
lukand about his leving for to late,⁸
vndir a tre he saw a trip of gate;
Than wes he fane, & in a huche him hid,
and fra the gait he stall a littill kid.

See pp. 54, 55.
See ib.
See pp. 56, 57.

Syne our the huche vnto be se him hyis, and tuk the kid rycht be the hornis twane, and in be wattir owhir twyß or thryß he dowkit him, & thus gait cowth he sane: 'ga doun schir kid, cum vp schir salmound agane!' quhill he wes deid; syne to be land him drewch, and of bat new made salmond eit ennewch.

Thus fynaly fillit with tendir meit,
vnto a den for dreid he hes him drest,
vndir a busk, quhair þat the sone cowth beit,
F. 314a. To beke his breist and bellye he thocht best;
And rakleslye he said, quhair he coud rest,
Strakand his wambe agane þis sonnes hete,
'Vpoun this bellye ware sett a bolt full mete.'

Quhen this was said, the kepare of be gayte,
Carefull in hert his kid was stollin away,
On everye syde full warlye culd he wayte,
Till at be last he saw quhair lowrence lay;
His bow he bent, a flane with fedderis gray
He hailit to be heid; or evir he sterd,
The fox fast he prikkit to be erd.

'Now,' quod þe fox, 'alace and welloway!
Gorrit I am and may no forther gane';
Methink no maz may speke a word in play,
Bot now on dayis in ernist it is tane.'
The hird him hynt, and out he drew a flane;

And for his kid and v*þir* viole*n*ce,

He tuke his skyn, and maid a recompence.

MORALITAS. This suddane deid and vnprouisit end Off this fals tod, without contrition, Exemple is exhortand folk to mend, For dreid of sic alyke conclusioun; For monye gois now to confessioun Can nocht repent, nor for þair synnis greit, Becaus thaj think þair lustye lyfe so sweit.

Sum bene also, throw consuetude and vyce,
Vincust with carnall sensualitie;

Suppose thaj be as for þe tyme contryte,
Can nane forbere, nor fra thair synnis Flee:
Ws[e] drawis nature so in propertie
Off beist and man, þat nedis thaj mon do,
as thai of lang tyme hawe hantit þame to.

Beware, guid folk, and dreid this suddane schote,
Quhilk smytis soir withouttin resistence;
attent wyislye, and in 30µr hartis note,
aganis deid may no man mak defence;
Ceiß of 30µr syn, remord 30µr conscience,
Do wilfull pennance here, and 3e sall wend,
Eftir 10µr deid, to iov withouttin end.

Explicit exemplum veritatis et falsitatis.

VOL. II.

THE FOX TRYED BEFORE THE LYON.1

THIS foirsaid fox, thus deid for his misdede, had nocht a sone was gottin rychtuuslye, That to his airschip myzht of law succede, Except ane sone, the quhilk in lemanye 2 He gottin had in purchace priuely, And to his name was clepit fader were, That lufit wele with pultry tig and tere.

It followis wele be reasoun naturale,
And gree be gree of rycht comparisoun,
Off evill cummys war, of ware cummys warst of all,
Off wrangus get cummys wrang successioun.
This fox, bastard of generatioun,
Off verrye kynd behufit to be fals;
So was his grantschir and his fader als.

F. 314 h. As nature will, sekand his fude be sent,
Off caith he fand his faderis caryon,
Naikit, new slane; and till him is he went,
Tuke vp his hede, syne on his kneis Fel doun,
Thankand grete god of hat conclusioun;
And said, 'now sall I brouk, sen I am aire,
The boundis cubare he wont was to repaire.'

¹ Title in the margin in later hand. ² MS. ⁴ lenanrye.

Fy! covetous, vnkynd and venemous:
The sone was fayn he fand his fader dede,
Be sudane schote for dedeis¹ odious,
That he mycht rax and regne into his stede,
Dredand nothing þat samir lyfie to lede,
In stouth and reif, as he had done before;
Bot to þe end entent he tuke no more.

3it, nevirpeles, for faderlye pitee,

The caryon vpoun his bak he tais:

3'

Now find I wele jis prouerbe trew,' quod he,

"Ay rynnis je fox als lang as he fut hais."'

Syne with his cors vnto a petpot gais,

Off watere full, and kest him in je depe,

And to je devill his banis gave to kepe.

3

O fuliche man! ploungit in warldlynes,
To conquest wrangwiß guidis, gold, or rent,
To put thy saule in pane and hevynes,
To riche thyne air, quhilk eftir how be went,
Haue he thy gude, he takis small entent
To sing or say for thy saluatioun:
Fra thow be dede, done is thy deuotioun.

This tod to rest he carit to a crag,
And herd a bustouß bugill brymly blawe,
Quhilk, as him thocht, maid all þis warld to wag.
Than stert I ² wp, and cumand nere I ² sawe
Ane vnicorne semely lansand our lawe,
With home in hand, and buste on brest he bure,
A pursevant semelye, I jow assure.

¹ MS. 'dede is,'

² Cf. pp. 62, 63,

Vnto a bank, quhair he mycht se about
On eurye syde, In haste he coud him hye,
Put furth his voce full loud, and gave a schout,
And, 'oyas! oyas!' twiß or thriß coud cry.
With lat the bestis in he feildis nere by,
All meruailand quhat sic a cry suld mene,
Govand'a grast, thai gadderit on a grene.

50

Out of his buste a bill sone coud he braide,
And red þe text wikhouttyn tarying;
Commaundand silence, sadly thus he said:
'We, noble lyoun, of all beistis king,
Greting to god ay lestand but ending,
To brutall bestis and Irrationall,
I send, as to my subjectis grete and small.

'My celsitude and hie magnificence,
Lattis 30w witt furthwith incontinent,
Thinkis to morne, with riall diligence,
Vpoun þis hill to hald a parliament;
Straitlye þairfore I geve commardiment
For to compeir before my tribunall,
Vnder all pane and parrell þat may fall.'

The morowing come, and phebus with his bemys
Consumit had be mysty cloudis gray;
F. 315a. The ground was grene, and as be gold it glemys,
With gresis growand gudelie, grete, and gay;
The spice than spred to spring on eurry spray;
The lark, be mauiß, and be merle so hee,
Suetlye can sing, trippand 1 fa tree to tree.

1 Cf. pp. 64, 65.

TOO

105

BANNATYNE

Thre leopardis come, a croun ¹ of massy gold
Berand thaj brocht vnto þat hillis hicht,
With iaspis iunyt and riall rubies rold,
And monye diuerß dyamantis wele dicht;
With pollis proud a paljonn doun þaj picht;
And in þat trone thair sat a wild lyonn,
In rob riale, with ceptur, suerd, and croun.

Efter þe tennour of þe crye before, 85
That gais on fut all bestis in þe erd,²
Rycht as þaj ware commandit without more,
Before þair lord þe lyon þaj comperd;
And quhat þaj ware, as tod laurence me lerd,
I sall reherß a pairt of ewery kynd,
Als far as now occurris to my mynd.

The menataur, a monstour mervelouß,
Bellorophant, that beist of bastarde,
The warwolf, and be pegaß peroluß,
Transformit be assent of socerre,
95
The lynx, the tegir full of tyrrane,
The oliphant, and eik the dromodare,
The camell with his cran craig furth culd care.

The leopard, as I haif taute beforne,
The antelop, the sparth furth culd hir speid,
The payntiti panther, & the vnicorne;
The raynder ran throuch rever, ron, and reid,
The Iolye Ionet, and the gentill steid,
The aiß, the mwll, the horß of ewerye kynd;
The de, the re, the hornit hairt, the hynd.

¹ MS, 'craun,'

² Cf. pp. 66, 67.

The bull, the beir, the bugill, and be bair,
The wodwyß, wildcat, & the wild wolfyne,
The hard-bak hurtchoun, and the hyrpilland hair,
Bayth ottour, aip, and pennytt porcapyne,
The guckit gait, the syllye scheip, the Suyne,
The bauer bakon, and the batterand brok,
The fumard, with be fiver furth culd flok.

The gay ¹ grwhund, the sleuthhund furth can slyd,
With doggis all dyuerß and deferent;
The rattoun ran, the globert furth culd glyd,
The quherland quhithrat with þe wasyll wentt,
The fythow that hes furrit mony ane fent,
The martryk, with þe cunyng & the con,
The lurdane lane. ¹ & eik the lerion.

F. 315 & The mermissat the modewart could leid,

Becaus that natour denyit had hir sycht.

Thus dressit þai all furth for dreid of deid,

The musk, the litill mowß with all hir mycht

In haist haykit vnto þar hillis hycht;

And mony ane kynd of beist þar I nocht knaw,

Befoir þair lord Ilkane þai lowtit law.

Seand thir beistis at his bidding bown,
He gave a braide, and blenkit all about;
Than flatlingis to his feit hai fell all doun,
For dreid of deid thay drowpit all in dout.
The lyoun lukit quhen he saw pame lout,
And bad haim, with ane countenance full sweit,
'Be nocht afferit, bot stand vpoun your feit.

1 Cf. pp. 68, 69.

'I lat 30u wit my mycht is merceabill,
And steris none hat ar to me prostrat,
Angrye, austerne, and als vnameabill,
To all hat standis aganis myne estait.
I rug, I ryve all beistis hat makis debait
Aganis he mycht of my magnefecence:
Se none pretend to pryde in my presence.

'My celsitude and my hie maiestye
With mycht and mercye myngit salbe ay;
The lawest heir I may rycht sone vp hie,
And mak him maister ouer 30u all I may.
The dromadair, gif he will mak deray,
Or the greit cameill, thocht hai be neuir sa crouß,
I can hame law as litill as ane mowß.

'Se neir be xxty mylis quhair I am
The kid ga salfile be þe wolf syde;
Se tod lowrye luke nocht vpoun þe lamb,
Na revand beistis nowther ryn nor ryde.'
Thay cucheit all; and, eftir þis wes cryd,
The iustice bad anone þe court do fenß,
The suits call, and foirfalt all absenß.

The panthere, with his payntit coit of armour,
fensit be court, as he of law efferit;
Tod laurence lukit vp quhair he could lowr,
and stert on fute, all stoneist, and all sterit;
Ryvand his hair, he rarit with a reird,
Quakand for dreid, and 1 sichand could he say,
'Allace bis hour, allace bis wofull day!

¹ MS. 'ran.' Cf. pp. 70, 71.

F. 316a. 'I wait this suddane semblay pat I se,
havand þe poyntis of a parliament,
Is maid to mar sic misdoaris as me;
Thairfoir, and I me schaw, I wilbe schent;
I wilbe socht gif I be red absent;
To byde or fle it makis no remeid;
all is alyke, þair followis nocht bot deid.'

Perplexit thus in to his mynd can mene with falsheid quhow he mynh thin self defend; 170 his hude he drew far douñ attour his ene, and, wynkand with þe ane E, furth can wend; clyncheand he come, þar he suld nocht be kend, and for dreddour þar he suld thoill areist, he playit bukhud anone, fra beist to beist. 175

² Compering thus þai ³ come befoir the king, in ordowr sett as to þair stait efferit,

Off euerye kynd he gart ane pairt furth bring, and awfulye he spak, and at þame speirit gif þair wis ony beist in to þis erd

Absent, and þair gart þaim all deiplie sweir;

And þai said, 'Nay, except ane gray stude meir.'

'Go, mak ane message sone vnto þat stude.'
The court þan cryit, 'My lord, quha sall þa' tbe''
'Cum heir, lowrye, lurkand vndir ane hude.'
'A lord merzye! lo, I have bot ane E;
Hurt in þe hanch, and crukit 3e may se;
The wolf is bettir in ambassadrye,
and mair cunning in clergye þan L'

¹ MS, 'a reist,'

² Two stanzas of Charteris and Harl. here omitted (see pp. 72, 73).

³ MS, 'he,'

Braiding he said, 'go furth, 3e brybouris bayth!' And bai to ga withoutin tareving.	1,90
Our ron and ryce hai ran togidder rayth,	
And fand be meir at meit in be morning.	
'how,' quod the tod, 'Madame, go to be king,	
The court is callit, and 3e ar contumax.'	195
'Lat be, laurence, 30ur carping & 30ur knax.'	
'Maistres,' quod the tod, 'to be court 3e mon;	
The lyoun hes commandit 30u in deid.'	
'Laurence, tak 30u þe flirdome, & þe fon,	
I have a respit heir, and 3e will rede.'	200
'I can nocht spell a word, sa god me speid!	
Heir is be wolf, a nobill clerk at all,	
And of his message he is principall.	
, 0 1 1	
'He is autentik, and a man of aige,	
And hes be practik of be chancellary;	205
Lat him ga luke and reid 30ur preuilege,	_
And I sall stand, and beir 30u witnes by.'	
'Quhair is 30ur respit?' quod be wolf in hy.	
'Sir, It is heir, vndir my hoife weill hid.'	
'Hald vp 30ur hele,' quod he; and sa scho did.	210
p , , q ne , what su sello ala.	210

Thocht he wes brynt throuch pryde, 3it he presumis
To luke doun law, quhair þat þir lettres lay.
F. 316 h. With that þe mere scho gird him on þe gumys,
And strake þe hattrell of his hede away.
Half out of lyfe, lenand douñ he lay:
'Alace!' quod lourence, 'lupus, þat þow art lost.'
'His compng,' quod þe mere, 'was wirth sum cost.

'Lourans, will thow nocht luke vpoun my letter,	
Sen þat þe wolf þairof can nothing wyn?'	
'Nay, be sanct bryde,' quod he, 'me think far better	220
To slepe in hele and in ane vnhurt skyn.	
A scroll I fand, and thus writtin þairin,	
—for v is I wald nocht anys faltum1—	
"Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum."	
With brokin skalp, and bludye chekis rede,	225
This wolf wepand on his wayis went,	
Off his mayn3e merkand to gete remede;	
To tell be king the caiß was his entent.	
'Schir,' quod be tod, 'bid still vpoun be bent,	
And fra 30ur browis wesche away þe blude,	230
And tak a drink, for it will do 30w gude.'	
To fech water this fraudfull fox furth fure,	
Sidlingis a bauk 2 he socht vnto a sike;	
Off cais he metis, cumand fra be mure,	
A trip of lambis dansand on a dike.	235
This traytour tod, this tyran, and this tike,	
The fattest of be flok he fellit has,	
And ete his fill; syne to be wolf he gais.	
Thay drank but tary, and thare Iournay takis;	
Befoir þe king syne knelit on thare knee.	240
'Quhare is þe mere, schir tod, was contumax?'	
Than lourance said: 'my lord, spere nocht at me!	
This new maid doctour of divinitee,	
With his rede cap, can tell 30w wele yneuch.'	
With pat be lyon and be lave baj leuch.	245

¹ See pp. 76, 77. ² See pp. 78, 79.

'Tell on the caifs, schir lourence, lat ws here.'
'This witty wolf, this noble clerk of aige,
On 3our behalf he bad þe mere compere,
And scho allegit till a preuilege—
"Cum nere and se, and 3e sall have 3our vage."
Becauß he red hir respit plane and wele,
3one rede bannete scho raucht him with hir hele.'

The lyoun said, 'be yone rede cap I ken
This tale is trew, quha tent vnto it takis;
The grettest clerkis ar noo'ht þe wyßest men;
A mannis hurt ane other happy makis.'
As þaj ware carpand thusgatis in knakis,
And all þe court in garray and in gam,
Sa come the yow, þe moder of þe lam.

Before þe iustice douñ on knees Fell,

Put furth hir playnt on þis wiß wofullye:

'This harlot here, this hursoun hund of hell,

He werryit hes my lam full doggitlye,

Within a myle, in contrare¹ of 30 sr cry.

For goddis lufe, my lord, gif me þe lawe

Off þis lymmar.' with þat lourence lete drawe.

F. 317a. 'Bide,' quod the lyon, 'lemmar, lat ws se
Giff this be suyth be sely yow has said.'
'A, souerane lord, sauf 30ur mercy,' quod he,
'My purpois was with him bot to have plaid; 270
Caußles he fell, as he had bene affraid;
For drede of dede he duschit our a dike,
And brak his nek.' 'thow leis.' quod scho, 'fals tike!

¹ MS. 'incontrare,'

'His dede be practik may be previt eth:	
Thy gorry gomys and thy bludy snowt,	275
The woll, be flesche 3it stikkis in thy teth,	
And that is euident eneuch, but dout.'	
The iustice bad go cheiß a siß a bout;	
And so thaj did, and fand bat he was fals,	
Off murthour, thift, and party tresoun als.	280

Thaj band him fast, the Iustice bad belyve
To geve þe dome, and tak of all his clathis;
The wolf, that new maid doctour, coud him shryve;
Syne furth with him vnto þe gallowis gais,
And at þe ledder fute his leue he tais;
The ape was basare, and bad him sone ascend,
And hangit him; and thus he maid ane end.

MORALITAS ¹ Rycht as þe mynoure in his mynorall
Faire gold with fyre may fra þe lede wele wyn,
Rycht sa vnder a fable figurall
A sad sentence may seke, and efter fyne,
As daylie dois thir doctouris of dyvyne,
Apertly be oure leving can apolye.

And preue thare preching be a poesye.

The lyon is this warld be liklynace,

To quhom lowtis bayth empriour and king,
And thinkis of this warld to get mare grace,
And gapis for to get mare lifing;
Sum for to reule, and sum to rax and regne,
Sum gadderis gere, sum gold, sum vther gude;
300

To wyn this warld sum wirkis as þaj wer wode.

¹ Cf. this text with the texts on pp. 82-85, with which Hart is in general agreement.

This mere is men of contemplatioun,
Off pennance walkand in pis wildernace,
As monkis and othir men of religioun,
That presis god to pleiß in euery place;
Abstrackit fra this warldlis wretchidnes,
In wilfull pouertee, fra pomp and all pryde,
And fra this warld in mynd ar mortifyde.

This wolf I likkin vnto sensualitee,
As quhen, like brutall bestis, we accord
Our mynd all to pis warldeis vanitee,
Liking to tak and love him as our lord:
Flee fast pairfra, gif pow will rycht remord;
Than sall reasoun rifs, rax, and regne,
And for thy saull pair is no better thing.

Hir hufe ¹ I likkin to be thocht of dede.

Will thow remembere, man, that thow man dee?

F. 317 A. Thow may brek sensualiteis hede,
And fleschlye lust away fra be sall flee;
Wifs salomone sais, will thow nocht see,
For as thow may thy sely saull now wyne,

'Think on thine end, thow sall nocht gladlye syn.'

This tod I likin to temptatioun,
Berand to mynd monye thochtis vane,
That daylie sagis men of religioun,
Cryand to þame, 'Cum to þe warld agane!'
Bot quhen thaj see sensualitie neir slane,
And sudane dede with ithand panis sore,
He gois abak, and temptis him no more.

O lord eternall, medeator for ws mast meke,

Sitt doun before thy fader celestiall,¹
For ws synnaris his celsitude beseke,
Ws to defend fra payne and perallis all;
And help ws vp vnto þat hevinlye hall,
In glore, quhair we may se þe sycht of god.—

335
And thus endis þe talking of þe tod.

Explicit.

THE COCK & PE IEWELL.

PROLOG

F. 336 A. THO CHT fengeit fables of auld poetre
Be nooft grundit all vpoun trewth, 3it than
Thair poleit termis of sueit retory
ar rycht olesand vnto the heir of man;
and als be cauß quhi thay first began

Was to repreife be vyce of mysdoing
of man, be fegour of ane vhir thing.

In lyk maner as throw a bustvous ² erd,
So it be lawborit with grit diligence,
Springis þe flouris and þe cornis brerd
hailsum and gud to manis sustenence,
So springis þair a morall sueit sentence
out of þe scitell dyt of poetre,
To gud purpoiß, quha culd it rycht aply.

O mary myld, mediatour of mercy meke, Sitt doun before thy sone celestiall,

have been stroked out, and those in the text written in above in the same hand.

² MS. indistinct. Cf. pp. 2, 3, 223.

¹ In the MS, the lines-

35

[BANNATYNE

Thir nutis schellä, thocht þai be hard and tuich, Thay hald þe cirnall sueit and delectable: So lyis þair a doctryne wyse anewch, and full of fruct vndir a fenseit fable.	15
als clerkis sayis, it is rycht proffitable Amang ernyst to myng a mirry sport,	20
To blyth be spreit, and gar be tyme be schort.	
For as we se be bow bat ay is bent Wordis vnsmart and dullis on be string, So dois be mynd bat is ay diligent In ernyst thocht and in studdeing: With sad materis sum mirrineß to myng Accordis weill; thus Isop, I wiß, 'Dulcius arrident seria picta Iocis.'	25
Off his poyet, my masteris, with your leife— I me deffer to your correctioun— In moder tong of latyne I wald preife To mak a maner of translatioun; Nocht of my self for vane presumptioun, Bot be requeist and prayeris of a lord,	30

In hamely langage and in termis rud me neidis wryt, For quhy of eloquence no[r] rethory I neuir vndirstud. Thairfoir meikly I pray 3our reuerens, Gife 3e fynd ocht bat throw my negligence 40 Or diminut, or 3it superfluys, Correct at 3our willis gracius.

off quhome be name it neidis nocht record.

Myne auctour in his fable tellis how 1 pat brutall beistis spak and vndirstud, and till gud purpoiß disput and argow, a sylogysme propone, and eik exclud; putting 2 axample and symilitude, how mony men in operatioun ar lyk to beistis in jair conditioun.

No mervell is a man be lyk a beist,

Quhilk leivis ay in carnall fowll delyte;

That schame can nocht deren3e nor arreist,

Bot takis all þair lust and appetyt,

Quhilk throw þe custome and þe dayly ryte

F. 327 b. Syn in þe mynd is sa fast radicat

That he in brutall beist be transformat.

This noble clerk ysop, as I haif towld,
In gay metir facound and purperat,
Be fegour wret his buk, for he nocht wowld
Tak þe disdane of he nor law estate.
6 And to begyn, first at a cok he wrate,
Seikand his meit, quhilk fand a Ioly stone,
Off duhome be fable ve sall heir annone.

A COK, sumtyme, with fethreme fresch and gay,⁸ rycht cant and crouß, suppoiß he was bot pure, 65 Flew furth at a doun[g]hill sone be day; To get his denner sett was all his cure: Screpand amang he aß, be auenture He fand a Ioly Iasp, rycht pretiouß,
Was castin furth in suowpyne of he houß.

45

¹ MS fow?

² Cf. pp. 4, 5.

³ MS. 'gray.'

80

[BANNATYNE

As madywis wantoun and insolent,

That fane wald play, and on he streit be sene,
To swopyne of he houft takis no tent,
Quhat be hairin swa hat he flure be clene;
Iowalis ar tynt, as oft tymes hes bene,
And in he swowpyne is castin furth annone—
Perauentour, swa waß he samyn stone.

Swa mervelland vpone be stone, qwod he,
'o gentill gem! o riche and noble thing!
Thocht I be fynd, thow ganis nocht for me;
Thow art a Iowall for ony warldly king.
It war pety thow suld in this midding
be bvrit thus among bis mvk and mwd,
and thow so deir and worth so mekle gude.

'It is pety I suld be fynd, for quhy
Thy grit vertew, nor jit thy cullour cleir,
I may nowbir extoll nor magnify;
And thow to me ma mak bot littill cheir.
F. 3a8.a. To grit lordir thocht thow be leif and deir,
I lawfe fer bettir thing of leß awaill,
as cafe, or corne, to fill my tome entrell.

'I had leuir go skraip heir with my nailis among þis moll, and luk my lyvis fude, as corne, or drafe, small worme, or [s]naillis, or ony meit wald do my stomok gude, nor of Iespis a mekle multitude: and thow agane, vpoun þe samyn wyiß, may me as now for thyne awaill dispyiß.

'Thow hes no corne, and hairof I had neid;
Thy cullour dois bot comfort to be sicht,
and hat is nocht annwch my wame to feid;
For wyse men sayis hat lukand wark was lycht.

[

]
for hungry men may nocht weill leif on loikis:
had I dry breid, I keipit nocht no kokis.

Quhair suld thow mak bi tributatioun 2? quhair suld thow dwell, bot in a ryall tour? quhair suld thow sit, bot one a kingis croun, exalt in wirchep and in gret honour? ryß, gentill Iaspis, of all stomis be flour, out of bis aß, and paß quhair thow suld be; Thow ganis nocht for me, nor I for the.'

Levand this Iowall full law vpone be ground,
To seik sum meit this cok his wayis went;
Bot quhen, or quhair, or quhow it was found,
I As now I sit to hold no argument:
Bot of be inwart sentence and intent
of bis fable, as myne awtour dois wit,
I sall reherfo in rude and hamely dyt.

MORALITE. This Ioly Iasp hes properteis sevin:

The first, of collouris it is mervellouß,

Pairte lyk pe fyre, and pairte is lyk pe hevin,

And makis a man stark and victorius;

Preservis als fra caiss pertellous:

Quha hes this stone sall haif gud hap to speid,

off fyre nor fallis him neidis nocht to dreid.

The line is omitted in Bannatyne. See pp. 8, 9, 226.
 See pp. 10, 11, 227.

F. 328 & This gentill Iesp, oft different in hew,

Betakinis perfyt prudens and cunnyag,
omat wirk mony deidis of vertew,
moir excelland than ony erdly thing,

Quhilk makis men in honour ay to ring,
Happy, and stark to haif be victory

Off all vicis and sprituall ennemy.

Quha may be rycht hardy and gratious?

Quha can enschew perrell and aventure?

Quha can gowern citie and burchgus

Without science? non, I yow ensure.

It is pe riches hat evir sall indure,

Quhilk moth, nor mwst, may nocht rwst nor ket,¹

and to manis sawll it is eternall met.

14

This cok, desyring moir þe symple corne
Thane ony lasp, onto þe fule is peir,
makand at science bot a knak and skorne,
Quhilk can no gud, and als littill will leir;
his hairt wamillár gud argumentis till heir,
As to ¹ þe sow, to quhome men for the nons
In hir drafe troch wald saw þe pretius stons.

Quha is ememy to science & cumnyng
Bot ignorantis þat vndirstandis nocht?
Quhilk is so noble, pretius, and ding
That may nocht whê no erdly thing be bocht.
Weill war þe man of all vþir, þat mocht
all his lyfe dayis in perfyte study war
To get science; for him nedit no mair.

¹ See pp. 12, 13, 228.

Bot now, allaiß, this Iasp is tynt and hid:

We seik it nocht, nor preisß it to find.
haif we riches, no bettir lyfe we bid,
off science thocht þe saull be bair and blind.
of þis matær I do bot waistis wind,
Thairfoir I seiß, and will no forder say:
go seik the jasp quha list, for þair it lay.

Explicit: quod mr R. H.

THE MOUSS AND THE PADDOCK.1

PONE a tyme, as ysop can report,

A littill mouß come till a rever syd;

Scho mycht nocht waid, hir schankis wer so schort;

Scho cowth nocht sowme, s[ch]o had no horß till ryd:

off verry forß behuvit hir to byd,

and to and fro vpone þat rever deip

Scho ran, cryand with mony peteuß peip.

'Help our, help our,' the silly mowß can cry,
'For godis lufe, sum body our this bryme.'
With þat a paddok, on þe wattir by,
put vp hir heid, and on þe bank cowth clyme,
quhilk be natur gowth dowk and gaylie swyme;
With voce full rawk, scho said on this maneir:
'Gud morne, deme mowß, quhat is jour erand heir?'

¹ Title in the margin in a later hand.

- 'Seis thow,' quod scho, 'of corne 3one Ioly flat,
 of ryp aitis, of beir, of peiß, and quheit?
 I am hungry, and fane wald be pairat,
 Bot I am stoppit heir be this wattir greit;
 And on pis syd I get no thing till eit
 Bot hard nutis, quhilk with my teith I boir.

 Var I be3ond, my feist wald be þe moir.
- 'I haif no boit; heir is no mareneir;
 And thocht thair ware, I haif no frawcht to pay.'
 Quad scho, 'sistir, lat be 3our havy cheir;
 Do my counsall, and I sall fynd the way
 Withowttin horß, brig, boit, or 3it gallay,
 To bring 3ow our saifly—be nocht affeird!—
 And nocht to weit be campis of 3our beird.'
- 'I haif mervell than,' quod þe silly mowß,
 'How thow can fleit without feddir or fyn.

 The reuer is so deip and dengerouß,
 Me think þat thow suld drowin to wed þairin.

 Tell me, þairfoir, quhat faculty or gyn

 Thow hes to bring me our þis wattir wan.'

 That to declair the paddok thus began.

 33

'With my twa feit,' quod scho, 'lukkin and braid,
In steid of airis, I row be streme full still;
Suppoiß be bruk be perrellus to waid,
Baith to and fro I swyme at my awin will.
I may nocht droun, for quhy myne oppin gill
40
F. 300 b. Devoydis ay the watter I ressaif;

Thairfoir to droun forsuth no dreid I haif.'

The mows beheld onto her fronsyt face,
Hir runclit beik, and hir lippis syd,
Hir hyngand Browis, and hir voce so hace,
Hir logrand leggis, and hir harsky hyd.
Scho ran abak, and on þe paddok cryd:
'gife I can any skeill of fysnomy,
Thow hes sum pairte of frawd and als invy.

'For clerkis sayis pe inclinatioun
of manis thoch persavis commounly
eftir pe corporall complexioun
Till gud or yll, as natur will apply:
A frawart will, a thrawin phisnomy.
The auld proverb is witneß of this Lorum:
"Distortum vultum sequitur distortio morum."

'Na,' quod the taid, 'bat proverb is nocht trew; for fair thingis oft tymes ar fowll fakin.

Thir bla berryis, thocht thay be blak of hew,
Ar gaddrit vp quhen prumroß is forsakin.

The face may faill to be be hairtis taikin.

Thairfoir I fynd in scriptowr in a place:
Thow suld nocht iuge a man eftir his face.

'Thocht I vnlusty be to luk vpone,
I haif no wyt quhy suld I lakkit be;

War I als fare as ioly absalone,
I am nocht causar of þat grit bewte.
This differens in forme and qualite
Almychty god hes cawsit dame nature
To prent and set in every creature.

'Off sum he face may be ryoht flurisand,
With silkin tong and cheir most amorus,
With mynd inconstant, fals, and variand,
Full of dissait and menys cautellus.'
'Lat be preching,' quod he hungry mouß,
'And be quhat craft thow gar me wndirstand
how thow wald gyd me to be sondit land.'

F. 330 a. 'Thow wait,' quod scho, 'a body þat hes neid
To help þame selff suld mony wayis cast;
Thairfoir go tak a dowble twynnit threid,
And bind þi leg to myne with knotis fast.
I sall the leir to swyne—be nocht agast!'
'Is þat þi counsale,' quod þe silly mouß;
'To preif þat play it wer our perrellouß.

'Suld I be bund and fast quhair I am fre,

In howp of help, nay than eschrew ws baith,

For I mycht loß both lyfe and libertie.

Gife it wer sa, quha mycht amend my skaith?

Bot gife thow sueir to me be murthour aith

But frawd or gyle, to bring me our this flude

But hurt or harme——' quod scho, 'in faith, I dude.'

Scho golkit vp, and to be hevin car cry:

'How, Iupiter, of natur god and king,
I mak ane aith to the trewly, that I

This littill mouß sall our be wattir bring.'

This aith was maid; this mouß, but persawing of fals ingyne of this fals crabit 1 taid,

Tuk threid and band hir leg, as scho hir bad.

Than fute for fute thay lap baith in he brime;
Bot in hair mynd thay wer rycht different:

The mowß thocht na thing bot to fleit and swyme,
The padok for to slay set hir intent.
quhen hai in mydwart of the streme wer went,
With all hir forth he paddok dowkit doun,
and thocht the mouß without mercy to droun.

Persevand this, the mouß on hir gan cry:
'tratour to god, and mansworne onto¹ me,
Thow swoir þe murthowr aith, saifly þat I,
But hanne or hurt, suld ferreid be & fre;'
And quhen scho saw þair waß bot do or dy,
Scho bowtit vp and foirsit hir to swyme,
and preisit on þe taidis bak to clyme.

The dreid of deid hir strenthis gave increß,
and fandit hir defend with mony mane.

The mowß vpwart, the paddok doun can preß;

Quhile to, quhile fra, quhile dowk, quhile vp agane.

F. 330Å. This silly mouß, this plungit in grit pane,
can fecht als lang as breth wes in hir breist,

Till at be last scho cryit for a preist.

Sichand thus gait, a gled sat on a twist,

And to pis wrechit battell tuk gud heid;

And with a wisk, or owpir of pame wist,
he claucht his cluke betuene pame in the threid;

Syne to pe land he flew with pame gud speid,
fane of pat fang, pypand with mony pew;

Syne lowsit pame, and bayth but pety slew.

1 MS. 'on to.'

Syne bowellit þame, þat bowchir with his bill,
And bellyflawcht full fetly he þame flaid;
Bot baith þair flesche wald skant be half a fill,
And gutis als, vnto þat gredy gled.

13c off þair debait thus quhen I ha[r]d 1 owt red,
he tuk his flicht, and our þe feildis he flaw:
gife þis be trew, speir pe at þame þat saw.

MORALITAS. My brother, gif thow will tak aduertens
Till þis fable, thow may persaif and se,

It pash far alkynd of pestilens,
a wicket mynd with wirdis fair and sle.
Be war pairfoir, quhome with pow followis 2 the;
for thow war bettir beir of stone pe barrow,
of sueitand ding, and delffe quhill thow may dre,

na be machit with a wicket marrow.

A fals intent vndir a fare pretence

hes cawsit mony innocentis to de.

Grit folly is *pairfoi*r to gife credence
our sone to all *pat* speikis fair to the.

a silkin tong, a hairt of crewelte,

Smytis mair soir than ony schot of arrow. Brudir, gif thow be vyiß, I rid the fle To mache the with a frawart fengeit marrow.

I warne the als, it is grit negligence

To bind he fast quhair thow was frank & fre; fra thow be bund, thow may mak na defens

To saif thy lyfe, or jit in libertie.³

This semple counsale, bruder, tak at me, and it to cwn perqueir se nocht thow tarrow.

Bettir but stryfe to leif allone in le
Than to be machit with a wicket marrow.

This hald in mynd: 3it moir I sall the tell

BANNATYNE]

Quilat by pit beistis may be figurat.	
F. 331 a. This paddok, vsand in this flud to dwell,	160
Is manis body, swmand air and lait	
Into this warld, with cairis implicat,	
Now he, now law, quhyle plungit vp and doun,	
Ay in to perrell, and redy for to droun.	
Now dolorus, now blyth as bird on breir;	16
Now in fredome, now wardit in distreß;	
Now haill, now sound, now deid and brocht on beir;	
Now pure as Iob, now rowand in riches;	
Now gowins gay, now brattis to Imbraß;	
Now full as fysche, now hungry as a hound;	17
Now on be quheill, now wappit to be ground.	

This littill mouß, thus knet hard be pe chin, the saule of man betakin may indeid 1;
Bupdin, and fra pe body may nocht twin,
Quhill crewall deid cum brek of lyfe the threid;
The quhilk to droun suld evir stand in dreid, of carnall lust be pe suggestioun
quhilk drawis ay pe saule, ay and haldis doun.

The waltir is be warld, ay walterand With mony wayiß of tribulatioun,
In quhilk be saule and body ay waverand standis distinyt in ² pair opinioun;
The spreit ypwart, be body preisß doun:
The natur of be saule wald our be borne out of this warld vnto be hevinly trone.

т80

185

¹ MS. 'in deid.' ² MS. 'and.' Cf. p. 219.

This gled is deid, þat cumis suddanly,
As dois þe theif, and endis this battell.
be vegeland þairfoir, and ay reddy,
for manis lyfe is brukle & mortall:
My freind, þairfoir, mak the a strang castell
of gud deidis; for deid will the assay,
Thow wait nocht quhen, at evin, morne, nor midday.

Adew, my freind; and gife hat ony speiris of this fable so schortly I conclude,
Thow say, I left the laif onto he freiris,
To mak a sample or similitud.
Now chryst for ws hat deit on the rud,
of saule and lyf as thow art saluiour,
Grant ws to paß in till a blissit hour.

Explicit: quod mr. R. H.

THE TWA MYSS.1

1 Title in the margin in a later hand.

F. 331 h. I SOP, myne autour, makis mentioun of twa myß, and thay war sisteris deir, off quhome þe elder dwelt in a borrowis toun, The 3ungir wend vp on land, weill neir, rycht solitar, quhyle vndir busk and breir, quhyle in þe corne, in vþir menis schecht, as outlawis dois and levis on þair wacht.

5

The rurall mouß in to be winter tyd
Had hungir, cauld, and tholit grit distres.
The tobir mouß bat in he burgh can byd
Was gilt bruher and maid ane fre burgeß;
Tolefre alswa, but custome mair and leß,
and fredome had to ga quhair euer scho list,
Amang the cheiß and meill in ark and kist.

A tyme quhez scho wes full and on fute sair,

Scho tuk in mynd hir sistir vp on land,
and langit for hir cheir and hir weilfair,
and se quhat lyfe scho led vndir the wand:
Bairfute, allone, with pyk-staff in hir hand,
as pure pilgrem scho passit out of toun,
To seik hir sister baith our daill and doun.

Throw mony wilsum wayis cwth scho walk,
Throwcht mure and moß, throwcht bank, busk, and brayre,
fra fur to fur, cryand fra balk to balk,
'Cum furth to me, myne sueit sister deir;
Cry peip anis!' with þat þe mowß quod heir,
and knew hir voce, as kynnis men will do,
be verry kynd; and furth scho come hir to.

The hairtly cheir, lord god, gife 3e had sene!

Was kyid quhen þir sisteris twa wer met;

Quhilk þat oft syiß was schawin þame betwene,

For quhyle þai luche, and quhyle for Ioy thay gret,
quhyle kissit sueit, and quhyle in armis plet;

and thus thay fure, quhill sobirt wes þair meid,

Syne fute for fute onto þair chalmer 3eid.

35

As I hard say, it wes a semple wane,
off fog and farne full maisterlig was maid,
a silly scheill vndir a erdfast stane,
F. 332a. Off quhilk be entre wes nocht he nor braid;
and in be samyn than went but mair abaid,

Withouttin fyre or candill burnand bricht, For commonly sic pykeris luvis nocht licht. 40

Quhen thay wer lugit thus, thir silly myß,
The yungast sister vntill hir burtre hyid,
Frockt furth nuttis and peiß in steid of spyß;
Gife þair was weilfair, doit on thame besyd.
This burges mouß, prwmmgit¹ full of pryd,
and said, 'sistir, is this 3our daly fude?'
'quhy nockt?' quad scho, 'think ye this meiß nockt gude?'

'Na, be my saule, me think it bot a skorne.'
'Madame,' quod scho, '3e be the moir to blame;
My moder said, eftir þat we wer borne,
That 3e and I lay baith witλin hir wame:
I keip the ryt and custome of my deme,
And of my Ωchir, levand in pouertie,
For landis haif we none of propirtie.'

'My fair sistir,' quod scho, 'haif me excusit,
This rude dyet and I can nocht accord;
Till tendir meit my stomok ay is wsit,
For quhy I fair als weill as ony lord;
Thir widderit peiß and nutis, or þai be bord,
Will brek my teith, and mak my teith full sklendir,
quhilk vsit wer befoir to metis tendir.'

¹ MS. very indistinct: see pp. 16, 17.

'Weill, weill, sistir,' than quod þe rurall mouß,
'Gife it 30w pleiß, sic thing as 3e se heir,
baith meit and drink, herbery and houß,
salbe 30ur awin, will 3e remane all 3eir;
3e sall it haif with blyth and hairtly cheir,
That suld mak the meisß þat ar rude,
Amang freindis, rycht tendir sueit and gude.

'Quhat plesans is in feistis delicat,
The quhilk ar gevin with a glowmand brow? a gentill hairt is bettir recreat
With blyth visage than sethe to him a cow:
A modicum is moir for till allow,
Sa þat gud will be carver at þe deß,
Than thrawin vilt and mony spysit meß.'

80

90

For all this mery exortatioun,

F. 332 & This burges mouß had littill will to sing;

Bot hevely scho kest hir visage doun,

for all hir denteis scho cowt till hir bring.

3it at pe last scho said, half in hething,

'Sistir, this wittell and 3our ryell feist

May weill suffyiß for sic a rurall beist.

'Lat be this hole, and cum vnto my place;
I sall 30w schaw be gude experience
My gud fryday is bettir nor 30ur pase;
My dische likking is wirth 30ur haill expens.
I haif housh anew of grit defenß;
of cat, na fall, na trap¹ I haif no dreid.'
'I grant,' quod scho, and on togeider 2 geid.

¹ Cf. pp. 20, 21. ² MS. 'to geider.'

In skugry ay, throw rankest girß and come,
And wondir sly, full preuely cwth thay creip;
The eldest was the gyd and went beforne,
The junger till hir wayis tuke grit keip.

on nycht thay ran, and on be day can sleip;
quhill in a mornyng, or be laverok sang,
Thay fand be toun, and in blythly cowth gang.

Nocht fer fra thyne on till a worthy wane,
This burges brocht thame sone quhair thay suld be; 10
Without god speid thair harbery wes tane
In till a spens with vitall of grit plentie;
bayth cheiß and butter ypone skelfis he,
With fische and flesche ennuche, baith fresch and salt,
And sekkis full of groitis, baith meill & malt.

Eftir quhen þai disposit wer to dyne,
Withouttin grace thay wesche and went to meit,
With all curis þat cukis can dewyne,
Motone and beif strikin in tel3eis greit;
a lordis fair thus can thay counterfeit,
Except a thing, thay drank þe wattir cleir
In steid of wyne, bot 3it thay maid gud cheir.

With blyth vpcast and mery contenans,

The eldir sistir sperit at hir gest,

Gife þat scho thocht be ressoun differans

Betuix þat chalmer and hir sary nest.

'Sit deme,' quod' scho, 'bot how long will þis lest?'
'for evirmoir, I wait, and langir to.'
'Gif it be trew, ee ar at eiß,' quod' scho.

Till eik be cheir the sur[c]harg 1 furth scho brocht, F. 333 a. A plait of groitis and a dische of meill;	I 20
,	
Threfe caikis, I trow, scho sparit nocht	
haboundantly about hir for to deill;	
furmage full fyne scho brocht in steid of geill;	
A quhyt candill out of a coffer stall,	I 2 5
In steid of spyce to cresch thair teithis with all.	
Thus maid thay mirry quhile thay mycht no mair,	
And, 'haill 3ule, haill!' thay cryit vp on he.	
Bot eftir Ioy oftymis cumis cair,	
And truble eftir gret prosperite.	130
Thus as thay sat in all bair iolite,2	
The spens come in with keis in his hand,	
Oppinit the dur, and thame at denner fand.	
Thay tareit nocht to wesche, as I suppois,	
bot on to go quha mycht formest win.	135
The burges had a hoill, and in scho gois;	
hir sistir had no place to hyd hir in:	

Bot as god wald, it fell a happy caiß:
The spensar had no laisar for to byd,
Nowdir to serß, to seik, nor char, no[r] chaiß,
Bot on he went, and kest the dur vp wyd.
This [bald 8] burges his passage weill hes spyd;
Out of hir hoill scho come and cryit on he,
'how fair sistir? cry peip, quhair evir thow be!'

To se þat silly mouß it wes grit syn, To dussalait and will of all gud reid; For verry dreid scho fell in swoun neir deid.

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¹ Cf. pp. 22, 23.

² MS, 'solite,'

³ See pp. 24, 25, 324.

This rurall mouß lay flatlingis on be ground,
And for the deid scho wes full [sair ¹] dreidand,
For till her hairt straik mony wofull stound,
As in a fewer trymlit fute and hand;
And quhan hir sistir in sic plyt hir fand,
For very pety scho began to greit,
Syne confortit hir with wirdis as huny sueit.

'Quhy ly 3e thus? ryß vp my sistir deir,
cum till 3our meit, this perrell is ourpast.'
The tolpir anßwerit with a hevy cheir,
'I may nocht eit, so soir I am agast;
I had levir thir fourty dayis fast,
With wattir caill, or gnaw benis or peiß,
Than all 3our feist in þis dred & diseiß.'

F. 333.6 With fair trety 3it gart scho hir 2 ryß;

To burd thay went and on togidder sat;

And skantly had thay drunkin anis or twyß,
quhen in come 3 gib huntar, our Ioly cat,
and bad god speid: the burges vp with that,
and till hir 4 hoill scho fled as fyre of flynt:

Bawdronis be tobir be the bak scho 4 hint.

Fra fute to fute scho b kest hir to and fra, quhyle vp, quhyle doun, als tait as ony kid; quhyle wald scho b lat hir ryn vndir the stra, quhyle wald scho b wynk and play wilt hir bukhid. Thus to be silly mouß grit harme scho did, quhyle at be last, throw fair fortoun and hap, Betuix be dressour and the wall scho crap.

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¹ Cf. pp. 24, 25, 324. ⁴ MS. 'his.'

MS. 'him.'
 MS. 'income.'
 Cf. pp. 26, 27, and p. 290, l. 179.

Syne vp in haist behind þe pertaling
So he scho clam, þat gilbert mycht nocht get hir,
and be the clukis craftely can hing,
Till he wes gone, hir cheir wes all þe bettir.
Syne doun scho lap quhen þair wes nane to let hir;
Than on þe burges mowß lowd cowth scho cry,
'Fair weill, sistir, heir I thy feist defv.

'Thy mangery is myngit all with cair,
Thy guß is gud, thy ganesall sour as gall;
The subcharge 1 of thy thruice is bot sair;
So sall thow find heireftirwart may fall.
I thank 3one courtyne and 3one parpane wall
of my defenß now fra 3one crewell beist.

almichty god keip me fra sic a feist!

'War I in to be place bat [I] come fro,

For weill nor wo I suld nevir cum agane.'

With plat scho tuke hir leif and furth can go,

quhyle throw be corne, & quhylis throw be plane;

Quhen scho was furth and fre, scho was rycht fane,

and mirrely merkit vnto be mvre:

I can nocht tell how eftirwart scho fure.

Bot I hard say scho passit to hir den, als warme as wow, suppoiß it wes nocht greit, Full beynly stuft, bayth but and ben, F.334a. Off peiß, and nutis, benis, ry, and quheit; Quhen evir scho list scho had emuche till eit, In quiet and eiß, wikhouttin dreid:

Bot till hir sisteris feist no moir scho zeid.

¹ MS. ? 'sachngis,' or ? 'fach[i]ngis.' But cf. pp. 26, 27; also p. 325.

REINDIS, heir may 3e find, will 3e tak heid,

[BANNATYNE

15.	on	AT	TO	2.4	

In this fable a gud moralitie;	205
as fitschis myngit ar with noble seid,	
So intermellit is aduersitie	
With erdly ioy; so bat no stait is fre	
Without truble or sum vexatioun;	
and namely thay that clymis vp most he,	210
and nocht content of small possessioun.	
Blissit be symple lyfe withouttin dreid,	
Blissit be sobir feist in quiete;	
quha hes ennuche, of no moir hes he neid,	
Thocht it be littill in to quantete.	215
Grit haboundance and blind prosperite	
oft tymis makis ane evill conclusioun;	
The suetest lyfe, pairfoir, in pis cuntre	
Is of sickerness, with small possessioun.	
O wantoun man! quhilk vsis for to feid	220
Thy wame, and makis it a god to be,	
Luke to bi self; I warne the weill on deid,	
The cat cumis, and to be mouß hewis E:	
Quhat dois awaill thy feist and ryelte,	
With dreidfull hairt and tribulatioun?	225
Thairfoir best thing in erd, I say, for me,	
Is mirty hairt, with small possessioun.	
Thy awin fyre, freind, thocht it be bot a gleid,	
It warmis weill, and is worth gold to the;	
And salamone sayis, and 3e will reid,	230
'Vndir þe hevin I can nocht bettir se	
Than ay be blyth and leif in honeste.'	
Quhairfoir I may conclud be this ressoun:	
Off erdly Ioy it beiris most degre,	

Blythness in hairt, with small possessioun.

Explicit: quod mr. R. H.

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THE DOG PE SCHEIP & PE WOLFF.1

I SOPE a taill putis in memorie,

How þat a dog, becamß þat he wes pure,

F. 3344. Callit a scheip vnto þe consistory,
a certane breid of him for to recure.
a frawdfull [wolf] was Iuge þat tyme, and bure
auctoritie and Iurisdictioun,
and on þe scheip send furth a strait summoun.

For by be vse, and courß, of commoun style on this maner maid his sitatioun:

'I, maister wolf, pairtles of frawd or gyle,
Vndir be panis of suspentioun,
and gret cursing, and interdictioun,
Schir scheip, I chairge be straitly to compeir,
and ansueir till a dog befoir me heir.'

Schir corby rawin was maid aperitour,²
quhilk pyket hes full mony schepis E;
his chairge hes tane, and on the lettir bure;
Sommond the scheip befoir þe wolf, þat he
peremptourly, within the dayis thre,
Compeir vndir the panis in this bill,
And heir quhat burry dog wald say him till.

¹ Title in the margin in a later hand. ² MS, 'a peritour.'

40

BANNATYNE

This sommond maid befoir witness ennew,
The revin has till his office weill affeird,
endorsit hes his writ, and on he flew;
The silly scheip durst lay no mowth till erd,
Till scho befoir pat awfull iuge apperd,
be hour of caus, quhilk pat court vsit thane,
Quhen esperus to schaw his face began.

The fox wes clerk and notar in þat cauß;
The gled, the grip, vp at þe bar cowth stand;
as aduocatis expert in to the lawis,
The doigis ply togiddir tuk on hand,
quhilk wer confiderit stret in to ane band,
Agane the scheip to procure the sentens;
Thocht it wer fals, thay haif no conscience.

The clerk callit the scheip, and he wes thair;
The aduocattis on this wyls can propone:
'A certane breid, worth fyve schillingis and mair,
Thow aw this dog, [of] quhilk the terme is gone.'
F. 335 a. Of his 1 awin heid, but aduocat, allone,

Awysitly gaif answer in that cais: 'heir I declyne the iuge, the tyme, and place.

'This is my caus and motive in effect;
The law sayis, it is rycht perelouß
Till interply befoir a iuge suspect;
and thow, ßchir wolf, hes ay bene odius
To me; with thyne tuskis revenus
hes slane full mony kynnismen of myne;
Thairfoir, as juge suspect, I the declyne.

50

70

BANNATYNE

'And schortly, of this court the memberis all, bayth assessouris, clerke, and aduocat,
To me and myne ar ememeis immortall, and ay hes bene, as mony scheiphird watt;
This place, as for the tyme, is feriat,
In quhilk no iugeis suld sit in consistory,
So lait at evin, I yow accuß for thy.'

Quhen hat he iuge on this wyse wes accusit,
he bad the pairteis cheits, with one assent,

Qunen par pe luge on this wyse wes accusit, he bad the pairteis cheiß, with one assent, Twa arbitouris, as in the law is vsit, For to dissyd and gife arbitrement, quhiddir the scheip suld byd in iugement Befoir the wolf; and swa thay did but weir, of quhome þe names eftir 3e sall heir.

The bein, the brok, this mater tuk on hand,
For to dissyd gife this exceptioun
Wes of na strenth, or law/fitilly mycht stand;
And pairvpoun, as iugeis thay sat doun,
And held a lang quhyle disputatioun,
Seikand full mony decretalis of the law,
And glosis als, be veritie to knaw.

Of sewall 1 mony volum thay rewoll,
The codyß and degestis new and ald;
prowe and contra, strait argument thay resoll,
Sum a doctryne, and sum a noper 2 hald;
For pryß, nor prayer, trow 3e thay wald fald?
F. 335 & Bot held be text and gloiß of the decreiß,
as trew iuseis: I schrew bame bat leiß.

¹ Cf. pp. 90, 91.

² MS, 'moher,'

Schortly to mak ane end of this debait,
The arbitrouris summar and plane
The sentens gaif, and proceß fulminat:
80
The scheip suld paß befoir þe wolf agane
And end his pleid: than was he no thing fane,
For fra þair sentens he mycht no wayiß appeill.
on clerkis doid, gife this sentence be leill.

The scheip agane befoir þe wolf derenzeit,
but advocat, abasitly can stand.

Vpraiß the dog, and on the scheip thus plenzeit:
'To the a sowme I payit befoir hand
For certane breid;' thairto a borch he¹ fand,
That wrangusly the scheip held fra him breid;
And he denyit; and so began the pleid.

Thus quhen the scheip this stryfe had contestat,
The Iugeis into be cauß furth cowth proceid;
Lawrence the actis and proces wrait,
And sone the ply vnto be end thay speid.
This cursit court, corruptit all for meid,
Agane gud fayth, gud law and conscience,
For this fals doe pronuncit the sentence.

And it to put in executioun,
The wolf chairgeit be scheip, without delay,
Vndir be pane of interdictioun,
The sowme of siluer, or the breid, to pay.
Off this sentens, allaifs, quhat sall we say,
quhilk dampnit hes the silly innocent,
and institut to wranguß ingement?

The scheip, dreidand moir persecutioun, obeyit the sentence, and cowth tak his way vntill a merchand in je toun, And sald his fleiß þat he bur on his bak; Syne bocht the breid, and to je dog car mak reddy payment, as he foiriugeit waß; Nakit and bair syne to je feild cowt/ paß.

IIO

MORALITAS.

F. 336a. THIS silly scheip may present the figure of pure commownis, lat daylie ar opprest
Be tirrane men, lat settis all lair cure
With fals menys to mak a wrang conqueist,
In howp this present lyfe sall evir lest;
Bot all begyld thay will in schort tyme end,
And eftir deid to crewall panis wend.

This wolf I likin vnto a ßiref stout,
quhilk byis a forfalt at the kingis hand,
And hes with him a cursit assyiß about,
And dytis all þe pure men vp of land,
And fra þe crowner lay on thame his wand,
Suppoiß he be als trew as was sanct Iohine,
Ilane sall thay be, or with the iuge compone.

This revin I likin till a fals crownar,
quhilik hes a porteouß of the endytment,
And pasß furt/s befoir the iustice air,
All misdoaris to bring till Tugement;
Bot luke gife he be of a trew intent,
To skraip out Iohine, and wryt in will, or wate,
and so a bud at bayt/s be pairteis skat.

Off this fals tod, becauß I spak befoir,
And of this gled, quhat thay mycht signify,
Off þair natur, as now I speik no moir;
Bot of the scheip and of his cairfull cry
I sall reherß; for as I passit by
quhair þat he lay, on caiß he lukit doun,
and hard him mak this lamentatioun:

'Allace,' quod he, 'this cursit consistory,
In middis now of wintir it is maid,
quhez boreas, with blastis bittirly,
With frawart frostis, the flouris doun can faid;
On bankir bair now may I mak no baid.'
And with jat wird in till a coif he crap,
fra hair weddir and frostis him to hap.

Quakand for cald, and murnyngis soir amang,
Kest vp his ene vnto þe hevinis hicht,
F. 336. And said: 'o lord, quhy slypis thow so lang?
Walk, and descerne my cauß, groundit in richt:
Luk how I am, be frawd, maistry, and slycht,
pelit full bair: 'a and so is mony one
Now in this warld, rycht wondir, wo begone.

Se how þe cursit syn of cuvatyß,

Exylit hes bayth lufe, lawty, and law.

Now few or nane will execute iustice,

In falt of quhome the pure maw is ourthraw.

The verity, albeid þe iuge knaw,

Thay ¹a rs o blindit witk affectioun,

But dreid, for meid, thay thoill þe ryckt go doun.

Se thow nocht, lord, this warld ourturnit is,
As quha wald chenge gud gold in leid or tyn;
The pure is pelit; the lord may do no miß;
Now symony is haldin for no syn;
Now is he blyth whh okir can most wyn;
Gentreiß is slane, and pety is ago;
allace! lord god, quhy tholis thow it so?

Thow sholis this, bot for our grit offens
Thow sendis ws truble and plaigis soir,
170
As hungir, derth, wer, and pestilens;
bot few amendis þair lyfe now þairfoir.
We pure peple, as now may do no moir
Bot pray to the, sen we ar thus opprest
in to þis erd, Grant ws in hevin gud rest.
175

Explicit: quod mr. R. H.

THE WOLFF & PE LAMB.1

A CREWALL wolf, revanus and fell, Vpone a tyme past till a revere Discending fra a roch out of a well, To slaik his thrist, drank of þe watter cleir. Sa vpone caifa a silly lame come neir, Bot of this wolf the lame no thing he wist, and in the streme lapit to cule his thrist.

1 Title in the margin in a later hand.

Thus drang thay baith, bot nocht of ane intent;
The wolffis thocht wes all in wicketneß;
The silly lame meik and innocent:
Vpone be reuir by in ane vdir place,
beneth be wolf, he drank in ane littill space,
F.337 a. Quhill him thocht gude, presomyng bair none ill;
The wolf this saw, and rampand come him till.

Witk ginand teith and angry austre luke,
said to be lamb: 'thow catyve wrechit thing,
how durst thow be so bald to fyle this bruke,1
quhair I suld drink, with thy fowll slauering?
It wer almouß the for till draw and hing,
That suld presome, with stinkand lippis will,
To hurt my drink, and this fair watter spill.'

The silly lamb, quakand for verry dreid,
on kneis fell, and said: '\(\Omega \text{chir}\), with 3 our leif,
Suppoi\(\Omega \text{l}\) dar nocht say pairof 3e leid;
Bot, be my saule, I wait 3e can nocht preife
That I did ony thing quhilk suld 3 ow greif;
3e wait also 3 our accusatioun
fel3eis fra trewth, and contrair till ressoun.

'Thocht I can nocht, nature will me defend,
And of the deid perfyt experience;
all hevie 2 thing mone of the self discend;
Bot gif sum thing on forß mak resistence,
Thane may be streme be na wayis mak offens,
Na ryn bakwart: I drank beneth 30w far;
Ergo, for me 30ur drink is nevir þe war.

¹ Cf. pp. 194, 195.

² MS. 'hevinly.'

'Also my lippis, sen þat I was a lame, Twichit no thing þat was contagius; Bot sowkit mylk fra pawpis of my dame, rycht naturall, sueit, and deliciouß.' 'Weill,' quad þe wolf, 'thy langage outragius Cumis of kynd; sa 3our fader befoir held me at bait als with bost and schoir.

'He wexit me, and than I cowth him warne
Within a zeir, and I brukit my heid,
I suld be wrokin on him, or on his bairne,
for his exorbitant and thrawart pleid;
Thow sall doutles for his deidis be deid.'
'Schir, it is wrang, hat for he faderis gilt
The saikles sone sall proveist be and spilt.

'Haif 3e nocht hard quhat haly scriptour sais,

F. 337 Å. Dytit with pe mowth of god almycht?

off his awin deid ilk man salbeir the paiß,\(^1\)
as pyne for syn, reward for werkis rycht;

For my trespaß quhy suld my sone haif plycht?

Quha did þe miß lat thame sustene þe pane.'

'3a,' avad the wolf, 'sit plyis thow agane?

'I latt be wit, quhen be fader offendis, [I] will cherifs none of his successioun; and of his bairnis may weill be tane amendis, Vnto be nynt degree discending doun. The fadir thocht to mak a strang pysoun, And with his mowth in to my wattir spew.' 'Schir,' quad be lamb, 'tha twa ar nowhir trew.

'The law savis, and ze will vndirstand, Thair suld no man, for wrang no[r] violens, 65 his aduersar puneiß at his awin hand, Without process of law in audiens: Ouhilk suld haif leif to mak lawchfull defens, and bairypone summond peremptourly, for to propone and contra and reply. 'Set me a lawfull court, I sall compeir befoir be lyone, lord and leill justyß, and, be my hand, I obliß me rycht heir, That I sall byd ane vnsuspect assyß. This is be way, bis is be instest wyß; Re suld proceid bairfoir; a summondis mak agane bat day, to gif ressoun and tak.' 'Ha!' quod be wolf, 'wald thow intruß ressoun, quhair wrang and reif suld dwell in properte? That is a poynt of oppin fals tressoun, For to gar rewth remane with crewelte. Be goddis wondis, fals tratour, thow sall de, for thy trespas, and for thy faderis als.' With bat annone he hint him be be hals. The silly lame mycht do no thing bot blait; Sone wes he hedit; be wolf wald do no grace, Syne drank his blud, and of his flesch can eit, Till he wes fow, syne went away apace. off bis murthour quhat sall I say, allace? F. 338 a. was this no rewth, was this nocht grit pete, 90 To heir 1 this silly lame but gilt thuß de?

¹ Cf. pp. 200, 201.

MORALITAS. The pure peple this lamb may signify,
As malemen, merchandis, and pure lauboreris,
off quhome be lyfe is half a purgotory,
To wyn with lawty leving as effeiris.
The wolf betakynis fals extorceneiris,
and oppressouris of pure men, as we se,
be violens, be craft, or sutelte.

Thre kvnd of wolffis in be warld now ringis:

The first ar fals pervertaris of pe lawis,

Quhilk vndir poleit termes falset myngis,

Leitand pat all wer gospell that thay schawis;

Bot for a bud the trew men he ourthrawis,

Smorand pe rycht, garrand pe wrang proceid:

Off sic wolffis hell fyre salbe pair meid.

¹Ane vpir kynd of wolffis revanus
ar mychty men, haifand annwch plente,
quhilk ar so gredy and so cowetuß,
Thay will nocht thoill in peax ane pure man be;
Suppoiß þat he and his houshald suld de
for falt of fude, þairof thay gif no rak,
Bot our his heid his maling thay will tak.

O man! but mercy, quhat is in thy thocht,
War than a wolf, and thow cowth vndirstand?
Thow hes ennwch; the pure husband hes nocht
bot cote and cruse vpone a clout of land.
for godis aw, how dar thow tak on hand,
and thow in berne and byre so bene and big,
To put him fra his tak and gar him thig?

¹ The order of the third, fourth, and fifth stanzas of the 'Moralitas' differs from that in the Charteris and Harleian texts. See pp. 200-203.

O man of law! lat be thy sutelte,

With nyß iympis and frawdis interkat,

And think þat god of his diuinite

The wrang, the rycht of all thy werkis wate:

For preyer, pryce, for he no[r] law estait,

of fals querrell se thow mak no defenß;

Hald with the rycht, hurt nocht thy conscience.

The thrid wolf is men of heretege,
F. 35%. As lordis þat hes landis be godis lane,
And settis to þe maillairís a willage,
For prayer, pryce, and the gersum tane;
Syne vexis him, or half the terme be gane,
With pykit querrellif, for to mak him fane
To flitt, or pay the girsum new agane.

His horß, his meir, he mone len to þe laird,
To drug and draw in cairt and cariege;
135
his ßrivand or him self may nocht be spard
To swynk or sueit, withouttin meit or wage.
Lo as he standis in lawbour and boundage,
That skantly may he purcheß by his maill,
To leif ypone dry breid and wattir kaill.

Hes thow no rewth to gar thy tennent sueit
In to pi lawbour, full faynt with hungry wame,
And syne hes littill gude to drink or eit,
or his menge at evin quhen he cumis hame?
Thow suld be rad for rychtous godis blame;
For it cryis vengeance to be hevin so he,
To gar a pure man with but meit or fe.

O thow grit lord, þat hes riches and rent,
Be nocht a wolf, thus to devoir þe pure;
Think þat no thing crewall nor violent
May in this warld perpetualy indure:
This is a sentens suth I 30w assure,
For till opprefs thow sall haif als grit pane
as thow the pure anis with thy hand had slane.

OD keip be lame, bat is the innocent
Fra wolffis byt, I mene extorceneiris;
God grant bat wrangus men of fals intent
Be manifest, and pvneist as effeiris.
And god, as thow all rychtous prayer heiris,
mot saif our king, and gif him hairt and hand
all sic wolffis to bezneiß of this land.

Explicit: quod mr. R. H.

THE LYON & THE MOUSS.1

In myddis of Iune, hat ioly sueit sessoun,

Quhen pat fair phebus with his bemis brycht

F. 339-a. Had dryit vp he dew fra daill and doun,

And all the land maid with his lemys lycht;

In a morrhyng, betuix midday and nycht,

Lycid and nyt all leawth and elain on rod.

In a mornyng, betuix midday and nycht, I raifs and put all slewth and sleip on syd; Ontill a wod I went allone but gyd.

¹ Title in the margin in a later hand,

Sueit wes the smell of flouris quhyt and reid,
The noyis of birdis tycht delicius,
The bewis bred blwmyt abone my heid,
The grund growand with greß gratius;
Off all plesans that place wes plenteus,
With sueit odour and birdis armony,
The mornyng myld: my mirth wes mair for thy.

The roisß reid arreyit rone and ryß,

The prumroß and the purpour viola;

To heir it was a poynt of paradyß,

Sic myrth the maviß and the merle cowth ma.

The blosummis blyth brak vp on bank and bra,

The smell of herbis and of fowlis cry

Contending quha suld haif pe victory.

Me to consert than fra the sonis heit,

Vndir the schaddow of an awthorne grene,

I lenyt doun amangis the flouris sueit,

Syne maid a corû, and closit baith myne ene.

On sleip I fell amang the bewis bene,

And in my dreme me thocht come throw þe schaw

The fairest man befoir þat evir I saw.

His gown wes of a claith als quhyt as mylk;
His chymmeris wer of chamelet purpour broun;
His hude of skarlet, bordowrit with silk,
In hekle wyß vntill his girdill doun;
His bonat round wes of he auld fassoun;
His heid was quhyt; his ene wes grene and gray,
With lokar hair quhilk our his schulderis lay.

A row of paper in his hand he bair; A swannis pen stickand vndir his eir; Ane ynkhorne, with a pretty gilt pennair, A bag of silk, all at his belt he weir: Thus wes he gudly grathit in his geir. Of stature lerge, and with a feirfull face: Evin ouhair I lav he come a sturdy pace.

40

F. 339 b. And said, 'god speid my sone;' and I wes fane off bat cowth word, and of his cumpany; With reverence I salust him agane. 'Welcum, fader;' and he sat down me by. 'Displeiß 30w nocht, my gud maistir, thocht I

> Demand 3our birth, 3our faculty, and name, ouhy te come heir, or ouhair te dwell at hame,'

45

'My sone,' said he, 'I am of gentill blude; My natall land is rome withouttin nay; And in bat toun first to be scoullis zude, And science studeit mony a day; And now my winnyng is in hevin for av: Isope I hecht; my wrytin and my werk Is cowth and kend to mony cumnand clerk.'

50

'O maistir vsop, poet lawreat, God wait, 3e ar full deir welcum to me; ar ze nocht he bat all thir fabillis wrate. quhilk in effect, suppois thay fenzeit be, ar full of prowdens and moralite?' 'Fair sone,' said he, 'I am bat samvne man,'

God wait, gif bat my hairt wes mirry than.

75

80

BANNATYNE

I said, 'Isop, my maister venerable,
I 30w beseik hairtly for cherite,
ge wald dedene to tell a pretty feble,
concludand with a gud moralitie.'
schakand his heid, he said, 'my sone, lat be,
for quhat is worth to tell a fenseit taill,
quhen haill preching may nothing now awaill?

'Now in this warld, me think, ryoht few or nane
Till godis word þat hes deuotioun;
The eir is deiff, the hairt is hard as stane,
Now oppin syn without correctioun,
The E inclynand to be erd ay doun;
Swa rowstit is be warld with kanker blak,
That my taillis may littill succour mak.'

'3it, gentill Bchir,' said I, 'for my requeist, nocht till displeiß your fadirheid, I pray, vndir þe figure of sum brutall beist, a morall fable 3e wald dedene to say: F. 340.a. Quha wate nor I may leir and beir away Sum thing þairby heireftir may awaill?' 'I erant,' quod he, and thus begowth a taill.

A LYONE AT HIS pray wery for ron,
To recreat his lymis and to rest,
Bekand his breist and belly at he son,
Vndir a tre lay in he fair forrest;
Sua come a trip of myß out of plair nest,
Rycht tait and trig, all dansand in a gyß,
and our he lyone lansit twyß or thryß.

He lay so still, be myß wes nocht afferd, bot to and fra attour him tuke þair traiß; Sum tirlyt at þe campis of his berd, Sum sparit nocht to claw him on þe faiß; myrry and glaid thus dansit thay a spaiß, quhill at þe last þe noble lyoun wouk, and whth his pow þe maister mowß he tuke.

95

Scho gaif a cry, and all þe laif agast
their dansing left, and hid þame heir & thair;
100
Scho þat wes tane cryit and weipit fast,
and said, 'allaiß! for now and evir mair,
Now am I tane a wofull presonair,
and for my gilt trestis incontinent
of lyfe and deth to thoill þe iugement.'

Thane spak þe lyone to þat cairfull mouß:

'Thow catyve wreche, and wyle vnworthy thing,
Our malapart and our presumpteuus
Thow was, to mak our me thyne tripping.
Knew thow nocht weill I wes baith lord and king
of all beistis?' '3is,' quod þe mouß, 'I knaw;
Bot I misknew, becauß se lay so law.

'Lord! I beseik thy kingly ryalte,
heir quhat I say, and tak in patience;
Considdir first my semple pouerte,
and syne thy michty he magnificens;
Se als how 't thingis done by negligence,
Nocht of malyß nor of promissioun,
ever suld haif grace and remissioun.

- 'We wer repleit and had grit haboundance
 off alkyn fude, sic as till ws affeird;
 The sueit sessoun prowokit ws to dans,
 and mak sic mirth as nature to ws leird.
 F. 340 A. 3e lay so still and law vpone pe erd
 That, be my saule, we wend 3e had bene deid,
 ellis wald we nocht dansit our sour heid.'
 - 'Thy fals excuß,' the lyoun said agane,
 'Sall nocht awaill a myt, I vndirta;
 I put þe caiß, I had bene deid or slane,
 and syne my skin bene stoppit full of stra,
 Thocht thow, had fund my figour lyand swa,
 Becaus it bair þe prent of my persoun,
 Thow suld for dreid on kneis haif fallin doun.
 - 'For thy trespas thow can mak na defens,
 my noble persoun thus to vilipend;
 of thy fe[i]rß, nor thyne awin negligens,
 for till excuß, thow can no cauß pretend;
 Thairfoir thow suffer sall a schamefull end,
 and deid, sic as to tressoun is decryit,
 Onto the gallowß hangit be be feit.'
 140
 - as thow art king of beistis corronat,

 Sobir thy wreth and lat þi yre ourpaß,
 and mak thy mynd to mercy inclinat.

 I grant offens is done to thyne estait,
 Thairfoir I wirdy am to suffer deid,
 Bot gife thy kingly mercy reik remeid.

'A mercy! lord, at thy gentrice I as,

'In every iuge mercy and rewth suld be as assessouris, and collaterall; Without mercy iustice is crewelte, as said is in be lawis spirituall: guhen rigour sittis in be tribunall, The equety of law quha may sustene? rycht few or nane, bot mercy go betuene. 'Also ze knaw be honor trivmphall Off all wictor vpone be strenth dependis Of his compeir, quhilk manly in battell Throw iuperdy of armes lang defendis. Quhat price or lowing, guhen be battell endis, Is said of him bat ourcumis a man. 160 Him to defend bat nowdir may no[r] can? 'A thowsand myß to keill, and eik devoir, Is littill manheid vntill a strong lyoun: F. 341 a. Full littill wirschep haif 3e won bairfoir, To quhois strenth is no comparesoun: 165 It will degraid sum pairte of your renoun Till slay a mowß, quhilk may mak no defens, Bot askand mercy at 3our excellens. 'Also it semys [nocht] to 3our celcitud, quhilk vsis daylie meitis delicius, To fyle 3our teith or lippis with my blude, quhilk to your stomok is contagius: Vnhelsum meit is of a sary mouß, And namely till a noble strang lyoun,

Wont to be fed with gentill venysoun.

'My lyfe is littill and my deid far leß,
3it and I leif, I may, perauentour,
Supple your hienes, leand in distreß;
for oft is sene a small man of stature
reskewit hes a lord of his ¹ honour,
Keipit þat was in poynt to be ourthrawin
Throw misfortoun: sic caiß may be 30ur awin.'

Quhen pis wes said, the lyone his langege
pasit, and thocht accordit till ressoun,
and gart mercy his crewell yre assuege,
and to be mouß grantit remissioun;
oppymit his pow, and scho on kneis fell doun,
and baith hir handis vnto be hevin vpheld,
Cryand, 'almychty god mot 30w 3eld!'

Quhen scho wes gone, the lyone seid to hunt,
for he had nocht, bot levit on his pray,
and slew baith tame and wyld, as he wes wunt,
and in he cuntre maid a grit dirray;
Till at he last he peple fand he way
This crewall lyone how hat thay micht him tak:

Off hempin coirdis strang nettis cowhi thay mak.

And in a rod, quhair he wes wont to rin, With rapis rude fra tre to tre it band; Syne kest a raing on raw the wod within, With hornis blast, and canettis fast calland. The lyone fled, and, throw be rone rymand, fell in be net, and hankit fute and heid; for all his strenth he cowth mak no remeid.

¹ See pp. 110, 111.

Vo	bluand about with hiddouß rownissing,	
F. 341 6. Qt	thyle to, quhyle fro, gif he mycht succour get;	205
Во	ot all in vane, þat vel3eit him no thing;	
Th	ne moir he flang the fastir wes he knet 1;	
Th	ne rapis rude was so about him plet,	
Or	n every syd, þat succour saw he non;	
Во	ot still lyand thus murnand maid his mone.	210
· O	lamit lyoun, liggand heir so law,	
qui	hair is the mycht of thy magnificens,	
Of	f quhome all brutall beist in erd stud aw,	
an	d dred to luke vnto thy grit excellens?	
Bu	t howp or help, but succour or defens,	215
In	bandis strong heir mone I byd, allace!	
Til	ll I be slane, I se non vþir grace.	
'Т	hair is no ioy bat will my harmis wraik,	
	or creatur do confort to my croun.	
Qu	thay sall me bute? quhay sall thir bandis breik	220
Qu	tha sall me put fra pane of this presoun?'	
Ве	he had maid his lamentatioun,	
Th	row avintur the littill mowß come neir,	
and	d of the lyone hard the petows beir.	
An	d suddanly it come in till hir mynd	225
	it suld be the lyone did hir grace,	3
-	l said, 'now wer I fals and rycht vnkynd,	
	gife I quit sumpairte thy gentilnes	
	w did to me:' and on with hat scho gais	
	and the same of th	

^{&#}x27;Cum help, cum help!' and thay come on in hy.

1 Cf. pp. 112, 113.

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till hir fallowis, and on thame fast can cry,

'Lo!' quod the mouß, 'this is þe same lyone quhilk gave me grace quhen þat I wes tane; and now is fast heir bundni in presone, Wrekand his hurt with sair murnyng and mane; 235 Bot we him help, of supple wait he nane; Cum help to quyt a gud turne for a noþir, Go, lowß him sone.' And thay said, '3e, gud bruþir.'

Thay tuke no knyfe, thair teith wes scherp ennwch.

To se þat sicht, forsuth it wes grit wondir,

240
how þat thay ran amangis þe raipis twche,

Befoir, behind, sum 3eid abone, sum vndir,
and schure þe raipis of the mastis in schwndir;

Syne bad him ryß; and he stert vp annone,

And thankit thame; syne on his wayis is gone.

245

F. 342a. Now is the lyone fre of all dengeir,

Lowis and deliuerit till his libertie,

Be littill beistis of small poweir,

as 3e haif hard, becaus he had pete.

quod 1, 'maister, is thair a moralite

In pis fable?' '3a, sone,' said he, 'rycht gude.'—

'1 pray 30w, '£chri,' quod 1, '3e wald conclud.'

MORALITAS.

AS I suppois, this mychty gay lyoun may signify a prince, or empriour, a potestat, or jit a king wth croun, quhilk suld be walkryfe gyd and gouirnour of his peple, and takis no lawbour To rewll nor steir þe land, nor iustice keip, Bot lyis still in lustis, slewth, and sleip.

1 MS. 'bat at I.'

The fair forrest with levis loun and le. With fowlis song, and flouris ferly sueit, Is bot the warld and his prosperite, as fals plesandis myngit with cair repleit. Rycht as the roß with frost and wintir weit faidis, so dois be warld, and thame dissavis 265 quhilk in þair lust confidens havis. Thir littill myß ar bot be commonte, Wantone, vnwyß, without correctioun: Thir lordis and princis quhen bat thay se of justice makis non executioun, Thay dreid no thing to mak rebellioun, and disobey 1; for guhy thay stand none aw, That gavis thame thair soveranis to misknaw. Be this fable 3e lordis of prudens may concidder the vertew of pete; and to remyt sum tyme a grit offens, and metigat mercy with crewelty: oft tyme is sene a man of small degre hes guvt a commoun, baith for gude and ill, as lordis has done rigour, or grace him till. 280 Ouha wait how sone a lord of greit renoun, rolland in warldly lust and vane plesandis, may be ourthrawin, distroyit, or put doun Throw fals fortoun, quhilk of all varians F. 342 b. Is haill maistres, and leder of be dans 285 Till lusty men, and bindis thame so soir,

1 MS. 'discobey.'

That thay no perrell can provyd befoir.

Thir crewall men, hat stentit hes the nett,
In quhilk he lyone suddanely wes tane,
Waitit alway amendis for till get,
For hurte men wrytis in the marble stane.
moir till expone as now I latt allane,
Bot king and lord may weill wit quhat I mene;
Fegour heirof oftymis hes bene sene.

Quhen this was sayid, quod Isope, 'my fair chyld,
perswaid the kirkmen ythandly to pray
That tressone of this cuntre be exyld,
And iustice ring, and lordis keip thair fey
Vnto þair souerane lord, both nyoht and day.'
And with þat word he vaneist, and I woik;
Syne throw þe schaw my iurney hamewart tuke.

Explicit: quod mr. R. Henrysone.



ASLOAN TEXT (CHALMERS TRANSCRIPT)



HEIR begynnes the tale of be wplandis mouß and be borowstoun mouß.

I SOPE, myn auctor, makis mencioun Off twa myß, and þai war sisterís deir, Off whom þe eldar in a borowstouñ, The youngar wonnyt apon land, wele neir, Richt solitar, quhile wnder buske and brer, Quhill in þe corne, an uþir mennis scaith, As outlawis dois, and levit on hir waith.

This rurall mouß in to be wynter tyde
Had hunger, cauld, and tholit gret distreß.
The topir mouß into be burgh couth byde,
Gild brober was and maid ane fre burgeß;
Tol fre also, but custome mar or leß,
And licence had to gang quhar evir scho list,
Amang be cheiß and meile in ark and kist.

A tyme quhen scho was ful and wnfu[t] sair,
Scho tuke in mynd hir sister wponland,
And langit sar 1 to heir of hir welfair,
To se quhat lyf scho led wndir þe wand:
Bairfut, allone, with pykestaf in hir hand,
As pur pilgryme scho passit owt of toune,
To seike hir sister baith our daile and doune.

¹ Cf. pp. 14, 15.

Throwe mony wilsome wayis couth scho walk,
Throw mure [&] moß, throw banke, busk, & brer,
Cryand on hir fra balk to balk,
'Cum furth to me, my awne swet sister deir;
Cry pepe anys!' with pat pe mouß couth heir,
And knewe hir woce, as kynnis men will do,
Be werraw knd; and furth scho come hir to.

The hartlie cheir, lord god! gif 3e had sene,
Was kythit quhen þir sisteris twa war met;
The welcummyng was schawin thaim betwene,
For quhilis þai leuch, and quhylis for ioye þai grete,
Quhilis kissit sweit, and quhilis in armes plete;
And þus þai fure, quhill soberit was þair mude,
Svne fute for fut unto þair chalmer unde.

30

40

As I hard say, it was a semple wane, Off fog and farne full misterlyk war maid, Ane sely scheld wndir ane erdfast stane, Of quhilk be entre was nocht hie nor braide; In bai went samyn but more abaid, Withoutin fyre or candill brimand bricht, For commonly sic pykaris lufis no licht.

Quhen þai war lugit þus, þe sely myse,
The youngast sister unto þe buttry hyid,
Brocht furth nutis and peiß insteid of spyß;
Gif þar was weilefar, I dud on þaim besyde.
This burgeß mouß prompit furth in pryde,
And said, 'sister, is þis 3our daly fude?'
'Ouhy nocht?' ound sche, 'think ve þis meit nocht gud?'

'Nay, be my saull, I think it bot a scorne.' 'Madame,' quod sche, '3e be be more to blame; My moder said, eftir pat we war borne, That 3e and I lay baith in till a wame; I kepe ye ryte and custome of my dame, And off my syre liffand in powerte, For landis haf we nane in properte.'	50
'My faire sister,' quod scho, 'hald me excusit, This rude diet and I can nocht accord; Till tender meit my stomoke ay is usit, For quhy I fair alswele as ony lord; Thir rude nuittis and peß, or þai be bord, Will brek my teith, and mak my wame full sklender, Quhilk usit is befor with metis tender.'	60
Weile, weile, sister, 'quod þe rurale mouß, 'Gif it 30w pleiß sic thing as 3e se heir, Baith meit and drink, herbery and houß, 3e sall it have, will 3e remane all yeir; With richt gud will, baith blyth and hartlie cher, And þat suld mak þe macis þat ar rude, Amang frendis, baith tendis, sweit and gud.	65
'Quhat plesans is in festis delicate, The quhilk ar gevin with a glowmand browe? A gentill hart is better recreate With blyth wisage, þan set till him a cow; A modicum is fer mair till allowe, Sa at gud will be carvour at þe deß,	75

Than thrawin wult with mony spycit meise.'

For all pis mery exhortacioun,
The burgeß mouß had litill will to syng,
Bot hevely scho kest hir browis doun,
For all pe dantes pat scho couth till hir bring,
3it at pe last scho said, half in hething,
'Sister, pis wittale and pis riall feste
May weile suffyß for sic a rurale best.

'Lat be pis hole, and cum unto my place;
I sall 3ow schawe, be trewe experiens,
My gudfryday is better na 3our paß;
My dische likingti is worth 3our hale expenß.
Housß ynewe I have a gret defence;
Of cat, na trape, na fall, I haf na dreid.'
'I grant,' quod scho, and on togidder 3eid.

In stowthry ay throw rankest gerß & corne,
Wnder cowert full prevely couth crepe,
The eldest mouß was gyde & 3eid beforne,
The 3oungar till hir wayis tuk gud kepe.
On nycht pai ran, and on þe day þai slepe;
Till in þe mornyng, or þe laværok sang,
Thai fande þe toune, and in gladly can gang.

Nocht fer fra þis unto a worthy wane,
The burgeß brocht þaim syne quhar þai suld be;
In till ane innes þair herbery was tane,
Intill a spence with wittale gret plente;
Cheiß and butter apone skellis hie,
Flesche and fische yneuch, bath fresche & salt,
And sekis full of grotis, meile, and malt.

Eftir quhen þai disposit war to dyne,
Withoutin grace þai wesche and went to meit,
All kynd of coursis þar cukir couth devyne,
Mutoune and beif strikin in tal3eis grete;
A lordir fair þus can þai counterfeit,
Except a thing, þai drank þe wattir cleir
In steid of wyne, bot 3it þai maid gud cher.

With blyth wpcast and mery countenance,
The eldest sister sperit at hir gest
Gif þat scho thocht be ressoun differens
Betuix hir chalmer and hir sary nest.

'Ye, dame,' qued scho, 'how lang now will þis lest?'
'Evirmor, I wait, and langer to.'
'Gif it sa be, 3e ar at eiß,' qued scho.

¹ Thus maid þai mery quhile þai micht na mar,
And, 'haile 3 ule, haile! ' þai cryit apon hie.
Eftir ioye ofttymes cuzmis cair,
And truble eftir gret prosperite.
Thus as þai sat in all þair iolyte,²
So come þe spensar with keyis in till hand,
Opimit þe dure, and þaim at dyner fand.

Thai taryit nocht to wesche, as I suppoß,
Bot unto go quha micht formast wyne.
The burgeß had a hole, and in scho gois;
Hir sister had no hole to hyde hir in:
To se jis sely mouß it was gret syn,
So desolate and will of a gud reid;
For wernay dreid sche fell in swouñ ner deid.

² Transcript, 'Jolyse.'

¹ A stanza is here omitted. See pp. 22, 23, 288.

Bot as god wald, it fell a happy caß;
The spensar had na laser for to byd,
To serß, to seike, to char, nor jit to chase,
Bot on he went, and left þe dure wp wyde.
This bald burgeß his passage wele has spyid;
Out of hir hoile scho come and cryit on hie,
'How, fair Sister! cry pepe, quhar ever 3e be.'

This rurale mouß lay flatling is on be ground,
And for be deid full sore scho was dredand,
For till hir hart straike mony wilsome¹ stound,
As in a fever trymblit fut and hand;
Quhen sche hir sister in to sic plyte fande,
For werray pete scho began to grete,
Syne comfort hir with word is hony sweit.

'Quhy ly 3e sa? ryß wp, my sister deir;
Cum to 30ur meit, þis pæræll is our past.'
The toþir answerd with a hevy cheir,
'I may nocht eit, I am so sair agast;
I had lever þir xl dayis haf fast,
With watter caile, and gnawe benes and peiß,
Than all this fest in þis dreid and diseiß.'

Than all this fest in þis dreid and diseiß.'

With fair trety şit scho gart hir ryß,

And unto burd togiddir baith þai sat;

Scantlie had þai drunkin anys or twyß,

Quhen in come gib huntar, our ioly cat,

And bad god speid: þe burgeß wp with þat;

In at hir hole scho fled as fyre of flynt:

Baldæronis þe toþir be þe bak has hynt.

1 Cf. pp. 24, 25, 289.

Fra fut to fut scho³ kest hir to and fra,
Quhilie wpe, quhile doune, alß tait as ony kid;
Quhilis wald scho¹ lat hir ryn wnder pe stra,
Quhilis wald scho¹ wynke, and play with hir bukhed. 165
Thus to pe sely mouß gret pane scho³ did,
Till at pe last, throw fair fortoune and hap,
Betwene pe dosor ⁸ and be wall scho crap.

Syne wp in haist behynd þe perrelling
So hie scho clame, þat gilbert mycht nocht get hir,
17c
And be þe clukis richt craftely can hyng,
Till he was gone, hir cher was all þe bettir.
Syne doune scho come quhen þair was nane to let hir,
Apon þe burgeß mouß loude couth sho cry:
'Fair wele, sister, þi feist heir I defy!
17:

'Thy managery is mengit all with cair,
Thy guß is gud, thi ganesall sowr as gall;
The suchardis of pi ßervice is bot sair,
Sa sall pou fynd herefterwart may fall.
I thank 3 one courting and 3 one parpell wall
Off my defence now fra 3 one cruell best.
Allmw/hi god, kepe me fra sic ane fest!

'War I anys in þe kith þat I come fra,
For weile and wa I suld nevir cum agane.'
With þat scho tuke hir leif and furth can ga,
Quhylis throw þe corne, and quhilis thro þe plane;
Quhen scho was furth & fre, scho was full fane,
And merely scho mærkit unto þe mur:
I can nocht tell how eftirwart scho fure.

¹ See p. 289 (note).

² Cf. p. 280.

³ See p. 290.

Bot I herd saye scho passit till hir den, 100 Alß warme in woll, suppoß it was nocht grete, Alß benely stuffit, baith but and ben. Of nutis, peß, benes, rv, and guheit: Quhen evir scho list, scho had yneuch till eit, In quyet and eiß, withoutin dreid: Bot till hir sisteris fest no mor scho zeid. Moralitas. Frendis, heir may 3e fynd, quhill 3e tak hed, In bis fabill ane gud moralite; As fitchis mengit ar with noble seid, Sa intermellit is adversite 200 With erdlie iovis; so bat no stat is 1 fre, Without truble or sum wexaciouñ: And namlie bai quhilk clymmis wp most hie, And nocht content of small possessiouñ. Blissit be sympill lyf withoutin dreid; Blissit be sobir feist and quiete: Quho has yneugh, of no mor has he neid, Docht it be litill in to quantite. Gret haboundans and blynd prosperite Oft tymes makis ane evill conclusioun: Tharfor best thing in erd, I say, for me, Is mery hart with small possessiouñ.

O wantoun man, quhilk usis for to feid
Thy wame, and makis it a god to be,
Luke to þi self; I warne þe wele, on deid,
The cat cummis; unto þe mouß as E:
Quhat is avale þi feist in rialte,
With dreidful hart and tribulaciouñ?
Tharfor best thing in erd, I saye, for me,
Is sikerneß, with small possessiouñ.

1 Transcript, 'statis.'

220

Thy awne fyre, frende, bookt it be bot a gleid,
It warmis weile, and is worth gold to be;
As salamon sayis, and bou will it reid,
'Wnder be hevin I can nocht better se,
Than ay be blyth and lif in quiete.'

225
Quharfor I may conclude be bis ressouñ:
Off erdly ioye it beris mast degre,
Blythneß in hert, with small possessiouñ.

Heir endis of be twa myß.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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