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A Penni worth of Witte:
Florice and Blaunche flour:
and other Pieces
of Ancient English Poetry,
Selected from
The Auchinleck Manuscript.

Printed at Edinburgh,
For the Abbotsford Club.

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P R E F A C E.

IN the series of works which were completed for the Members of the ABBOTSFORD CLUB, during the few years of its active existence, an important service was rendered to early English literature, by printing several inedited Metrical Romances. Most of these are contained in the celebrated Auchinleck Manuscript. In now bringing this series of Club books to a close, it was considered, that of two volumes one might be suitably appropriated to a selection of smaller pieces of English Poetry from the same collection, and at the same time to furnish some account of the Manuscript itself, and indicate the various forms in which nearly the whole of its contents have appeared.

The volume, known from its donor as the THE AUCHINLECK MANUSCRIPT, was presented to the Faculty of Advocates by Alexander Boswell of Auchinleck in the year 1744. He was raised to the Bench, as a Lord of Session, in February 1754, and died in 1782, in the seventy-sixth year of his age. His son James Boswell was the well-known biographer of Johnson. His grandson, the late Sir Alexander Boswell of Auchinleck, was an accomplished scholar, who, with an ardent love of literature, and poetical talent of no ordinary kind, inherited his grandfather's taste for collecting; and by means of a private press at Auchinleck, he reproduced several curious and valuable works, for the gratification of his literary and antiquarian friends.

The previous history of the Manuscript is wholly unknown. It is of a square or large quarto size, of vellum, in double columns, written, as conjectured, in the North of England, not later than the middle of the

fourteenth century. In its original state, the volume must have been of considerable bulk, inasmuch as its 334 folios contain 44 different articles; but, according to the numbers at the head of each leaf, there must at least have been 57 in the volume. Besides the loss therefore of 13 distinct articles, several leaves are more or less mutilated. Of the missing articles, some indeed may have been of small extent, as short legends or lays, but there remain only small portions of the two long romances of Alexander and King Richard. The mutilations are chiefly blanks occasioned by most of the small illuminations at the head of each article, carefully designed, and finished in gold and colours, having been barbarously cut out, which also entailed the loss of eight or nine lines written on the reverse of the leaves so mutilated. From a circumstance to be stated, it may be conjectured that the volume had fallen into the hands of an ignorant binder, who was in the process of cutting it up for the purposes of his trade, when so many of the illuminations were taken out, as things of no value, before the most considerable portion of the volume was fortunately rescued from complete destruction.

In the year 1837, my friend Mr Turnbull, Advocate, the Secretary of the Abbotsford Club, joined with me in printing a few copies for private distribution, of a volume, entitled "Owain Miles, and other inedited Fragments of Ancient English Poetry," post 8vo. The contents were derived from the Auchinleck Manuscript, and included the fragment of KING RICHARD, with a *faesimile* of the miniature design at the head of this romance, which had escaped the knife or scissors of the depredator. I was quite unaware, at the time, that I actually had in my own possession a fragment of two leaves of that Romance, which had formed part of this identical Manuscript. They were given to me several years before by a learned and reverend friend, as a specimen of old writing, but had fallen aside. At length, upon examining the leaves, to ascertain what they were, the form of writing seemed to me quite familiar, and I soon discovered that they must have originally formed part of the Manuscript in question. I lost no time therefore in making inquiry, and securing another fragment of two

leaves, which I remembered having seen when the others were given me. These I found contained the first portion of "The Life of Adam," which is inserted in the present volume. The leaves having been employed as covers of blank paper-books, which were purchased for note-books by a Professor in the University of St Andrews, before the middle of the last century, the writing in some parts is scarcely legible. I have not been able to ascertain whether any other volumes with similar covers may still exist; but the discovery of these few leaves is sufficient to suggest the idea that Lord Auchinleck rescued the bulk of the manuscript from being so employed. Probably attaching much less importance to the volume than it has obtained, it was bound in the plainest manner, some of the leaves were misplaced, and, when compared with the recovered fragments, of which the parts folded over the boards are preserved, it must have suffered in the rebinding, by being rather unsparingly cut in the edges. The volume is now rebound in morocco, in a style more suitable to its worth, and the mutilated leaves have been carefully mended.

Bishop Percy, in his third volume of *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, was the first to give any account of the contents of this precious Manuscript, from information communicated by the Rev. Dr Blair. Ritson, during one of his visits to Edinburgh, examined the volume with great care, and made a list of its contents, dated in 1792, and transcribed select portions, which he afterwards published in his collection of English Metrical Romances. But the volume acquired its chief notoriety in 1803, from having furnished Sir Walter Scott with the text of his elaborate edition of the metrical romance of SIR TRISTREM. This he attributed to Thomas of Erceldoune, named the Rhymer, and connected with it a very ingenious but untenable theory of its being the original of the similar romances that exist in other languages. The account of the manuscript and its contents given by Sir Walter is subjoined to this prefatory notice, with such corrections or additions as seem to be requisite, after briefly noticing the several pieces which are contained in the present volume.

I.—A PENNI WORTH OF WITTE.

This popular tale is evidently derived from a French original, and the Fabliau *La Bourse plein de Sens*, has a sufficient resemblance to the story to render this probable. See Legrand d'Aussy, *Fabliaux et Contes*, tome iv., p. 1, edit. Paris, 1829; and the *Fabliaux et Contes des Poètes François*, publiés par Barbazan, tome iii., p. 38.

Ritson, in his curious volume of *Pieces of Ancient Popular Poetry*, 1791, printed this tale, under the title, *How a Merchande dyd hys Wyfe betray*, from a MS. in the University Library of Cambridge, (MSS. More, Ff. 2. 38.) It is a condensed and quite a different version from the present, and consists of 272 lines. The MS., he says, is written apparently about the reign of Edward the Fourth or Richard the Third. "The poem itself however is indisputably of a greater age, and seems from the language and orthography to be of Scottish, or at least of North country extraction. The fragment of a somewhat different copy, in the same dialect, is contained in a MS. of Henry the Sixth's time, in the British Museum (Bib. Harl., 5396, f. 27.) It has evidently been designed to be sung to the harp."

The copy which Ritson mentions contains only 176 lines, and begins thus:—

Lystene, Lordyngis, I yow praye
 How many man can hys wyfe betraye,
 Both be day and be nyght,
 Yf ye well lystyn a lytyll wyght,
 Thys song ys of a marchand of thys contre,
 Had a wyfe was fayre and fre;
 The marchand had a full gode wyfe,
 Ho louyd hym lely as hur lyfe,
 What that euer hye tyl hur sayde,
 Ener sche held hur wele payde:
 Tho marchand, that was stout and gaye,
 By another wench he lay;
 He boght hur gownys of gret prys, &c.

At a recent period, the story assumed a more popular form, in the common ballad, "The Pennyworth of Wit." Captain Cox, who is celebrated in the entertainments at Kenilworth Castle in 1575, possessed, among a bunch of ballads, "*The Chapman of a Pennyworth of Wit*;" Ritson mentions, that it is also contained in a tract entitled "*Penny-wise, Pound-foolish*;" or a Bristow diamond, set in two rings, and both crack'd. Profitable for married men, pleafant for young men, and a rare example for all good women." London, 1631, 4to, bl. l.

One of these common popular ballads, "A choice Pennyworth of Wit," begins,

Here is a Pennyworth of Wit
 For those that ever went astray;
 If warning they will take by it,
 'Twill do them good another day.

 As in this book you may behold,
 Set forth by *Mr William Lane*.

The said "book" being in the form of a broadside, containing 65 stanzas of 4 lines. "Printed and fold at No. 4 Aldermary Churchyard," about the end of the last century.

II.—FLORICE AND BLAUNCHEFLOUR.

This beautiful tale, which exists in a variety of forms and languages, is supposed to have a Spanish origin. In the description of the embroidered robe, in the metrical romance of Emare, pronounced by Warton to form one of the finest descriptions of the kind which he had seen in Gothic poetry, are the following lines :

In the thrydde korer wyth gret honour
 Was FLORYS and dam BLAUNCHEFLOUR
 As love was hem betwene;
 For they loved wyth honour,

Purtrayed they were with trewe-love flour,
Wyth stones bryght and shene.¹

Boccaccio, who makes the adventures of Florio and Biancofiore the principal subject of his *Philocopo*, says that the subject was popular long before his time. Some of the Provençal poets refer to such a story; and it is extant in an early version in Greek iambics.

Of metrical versions in other languages, it is somewhat doubtful which should be considered the earliest. Ritson speaks of the French version as one of the most ancient and popular in that language. See also the remarks of M. Paulin Paris, in his "*Le Romancero François*," p. 55. Paris, 1833; where he gives a long extract from the Romance of *Flore et Blanche fleur*, preserved in the Imperial Library at Paris. This MS. of the 13th century, consisting of 3342 lines, forms part of a large volume, in folio, No. 6987, described by M. Paris, in his subsequent work "*Les Manuscrits François*," tome iii., p. 215. It has since been printed entire, with this German title, "*Flore und Blanceflor, Altfranzösischer Roman, nach der Uhländischen Abschrift der Pariser Handschrift N. 6987. herausgegeben von Immanuel Bekker.*" Berlin, 1844, post 8vo.²

Conrad Fleck, one of the early Minnesingers, and supposed, from the dialect of his verses, to have been a native of Switzerland or Suabia, was born in the early part of the 13th century, and composed a long poem on the same subject. It extends to 8006 lines, and the German critics declare it to be superior, in graceful simplicity, to the above poem of the French Trouvère. Of this poem there exist two manuscripts of the 15th century; one at Berlin, the other at Heidelberg. It has been carefully edited, under this title: "*Flore und Blanscheflur, eine Erzählung von Konrad Fleck: herausgegeben von Emil Sommer;*" which forms the 12th volume of the "*Bibliothek der gesammten Deutschen National-Literatur,*" printed at Quedlinburg und Leipzig, 1846, 8vo.

¹ Warton's *History of English Poetry*, vol. i., p. cxxvi.

² Other two early manuscripts are quoted, in *Bibl. Colb.* 3128, and *Bibl. Coisl.* 733.

Another writer, the Flemish poet Dietric van Assenede, who also flourished in the 13th century, translated this romance into Flemish verse. It contains 3978 lines, and has been published as Part III. of the "*Horæ Belgicæ*," edited by Henry Hoffmann. "*Floris ende Blancefloer, door Diederic van Assenede: mit einleitung, anmerkungen und glossar, herausgegeben von Hoffmann von Fallersleben.*" Leipzig, 1836, 8vo.

Fleck cites, near the commencement of his poem (l. 142) an earlier production, of a Robert d'Orbent:—

Ez hat Ruoprecht von Orbent,
Getihtet in welschen
Mit rimen ungevelschen
Des ich in tiusehen willen han.

A similar version, "*Flores och Blanzeflor*," in the Swedish language, by Gustaf Klemming, is attributed to the early part of the 14th century. It forms the commencement of a valuable series of ancient popular literature, publishing, at occasional intervals, "*Samlingar utgifna af Svenska Fornkrift-Sällskapet.*" Stockholm, 1844, et seq., 8vo.

Mr Ellis, in his *English Metrical Romances*, has given an analysis of this romance from the text of the Auchinleck MS., supplying from Tressan the defective portions of the story. The prose romances of Florice and Blanche-flour belong to a much more recent period, and are enumerated by Brunet, in the last edition of his *Manuel du Libraire*.

The existing copies of the English version are more or less imperfect, and the one probably would not supply the deficiencies of the other. The copy best known forms part of a volume in the University Library of Cambridge, (Gg. iv. 27.) It contains about 800 lines, and begins, as follows, with line 8 of the present text:—

Heo tok forth a wel fair ring,
Of hire finger a riche ryng;
Mi sone, heo sede, haue this ring,
Whil he is thin, ne dute nothing,
That fur the brenne, ne adrenche sa.
Ne ire[n] ne steil ne mai the sle:

And to thi wil thou schalt habbe grace.
 Late and rache in eche place.
 Floris mineth nu his leue,
 No longer nolde he bileue.

In a manuscript volume of the 14th century, in the Bridgewater Library, described in Archdeacon Todd's "Illustrations of Gower and Chaucer," p. 164, there is a copy of *Florence and Blancheflour*, which he says contains upwards of 300 lines more than Mr Ellis was acquainted with in his account of the Romance. Another, earlier than either, was in the Cottonian Library, (Vitellius, D. III.) It is thus entered in Smith's Catalogue of the MSS., 1696: "Verfus de amoribus Florifii juvenis et Blanchefloræ puellæ, lingua veteri Anglicana." But this was one of the volumes destroyed by the fire in 1731; some portions of the English romance of *Floyres and Blancheflur* having escaped. It is written on vellum, in double columns, in a small hand, of the 13th century, very difficult to be deciphered. I have been favoured by Sir Frederic Madden with the following specimen:—

Tel me war my lemmon beo.
 Al wepinge onsuerede heo,
 Sire, heo seyde, ded; ded, quad he,
 Sire, heo seyde, for sothe, ye.
 Alas, wenne deide my suete wyght?
 Sire, heo seyde, with inne this seuenight,
 That urthe hire was leyð aboue,
 And ded heo is for thine loue.
 Floyres that was so fayr and gent,
 He fel i-swone up on the pauement.
 And the cristene wimmon gon to crie
 To Crist and to seynte Marie.
 The king and the quene i-herdde that eri.
 In to the bure tho urne hy,
 And the quene ate frome
 By wepeth hire dere sone;
 And the kinges herte is ful of care,
 That he sikth is sone vor loue so fare.
 Anon he of swoninge awok and speke miste.

Sore he wep and sore he syghte,
 And on his moder he by sighth,
 Dame, he sayde, led me thar that mayde lyth.
 Thider heo hire broute wel suthe,
 Vor care and sorwe of hire dethe.
 Anon that he to the burles come,
 Wel yerne he bi hul ther on,
 And letteres bigon to rede,
 Thus spek and thus sede,
 Thar thar lay suete Blancheffur,
 That Floyres louede par amur.

In Mr Hartshorne's volume of "Ancient Metrical Tales," London, 1829, this romance of Florice and Blancheffour is printed from a transcript of the Auchinleck MS. which he acknowledges to have received from me. I may be allowed to make a single remark. It was unlucky that the sheets, while at press, were either not sent here for revisal, or that the text had not been collated with the Cambridge MS. In either case the very gross mistakes which his text contains might have been avoided. The transcript alluded to was a duplicate copy given me by Sir Walter Scott, and was made for him, I understood, by a brother of the celebrated Dr Leyden. I cannot imagine it could have contained such blunders as the printed pages exhibit. The text of the Auchinleck MS. is now, I hope, more accurately represented.

III.—THE THROSTEL COK AND NIGHTINGALE.

This dialogue of the Throstel or Thrush and the Nightingale is probably a translation from the French. Sir Walter Scott (see p. xxvi.) evidently supposed that the original was preserved in the Digby MS., having been misled by its French title. This manuscript is in the Bodleian Library, (MS. Digby 86. fol. 136^b); and to the kindness of Sir Frederic Madden I am indebted for the use of his transcript, from which it appears to be a perfect,

or at least a fuller copy of a poem much the same with that in the Auelinleck MS. It is entitled, "Ci commence le cuntent par entre le Mauvis et la Russinole," and begins:—

SOMER is comen with loue to toune,
 With blostme and with brides roune,
 The note of hasel springeth;
 The dewes darkneth in the dale,
 For longing of the Nightegale,
 This foweles murie singeth.

Hie herde a strif bitweies two,
 That on of wele, that other of wo,
 etc. etc.

It contains 32 stanzas of six lines, and is thus more than double the extent of the present fragment. It would, however, serve no purpose to supply such a large portion, the more especially as the poem has been printed by Mr Halliwell in the *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, vol. i. p. 241.

As the initial letter L, in the Auelinleck MS., is very distinct, the mutilated line should have been thus printed,

L[enten ys come] with loue [to towne]

the opening stanza being almost identical with an earlier love song, containing a description of the Spring, in Harl. MS., No. 2253; and printed by Hawkins, vol. ii. p. 93, by Warton, vol. i. p. 29, and by Ritson, in his *Ancient Songs*, p. 31.

IV.—THE LIIF OF ADAM.

According to the legend itself, this narrative is of the remotest antiquity, having been written on stone by Seth, the son of Adam, in a language which, when discovered by Solomon, was wholly unknown, and required an angel to be sent from heaven to give the interpretation. See lines 691–720. The first portion of 352 lines is given from the fragment of the MS.

recovered, as stated at page ii. A few lines at the commencement are unfortunately lost. The name *Lightbern*, or Child of Light, as applied to Lucifer, or Satan, before his fall through pride, cannot fail to strike the reader as highly poetical.—The similar fragment of King Richard, in my possession, consists of two distinct portions, of 176 lines each, corresponding with lines 1745 to 1919, and lines 2580 to 2762, in Weber's edition of the entire romance.

V.—DAVID THE KING.

The commencement of each verse, from the Vulgate, accompanies this paraphrase of the Fifty-first Psalm. Verses 7 and 8 having been written on the reverse of the leaf containing a small illumination, are lost. This is one of the Seven Penitential Psalms, of which there are numerous versions, in English verse, preserved in various libraries.

VI.—THE DEDLI SINNES, THE HESTES, &c.

This is a similar paraphrase of the Ten Commandments, the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, with a general reference to the Seven Deadly Sins, and a paraphrastic narration of our Lord's Passion. The concluding lines, or prayer, to send peace instead of war, that Christians might be enabled to pass into the Holy Land, and slay the Saracens, indicate the later period of the Crusades, when the verses were written.

VII.—THE PATERNOSTER UNDO ON ENGLISH.

The Lord's Prayer is here given in a different and more amplified paraphrase.

VIII.—HOW OUR LEUEDI SAUTER WAS FIRST FOUND.

The object of this poem is sufficiently obvious as an encouragement to Mariolatry, and belongs to a period when the Hours of the Blessed Virgin had begun to supersede with the laity the older forms of devotion.

IX.—IN PRAISE OF WOMEN.

This poem was printed by Dr Leyden, in the Introduction to “The Complaynt of Scotland;” but he makes no mention of having omitted nine of the later stanzas, owing, no doubt, to so many of the lines having been mutilated. The stanza in which it is written is somewhat peculiar.

X.—WHERE BEN MEN.

This fragment of a moral poem, on the vanity of human life, may serve to conclude the present selections made from the Manuscript.

It is only necessary to add, that the MS. has been literally followed, except in the use of a few contracted letters. This remark chiefly applies to the letters þ and ȝ. The first uniformly stands for *th*, and has been so printed. The other, ȝ or ȝ, is used indiscriminately for *yh*, *gh*, *z*, and occasionally for *th*, when following a vowel. At the beginning of words, the pronunciation ought to be *yh*; but in modern orthography these two letters are apt to be misunderstood. When following a consonant, the letter ȝ stands for *gh*, and has been so rendered.

DAVID LAING.

EDINBURGH, 1857.

ACCOUNT OF THE AUCHINLECK MS.

AND

A CATALOGUE OF ITS CONTENTS.

PREFIXED TO THE ROMANCE OF SIR TRISTREM, EDITED BY
SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THIS valuable record of ancient poetry forms a thick quarto volume, containing 334 leaves, and 44 different pieces of poetry; some mere fragments, and others, works of great length. The beginning of each poem has originally been adorned with an illumination; for the sake of which the first leaf has in many cases been torn out, and in others cut and mutilated. The MS. is written on parchment, in a distinct and beautiful hand, which the most able antiquaries are inclined to refer to the earlier part of the 13th [14th] century. The pages are divided into two columns, unless where the verses, being Alexandrine, occupy the whole breadth of the quarto. In two or three instances there occurs a variation of the hand-writing; but as the poems regularly follow each other, there is no reason to believe that such alterations indicate an earlier or later date than may be reasonably ascribed to the rest of the work; although the Satire against Simonie, No. 44, seems rather in an older hand than the others, and may be an exception to the general rule.

The MS. was presented to the Faculty of Advocates, in 1744, by Alexander Boswell of Auchinleck, a Lord of Session, by the title of Lord Auchinleck, and father to the late James Boswell, Esq., the biographer of Dr Johnson. Of its former history nothing is known.

Many circumstances lead us to conclude that the MS. has been written in an Anglo-Norman convent.—That it has been compiled in England there can be little

doubt. Every poem, which has a particular local reference, concerns South Britain alone. Such are the satirical verses, No. 21, in the following catalogue; the *Liber Regum Angliæ*, No. 40; the Satire against Simonie, No. 44. On the other hand, not a word is to be found in the collection relating particularly to Scottish affairs.

MS. vj.—fol. 1-6.

No. 1. *The Legend of Pope Gregory*.—Six leaves. Imperfect both at beginning and end. This article is on the top of the page marked as No. 6; from which we find that five preceding poems have been lost. St Gregory's story is more horrible than that of *Œdipus*. He is the offspring of an incestuous connection betwixt a brother and a sister; and is afterwards unwittingly married to his own mother. The fragment begins,

Th' erl him graunted his wille Y wis,
 That the knight him hadde y-told,
 The barounes that were of miche priis.
 Biforn him thai weren y-cald.
 Alle the lond that euer was his,
 Biforn hem alle yong and old,
 He made his soster cheif and priis.
 That mani siyheing for him had sold.

Printed in a volume entitled "*Legendæ Catholicæ: A Lytle Boke of Seyntlie Gestes*." Edinburgh, 1840, square 12mo, pp. xvii, 257. Dedicated by the Editor "To the Memory of Peter Ribadeneira, of the Society of Jesus." Of this little volume "of hagiologies" only 40 copies were printed, by W. B. D. D. Turnbull, Esq., for private distribution.

vij.—fol. 7-13.

No. 2. *The King of Tars*.—Seven leaves, wanting the end. A romance, in stanzas of 12 lines.

Herkneth to me, both eld and ying,
 For Marie's lone, that swete thing,
 All hou a wer bigan,
 Bitvene a trewe eristen king,
 And an heathen heye lording,
 Of Dames the Soudan.

This romance is published by Mr Ritson, in his *Ancient Metrical Romances*, vol. ii. London, 1802, 3 vol. post 8vo.

viiij.—fol. 14–16.

No. 3. *The History of Adam and his Descendants*.—Two leaves and a half, or five pages. The beginning is wanting. It is a work, according to the poet, of high antiquity and authority, being written by Seth. In couplets.

Tho Seth hadde writen Adames liif,
 And Eves, that was Adames wiif,
 Right in thilke selve stede,
 Ther Adam was won to *bide his bede*.

Seth left the MS. in Adam's oratory, where it remained till the time of Solomon, who discovered, but could not decypher it without supernatural assistance.

Printed as "The Liif of Adam" in the present volume, p. 49, the first portion having been supplied from the fragment of the Auchinleck MS. in the Editor's possession, as described at p. iii.

ix.—fol. 16–21.

No. 4. *The Legend of Seynt Margrete*.—Four leaves and a half. Perfect, saving a few lines cut out with the illumination. It is a more modern version of the Legend published by Hickes, in the *Thesaurus Linguarum Septentrionalium*, and begins.

Al that ben in dedly sinne,
 And thenk with merci to mete,
 Leue in Crist that gave you witt
 ʒour sinnes for to bete,
 Listen and ye schul here telle,
 With wordes fair and swete,
 The vie of on maiden
 Men clepeth Scyn Margre[te.]

Printed in the "Legendæ Catholicæ," &c. 1840, p. 69.

x.—fol. 21–24.

No. 5. *Legend of Seynt Katerine*.—Nearly four leaves; wants the end, and some lines, where the illumination has been cut out. A similar poem with No. 4: apparently by the same hand.

He that made heven and erthe,
 And sonne and mone for to selhine,
 Bring ous in to his riche,
 And scheld ous fram helle pine!

Herken, and Y you wil telle
 The liif of an holy virgine,
 That treuli trowed in Jesu Crist;
 Hir name was hoten Katerine.

Printed in the " *Legendæ Catholicæ*," &c. 1840, p. 165.

xj.—fol. 25—31.

No. 7. *The Legend or Romance of Owain Miles*,—occupies seven leaves. The beginning is wanting, and some lines in the last folio are cut out. It contains the adventures of Sir Owain, a Northumbrian knight, in St Patrick's purgatory in Ireland, where he saw hell, purgatory, and the celestial regions. The last verses are,

And when he deyd he went, Y wis,
 In to the heighe joie of Paradis,
 Thurehe help of Godes graee,
 Now God, for Seynt Owains loue,
 Graunt ous Heuen blis aboue,
 Bifor his swete face. Amen.

Printed in the volume entitled " *Owain Miles, and other Inedited Fragments of Ancient English Poetry*. Ediuburgh, 1837," post 8vo. Of this volume only 32 copies were printed, for private distribution, by W. B. Turnbull, Esq. and the present editor.

xij.—fol. 31^b—34.

No. 8. *The Disputisoun bituen the Bodi and the Soule*.—Three leaves; wants the concluding stanzas. This is a dispute betwixt the body and soul of a dead warrior, who continue to upbraide each other with their sinful life, until they are both carried to the infernal regions :

As Y lay in a winter's night,
 In a droupening bifor the day,
 Methought Y seighe a selli sight :
 A bodi opon a bere lay.
 He hadde ben a modi knight,
 And litel serued God to pay ;
 Forlorn he had his liues light.
 The gost moued out, and wald oway.

Printed in the volume, " *Owain Miles*," &c. Edinb. 1837.

xij.—fol. 35–37.

No. 9. *The Descent of our Saviour into Hell*,—to redeem the souls of the prophets, supposed to have been confined there from the Fall to the Crucifixion. As this legend is in the shape of a dialogue, it is probably an edition of the favourite mystery, called the *Harrowing of Hell*. It wants beginning and end; and occupies one entire leaf, and a fragment of another.

DOMINUS AIT.

Hard gates have Y gon,
And suffered pines mani on
Thritti winter and thridde half yere
Have Y wond in lond here, &c.

In MS. Bibl. Harl., 2253, is a poem on the Harrowing of Hell, beginning.

Alle harkneth to me nou,
A strif woll Y tellen ou,
Of Jesu aut of Sathan.

Printed in the volume, "Owain Miles," &c. Edinb. 1837.

xiiij.—fol. 37–38.

No. 10. *A Miracle of the Virgin*.—Wants the beginning. One leaf, and fragment of one cut out.

From heven into the clerke's hour,
Right doun biforn his beddes fet,
The angel alight with great honour,
And wel fair he gan him gret.

Part of the previous leaf contains 44 lines, the commencement of each line being cut off. It begins.

. . . ngel sche sent to him anon
. . . gret the clerk with milde steuen
. . . the chaumber when he gan gon
. . . as bryghte than ani leuen

xv.—fol. 39–48.

No. 11. *A Moralization* upon certain Latin texts.—Nine leaves; wants the end. It is written in a different and larger hand than the preceding and following articles.

Herkneth alle to my speche,
 And hele of soule I may ou teche:
 That I wole speke it is no feble, &c.

xvj.—fol. 48^b–61.

No. 12. *Amis and Amelion*.—A beautiful romance of chivalry: of which see an account in the Notes to Sir Tristrem. The beginning and end are torn out. It occupies thirteen folios, and begins,

The riche douk his fest gan hold,
 With erls and with barouns bold,
 As ye may listen and lihte.
 Fourten-night, as me was told,
 With erls and with barounis bold,
 To glad tho bernis blithe.

Printed in Weber's "Metrical Romances of the 13th, 14th, and 15th Centuries," vol. ii. p. 367. Edinburgh, 1810, 3 vol. post 8vo.

xvij.—fol. 62–65.

No. 13. *Legend of Marie Maudelein*.—Four leaves; wants the beginning. The author concludes,

Ich biseche you alle that han y-herd,
 Of the Maudelain hou it ferd,
 That ye biseche al for him,
 That this stori in Inglisse rim
 Out of Latin bath y-wrought,
 For alle men Latin no come nougt, &c.

Printed in the "Legendæ Catholicæ," &c. Edinb. 1840, p. 211.

xvij.—fol. 66–69.

No. 14. *The Legend of Joachim, our Lewedie's Moder*.—Four leaves. Incomplete, not from mutilation, as usual, but because the author or transcriber had tired of his task.

Al that the Prophetes schewed whilom
 In her prophecie,
 Al it was off our Lord,
 And of his moder Marie;

Both Moyses and Abraham,
Jonas and Helye,
David and Daniel,
And the holy Geromie.

Printed in the "Legendæ Catholicæ," &c. Edinb. 1840, p. 123.

xxj.—fol. 70–72^a.

No. 15. *On the Seven Deadly Sins, the Ten Commandments, &c.*—Complete. Two leaves.

Jhesu, that for us wolde die
And was boren of Maiden Marie,
Forgive us, Louerd, our misdede,
And help us at oure moste nede!

Printed in the present volume, p. 81.

xxij.—fol. 72.

No. 16. *The Pater-noster, undo on Englisch.*—One leaf; wants the end.

Alle that ever gon and riden,
That willeth Godes merci abiden;
Lewede men, that ne beth ne clerkes,
Tho that leven ou Godes werkes,
Lesteth and ye schollen here, i-wis,
What youre Pater Noster is.

Printed in the present volume, p. 93.

xxijj.—fol. 73–78^a.

No. 17. *The Assumption of the Virgin.*—Five and $\frac{1}{4}$ leaves; wants the beginning; concludes thus:

Now habbe ye herd the Resoun
Of the swete Assumpcion
Of oure Leuedi hende.
Jesu, that is here swete sone,
Give ous grace for to wone,
In joie that nevere schal ende.

xxiiij.—fol. 78^a–84.

No. 18. *Sire Degarré*.—Seven leaves; wants the end, and also some lines near the beginning. This beautiful romance is analyzed by Warton, in the *History of Poetry*, vol. i. p. 180.

Knights * * * *
 Ferli fele wolde fonde
 And sechen adventures, by night and dai,
 Hou yhe mighte here strengthe asai;
 So did a knyght, Sire Degarree.
 Ich wille you telle wat man was he.

Printed for the Abbotsford Club, in a separate volume. Edinb. 1849. 4to, with eight facsimiles of the title page, woodcuts, and text of the black letter edition printed by Wynken de Worde.

xxv.—fol. 85–99.

No. 19. *The Seven Wise Masters*.—Fifteen leaves; wants the beginning and end. This celebrated romance, or rather tissue of stories, seems to be derived from the *Cabilah u Dannah* of the Orientals. See Tyrwhitt's notes on Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*. The first paragraph begins,

Dioclitian, the maistres herde,
 He strok his berd, and shoke his yerde,
 And on hem made milde chere,
 And spak that hi alle mighte i-here, &c.

Printed in Weber's *Metrical Romances*, vol. iii., under the title "The Proses of the Sevyne Sages," the defective portions being supplied from a later MS. in the Cottonian Library.

xxvj.—fol. 100–104.

No. 20. *Florice and Blancheflour*.—Five leaves; beginning torn out. Tressan has analyzed this beautiful tale in his *Corps d'Extraits des Romans*. It concludes.

Non is this tale browt to th' ende,
 Of Florice and of his lemman hende,
 How after bale hem com bote,
 So wil our Louerd, that ous mote.
 Ameu sigges al so,
 And Ich schal helpe you ther to.

Printed by the Rev. Charles Henry Hartshorne, in his *Collection of Ancient*

Metrical Tales, p. 81. London, 1829, post 8vo (See p. ix): And also in the present volume, p. 15.

xxvij.—fol. 105.

No. 21. *A Satirical Poem*,—apparently referring to the reign of Edward II. Perfect in one leaf. The introduction is in alternate French and English, and begins thus:

Len puet fere et defere, ceo fait il trop souent;
 It nis nouthel wel ne feire, therefore Engelond is shent:
Nostre prince de Engleterre, per le conseil de sa gent,
 At Westminstre after the feire, maden a gret parlement, &c.

At this parliament Seven Wise Men deliver their opinions on the causes of the national distress, in the following jingling measure:

The firste seide, I understonde.
 Ne may no king wel ben in londe
 Under God Almihte.
 But he kunne himself rede
 Hou he schal in londe lede
 Eueri man wid riht,
 For miht is riht,
 Liht is niht,
 And fiht is fiht.
 For miht is riht, the lond is laweles;
 For liht is niht, the lond is lore-les;
 For fiht is fiht, the londe is name-less.

‡ xxvij.—fol. 105^b–107.

No. 22. *A List of Names of Norman Barons*,—occupying three pages, beginning with Aumarle, Bertram, Brehuse, Bardolf, &c. Some are familiar in history, as Percy, Audely, Warayue, and the like; others seem romantic epithets, as Oylle-de-buffe, Front-de-buffe, Longspec, &c. There is no hint of the purpose of this list, which is perfect.

xxviii.—fol. 108–146.

No. 23. *Gy of Warwike*.—Thirty-nine folios; wants the beginning, and a leaf or two in the middle. It concludes with his slaying a dragon in Northumberland, previous to his marriage with Felice:

To Warwike he is y-went,
 With that heued he made the kinge present.
 The king was blithe and of glad chere,
 For that he seye Gy hole and fere,

At Warwik thai henge the heued anon :
Mani men wondred ther apon.

Printed in a separate volume for the Abbotsford Club, along with the two following numbers, with the title, "The Romances of Sir Guy of Warwick, and Rembrun his Son. Now first edited from the Auchinleck MS. Edinburgh, printed for the Abbotsford Club, 1840," 4to, pp. xlii, 482, edited by Mr Turnbull.

‡ xxviiij.—fol. 146^b–166^a

No. 24. *Continuation of Gy's History*,—in a different stanza, containing his marriage, his adventures in the Holy Land, his duel with Colbrond the Danish champion, and his death. Complete; twenty folios. It begins,

God grannt hem heuen blis to mede,
That herken to mi romaunce rede,
Al of a gentil knight.
The best bodi he was at nede,
That ever might bistriden stede,
And freest founde in fight.

Printed in the above mentioned volume, at p. 266, as the continuation of Sir Guy of Warwick, beginning with line 6899, and ending with line 10.479.

xxix.—fol. 166^a–175.

No. 25.—*Rembrun's Gy's Sone of Warwike*.—This may also be considered as a continuation of the foregoing popular romance. It occupies nine folios, and wants the end.

Jhesu that ert of mighte most,
Fader, and Sone, and Holy Gost,
Ich bidde the a bone.
Also thow ert Lord of our ginning,
And madest heuene and alle thing,
Se, and sonne, and mone.

It breaks off with line 1521.

Thus thai stabled the londe with fight
And thereafter anon right
Thai toke lene an high
Into Ingelonde thai gonne saile
.

Printed along with Nos. 23 and 24, for the Abbotsford Club, in 1840.

xxx.—fol. 176–201.

No. 26. *Sir Beves of Hamtoun*.—Twenty-five folios, complete, beginning.

Lordinges hearkneth to mi tale,
 Is merrier than the nightingale,
 That I schel singe;
 Of a knight I wil yow rounne,
 Beves a-highte of Hamtounne,
 Withouten lesing.

Having used this stanza for about three leaves, the author exchanges it for rhiming couplets.

Saber, Bevis to his house hadde,
 Meehe of that leuedi him dradde, &c.

Printed as a contribution for the Maitland Club, by W. B. Turnbull, Esq., in a separate volume, “*Sir Beves of Hamtoun, a Metrical Romance, now first edited from the Auchinleck MS.*” Edinburgh, 1838, 4to, pp. xix. 169.

xxxii.—fol. 201–256.

No. 27. *Of Arthour and of Merlin*.—This long and curious romance may be, perhaps, the *Gret Gest of Arthour*, ascribed by Wintoun to Hutcheon of the Awle Royale. It contains all the earlier history of King Arthur, and the chivalry of the Round Table, but is left unconcluded by the author, or transcriber. The MS. is complete in fifty-six folios, beginning,

Jesu Christ, heven king,
 Al ous grant gode ending,
 And Seinte Marie, that swete thing,
 To be at our beginning.

Printed for the Abbotsford Club, in “*Arthour and Merliu: a Metrical Romance, now first edited from the Auchinleck MS.*” Edinburgh, 1838, 4to, pp. xiii. 361.

xxxij.—fol. 256^b.

After *Arthour and Merlin*, occurs the beginning of a tale or romance, in half a column, but totally, and apparently purposely, defaced.

xxxij.—fol. 257–259.

No. 28. *How a Merchant did his Wife betray*.—This tale is published by Mr

Ritson in his *Ancient Pieces of Popular Poetry*. In our MS. it wants the beginning, occupies two folios, and part of a third. It concludes.

Ynough thai hadde of warldes wele,
Togider thai liued yeres fele,
Thai ferd miri, and so mot we,
Amen, amen, par charité.

It is the same story with the *Groots worth of Wit*, and with the *Fabliau*, entitled *La Bourse pleine du sens*.

Printed in the present volume, as *A Penni worth of Witte*, p. 1.

xxxiiij.—fol. 259–260.

No. 29. *How our Leuedi Sauter was first founde*.—A miracle of the Virgin, complete in about one leaf and a half.

Leuedi swete and milde,
For love of thine childe,
Jesu ful of might,
Me, that am so wilde,
Fram schame thou me schyld,
Bi day and bi night.

Printed in the present volume, p. 97.

xxxv.—fol. 261–262.

No. 30. *Lai le Fraine*.—This lay professes to be of Armorican origin. The introductory verses are nearly the same with those of the romance of *Sir Orpheo*, printed by Mr Ritson in his collection of Metrical Romances, vol. ii. p. 248.

We redeth oft, and findeth y-write,
And this clerkes wele it wite,
Layes that ben in harping,
Ben y-founde of ferli thing.

Two leaves; wants the conclusion.

Printed in Weber's Metrical Romances, vol. i. p. 357.

xxxvi.—fol. 263–267.

No. 31. *Roland and Ferragus*.—This account of the duel betwixt these two cele-

brated champions, the Orlando and Ferrau of Boiardo and Ariosto, is versified from a chapter in the *Pseudo-Turpin*; on five leaves, complete, except the beginning, contained on the leaf which had the conclusion of the former No. From the concluding stanza, it would seem that the following romance of *Otuel* was by the same author:

And al the folk of the lond
 For honour of Roulond,
 Thanked God old and young,
 And gede a processioun,
 With eroice and goinfaynoun,
 And *salve* miri song.
 Both widowe and wiif in place
 Thus thonked Godes grace.
 Al tho that speke with tong;
 To Otuel also gern,
 That was a Sarazin stern,
 Ful sone this word sprong.

Printed for the Abbotsford Club, in the volume, "The Romances of Rouland and Vernagu, and Otuel. From the Auchinleck Manuscript. Printed at Edinburgh, 1836," 4to, pp. xxvii, 84.

xxxvij.—fol. 268–277.

No. 32. *Otuel, a Knight*.—This is the history of a Saracen champion, who is converted to Christianity, and becomes a follower of Charlemagne. It is a very spirited romance, occupies ten folios, and wants the end.

Herkneth both yinge and old,
 That wellen heren of batailles bold,
 And ye wolle a while duelle,
 Of bold batailles I wolle ye telle.

Printed in the same volume with No. 31, for the Abbotsford Club.

. . . —fol. 278–279.

No. 33. Two leaves, containing a fragment of the great *Romance of Alexander*. It concludes,

Thus it ferth in the midlerd,
 Among the lewed and lerd,
 When that heued is y-falle,
 Accombred beth the membres alle.

Thus endeth Alisaunder the king,
Gode ous grant his bliiseing.

.

This fragment is printed in the Appendix to the volume containing Nos. 31 and 32 of this List. The entire Romance of Kyng Alisaunder is contained in Weber's *Metrical Romances*, vol. i., from a MS. in the Library of Lincoln's Inn, collated with another in the Bodleian Library.

. . . .—fol. 279^b.

No. 34. *The Throstle Cock and Nightingale*.—A fragment, on half a page. They dispute upon the female character.

* * * * *

With blosme and with briddes roun,
The notes of the hazel springeth,
The dewes derken in the dale,
The notes of the nightingale,
This foules miri singeth.

This fragment is printed in Leyden's *Introduction to the Complaynt of Scotland*, p. 159. It seems to be a translation of a lay in the Digby MS., beginning "Ly commence le cuntent par entre le Mavis et Rossignole."

Printed in the present volume, p. 45.

. . . .—fol. 280^a.

No. 35. One column, containing a *Religious Fragment*, which concludes.

Jhesu Crist ous above,
Thou grant ous for thi Moder love,
At our lives ende,
When we han rightes of the preste,
And the deth be at our brest,
The soule mot to Heuen weunde.

Printed in the present volume, p. 119.

. . . .—fol. 280^a & ^b.

No. 36. *David the King*.—A poetical paraphrase of texts from the *Psalms*, complete in a page and a half. (See *supra*, p. x.)

Miserere mei Deus, &c.
 Lord God, to thee we calle,
 That thou have merci on ous alle.

Printed in the present volume, p. 76.

lj.—fol. 281–299.

No. 37. *The Romance of Sir Tristrem*,—occupies nineteen leaves, and wants the conclusion. Printed first in a separate volume, Edinburgh, 1803, royal 8vo; and subsequently included in the collected edition of Sir Walter Scott's Poetical Works.

lij.—fol. 300–303.

No. 38. *King Orfeo*.—This is the story of Orpheus and Eurydice converted into a romance of Faëry. Mr Ritson has published this romance in his collection, but from a copy widely different, and in some respects inferior to this of which we are treating. Large extracts from the latter may be found in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, 3d edit. vol. ii. p. 138, *et sequen*. It is nearly complete in three and a half leaves, and begins,

Orfeo was a king
 In Inglonde, an heighe lordinge,
 A stalworth man and hardi bo,
 Large and curteys he was also;
 His fader was comen of King Pluto,
 And his moder of King (Quene) Juno,
 That sum time were as godes y-hold,
 For aneutours that thai dede and tolde.

It is avowed, in the conclusion, to be a lay of Bretagne:

Harpours in Bretaine after than
 Herd hou this mervaille bigan,
 And made her of a lay of gode likeing,
 And nempued it after the king.
 That lay Orfeo is y-hote,
 Gode is the lay, swete is the note:
 Thus com Sir Orfeo out of his care,
 God graunt ous alle wele to fare.

Printed by the present Editor, in a volume, "Select Remains of the Ancient Popular Poetry of Scotland." Edinburgh, 1822, small 4to.

‡ liij.—fol. 303^a & b.

No. 39. *A Moral Poem*.—Complete in three columns.

The siker sothe who so sayes,
With dwl dreye we our dayes,
And walk mani wil wayes,
As wandrand wightes.

Printed in the volume "Owain Miles," &c. Edinb. 1837.

liij.—fol. 304–317.

No. 40. *Liber Regum Angliæ*.—A chronicle of the kings of England, from Brutus downward, complete in thirteen folios and a half. The rubric runs thus:

Here may men rede, who so can,
Hou Ingland first bigan,
Men mow it finde in Englische,
As the Brout it telleth Y wis.

The work begins.

Herkeneth hiderward, lordinges,
3e that wil here of kinges,
Ichil you tellen as Y can,
How Ingland first bigan.

The author dwells upon the remote and fabulous parts of the English history, but glides swiftly over the later reigns. He appears to have concluded his history during the minority of Edward III., and probably about the time when the Auchinleck MS. was written. The concluding paragraph begins,

Now Jhesu Crist and seynt Richard,
Save the yong king Edward,
And gif him grace his lond to yeme,
That it be Jhesu Crist to queme, &c.

Explicit Liber Regum Angliæ.

Printed from a MS. in the British Museum, in Ritson's "Ancient English Metrical Romances," vol. ii. p. 270.

liiij.—fol. 317^b–323.

No. 41. *Horn Childe and Maiden Rimnild*.—Six leaves and a half; wants the conclusion.

Mi leve frende dere,
 Herken and ye may here,
 And ye wil understonde,
 Stories ye may lere
 Of our elders that were
 Whilom in this lond.

This poem, as well as a more ancient edition, is published by Mr Ritson, in his *Metrical Romances*, vol. ii. p. 91–155. It has since been printed for the Bannatyne Club, along with the French Original, “*Horn et Rimenhild: Recueil de ce qui reste des Poèmes relatifs a leurs Aventures, composés en François, en Anglois, et en Eossais, &c., publié par Francisque Michel. A Paris, 1845,*” 4to, pp. lxiv. 459.

lv.—fol. 324–325.

No. 42. *A Fragment in Praise of Women.*—Upon two folios; wants the beginning.

Chosen thai be to manes fere,
 O night in armes for to wende,
 Gif ani man may it here,
 Of a scherewe that wil Women sbende,
 I speke for hem, &c.

This is printed by Dr Leyden, in the *Complaynt of Scotland*, Introduction, p. 61; and more fully in the present volume. p. 107.

lvi.—fol. 326–327.

No. 43. The beginning of the *Romance of Richard Cœur de Lion*,—on two leaves, all the rest destroyed.

Lord Jhesu king of glorie,
 Swiehe aentours and swiehe victorie,
 Thou sentest King Richard.
 Miri it is to heren his storie,
 And of him to han in memorie,
 Than never no was eowward.

Printed in the volume “*Owain Miles,*” &c. Edinb. 1837.—For a notice of another fragment of this identical MS. see *supra*, p. x. The entire Romance is published in Weber’s *Metrical Romances*, vol. ii. pp. 1–278.

. . . —fol. 328–334.

No. 44. A satire, entitled the *Simonie*, in seven folios, wanting the conclusion.

It is a larger, and apparently somewhat an older hand than the Auchinleck MS.: the head of the Saxon character expressing *th* being prolonged above the line, whereas, in the rest of the volume, it is on a level with it. From circumstances of internal evidence, the poem may be ascribed to the reign of Edward II. (1307—1327). It alludes to the degraded state of the national character, to the famine and murrain among the cattle, all of which afflicted the reign of that miserable prince. The satire begins,

Whii war and wrake in londe, and manslauth is i-come,
 Whii hungger and derthe on eorthe, the pore hath vndernome,
 Whii bestes ben thus storve, whii corn hath ben so dere,
 5e that wolen abide, listneth and ye muwen here,
The skile.
 I nelle lighen for no man, herkne whoso wile.

The author laments the corruption of the church, and the arts by which preferment was obtained. He then mentions the degeneracy of the knights, who had become "lions in hall, and hares in the field." Of the squires he observes.

And nu nis no squier of pris in this middel erd,
 But if that he bere a babel and a long berd,
 And swere Godes soule, and vuwe to God an hote;
 But sholde he for eueri fals vth lese kirtel or kote,
Neue
 He sholde stonde start naked twyse a daye or eue.

Godes soule is al day sworn, the kniif stant astrout,
 And thouh the botes be torn, yit wole he maken lit stout.
 The hod hangeth on his brest, as he wolde spewe therinne,
 And shortliche al his contrefaiture is colour of sinne
And bost.
 To wrath the God and paien the fend hit serveth aller-most.

The beard and the hood will remind my readers of the rhyme made by the Scottish during the reign of Edward II.

Long beards heartlesse,
 Painted hoods witlesse,
 Gay coates graceless,
 Make Englande thriftlesse.

The author also alludes to the hardness of the seasons, and to the dreadful famine which occurred in 1315; to the disease among the horned cattle which followed in 1316; to the mortality which took place about the same time; and, finally, to the bloody civil wars betwixt Edward II. and his barons, in which was spilled the noblest blood of England.

Sir Walter Scott concludes: Such are the contents of the Anchinleck MS. I once meditated to have given interest to the Catalogue, by a more detailed account of some of the romances which it contains; but the attempt is rendered unnecessary by the lately published Collection of Specimens selected from the English Metrical Romances, by Mr Ellis, (in 1805, and again in 1811, 3 vol. post 8vo,) the elegant historian of our early poetry.

A Penni worth of Witte.

.

f. 257. **O**F a chaunce Ichil 3ou telle
That whilom in this lond bi felle
Ones it was a Marchaunde riche
No whar nas non his liche
Of gold ⁊ of warldes winne
In the cite that he wond inne
A gode woman he gan fpoufe
And brought hir to his houfe
Bletheliche fche dede al that he fede
And alle her loue on him fche leyde
The godeman was ftoute ⁊ gay
And bi another wenche he lay
He gan to louen hir als his liif
And told litel of his owen Wiif
To his Leman anough he fond
Of alle the riches of the lond
Kercheues of filke ⁊ robes of priis
Y furroud with ~~mane~~ vair ⁊ griis

10

A Penni worth of Witte.

Gerlondes of gold ⁊ perles bright
 Al fo a leuedi fehe was dight 20
 Of his Wiif toke he non hede
 Hou simpleliche that fehe 3ede
 Enerich day clad him bifore
 That hye spent him thought for lore
 The Marchaunde ouer the fe is went
 Bot firft to his Lemman he fent
 For to wite of hir anfwere
 What clothes fehe wald were
 And what juwels fehe wold haue bought
 Bot to his wiif no feyd he nought 30
 So it bitidde as it be fehold
 The Marchaunde ouer the fe wold
 His Wiif to fcorn he bigan
 And dede as a nice man
 Icham dight ⁊ made 3are
 Ouere the fe now to fare
 ¶ Dame haftow the bi-thought
 What juwels thou wilt haue bought
 3if thou wilt haue ani for me
 Thou moft me reche gode mone 40
 ¶ Sir fehe feyd bi Sein Jon
 Plente of filuer no haue y non
 That y might wele spare
 Bot fone fir fo 3e com thare
 Haue a fair pani here
 And as 3e be mi trewe fere
 Bi ther with a Peni worth Witt
 And in thine hert faft it knitt

A Penni worth of Witte. 3

When thou comest hom fo God me spede
Wele y wil quite the thi mede 50
The Marchaunde wende his Wiif weren madde
For the pani that sche him badde
Loth him was that filuer for gon
In his hond he tok it anon
And al off scorn atte last
The peni in his purs he cast
At sehort wordes with outen mo
He lepe on hors ⁊ went hir fro
¶ The Marchaunde hadde winde ful gode
And passed the salt flode 60
Biȝond fe when he was come
Anon he hath his conseil nome
To bigge of the fairest ware
For no filuer nold he spare
Er than he hadde rest
He bought his leman of the best
Noble jwels ⁊ atire
As ani leuedy wald desire
Bot his Wiif that was gode ⁊ trewe
He no bought noither eld no newe 70
When he hadde alle this ware y-bought
After soper he sat ⁊ thought
Anon he seyde to his knaue
O thing forȝeten now we haue
We moten bi thinken ous bett
Our dames peni is vnbifett
What an earnest ⁊ a game
Ther of we ben bothe to blame

A Penni worth of Witte.

An Eld man ther in fat
 His wordes wele vnderzat 80
 And in his hert he thought anon
 That sum thing ther was misgon
 The eld man was wise of lore
 And thought for to wite more
 As thai dronken win^t ale
 He gan rehers better her tale
 Marchaunde feyd the old man par charite
 Telle that ich aske now the
 f. 257. ^b What wald thi wiif an y-bought
 Say me sothe ^t gabbe nought 90
 And y sehal felle the worth a pani
 ¶if that thou wilt bigge ani
 Sayd the Marchamnde fikerliche
 Here sehal rife a fair benerege
 Quath the Marchaunde bi Godes boke
 Mi Wiif a pani me bi toke
 To bigge ther with a pani worth Witt
 And in min hert fast it knitt
 Sche swore al so God hir spede
 Sche wald quite me mi mede 100
 Marchaunde quath the old man bi thi liif
 Haftow ani leman bot thi wiif
 The Marchaunde anwerd him aloude
 For of his leman he was pronde
 ¶e he feyd so mot y thrine
 On that is worth fwiche fine
 Oe quath the old man ^t lough
 That ich ouer trowed wele anough

A Penni worth of Witte. 5

Bot right for sothe niſt ich it nought
Er thi ſeluen it hadde out y-brought 110
Bot now ich wot how it is
Y ſchal ſelle to the y-wis
A Peni worth of Wiſdome
That ſchal bere witneſſe of thi grome
Wele better than thi pani be
Ȝif thou wilt don after me
Ȝis feyd the Marchaunde bi the Rode
Ȝif ich finde thi conſeyl gode
 When thou haſt don in ſchip thi ware
And thou art redi ouer to fare 120
And thou be in ȝour hauē y-brought
Loke that thou forȝete it nought
A pouer wede do the opon
Al ſo thou no haddeſt other non
And wende to thi lemaunes inue
And ſore ſike thou biginne
And dreri chere make hir bifore
And fay thou haſt thi gode forlore
And fay thou haſt a man y-flawe
Thou no darſt abide londes lawe 130
And aſke thi leman ȝif ſehe might
Herberwe the this ich night
And elles thou moſt fle out of lond
And right thus thou ſchalt hir fond
 When thou woſt thi lemannes wille
Hom to thi Wiif wende ful ſille
And al ſo to thine owen ſpouſe
Telle of thi chauce meruailouſe

A Penni worth of Witte.

And avise the wele ⁊ take gode hede
 Whether thou findeſt better at nede 140
 Other thi leman other thi wiue
 And to hir hold thou al thi liue
 For tray wil coſt ſwithe miche
 For to atire richeliche
 And on wil finde enough ⁊ more
 Of the gamen vnder the gore
 The Marchaunde ſeighe ⁊ vnderſtode
 That his confeile was wiſe ⁊ gode
 Eld man wele mot thou fare
 Haue here thi peni Ichaue mi ware 150
 The Marchaunde bought vp that he wold
 Silke ⁊ cendel ⁊ clothes of gold
 Sone after gode winde God him ſent
 Hom to his cuntre he went
 ¶ The Marchaunde forȝat him nought
 When he was in hauen y-brought
 To don ſo theldman him badde
 And ſo bifore hath him radde
 He dede on him a pouer wede
 To his lemannes in he ȝede 160
 At the gate he knocked anon
 His leman bad hir maiden gon
 To wite who was atte ȝate
 And knocked ſo ther ate
 The Marchaunde bete ſo hard ⁊ faſt
 That in he come atte laſt
 On iuel deth mot ſche dye
 His leman loked out with hir eighe

A Penni worth of Witte. 7

For sche feighe him fo iuel dight
In to hir chamber hie flirt an hight 170
And schette the dore with the pinne
For he no schuld nought com ther inne
Maiden quath the Marehaund anon
To mi leman thou most gon
Pray er gif hir wille be
That sche com t̃t speke with me
f. 258. For al the loue that hath y-be
Bitvix mi leman t̃t me
The maiden in to chaumber ranne
To hir leuedi sche feyd thanne 180
Madame thi leman gent t̃t fre
Is comen hom fro bigond the fe
And stont in hall iuel dight
And that me reweth bi God Almighty
And praieth the haftow art hende
Com speke with him, er than he wende
Criftes curs com on her mold
Sche anwerd as a schrewe schold
Go thou sche feyd to him wel stille
And bidde him telle the his wille 190
And fay to him with outen mis
That Icham iuel at ese y-wis
That Y ne may thei he were mi brother
Speke with him no with non other
The maiden in to halle trade
And told him fo the leuedi badde
Sir mi leuedi feyt with outen les
That sche is fo iuel at ese

A Penni worth of Witte.

And bad thou schuft me thi wille fayn
 Sweiteing to the leuedi wende oghain 200

Say hir mi gode is al agon
 And y no haue spending non
 For y no hadde neuer er nede
 Ichaue y don a forweful dede
 In a cuntek`t a struif
 For rest a gentil man his liif
 Say hir Ichaue a man y-flawe
 Y no dar abide no londes lawe
 Pray mi leman gif sehe might
 Herberwe me this ieh night 210
 In a chaumber priue`t derne
 Other ich must fle now al so gerne

¶ Tho that his Leman this wordes herd
 Wel sehrewelich sehe anwerd
 Gif he haue lorne his eatelle
 That he schuld with bie`t felle
 Dathet who ther fore wepe
 Of him no more y no kepe
 Say I me self schal bot he fle
 Swithe gon in to the cite 220

And do the kinges bailifes come
 And hastiliche he schal be nome
 And in a strong prisoun be cast
 And be an honged atte last

¶ Forth went that maiden final
 And teld him this wordes alle
 Fle gif thou wilt thi liif haue
 For thi leman nil the nought faue

A Penni worth of Witte. 9

Mi lenedi hath her oth y-fworn
Bi him that was in Bedelem born 230

That fehe nil do the no focour
Noither in foler no in bour
No ben y founde with fwiche trefoun
For to fustene the kinges feloun

¶ Stille he stode anwerd he nought

As man that is in gret thought
He thought ferther for to gon
For help no fond he ther right non
Sum better solauce for to finde
For ther was comfort al bilinde 240

The Marchaunde duelled no wight
Hom to his hous he went right
He went him forth in to his halle
In a pouer atire with alle
His gode Wiif stode ʒ him biheld
And in hir armes fehe him feld
For fehe feize him clothed fo thinne
Sche ladde him the chaumber withinne

And with gode hert sone anon
A newe robe fehe dede him on 250

And feyd Sir welcome ʒe be
Hou haue ʒe farn bizond fe

¶ The Marchaunde to his Wiif spak

Dame in foule storm our schippe brak
Ther was mi gode al bi-nome
Thus pouer Icham to the come
Helpe me dame ʒif that thou wilt
A gentil man Ichauē y-spilt

A Penni worth of Witte.

- Y dar no londes lawe abide
 Y pray the dame thatow me hide 260
 In a chanmber priue ⁊ derne
 Or Ich mot fle now al so 3erne
 Nay sche said Mi leman hende
 3ete schaltow nought fro me wende
 f. 258. ^b Sche wepe wel fore anon right
 And comfort him with al hir might
 Thei thou haue lorn this warldes wele
 Therefore murn thou nought to fele
 No nothing wepe thou to fore
 He that sent that may fende more 270
 Sir 3ete Ichaue sexti pounce
 Of 3ours ⁊ mine of pans rounde
 And ar this day a fourtennight
 The siluer schal be wide y-dight
 And Y me self with outen duelling
 Fare y wil to the King
 Biforn him ⁊ ek his Quen
 Falle opon mi bare knen
 And y no schal neuer fes
 Til Ichaue purchaced thi pes 280
 ¶ And when Ichaue thi pes y-maked
 Thei we ben bothe moder naked
 Y ⁊ mi maiden schal swete ⁊ fwinke
 And win the clothes mete ⁊ drink
 With brewing bakeing ⁊ other chaffare
 Ther fore Sir tharf the nought care
 Ar to day feuen 3er ⁊ God to fore
 We schul be richer than we were ore

A Penni worth of Witte. 11

¶ The Marchaunde feighe ⁊ vnder ftode
His wiues confeil was trewe ⁊ gode 290
And for the folas that hye him made
He thought hir hert for to glade
No thing dame wex thine hert cheld
It nis nought fo as y the teld
Bi Him that this world wau
Ȝete no flough y neuer man
Nis nought mi catel al agon
Ȝete Ichauc wel gode won
Y-brought in to hauen hole ⁊ tounde
That is better than a thousand pounce 300
No hath no man part ther in now
Bot God of heuen ⁊ ich ⁊ tow
Of this kepe y no more ȝedde
Bot clept ⁊ kift ⁊ ȝede to bedde

The Marchaunde aros tho it was day
And dede on him a robe of fay
A gode palfray he biſtrode
And to his lemannes in he rode
His Leman out at a windowe biheld
And feighe him com ouer the feld 310
And bi the prickeing ſche him knewe
Sche dede on hir a robe newe
And dight her richeſiche with alle
And com oghain him in to the halle
Sone the Marchaunde was down y-light
To him ſche ſtirt anon right
And bi the ſwere ſhe hath him nome
And feyd Swete leman wel come

A Penni worth of Witte.

Er than euer the Marchaunde wif
 Tries or thries ſche him kiſt 320
 Thei we be kiſt ſche feyd anon
 Gete no be we nought al at on
 Icham wroth with the t̄ wele y may
 What nede was it me to aſay
 No woſtou wele in thine entent
 Icham to thi comandment
 Bodi t̄ chatel al is thine
 Has no man elles part ther inne
 Thus ſche ſtroked his here t̄ made it tough
 And couraid fauuel wele y-nough 330
 No quath the Marchaunde bi ſeyn Jon
 Gete no be we nought al at on
 Yt was me told biȝonde the fe
 Alle the gode that y brought to the
 Another marchaunde thou haſt y ȝoue
 And haſt fro me turned thi loue
 Leman hye feyd now ſchaltow fe
 That ſwiche wordes les be
 And ſo ſchal thi grome als
 That ſwiche tales ben fals 340
 This teld the thin old crate
 Sche ſpeketh me qued arliche t̄ late
 This was a leſing of dame crate thi wiif
 Jhūs Criſt ſo ſehort hir liif
 For were the crate leyd in mold
 Thai wiſt Ich wele that y ſchold
 Of the euer han mi wille
 Arliche t̄ late loude t̄ ſtulle

A Penni worth of Witte. 13

Sche sprad a caneuas on the flore
 That was bothe gret flore 350
 And brought forth her riche thinges
 Broches of gold t̄ riche ringes
 f. 259. Sextene schetes milk white
 Vij. chalouns t̄ v. couerlite
 Other jwels mani on told
 Masers riche coupes of gold
 Now miȝt tow leue t̄ wite t̄ se
 Dame old crate thi wiif other me
 The Marehaunde al this gode biheld
 And in the caneuas togider it feld 360
 And dede it in a wide sak
 And flonge it at his gromes bak
 Heighe the biliue mi gode grome
 To mi Wiif bere this home
 Bid hir that seche kepe it wele
 For Ich it bought euerich dele
 His Leman stode t̄ loked on him tho
 And at hir hert hir was ful wo
 Leman seche feyd artow wroth
 To greue the it war me loth 370
 Ȝif Ich haue ani thing misseyde
 For loue it be down y-leyde
 And lete this gode duelle here stille
 No might thou it seche at thi wille
 The Marehaunde oghain to hir fayd
 Of hir falsched gan hir abrayd
 Y was y-taught me the to asaye
 No sehaltow neuer eft me bitraye

A Penni worth of Witte.

Ne after me self bi Godes ore
 No tharf the loke neuer more 380
 He lepe on hors at wordes fewe
 And priked fro that fals schrewe
 He rode him hom to his hous
 And cleped forth his leue sponse
 And laid the sak on the flore
 That was michel riche ⁊ flore
 Lo dame he feyd bi mi chaffare
 Ichaue y-brought thi Peni worth ware
 Bot the think it wele bi fett
 Go bi ware another bett 390
 The gode Wiif seighe al that riche thing
 And thonked Ihu heuen kinge
 That he hath the gode hom brought
 And he hath turned his thought
 To live with hir in Godes lay
 Blithe ⁊ glad seche was that day
 Ynough thai hadde of warldes wele
 To gider thai lined ȝeres sefe
 Thai ferd miri ⁊ fo mot we
 Amen Amen par charite. 400

Florice and Blancheflour.

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f. 100. **I** NE kan telle 3ou nowt
Hou richeliche the fadel was wrount
The arfouns wer gold pur and fin
Stones of vertu fet ther in
Bigon abouten with orfreis
The Quen was hende and curteis
She cast her hond to hire fmgre
And drough ther of a riche ringe
Haue now Sone here this ring
While thou hit haft doute the no thing 10
Ne fir the brenne ne drenchen in fe
Ne iren ne stel schal derie the
And be hit erli and be hit late
To thi wille thou schalt haue whate
Weping thai departed nouthie
And kiste hem with softe mouthie
Thai made for him non other chere
Than thai feghe him ligge on bere
¶ Nou forht thai mine with alle main
Him self and his chaumberlain 20

Florice and Blanchefflour.

So longe thai han undernome
 To the hauene thai beth i-come
 Ther Blanchefflour lai a night
 Richeliche thai were i-dight
 The louerd of the hous was wel hend
 The child he fette next his hende
 In the althrest fairest fete
 Gladliche thai dronke and ete
 Alle that ther inne were
 Al thai made glade chere 30
 And ete and dronk echon with other
 Ae Florice thoughte all another
 Ete ne drinke mighte he nought
 On Blanchefflour was al his thought
 The leuedi of the hous underȝat
 Hou this child mourning fat
 And feide here louerd with still dreme
 Sire ȝe said minstou no ȝeme
 Hou this child mourning fit
 Mete and drink he forȝit 40
 Litol he eteth and lasse he drinketh
 He nis no marchaunt as me thinketh
 ¶ To Florice than spak ȝhe
 Child ful of mourning y the fe
 Thous fat her inne this enderdai
 Blanchefflour that fair mai
 Her inne was that maiden bowght
 And ouer the fe sche was i-browght
 Her inne thai bought that maiden swete
 And wille her eft selle to bighete 50

Florice and Blauncheflour. 17

To Babiloyne thai wille hire bring
And felle hire to kaifar other to king
Thou art ilich here of alle thinge
Of semblant t̃ of mourning
Bot thou art a man t̃ she is a maide
Thous the wif to Florice faide

¶ Tho Florice herde his lemman neuene
So blithe he was of that steuene
That his herte bigan al light
A coupe of gold he let fulle right 60
Dame he faide this hail is thin
Bothe the gold t̃ the win
Bothe the gold t̃ the win eke
For thou of mi lemman speke
On hir I thout for here isight
And wift Ich wher hire finde might
Ne scholde no weder me affoine
That I ne sehal here seeche at Babiloine

¶ Florice rest him there al night
Amorewe whanne hit was dai light 70
He dide him in the salte flod
Wind t̃ weder he hadde ful god
To the mariners he gaf largeliche
That broughten him ouer bletheliche
To the londe thar he wold lende
For thai founden him so hende
Sone so Florice com to londe
Wel gerne he thankede Godes fonde
To the londe ther his lemman is
Him thoughte he was in paradis 80

Florice and Blancheflour.

- ¶ Wele fone men Florice tiddingges told
 The Amerail wolde feſte hold
 And kinges ⁊ dukes to him come ſcholde
 Al that of him holde wolde
 For to honure his heghe feſte
 And al ſo for to heren his heſte
 Tho Florice herde this tiding
 Than gan him glade in alle thing
 f. 100^b. And in his herte thoughte he
 That he wolde at that feſte be 90
 For wel he hopede in the halle
 His leman ſen among hem alle
 ¶ So longe Florice hath undernome
 To a fair cite he is i-come
 Wel faire men hath his in inome
 Aſe men ſcholde to a kinges fone
 At a palais was non him iliche
 The louerd of the hous was wele riche
 And god inow him com to honde
 Bothe bi water and be londe 100
 Florice ne ſparede for no fe
 Inow that there ne ſcholde be
 Of fiſſe of fleſch of tendre bred
 Bothe of whit win and of red
 The louerd hadde ben wel wide
 The child he ſette bi his fide
 In the alther ſerſte ſete
 Gladliche thai dronke ⁊ ete
 Ac Florice et au drank right nowt
 On Blancheflour was al in thought 110

Florice and Blanchefflour. 19

¶ Than biſpak the bourgeis
That hende was fre and curteys
Child me thinkketh fwithe wele
Thi thout is mochel on thi catel
Nai on mi catel is hit nought
On othe[r] think is al mi thought
Mi thought is on alle wyfe
Mochel on mi merchaundife
And ȝit that is mi meſte wo
Ȝif Ich hit finde t̄ ſehal forgo 120

¶ Thanne ſpak the louerd of that inne
Thous ſat this other dai her inne
That fare maide Blanchefflour
Bothe in halle and ek in bour
Euere ȝhe made mourning chere
And biment Florice her leue fere
Joie ne bliſs ne hadde ȝhe none
And on Florice was al here mone
Florice het mine a coupe of filuer whight
And a mantel of ſcarlet 130
Ipaned al with meniuer
And ȝaf his hoſteſſe ther
Haue this ȝhe faide to thine honour
And thou hit myghte thonke Blanchefflour
Stolen ȝhe was out mine countreie
Here Ich ere ſeche by the waie
He mighte mak min herte glad
That couthe me telle whider ȝhe was lad
¶ Child to Babiloyne ȝhe his ibrought
And Ameral hire had ibought 140

Florice and Blauncheffour.

He gaf for hire ase zhe stod upright
 Senen sithes here gol[d] of wight
 For hire faired and for hire sehere
 The Ameral hire bowghte fo dere
 For he thinketh with outen wene
 That fare mai to hauen to quene
 Amang other maidenen in his tour
 He hath hire ido with mochel honour

¶ Nou Florice rest him there al night
 On morewe whan hit was dai light 150
 He aros up in the moreweninge
 And gaf his hofte an hondred schillinge
 To his host and to hes hostesse
 And nam his leue ⁊ gan hem keffe
 And zerne he had his ofteffe bifought
 That zhe him helpe gif zhe mought
 Hou he mighte with sum ginne
 The fair maiden to him awinne

¶ Child to one brigge thou shalt come
 A burgeis thou findest ate frome 160
 His paleis is ate brigges ende
 Curteis man he his and hende
 We beth wed brethren and trewthe iplight
 He the can wiffen and renden aright
 Thou schalt beren him a ring
 Fram mi selue in tokning
 That he the helpe in eche helue
 So hit were bifalle mi selue
 Florice tok the ring and nam his leue
 For there no leng wold he bileue 170

Florice and Blaunche flour. 21

Bi that his was vndren heghth
The brigge he was swithe negth
When he was to the brigge inome
The burges he fond ate frome
Stonded on a marbel ston

¶ Fair man and hende he was on

f. 101. The burgeis was i hote daye
Florice him grette swithe faire
And hath him the ring irawt
And wel faire him bitawt 180
Thourgh tokning of that ilke ring
Florice hadde there god gefining
Of fields of flessch of tendre bred
Bothe of whit win and of red
Ac euere Florice fighte ful cold
And Darys gan him bihold

¶ Leue child what mai the be

Thous carfoul as I the fe
I wene thou nart nowt al fer
That thou makest thous doelful cher 190
Other the liketh nowt thin in
Nou Florice answered him
¶ Is fire bi Godes hore
So god ine hadde zore
God late me bide thulke dai
That ich the zelde mai
Ac I thenke in alle wise
Wpon min owen marchaundise
Wherefore Ich am hider come
Left I ne finde hit nowt ate frome 200

Florice and Blancheflour.

And ȝit is that mi meſte wo
 Ȝif ich it finde and ſchial forgo
 ¶ Child woldeſt thou tel me thi gref
 To helpe the me were ful lef
 Nou euerich word he had him told
 Hou the maide was fram him fold
 And hou he was of Speyne a kinges fone
 And for hire loue thider icome
 For to fond with fom ginne
 That faire maide to biwinne 210
 Daris non that childe bihalt
 And for a fol he him halt
 Child he feith I fe hou goth
 I wis thou ȝerneſt thin owen deth
 ¶ Th'Ameral hath to his iuſtening
 Other half hondred of riche king
 That alther richeſt kyng
 Ne dorſte beginne ſwich a thing
 For mighte th'Ameral hit underȝete
 Sone thou were of line quite 220
 Abouten Babiloine withouten wene
 Sexti longe miȝen and tene
 And ate walle thar beth ate
 Seuē ſithe twenti ȝate
 Twenti touris ther beth inne
 That euerich dai cheping is inne
 Nis no dai thurg the ȝer
 That ſheping nis therinne plener
 An hundred toures alſo ther to
 Beth in the borewe and ſomdel mo 230

Florice and Blaunche flour. 23

That alderest feblest tour
Wolde kepe an emperour
To comen al ther with inne
Noither with strengthe ne with ginne
¶ And thei alle the men that beth ibore
Adden hit up here deth is whore
Thai scholde winne the mai so fone
As fram the heuene lieth the sonne ⁊ mone
As in the bourgh amide the right
Ther start a riche a tour the aflight 240
A thousang taifen be his heihe
Wo so it bi alt wit fer ⁊ naggene
And an hundres taifes he is wid
And imaked with mochel prid
Of lim and of marbel ston
In cristience nis fuich non
And the mortar is maked so wel
No mai no man hit breke with no stel
And the pomel aboue the led
Is iwrount with so moche red 250
That men ne ferren a night berne
Neither torche ne lanterne
Swiche a pomel was neuer bigonne
Hit schineth a night fo a dai doth the fone
¶ Nou beth therinne that riche toure
Four and twenty maidenen boure
So wel were that ilke man
That mighte wonen in that an
Now thourt him neuere ful iwis
Willen after more blisse 260

Florice and Blauncheflour.

Nou beth the feriaunts in the stage
 To feruen the maidenens of parage
 Ne mai no feriaunt be ther inne
 That in his brech bereth thei ginne

f. 101^b. Neither bi dai ne bi night

But he be afe capoun dight

¶ And at the gate is a gateward

He nis no fol ne no coward

Ȝif the cometh ani man

With inne that ilche barbican 270

But hit be bi his lene

He wille him bothe bete and reue

The porter is proud with alle

Euerich dai he goth in palle

And the Amerail is fo wonder agome

That euerich ȝer hit is his wone

To chefen him a newe wif

And whan he a newe wif under fo

He knaweth hou hit schal be do

Than scholle men feche doun of the stage 280

Alle the maidenens of parage

An brenge hem in to on orchard

The fairest of al middlehard

Ther is foulen fong

Men mighte libben ther among

Aboute the orchard goth a walle

The werste ston is cristal

Ther man mai fen on the ston

Mochel of this werldes wifdom

¶ And a welle ther fpringeth inne

290

Florice and Blaunche flour. 25

That is wrowt with mochel ginne
The welle is of mochel pris
The streem com fram Paradis
The gravel in the grounde of preciouſe ſtone
And of vertu iwis echone
Of ſaphires and of fardoines
Of oneches and of calidoines
Nou is the waic of ſo mochel eye
Ꝛif the cometh ani maiden that is forleie
And hi bowe to the grounde 300
For to waſchen hire honde
The water wille ꝓelle als hit ware wode
And bicom on hire ſo red ſo blod
¶ Wich maiden the water fareth on ſo
Hi ſchal ſone be fordo
And thilke that beth maidenec clene
Thai mai hem waſſche of the rene
The water wille erne ſtille and cler
Nelle hit hem make no daunger
¶ At the welle heued ther ſtant a tree 310
The faireſt that mai in erthe be
Hit is icleped the tre of loue
For floures and bloſines beth cuer aboue
And thilke that elene maidenec be
Men ſchal hem bringe under that tre
And wich ſo falleth on that flour
Hi ſchal ben choſen quen with honour
And ꝓif ther ani maiden is
That th'Amerail halt of meſt pris
The flour ſchal on here be went 320

Florice and Blaunchefflour.

Thurgh art and thourgh enchantement
 Thous he chefeth thourgh the flour
 And euere we herkneth when hit be Blaunchefflour
 Thre sithes Florice fwouned nouthe
 Er he mighte speke with mouthe
 Sone he awok and speke might
 Sore he wep and fore he fight
 Darie he faide Ich worht ded
 Both Ich haue of the helpe and red

¶ Leue child ful wel I fe 330

That thou wilt to dethe te
 The best red that I can
 Other red I ne can
 Wende to morewe to the tour
 Ase thou were a god ginour
 And nim in thin honds squir ⁊ scantiloun
 Als thai thou were a mafoun
 Bihold the tour up and down
 The porter is coluard ⁊ feloun
 Wel sone he wil com to the 340
 And aske what misfer man thou be
 And ber upon the felonie
 And faie thou art comen the tour aspie

¶ Thou shalt answeren him swetelich
 And speke to him wel undelich
 And faie thou art a ginour
 To biheld that ilehe tour
 And for to lerne ⁊ for to fonde
 To make another in thi londe
 Wel sone he wil com the ner 350

Florice and Blaunchefflour. 27

And bidde the plaien at the feker
To plaien he wil be wel fous
f. 102. And to winen of thin wel coueitous
When thou art to the feker brought
Withouten pans ne plai thou nowt
¶ Thou shalt haue redi mitte
Thritti mark under thi flitte
And gif he winne ought al thin
Al leue thou hit with him
And gif thou winne ought of his 360
Thou lete ther of ful litel pris
Wel 3erne he wille the bidde t praie
That thou come amorewe t plaie
Thou schalt figge thou wilt so
And min with the a-morewe swich two
And euer thou shalt in thin owen wolde
Thi golde cop with he at holde
That ilke self coppe of golde
That was for Blaunchefflour 13olde [370
The thridde daie bere with the an hondred pond
And thi coppe al hol and fond
Gif him markes and pans fale
Of thi mone tel thou no tale
Wel 3erne he the wille bidde t praie
That thou legge thi coupe to plaie
Thou schalt answeren him ate first
No lenger plai thou ne list
Wel moche he wil for thi coupe bede
Gif he mighte the better spede
Thou schalt bletheliche 3iuen hit him 380

Florice and Blauncheffour.

Thai hit be gold pur and fin
 And fai me thinketh hit wel bifemeth the
 Thai hit were worth fwiche thre
 ¶ Sai also the ne faille non
 Gold ne feluer ne riche won
 And he wil thanne fo mochel loue the
 That thou hit schalt bothe ihere and fee
 That he wil falle to thi fot
 And bicomē thi man gif he mot
 His manred thou schalt afonge 390
 And the trewthē of his honde
 Gif thou might thous his loue winne
 He mai the helpe with fom ginne
 ¶ Nou also Florice hath iwrowt
 Also Darie him hath itawt
 Thar thourgh his gold and his garfome
 The porter is his man bicomē
 Nou quath Florice thou art mi man
 And al mi trest is the upan
 Nou thou might wel ethe 400
 Arede me fram the dethe
 And euerich word he hath him told
 Hou Blauncheffour was fram lim fold
 And hou he was of Spaine a kynges fone
 And for hire loue thider icome
 To fond with fom ginne
 The maiden agen to him winne
 ¶ The porter that herde t̄ fore fighte
 Icham bitraied thourz righte
 Thourz thi catel Icham bitraid 410

Florice and Blaunche flour. 29

And of mi lif Ich am definaid
Nou Ich wot child hou hit geth
For the Ich drede to tholie deth
And natheles Ich ne fehal the neuere faile mo
Ther whiles Imai ride or go
Thi foreward ich wil helden alle
What fo wille bitide or falle
Wende thou hom into thin in
Whiles I think of fom ginne
Bitwene this and the thridde dai 420
Don ich wille that I mai

¶ Florice fpak and wep among
That ilche terme him thoughte wel long
The porter thoughte what to rede
He let floures gaderen in the mede
He wifte hit was the maidenes wille
Two coupen he let of floures fille
That was the red that he thought tho
Florice in that o coupe do
Tweie gegges the coupe bere 430
So hem charged that wroth thai were
Thai bad God gif him euel fin
That fo mani floures dede ther in
Thider that thai weren ibede
Ne were thai nought aright birede
Ac thai turned in hire left hond
Blaunche floures bour an hond
To Clarice bour the coupe thai bere
With the floures that ther inne were
There the coupe thai fette adoun 440

- f. 102^b. And 3afe him here malifoun
 That fo fele floures embroughte on honde
 Thai wenten forht t leten the coppe ftonde
 ¶ Clarice to the coppe com and wolde
 The floures handleden and biholde
 Floriffe wende hit hadde ben his fwet wight
 In the coupe he ftode upright
 And the maid al for drede
 Bigan to fchrichen an to grede
 Tho fche feghth hit nas nowch he 450
 In to the coupe he ftirte 35e
 And held him bitraied al elene
 Of his deth he ne 3af nowt abene
 There com to Clarice maidenes lepe
 Bi ten be twenti in one hepe
 And afked what here were
 That hi makede fo loude bere
 Clarice hire underftod anon right
 That hit was Blancheffour that fwete wight
 For here boures negh were 460
 And felden that thai ueren ifere
 And aither of other counfeil thai wifte
 And michel aither to other trifte
 Hii 3af hire maidenes anfwere anon
 That in to boure thai fcholden gon
 To this coupe Ich cam and wolde
 The floures handli and biholde
 Ac er ich hit euer wifte
 A boterfleghe to 3ain me flufte
 Ich was for adrad of than 470

Florice and Blanche flour. 31

That flerichen and greden I bigan
The maidenes hadde ther of gle
And turned azene and lete Clariffe be
¶ So fone fo the maidenes weren agon
To Blanche flours bour Clarice wente anon
And faide leyende to Blanche flour
Wiltou fen a ful fair flour
Swiche a flour that the fchal like
Haue thou fen hite a lite
Anoth dameifele quath Blanche flour 480
To fkorne me is litel honour
Ich ihere Clarice withoute gabbe
The Ameral wil me to wiue hadde
Ac thilke dai fchal neuer be
That men fchal at wite me
That I fchal ben of loue untrew
Ne chaungi loue for non newe
For no loue ne for non eie
So doth Floris in his countreie
Non fchal fwete Florice miffe 490
Schal non other of me haue bliffe
¶ Clarice ftant and bihalt that renthe
And the treunefle of this treuthe
Leighande fche faide to Blanche flour
Com non fe that ilche flour
To the coupe thai zeden tho
Wel blifful was Floriffe tho
For he had iherd al this
Out of the coupe he firte iwis
Blanche flour chaungede hewe 500

Florice and Blauncheflour.

Wel fone aither other knewe
 Withouten speche togidere thai lepe
 Thai clepte ⁊ kiste ⁊ eke wepe
 Hire cuffing lafte amile
 And that hem thoughte litel while

¶ Clarice bihalt al this

Here countenaunce and here blifs
 And leighende faide to Blauncheflour
 Felawe knouestou thou ought this flour
 Litel er noldest thou hit fe

510

And nou thou ne might hit lete fro the
 He moſte conne wel mochel of art
 That thou woldest ȝif therof ani part
 Bothe thiſe fwete thinges for blis
 Falleth down here fet to kis
 And crieth hire merci al weping
 That ȝhe hem biwraie nowt to the king
 To the king that ȝhe hem nowt biwrei[th]e
 Wher thourgh thai were fiker to dethe

¶ Tho ſpak Clarice to Blauncheflour

520

Wordes ful of ſin amour
 Ne doute ȝou nan more with alle
 Than to mi ſelf hit hadde biſalle
 White ȝhe wel wtterli
 That hele Ich wille ȝoure both druri
 To on bedde ȝhe hath hem ibrowt
 That was of ſilk ⁊ ſendel wrought
 Thai fette hem there wele ſofte adoun
 f. 103. And Clarice drowth the courtyu rown
 Tho began thai to clippe and kiſſe

530

Florice and Blaunche flour.

33

And made joie and mochele bliffe

¶ Florice ferft speke bigan

And faide Louered that madeft man

The I thanke godes fone

Nou al mi care ich haue ouercome

And nou ich haue mi lef i-founde

Of al mi kare ich am unbounde

Nou hath aither other i-told

Of mani a carfoul cold

And of mani pine ftronge

540

That thai han bene a two fo longe

Clarice hem feruede al to wille

Bothe dernelich and stille

Bot fo ne mighte 5he hem long i-wite

That hit ne fcholde ben under5ete

¶ Non had the Ameral fwich a wone

That eueri dai ther fcholde come

Thre maidenen out of hire bour

To feruen him up in the toure

With water and cloth and bacyn

550

For to wafchen his hondes in

The thridde fcholde bringge comb and mirour

To feruen him with gret honour

And thai that ferued him neuer fo faire

Amorewen fcholde another paire

And meft was woned in to the tour

Ther to Clarice and Blaunche flour

So longe him ferued the maidenen route

That hire feruice was comen aboute

On the morewen that thider com Florice

560

Florice and Blancheffour.

Hit fel to Blancheffour and to Clarice

¶ Clarice fo wele hire mote bitide

Aros up in the morewentide

And clepede after Blancheffour

To wende with here in to the tour

Blancheffour faid icham comende

Ac here answere was al fleuende

Clarice in the wai is nome

And wende that Blancheffour had come

Sone fo Clarice com in the tour

570

The Ameral asked after Blancheffour

Sire 3he faid anon right

3he had i-waked al this night

And i-kneled and iloke

And i-rad upon hire boke

And bad to gode hire oreifoun

That he the 3iue his benifoun

And the helde long aline

Nou fche flepeth al fo fwithe

Blancheffour that maiden fwete

580

That hii ne mai nowt comen 3hete

¶ Certe faid the king

Nou is hi a fwete thing

Wel aughte Ich her 3erne to wiue

Whenne 3he bit fo for mi liue

Another dai Clarice arift

And hath Blancheffour atwift

Whi hi made fo longe democre

Aris up and go we ifere

Blancheffour faide I come anon

590

Florice and Blauncheffour. 35

And Florice he klippe bigan
And felle aslepe on thise wife
And after hem gan fore agrife
Clarice to the piler cam
The baeyn of gold ȝhe nam
And had icheped after Blauncheffour
To wende with here in to the tour
ȝhe ne answerede nai ne ȝo
Tho wende Clarice ȝhe ware ago

¶ Sone fo Clarice com in to the tour 600
The Ameral asked after Blauncheffour
Whi and wharfore ȝhe ne come
As hi was woned to done
ȝhe was arifen ar ich ware
Ich wende her hauen i-fonden here
What ne is ȝhe nowt i-comen ȝit
Now ȝhe me douteth al to lit
Forth he clepeth his chaumberleyn
And bit him wende with alle main
And wite wi that ȝhe ne come 610
As hi was wone bifore to done

¶ The chaumberleyn had undernome
In to hir bour he his icome
And stant bifore hire bed
And find thar twai neb to neb
Neb to neb an mouth to mouth
f. 103^b. Wel fone was that forowe couth
In to the tour up he feigh
And faide his louerd al that he feigh
The Ameral het his sward him bring 620

Florice and Blauncheffour.

I witten he wolde of that thinge
 Forht he minth with alle mayn
 Him felf and his chaumberleyn
 Till thai come thar thai two laie
 ¶ It was the flep fast in hire eie
 The Ameral het hire clothes kefte
 A litel binethen here brefte
 Than fegh he wel fone anon
 That on was a man that other a woman
 He quok for anguiffè ther he stod 630
 Hem to quelle was his mod
 He him bithoughte ar he wolde hem quelle
 What thai wer that fehold him telle
 And fithen he thoughte hem of dawe don
 The children awoken under thou
 Thai fegh the fwerd ouer hem i-drawe
 Adrad thai ben to ben i-flawe
 ¶ Tho bifpak the Ameral bold
 Wordes that feholde fone bi told
 Sai me now thou bel ami 640
 Who made the fo hardi
 For to come in to mi tour
 To ligge ther bi Blauncheffour
 To wrotherhale ware 3e bore
 ¶ 3e fehollen tholie deth therfore
 Thanne faid Florice to Blauncheffour
 Of oure lif nis non focour
 And merey thai eride on him fo fwithe
 That he 3aue hem refpit of here liue
 Til he hadde after his baronage fent 650

Florice and Blancheffour. 37

To awreken him thourgh jugement
Up he bad hem fitte bothe
And don on other clothes
And fiththe he let hem binde fast
And in to prifon hem he caft
Til he had after his barenage fent
To wreken him thourgh jugement

¶ What helpeth hit longe tale to fehewe
Ich wille 3ou telle at wordes fewe
Nou alle his baronage had undernome 660
And to the Amerail 3he beth i-come
His halle that was hieghe i-biilt
Of kynges and dukes was i-fiilt
He stod up among hem alle
Bifemblaunt fwithe wrotht with alle
He faid lordingges of mochel honour
3e han herd fpeken of Blancheffour
Hou ich hire boughte dere aflight
For feuen fithes of gold hire wight
For hire faired and hire chere 670
Ich hire boughte awinge fo dere
For ich thoughte withouten wene
Hire haue I had to mi quene
Bifore hire bed mi felf I com
And fond bi hire an naked grom
Tho thai were me fo wrothe
I thought to han i-queld hem bothe
Ich was fo wroth and fo wod
And 3it ich withdrouth mi mod
Fort ich haue after 3ou i-fent 680

Florice and Blauncheffour.

To awreke me thourgh jugement

Nou 3e witen hou hit is agon

Awreke me fwithe of mi fon

¶ Tho fpak a king of on londe

We han irerd this fchame and fchonde

Ac er we hem to dethe wreke

We fchalle heren tho children fpeke

What thai wil fpeke and figge

3if thai ought a3ein wil allegge

Hit ner nowt right jugement

690

Withouten aufwere to acouplement

¶ After the children nou men fendeth

Hem to brenne fir men lendeth

Twaie Sarazins forth hem bringeth

Toward here deth fore wepinge

Dreeri were this fchildren two

Nou aither bi-wepeth otheres wo

Florice faide to Blauncheffour

Of oure lif nis non focour

3if manken hit tholi might

700

Twies I fchold die with right

One for mi felf another for the

For this deth thou haft for me

¶ Blauncheffour faide a3en tho

f. 104. The gelt is min of oure bother wo

Florice drow forth the ring

That his moder him 3af at his parting

Haue nou this ring lemman min

Thou ne fchalt nowt die whiles hit is thin

Florice and Blauncheffour. 39

¶ Blauncheffour faide tho 710
So ne feh al hit neuer go
That this ring feh al ared me
Ne maith e no deth on the fe
Florice the ring here araught
And hi him agein hit bitaught
On hire he had the ring i-thraft
And hi hit haueth awai i-kast
A duk hit feth and bergh to grounde
An was glad that ring he founde

¶ On this maner the children come 720
Weping to the fir and to hire dome
Bifor al that fok thai ware i-browt
Dreri was hire bother thought
Ther was non fo fterne man
That thife children loked upan
That thai ne wolde alle fulfawe
Here jugement haue with drawe
And with gret garifoun hem begge
Ȝif thai dorste ſpek other figge

So Florice was fo fair a ſongling 730
And Blauncheffour fo fwete a thing

¶ Of men and wommen that beth nouthie
That gon aur riden and ſpeketh with mouthe
Beth non fo fair in hire gladneſſe
Als thai ware in hire forewenneſſe
No man ne knewe hem that hem was wo
Biſemblaunt that thai made tho
But bi the teres that thai ſhadde
And fillen adoun bi here nebbe

Florice and Blauncheflour.

¶ The Ameral was so wroth and wod 740
 That he ne might withdraw his mod
 He bad binde the children faste
 In to the fir he hem caste
 Thilke duk that the gold ryng hadde
 Nou to speke reuthe he hadde
 Fain he wolde hem helpe to liue
 And tolde how thai for the ring striue

¶ The Amiral het hem aȝen clepe
 For he wolde tho schildren speke
 He askede Florice what he hete 750
 And he him told swithe skete

¶ Sire he faide ȝif hit were thi wille
 Thou ne aughtest nowt this maiden spille
 Ac fire lat aquelle me
 And lat that maiden aliue be
 Blauncheflour faide tho
 The gilt is min of oure bother wo
 And the Ameral faide tho
 I wis ȝe fille die bo
 With wreche ich wille me awreke 760
 Ȝe ne scholle neuere go no speke

¶ His swerd he braid out of his schethe
 The children for to do to dethe
 And Blauncheflour putt forth hire fwire
 And Florice gan hire aȝein tire
 Ich am a man ich schal go bifore
 Thou ne aughtest nowght mi deth acore
 Florice forht his fwire putte
 And Blauncheflour aȝein hit brutte

Florice and Blaunche flour. 41

Al that i-seghen this 770

Therefore fori weren iwis

And saide dreri may we be

Bi swiche children swich reuthe fe

¶ The Ameral wrothe thai he were

Bothe him chaungede mod and chere

For aither for other wolde die

And he fegh so many a weping eye

And for he hadde so loued the mai

Weping he turned his heued awai

And his swerd hit fil to grounde 780

He ne might hit holde in that stounde

¶ Thilke duk that the ring founde

With th'Ameral spak and round

And ful wel ther with he spedde

The children ther with fram dethe he redde

Sire he saide hit is litel pris

Thise children to flen i-wis

Hit is the wel more worffchipe

Florice counseile that thou wite

Who him tawghte thilke gin 790

For to come thi tour with in

f. 104^b. And who that him broughte thar

The bet of other thou might be war

¶ Than saide th'Ameraille to Florice tho

Tel me who the taughte her to

That quath Florice ne sehall I neuere do

Bot ȝif hit ben forȝiuen also

That the gin me taughte therto

Arft ne sehail hit neuer bi do

Florice and Blancheflour.

Alle thai praied therfore i-wis 800

The Ameral graunted this

¶ No[u] eueri word Florice hath him told

Hou the ma[i]de was fram him fold

And hou he was of Speyne a kyngges fone

For hire lone thider I come

To fonden with fom gin

That faire maiden for to win

And hou thourgh his gold and his garifoun

The porter was his man bicom

And hou he was in the coupe i-bore 810

And alle this other lowen therfore

¶ Now the Amerail wel him mote betide

Florice he fette next his fide

And made him ftonde ther upright

And hath i-dubbed him to knight

And bad he scholde with him be

With the formaft of his mene

Florice fallet to his fet

And bit him ȝif him his lef fo fwet

The Ameral ȝaf him his lemman 820

Alle the othere him thanked than

¶ To one chirche hi let hem bringge

And wedde here with here owene ringge

Nou bothe this children alle for blifs

Fil the Amerales fet to kis

And thourgh counfeil of Blancheflour

Clarice was fet doun of the tour

And the Amerale here wedded to quene

There was fette fwithe breine

Florice and Blancheflour. 43

I ne can nowt tellen alle the fonde 830
Ac the richeft feſte in londe

¶ Nas hit nowt longe eſter than
That Florice tidingge ne cam
That his fader the kyng was ded
And al the barnage ȝaf him red
That he ſeholde wenden hom
And underfongen his kyngdom
At Ameral he nom his leue
And he him bad with him bileue
Thanne biſpak the Ameral 840
Ȝif thou wilt do Florice bi mi counſeil
Dwelle her and wend nowt hom
Ich wille the ȝiuen a kyngdom
Al ſo longe and al ſo brod
Als euere ȝit thi fader bod

¶ I nel bileue for to winne
To bidde me hit were finne
Thai bitaught the Ameral oure dright
And thai com hom whan thai might
And let croune him to king 850
And hire to quene that ſwete thing
And underfeng Criſtendom of preſtes honde
And thonkede God of alle his fonde

¶ Nou ben thai bothe ded
Chriſt of heuene houre ſoules led
Nou is this tale browt to th'ende
Of Florice and of his lemman hende
How after bale hem com bote

Florice and Blancheflour.

So wil oure Louerd that ous mote

AMEN figges al fo

860

And Ich schal helpe you ther to

E·X·P·L·I·C·I·T·

The Throstel Cok and Nightingale.

f. 279^b. L. with fone . . .

With blofme and with briddes roun

The notes of the hafel fpringeth

The dewes derken in the dale

The notes of the nightingale

This foules miri fingeth

Ich herd a firrif bitvixen to

That on of wele that other of wo

Bitven hem to y-fere

That on herieth wimen that ben hende 10

That other he wald fawe fehende

This firrif 3e mow y-here

The Nightingale hath y-nome

To fpeke for wimen atte frome

Of fehame he wald hem were

The Thruftel Cok he fpeketh ay

He feyt bi nightes and bi day

That thai ben fendes fere

The Throstell Cok

For thai bitraien eueri man
 That mest bileneth hem on 20
 Thei thai be milde of chere
 Thei ben fals and fikel to fond
 And wercheth wo in eueri lond
 It were better that hye nere

The Nightingale.

Schame it is to blame leuedi
 For thai ben hende of curtaifi
 Y rede that thou lete
 Nas neuer brethe non fo fstrong
 No with right no with wrong
 That wimen no might bete 30

Y faughten hem that ben wrothe
 And maketh leue that is fothe
 With game men schuld hem grete
 This world weren nought 3if wemen nere
 Y-maked thai ben to mannes fere
 Nis no thing half fo fwete

The Throstell Cok.

I may wimen heri nought
 For thai ben fals and fikel of thought
 So me is don to understond
 Y take witnes of mani and fele 40
 That riche were of worldes wele
 And fre to fenden hem fond

and Nightingale.

47

Thei thai ben fair and bright in hewe
Thai ben fals fikel untrewē
And worcheth wo in ich lond
King Alifaunder meneth him of hem
In the world nis non fo crafti men
No none fo riche of lond

The Nightingale.

Thrustel Cok thou art wode
Or thou canst to litel gode 50
Wimen for to sehende
It is the best drurie
And mest thai cun of curteisie
Nis no thing al fo hende

Her loue is swetter y wis
Than the braunche of licoris
Loffum thai ben and hende
Wele swetter is her breth
Than ani milke other meth
And louelich in armes to wende 60

The Chrostel Cok.

Nightingale thou hast wrong
As ich finde in mi song
For ich hold with the right
Y take witnesse of Wawain
That Crist gaf might and main
And trewest was of knight

The Throstel Cok.

So wide fo he hadde riden and gon

Fals fond he neuer non

Bi day no bi night

Foule for thi fals mouthe

Thine fawes schal be wide couthe

Alight whare thou light

70

The Nightingale.

Ichaue leue to alight here

In orchard and in erbere

.

The Liif of Adam.

.

fragm. a. **L**IGHTBERN that angel bright
Anfwerd anon right
Ich was ar the warld bigan
Er euer God maked man
Therefore he feyd fo mot yt be
He fehal first anoure me
Than feyd the meffānger
To Lightbern that is now Lucifer
Bot thou do Godes comandment
Thou art inobedient
And wretltheft God Almighty therefore
And fo might thi mirthe be forlore
¶ Lightbern anfwerd anon right
Thurch pride that in his word was light
He fehal comen al to late
Mi mirthe for to abate
Iehil go fitten in my fee
And be more mafter than he
And anon right with that . . .
He fett him in his owen . . .
And tho Lightbern hade feyd fo
Mani thoufend Angels and mo

10

20

The Liif of Adam.

Sayd thai nold in non manere
 Anour Adam no Eue his fere
 Thus in heuen pride bigan
 While God in erthe made man
 ¶ Tho fwete Jhefus that was wiis
 Was comen out of Paradis
 To heuen ther he . . .
 And hadde maked men of mold 30
 He feyghe where Lightbern fet
 And bad him loke to his fet
 And Lightbern anon right
 For pride that in him was light
 In holy writ we heren telle
 He fanke adoun in to helle
 Ther he tholed michel schame
 Satanus is now his name
 ¶ And alle Angels in heuen that wer
 That him ani wittneffe bere 40
 That he was worthi to fitten in fe
 Ther fwete Jhefu was won to be
 Thurch the pouwer of Godes might
 Senen days and feuen night
 Angels fellen adoun in to helle
 In holy writ we heren it telle
 For Pride that was in hem light
 Of heuen blis thai lorn the fight
 And as we finden in lectrure
 Y not whether it be in holy scripture 50
 Tho Lightbern fat in his fe
 And feyd he was worthier than he

The Liif of Adam.

51

For the mone bar him witneffe
It waxeth and wanieth more and leffe
The fe thurch vertu of Godes might
Ebbeth and flouweth day and night
This tvay no habbe neuer rest
Naither bi eft no bi west

¶ In heuen Pride first bigan
In angels ar it cam in man 70
And for it com out of heuen
And was the form[ast] finne of feuen
Ther fore withouten lesing
Of alle finnes Pride is king

¶ Lete we now Pride be
And to Adam wende we
And loke we hou him spet
That thurch his wiuef abet
And thurch the Fendes entifement
He brak Godes comandment 70

God y-blifced mat he be
He forbede Adam an appel tre
That he ne sehuld of liif no lim
No front ther of nim
The Fende in lickneffe of an adder
Clombe upon the tre withouten ladder
And cleped to him Adames wiif
For to apair Adames liif
And Eue to the nadder cam
And at the nadder an appel nam 80
The fende gat alle that he fond
And tok it Eue in hir hond

The Liif of Adam.

And feyd ete thou and Adam of this
 And 3e schul ben al fo wiis
 As God that fitt in . . .
 And witten alle his . . .
 . . 3e no schuld nought fe no here
 Which Godes ere

- fragm. b. Therefore he it 3ou forbede
 It schuld nought comen in 3our hede 90
 ¶ Eue of the nadder the appel nam
 And to Adam anon him cam
 And feyd do as Ich the rede
 And it schal be the best dede
 That euer 3ete thou dest y-wis
 Ete of the appel that here is
 And thou schalt be withouten lesing
 Al fo wise of alle thing
 As he that it forbede
 It schuld nought comen in thine hed 100
 Thurch the Fendes comberment
 And thurch his wiues enticement
 Godes comandment he breke
 That he and his wiif eke
 Seththen hem rewe bothe ful fore
 That thai leueden the Fendes lore
 In the boke it is y-write
 Tho thai hadde of the appel bite
 Aither of other aschamed was
 And hiled her kinde with more and gras 110
 Adam was of God affight
 And went and hidde him anon right

The Liif of Adam.

53

And God out of heuen cam
And cleped anon after Adam
Than seyde swete Jhesus
Adam Adam why destow thus
Thou hast y-brought thi selue in wo
And Eue thi gode wiif al so
For thou hast min heft y-broke
For sothe Adam ichil be wroke 120
Ȝe haue y-don a fori dede
For sothe Ȝe schul haue ȝour mede
¶ Tho Jhesu hadde to hem speke
And told hem that he wald ben awreke
Y-blifced be his nam feuen
He steyghe of him in to heuen
And ther after anon right
He sent to hem an angel bright
With a brenand fwerd
And drof hem in to miduerd 130
Adam and Eue his wiif
In care ther to leden her liif
Gret pite it was to here
Of Adam and of Eue his fere
Hou thai wepen and grad allas
Tho thai schulden for her trespas
Out of Paradys y-gon
It was pite to heren her mon
¶ Tho Adam in to erthe cam
Bowes lenes and gras he nam 140
A loghe he thought to biginne
He and his wiif to crepen inne

The Liif of Adam.

And tho the loghe was y-maked
 Thai lay the[r] in all far naked
 Sex days and fex night
 For hunger wel iuel y-dight
 Euerich day thai foughten mete
 Bot nowhar thai no couthe it gete

¶ Tho fex days weren agon
 And thai no founde mete non 150

Eue bigan for to erie
 Allas Adam for hunger we dye
 Alle the forwe that thou art inne
 Certes alle it is for mi finne
 Adam ich bifeke the
 Sle me ȝif thi wille be
 For wer ich out of Godes fight
 Par auentour Adam than thou might
 Oȝein in to Paradys wende
 And haue the blis withouten ende 160

¶ A woman quath Adam tho
 Allas why feydeſtow fo
 Woſtow make me fo wode
 To fle min owen fleſche and blode
 Bothe in fleſche and in bon
 Jheſus Criſt hath made ous on
 He made the of mi ribbe
 Thou mighteſt be me no ner fibbe
 Ȝif thou thenkeſt more fo
 Thou wilt bring ous in more wo 170
 Ȝif God fende on ous his curs
 Than ſchul we fare the wors

The Liif of Adam.

55

Bot go we forth and feche mete
Wher that we may ani gete
And for faught dye we nought
Ȝif we mow finden ough
fragm. c. Thai went forth and mete foughten
And of hem feluen litel roughen
¶ Aftay went to feche mete
Thai feyghen beftes ftonden and ete 180
Ac thai no couthe finde non
As wide as thai couthe gon
Than feyd Adam thus
No hadde wretthed fwete Jhesus
He wald haue fent ous mete anough
Hongend opon ich bough
As he doth this wilde beftes
And whe hadden holden his heftes
Bot for we haue his heft y-broke
Ther fore he wil ben awroke 190
Ther fore Eue mi rede it is
For whe han don amis
Go we out of this wode fchawes
And liue we in pennaunce fourti dawes
And at the fourti dawes ende
God Almighty that is fo hende
And we mighten his loue gete
Than wolde he fend ous mete
Sir quath Eue to Adam tho
That wold bring me more wo 200
So long penaunce for to take
Bot ich it might an ending make

The Liif of Adam.

Jif mi penance weren y-broke
 Than wold God ben awroke
 And be wrother than he is
 And ich dede eft amis
 Eue quath Adam anon right
 Nought bot do than what thou might
 Wende to the water of Tiges anon
 And step in opon a stou 210
 And whan thou art comen in
 Wad in vp to thi chin
 And fond to stond therin all stille
 Fourti days to ful fille
 And Ichil in to the stom go
 And stond therin fourti days and also
 Sex days mo and sex night
 Thurch the help of Godes might
 For in sex dayes and feuen night
 Alle the world was maked and dight 220
 And fulfild on the feuen day
 Ther fore as forth as y may
 Ichil fond to helden stille
 Sex days more to fulfille
 That ich rede we biginne
 And do penance for our sinne
 And for the penance wil be so hard
 Par auentour than afterward
 God that hath ȝeuen ous liif so
 Wald sende ous sustenance therto 230
 Eue vnderstode his rede
 And dede as Adam hir bede

The Liif of Adam.

57

As it telleth in the boke
Aither at other leue tok
Eue in to Tiges wode
And vp to the chin fehe stode
And in to the flum wode Adam
And his penaunce vnder nam
¶ Tho thai hadde stonden thare
In niche wo and niche care 240
Tventi days stonden inne
In tho to waters in pine
The Fende thought him to awreke
And her penaunce for to breke
And fornaft he com to Eue
To brengen hir in misbileue
For Eue hadde leued his lore
He hoped that fehe wald more
And feyd Eue wele is the
Thi Lord sent the word bi me 250
That thi trespas is forgeue
That thou dost ozains his leue
Com out of that water anon
And as so fwithe aftow might gon
Go and figge Adam so
And bring him out of his wo
And Ichil go thider with the
And say him as Ichaue don to the
¶ Of that tiding Eue was glad
And dede as the Fende hir bad 260
Out of the water fehe com anon
And with the Fende dedde hir to gon

The Liif of Adam.

¶ Tho Adam hadde of Eue a fight
 He wift wele anon right
 fragm. d. That the Fende hir hadde ouer comen
 And out of hir penaunce y-nomen
 And ful gode ȝeme he nam
 It was the Fende that with hir cam
 And feyd Eue allas allas
 Now is wers than it was 270
 He that cometh in thi compeynie
 Now he hath y-giled the twie
 For sothe Eue that is he
 That giled the to the appel tre
 And made the with his enticement
 To breke Godes comandment
 ¶ Tho Eue wift it was Satanas
 For forwe that in hir hert was
 Sche swoned and fel to grounde
 And lay stille a ful gode ffounde 280
 And anon as sche awoke
 For drede of God sche lay and qwoke
 And feyd allas ȝif God it wold
 That euer was ieh maked of mold
 Adam was in gret care
 That feyghe his wiif so iuel fare
 And feyd to the Fende of helle
 Ich wald that thou wost me telle
 Whi thou inwest me and mi wiif
 And art about to pair our liif 290
 And we [did] the neuer no dede
 ftede

The Liif of Adam.

59

¶ The Fende anwerd tho
And feyd Adam thou art mi fo
Sone after the warld bigan
And God hadde fourmed the to man
Bi an angel he fent to me
That y schuld anoure the
And feyd that y-nold
For ar thou wer maked of mold 300
Ich was in heuen an angel bright
Of grete pouwer and grete might
And for y-nold anour the nought
In this forwe Icham y-brought
In to helle for to wende
And won ther with outen ende
And alle that were to mi consent
Alle thai lien to helle y-went
Euer to liue [in pine] and wo
Therefore thou art our alder fo 310

¶ Adam ther he stode vp right
Bifought God ful of might
Deliuier out of his compeynie
The Fende that hadde swiche envie
To him and to his wiue Eue
That foneded fo her foules to greue
Adam ther he stode al naked
Tho he hadde his preyer maked
Thurch the pouwer of Godes might
The Fende went out of hir fight 320

¶ Tho the sex and fourti days wer go
That Adam hadde y-tholed that wo

The Liif of Adam.

Out of the water tho he cam
 Than feyd Eue to Adam
 Adam Adam wele is te
 And Adam Adam wo is me
 Thou haft thi penaunce to thende brought
 Thou might be ful glad in thought
 And ich may fing allas allas
 Icham wers than ich was 330
 For now Ichane eft a-gilt
 Seththen we were out of Paradis pilt
 Ther fore Ichil now biginne
 O gain penaunce for to winne
 And wende and won in thifterneffe
 Out of alle lightneffe
 The foule fefche that hath a-gilt
 In thefterneffe it fehal be pilt
 ¶ Eue went fram Adam
 In to thefterneffe till that fche cam 340
 And tho fche com to a thefter ftede
 Night and day in holy hede
 Gret with child fche duelled thare
 In miche forwe and michel care
 ¶ The time neighed atte laft
 That Eue bigan to gret faft
 And hye bigan to gron fore
 And feyd Louerd merci thine ore
 Who may telle Adam mi thought
 In what forwe that ich am brought 350
 Y no haue meffanger non
 That may on min eirand gon

MS. fol. 14. And he feyghe me with his eyghe
 And feyd Adam thou shalt dye
 Hold that word in thi thought
 And loke thou forȝete it nought
 Thus feyd God Almighty to me
 Tho com ich in to erthe oȝe
 And liued in trauail and in pine
 And fo sehulen after al mine 360
 Til God bi com man in erthe
 We schul haue penaunce and wele is werthe
 For ich and the moder weren at asent
 To breke Godes comandment
 For we haue him so a-gilt
 In our hertes he hath y-pilt
 Bothe an euen and a morwe
 Sexti woundes of wo and forwe
 That schal doure to alle mi blod
 And with that worde ther Adam stode 370
 And bigan to wepe fore
 And feyd merci Lord thinore
 Lord y-blifced mot thou werthe
 Wher to was y made of erthe
 Swiche pine here to dreye
 Wer time comen ich wald dye
 ¶ Of Adames forwe Eue toke kepe
 And bigan bitter to wepe

The Liif of Adam.

And anon in that ich ffounde
 Sche kneled adoun on the grounde 380
 And bad aboue to fwete Jhesus
 Sore wepende and feyd thus
 Lord ich bifeche the
 Adames forwe put in me
 For al the forwe that he is inne
 Is for mi gilt and for mi finne
 Adam hadde rewthe of his wiif
 And was al ful of his liif
 And feyd Eue lat be thi fare
 And fond to bring me out of care 390
 Take Seth in thi compeynie
 And lok that thou fast heyghe
 Lade him to Paradife to the gate
 And lat him abide ther ate
 And lete him stonden in the fight
 And God that is ful of might
 For he hath nought trespass fo muche
 As haue we fikerliche
 Ther fore he may the balder be
 To speke with Jhesu Crist than we 400
 ¶ Eue toke Seth anon
 And dede hem in the way to gon
 Toward Paradis anon thai go
 And the Fende that was her fo
 Com and mett with hem tvaye
 Right amid in the waye
 And bot Seth in the visage
 And afterward a gret stage

The Liif of Adam.

63

In his viſage it was y-fene
Where ſtoden his teth kene 410

¶ Allas allas quath Eue tho
What icham curffed and other mo
That broken Godes comandment
Now if mi ſones viſage ſehent
Hadde we holden his heft aright
Than hadde the fende hadde no might
For to touche nought of our blod
No hadde y-don hem nought bot gode

¶ To the Fende tho feyd Eue
Hou artow ſo hardi to greue 420
Godes creatour that thurch his grace
Is fourmed after his owen face
Me thenke that thou doſt nought right
To wretthe with the king of might
Why artow ſo malicious
Toward God and toward ous

¶ The Fende anſwerd anon this
Nought toward God our malice nis
Bot toward the and al the brod
That euer cometh of ſour blod 430
For thurch ſou we ben y-brought
Ther wo and finne is euer wrought
And Eue ichil that thou it wite
Seththen thou and Adam of the appel bite
We haue hadde pouwer and might
To dere ſou bothe day and night

¶ A foule thing quath Seth
Fro mi moder that heren geth

And fro me thurch Godes might
 Paffe oway out of our fight 440
 fol. 14^b. And the Fende the foule thing
 Thurch might of the Heuen king
 Out of her fight oway he nam
 Thai nift neuer whar he bicam
 ¶ Eue hath Seth y-ladde
 To Paradys as Adam badde
 And Eue drough hir fram the ȝate
 Sche no durst nought loke in therate
 Sche durst nought seluwe God hir face
 Bot lete Seth abide grace 450
 And Seth in thilke stede
 Sore wepeand in holy bede
 He abod ther alle stille
 Godes merci and Godes wille
 ¶ Thurch the vertu of Godes might
 Ther com adoun an Angel bright
 And feyd to Seth in this maner
 That he might with eren here
 God that al the world hath wrought
 Sent the word thou biddest for nought 460
 Er the term be y-gon
 Of fwe thoufende winter and on
 And fwe and tventi winter and mo
 Er that terme be ago
 And God that is ful of might
 Be in to erthe y-light
 And haue y-nomen kind of man
 And bathed in the flom Jordan

The Liif of Adam.

65

Than fehal Adam and Eue his wiif
Be anoint with oyle of liif 470

And alle tho that after hem comen
That haue Cristendom y-nomen

¶ Go tel Adam thi fader this

That no nother grace ther nis
And to graythe him bid him heyghe
His terme neigheth that he fehal dye
And when the bodi that hath don finne
And the foule fehal parten atvinne
Right whan that time fehal be
Miche meruayl 3e sehullen y-fe 480

So fent mi Lord that alle hath wrought
And biddeth that 3e no drede nought
For nought that 3e sehul here no fe
So he fent 3ou word bi me

¶ Eue and Seth her way nome

And went ozain as thai come
And told Adam the tiding
That him fent the Heuen king
And Adam held vp bothe his hond
And thonked God of alle his fond 490

¶ Adam his eighen unfeld

And Seththen his sone he biheld
And feyd merci fwete Jhesus
Who hath wounded mi sone thus

¶ Bi God Adam quath Eue

He that is about to greue
Oure foules bothe night and day
As michel as euer he may

The Liif of Adam.

That is the Fende that is our fo
 That hath ous brought in to this wo 500
 He com and mett with ous tvay
 As we ʒeden in the way
 And went toward Paradys
 Thus he bot him in the viis
 Owe Eue quath Adam tho
 Thou haft y-wrought michel wo
 Alle that after ous be bore
 Alle fchal curffen ous ther fore
 And alle that after ous liuen
 Both amorwe and eke aneuen 510
 Schul be bify to bere the wo
 That is y-wakened of ous tvo
 ¶ Ther fore Eue telle alle thine childir
 Both the ʒonger and the elder
 That thai be filed of our finne
 And bid hem ichon bi ginne
 Night and day merci to erie
 Mi time is comen Y fchal dye
 Thus Adam bad Eue his wiif
 Techen his childer after his liif 520
 Hou thai fchuld anon bi ginne
 To crien merci for her finne
 And tho he hadde y-taught hem thus
 As the boke telleth ous
 He kneled adoun in his bede
 And dyed anon in that ftede
 And as the angel hadde y-feyd
 Alle the lightniffe was aleyd

The Lief of Adam.

67

fol. 15. Sonne and mone lorn her light
Sex days and sex night 530
 ¶ Ene bigan to wepe and erie
Tho he feyghe Adam dye
And Seth made reweli mon
And fel down on his fader anon
And as it telleth in the boke
In his armes his fader he tok
And ful bitterliche he wepe
And God Almighty ther of toke kepe
And sent adoun an Angel bright
That feyd to Seth anon right 540
Arise and lete thi forwe be
And with thine eyghen thou schalt fe
God that al the world schal glade
What he wil do with that he made
 ¶ God that sit in heuen heyghe
Tok Adam foule that Seth it feighe
And bi tok it Seyn Mizhel
And feyd haue loke this foule wel
And put it in forwe and thesternisse
Out of ioie and alle lightnisse 550
Til fine thousand winter ben ago
Two hundred and eichte and tventi mo
Fro the time that he ete
Of that appel him thought so fwete
So long for his gilt
In his ward he schal be pilt
That maked him min heft breke
So long Ich wil ben awreke

The Liif of Adam.

On him and alle his blod eke
 Mi comandment for he breke 560
 And whan that terme is ago
 To ioie schal turn al his wo
 And after ward than schal he
 Sitten in thilke felue fe
 That Lightbern fat min angel bright
 Er Pride was in his hert alight
 ¶ Thus feyd Jhesus that sitt an heyghe
 And seththen in to heuen he steighe
 Fram the time that cas fel
 That cursied Kaim slough Abel 570
 Til Adam dyed opon mold
 As swete Jhesus Crist wold
 Ȝete lay Abel aboue erthe
 Til Jhesu Crist herd mot he werthe
 Bad his angels that thai seholde
 Biry the bodis vnder molde
 ¶ The angels al withouten cheft
 Dede anon Godes heft
 I[n] to clothes the bodi thai feld
 Eue and hir children stode and biheld 580
 Right in thilke felue stede
 And hadde wonder what thai dede
 For thai no hadde ar than
 Neuer sen biry no man
 Than feyd an angel ther he stode
 To Eue and to al hir brode
 Take ȝeme hou we do
 And her afterward do so

The Liif of Adam.

69

Birieth alle fo that dyen
As 3e fe with your eyghen 590
That we don this bodis here
Doth 3e in the felne manere
Tho the angels had feyd thus
Thai wenten ozain to fwete Jhesus
To heuen ther thai formaft were
And leued Eue and hir children there

¶ Sex days after Adam was dede
God Alnighti an angel bede
Go tellen Eue Adames wiif
The terme was comen of hir liif 600

¶ Tho Eue wift fche schuld dye
Sche cleped forth hir progenie
Bothe the 3onger and the eldre
Hir childer and hir childer childre
And fayd that alle mighten here
Tho ich and Adam mi fere
Breken Godes comandment
Anon his wretthe was y-fent
On ous and on our progenie
And ther fore merci 3e schul erie 610
And bothe bi daie and eke bi night
Doth penaunce bi al 3our might
And thou Seth for ani thing
Ich comand the on mi bliffeing
That thi Fader liif be write
And min also eueri smite

fol. 15^b. Fro the bigining of his liif

The Liif of Adam.

That he was maked and Ich his wiif
 And hou we were filed with finne
 And what forwe we han liued inne 620
 And in which maner that thou feye
 Rediliche with thin eighe
 Thi fader foule to pine sent
 For he brak Godes comandment
 Alle this loke that thou write
 As wele as thou kanst it dite
 That tho that be now zong childre
 Mai it fee and her elder
 And other that here after be bore
 Hou we han wrought here bifore 630
 That thai mowe taken enfaumple of ous
 And amenden ozain Jhefus
 ¶ Tho Eue hadde thus y-feyd
 And hir erand on Seth y-leyd
 Sche kneled adoun and bad hir bede
 And right in thilke felue stede
 That alle her kin stoden and feyghe
 Where sche dyed biforn hir eyghe
 Anon right as Eue was dede
 Her children token hem to rede 640
 And beren hir thilke felue day
 Vnto the stede ther Adam lay
 And biried hir in thilke stede
 Right as the angels dede
 That biried Adam and Abel
 Ther of thai token hede ful wel
 And tho sche was in erthe y-brought

The Liif of Adam.

71

Thai wer fori in her thought
And wopen and made miche wo
Tho Adam and Eue was ago 650
Bothe aneuen and amorwe
Thai wopen and made miche forwe
And at the four dayes ende
Jhesu made an angel wende
And feyd ther thai wepen fore
Doleth fex days and na more
The feuen day rest of 3our forwe
Both aneuen and amorwe
For God that alle the world hath wrought
And alle the world made of nought 660
As him thought it wald be best
The feuen day he toke rest
And another thing witterly
It bitokneth the day of merci
The feuen day was Sononday
And that day fehal be Domefday
And alle the foules that wele have wrought
That day fehul to rest be brought
¶ Tho the angel hadde his erand feyd
That God Almightyen hadde on him leyd 670
In to heuen the way he nam
Thai wift neuer whar he bicam
¶ Seth anon right bi gan
Of Adam that was the forme man
Al to gider he wrot his liif
As Eue hade beden Adames wiif
As telleth the boke that wele wot

The Liif of Adam.

In fton alle the letters he wrot
 For fir no water opon mold
 Neuer greuen it no fchold 680

¶ Tho Seth hadde writen Adames liif
 And Eues that was Adames wiif
 Right in thilke felue ftede
 Ther Adam was won to bide his bede
 In thilke ftede the bok he leyd
 As wife men er this han y-feyd
 Ther Adam was won to biden his bede
 And leued it in thilke ftede
 And ther it lay alle Noes flode
 And no hadde nought bot gode 690

¶ Long after Noes flod was go
 Salamon the king com tho
 That was heir of Dauid lond
 And Adames liif ther he fond
 And all in fton writen it was
 And damaghed non letter ther nas
 For alle that euer Salamon couthe
 Think in hert or fpeke with mouthe
 On worde he no couthe wite
 Of alle that euer was ther write 700

He no couthe o word vnder fiond
 That Seth hadde writen with his hond
 And Salamon that was wiis
 Bifought the King of Paradys

fol. 16. That he fchuld for his might
 Sende him grace fram heuen light
 That he might haue grace to wite

The Liif of Adam.

73

What thing weren there y-write

¶ God y blifced mot he werthe

He fent an angel in to erthe 710

That taught Salamon eneri fuite

Alle Adames liif y-write

And feyd to Salamon y-wis

Here ther this writeing is

Right in this felue ftede

Adam was wont to bid his bede

And here thou fehalt a temple wirche

That fehal be cleped Holi Chirche

Ther men fehal bid holy bede

As Adam dede in this ftede 720

And Salamon the king anon

Lete reren a temple of lime and fton

The firft Chirche vnder fonne

That euer in warld was bigonne.

¶ Now hane 5e herd of Adames liif

And of Eue that was his wiif

Whiche liif thai ladden here on mold

And Seththen diden as God wold

And tho Adam in erthe was ded

For finne that com of her fed 730

God fent Noes flod

And a-drenched al the blod

Swich wrethe God nam

Of alle that of Adam cam

Sane Noe and his wiif

That God hadde graunted liif

The Liif of Adam.

And his children that he hadde
 To felip with him that he ladde
 ¶ Of Noee feththen and of his childer
 We beth y-comen al to gider 740
 And feththen thai leued in fwiche finne
 That for the liif thai liueden inne
 Sodom and Gomore that wer tho
 Swithe noble cites tvo
 Bothe fonken in to helle
 As we here clerkes telle
 And another noble cite
 That was y-hoten Niniue
 Was in thilke felue cas
 Bot as the prophete Jonas 750
 Bad for hem day and night
 To fwete Ihesu ful of might
 And made bothe king and quene
 And alle that other pople bi dene
 In her bedes he made hem wake
 And hard penaunce he dede hem take
 And tho thai were to penaunce pilt
 God forʒaf hem her gilt
 Thus Niniue faued was
 Thurch bifekeing of Jonas 760

¶ Zete after Noes flod
 Al that com of Noees blod
 Weren he neuer fo holy man
 For the finne that Adam bigan
 Ther most non in Heuen com

The Liif of Adam.

75

Er God hadde his confeyl nome
To lighten in the Virgine Marie
And on the Rode wald dye
For to biggen ous alle fre
Y-herd and heyed mot he be
Now haue 3e herd of fwete Ihesus
As the bok telleth ous
Of the world hou it bigan
And hou he made of mold man

770

¶ Ihesu that was nomen with wroug
And tholed mani paines strong
Among the Iewes that wer felle
To bring Adam out of helle
3if ous grace for to winne
The joie that Adam now is inne.

780

[E·X·P·L·I·C·I·T·]

David the King.

f. 280.

1. *Miserere mei Deus* etc.

LORD GOD to the we calle
That thou haue merci on ous alle
And for thi michel mekenisse
That we mot comen to thi blisse

2. *Et secundum multitudinem* etc.

Aftowart Lord of mest poufte
Ful of merci and of pite
Do oway our wickednisse
And of our finnes forziuenisse

3. *Amplius laua me Domine* etc.

And kepe ous alle fram dedli finne
That non of ous no dre ther inne
Our finnes wele we knowen alle
That maken ous oft oȝain the falle
That we no quem the nought aright
As we aughten with al our might

10

4. *Quoniam iniquitatem meam* etc.

Lord mi wickednisse y knowe wel
Fram ende to ende eueri del

David the King.

77

And euer is mi finne oꝓaines me
Lord on me haue pite

5. *Tibi soli peccavi et malum etc.*

Oꝓaines the Lord we han miſdone
Night and day oft and ylome 20
Thou claſt ous Lord with wordes thine
And ſeheld ous alle fram helle pine

6. *Ecce enim in iniquitatibus etc.*

Lord God to the we calle
Our finnes thou knoweſt alle
In finne we weren bigeten and born
No were thi grace we were forlorn

f. 280^b. [7. *Ecce enim veritatem etc.*]

.

[8. *Asperges me hyssopo etc.*]

.

9. *Auditui meo dabis etc.*

In heriing thou haſt ꝓouen ous blis
Gret confort and joie y-wis
Ther fore we ſchulden joie make
Milde and boxſom for thi ſake 30

10. *Auerte faciem tuam etc.*

Fram our finnes Lord turn thi face

David the King.

Ous to amenden thou ȝene ous grace
 And al our finnes thou do oway
 That we han don bi night and daye

11. *Cor mundum crea etc.*

A clene hert thou do ous inne
 That we no more do no finne
 The Holy Gost be ous among
 Oȝain our enemy that we may foud

12. *Ne projicias me etc.*

Lord ne alome nought thi face
 Fram ous no whare in non place 40
 No thi fwete Holy Gost
 King Ihesu as thou al wost

13. *Redde mihi leticiam etc.*

Ȝeld ous the ioie of thi greting
 With the Holy Gost conforting
 And we wil teche the right way
 To hem that bene in finne bi lay
 That thai hem turn to thi blis
 Lord Ihesu to heuen ous wis

14. *Docebo iniquos vias tuas etc.*

Ich hem wil the way teche
 Lord Ihesu thou be our leche 50
 Of thi merci thai schul ioie make
 Euer more for thi fake

David the King.

79

15. *Libera me de sanguinibus etc.*

Lord Ihesu heuen king
Ous alle schilde fram wicked fonding
And mi tonge schal speken and fay
Godenisse of the eueri day

16. *Domine labia mea aperies etc.*

Lord mi lippes thou undo
Graunt me Lord that it be so
With praiers Ichil honour the
Thi Godhed and ek thi dignete

60

17. *Quoniam si voluisses etc.*

Lord gif it thi wille hadde be
Sacrifise Ich wold haue 3euen the
Bot that thing no wostow nought
Thou wost haue that thou hast bought
Mannes foule thou wost haue
Other ne woldestow nought craue

18. *Sacrificium Deo spiritus etc.*

Man gif thou art meke and milde
God the wil fram schame schilde
Thine euen cristene thou nought despise
For Ihesus Crist is heighe Justise

70

19. *Benigne fac Domine etc.*

Lord debonoure of al thing
Aftow art might ful Heuen king

David the King.

With gode wille thou ous wiffe and rade
That Holy Chirche were vp y-made

20. *Tunc acceptabis* etc.

Than artow right Justife
And reseuwest the sacrifise
The offering alle opou the auter
Mannes foule that is the leue and dere

Gloria Patri et Filio etc.

Ioie and blis as we mone
Be with the Fader and Sone
And ek with the Holy Gost
Lord Ihesu as thou wele wost

80

Sicut erat in principio etc.

As it was and euer schal be
With the Holy Gost in Trinite
Fram the first biginninge
That neuer no schal haue endinge.

AMEN.

The Dedli Sinnes, the Hestes, the Crede, etc.

fol. 70. IHESU that for vs wolde die

And was boren of Maiden Marie
Forzine vs Louerd oure misdede
And help vs ate oure moste nede
To tho that habben laifer to dwelle
Of holi writ Ich wole 3ou telle
And alle that taken ther to hede
God wille quiten al here mede

¶ Ther beth Dedli Sinnes feuene
That letteth man to come to heuene
And Ihesu Cristes Hestes ten
That children and winmen and men
Of twelue winter elde and more
After Holi cherche lore
Euerichone thai scholden knowe
But to lerne thai beth to flowe
And the Pater Noster and the Crede
Theroffe 3e scholden taken hede
On Engliffch to segge what hit were
Als Holi cherche 3ou wolde lere

10

20

The Dedli Sinnes,

For hit is to the foules biheue
 Ech man to knowen his Bilene
 And also 3e fſcholden habben in minde
 Criſtene men that were kynde
 Godes Paſſion biter biter als galle
 That he tholed for vs alle
 To ſturen out of dedli finne
 Of thiſe thinges Ieh wille bigine
 That ich habbe here i-faid
 Let hit in 3oure hertes be leið 30
 Poure and riehe 3onge and old
 And 3e feholle here it i-told

WE fſchulle be knowe to Iheſu Criſt
 And to his Moder Marie
 And to alle halewen
 And merci hem erie
 That we habbeth him a-gult
 In fleſches luſte oure liſ i-pult
 In pride we habben lad oure liſ
 And thourgh here i-maked ſtrif 40
 In glotonie oure liſ i-lad
 And other men thar to i-rad
 Thourgh pride and thourgh glotonie
 We habben i-lined in lecherie
 Sothe with dede and with thought
 Vnkyndeliche with mi bodi wrought
 In niche and onde we habben leið
 And with oure tonges men i-flein
 To coneteiſe our hertes 3iuen

the Hestes Ten, etc.

83

In pride of richeffe for to liuen 50
In fleuthe we habben founden ofte
And loked the foule bodi softe
Thise beth Dedli Sinnes feuene
That letteth man to come to heuene

HERKNETH nou wimmen and men
Iesu Cristes Hestes Ten
That we habben broken ofte
And loked the foule bodi ful softe
Nowt wortfchiped God as we ffolde
In coucitefe lad oure lif on molde 60
Euele i-loked oure haliday
Litel don that ther to laye
In mo Godes leued than in on
In tales in fantomes mani on
On the bok fallli fworen
And ofte fals witneffe boren
Thef-liche we habben thing i-ftole
And other mannes thefte i-hole
Bothe in ernest and in game
In ydel nemmed Godes name 70
Houre eni cristene we habben i-flawe
And with oure tounge al to drawe
We habben in hoker and feorning
Oure eni cristene driuen to heying
¶ Thise beth Godes Hestes ten
Herketh men and wimmen
f. 70^b. And 3e schulle here on Englifch i-wis
What 3oure Pater Nofter is

The Pater Noster,

OURE Fader in heuene riche
 Thi name be bleffed euere i-liche 80

In thi kyngdom Louerd
 That milde art and stille
 Sothe in heuene and in erthe
 Fulfeld be thi wille

Ihesu ful of grace Louerd
 That al do mai

Oure eueriches daies bred
 Graunte vs Louerd to dai

And forziue vs Louerd
 That we habbeth a-gult 90

Als we forziueth other men
 In our grace that beth pult

In the fendes fending Louerd
 Ne let vs neuere dwelle

Deliuere vs thourgh thi grace
 Fram the pine of helle

A · M · E · N ·

On Engliffch this is

Ûoure Pater Noster i-wis
 Leftneth nou and taked hede

And Ich wille tellen ðou ðour Crede 100

WE schulle bileue on Ihesu Crist
 Fader al weldinde

Sfechpere of heuene and of erthe
 And of alle thinge

And in Ihesu Crist Fader and Sone
 And oure Louerd i-coren

Ikenned of the Holi Gost
 And of a maiden i-boren
 Vnder Pounce Pilate
 He tholedde pinis ftronge 110
 Vpon the rode he was i-don
 And tholedde deth with wronge
 His bodi was i-buried
 Amang tho Jues felle
 Als his fwete wille was
 He lighte in to helle
 The foules that were life
 He browghte hem out of forewe
 And ros fram dethe to liue
 Vpon the thridde morewe 120
 To heuene he fteyghth ther he fit
 That al the werld ffechal dighte
 Vpon his Fader right hond
 Oure Louerd ful of mighte
 At the dai of Jugement
 He ffechal comen to deme
 Bothe the quike and the dede
 Ech man take zeme
 We fehulle bileue on the Holi Gost
 And Holi churche bilene 130
 And on alle halewen
 That no thing mai greue
 In remiffioun of oure finnes
 That we fehulle vprife
 And come bifore Ihefu Crist
 That ffechal be right iuftice

The Aue Marie.

We schulle come biforen him
 Alle on domes dai
 And after habbe the lif
 That ffechal laften ai 140
 Gode men fo God me fpede
 This is on Engliffch 3oure Crede
 And a while 3if 3e wulle dwelle
 The Aue Marie Ich wille 3ou telle

HEIL be thou Marie
 Leuedi ful of grace
 God is with the leuedi
 In heuene thou hanest a place
 I-bleffed mote thou be
 Leuedi of alle wimmen 150
 And the frut of thi wombe
 I-bleffed be hit Amen
 Amen is to feggen
 fol. 71. So mote hit be
 This Pater Noster and Crede
 And Marie Aue

Thou[s] habbe 3e herd 3oure Bileue
 That is maked to foule biheue
 Herkneith a while 3e that mowen
 And herkneith Godes Paffioun 160
 That he tholede for man kynde
 For Godes loue holdeth hit in minde
 ¶ In Holi writ hit is told
 Tho Judas hadde Ihesu fold

The Passioun, etc.

87

The Jenes token alle o red
 That fwete Ihesu sichelde be ded
 And comen armed with lanterne light
 And nomen Ihesu al be night
 And ladden him forht among alle
 In to Cayfases halle 170
 And there he was wel euel i-dight
 Til on the morewe al that night
 On morewe tho that the dai sprong
 Thei deden Ihesu Crist wrong
 Bounden hise eeghen and buffated him fore
 And ȝit he tholedede mochele more
 Jwes ful of pride and hete
 In his visage gonne spete
 Ihesu for that foule despit
 That hente thi bodi that was so whit 180
 Ȝine vs grace this dai to ende
 In his fernise the Fende to sicheude
 ¶ In Holi writ hit is i-founde
 There Ihesu stod vpon the grounde
 Tho hit cam to prime of dai
 Jwes dedin him gret derai
 Bifore the maistres of the lawe
 As a thef he was i-drawe
 Here and there he was i-pult
 And fwete Ihesu he ne hadde no gult 190
 But al the forewe that he was inne
 Al to gidere was for our sinne
 ¶ Ihesu for that foule derai
 That thou hentest at prime of dai

The Passioun, etc.

Ziue vs grace of sinne arise
 And enden in his swete seruise
 ¶ Thous telleth thise wife men of lore
 That Ihesu tholedede for vs more
 Ihesu tholedede for to binde
 At vndren hife honden him bihinde 200
 To a piler and beten faste
 While the scourges wolden laste
 Ihesu for that mochele forewe
 That he tholedede our soules to borewe
 Brengede vs out of dedli sinne
 And alle that liggen i-bounden ther inne
 ¶ In Holi writ hit telleth thous
 Wele more tholedede swete Ihesus
 Ihesu tholedede at middai 210
 And nowt ones faide nai
 Jwes nailen him on the rode
 For our gult and for oure gode
 And wel midliche he let
 Thurle his hondes and his fet
 His heued was crowned that was sene
 With scharpe thornes and with kene
 That enerich thorn hadde a wonde
 The firemes ronnen down to grounde
 Ihesu for tho harde stoundes
 That thou tholedest and bitter wondes 220
 Forgiue that we hebben a-gult
 And lete vs neuere in helle be pult
 ¶ Als telleth the Profecye
 A litel er he ffolde dye

The Passioun, etc.

89

Swete Ihesu tho hit was non
 To his Fader he had abon
 He scholde forgiuen hem the gult
 That him hadden on rode i-pult
 A bitter drinkke him was i-3oue
 Vpon the rode for oure loue 230
 Thourgh counfeil of the Jwes alle
 Aifil and fwot meuged with [g]alle
 Ihesu that was wonded fore
 Tasted ther of and nolde nammore
 At that time with ouden boit
 Swete Ihesu 3ald the gofte
 ¶ His fwete bodi that was so whit
 3it thai deden hit more despit
 The Jwes token hem to red
 Tho fwete Ihesu Crist was ded 240
 At his herte thai maden a wounde
 With a spere scharpe i-grounde
 In at his side the spere rof
 Blod and water out ther drof
 Moste no thing leue with inne
 And al to gidere for oure sinne
 Ihesu that hanged vpon the rode
 And deide ther on for oure gode
 Nowt for his gult but for oure sinne
 Sende pees amang mankenne 250
 ¶ Thise clerkes that connue of lecture
 Finden in Holi scripture
 That Ihesu that al the world had wrought
 Heuene and erthe made of nowt

The Passioun, etc.

Tho euen-fong time was i-come
 Down af the rode he was i-nome
 With Ioseph and with other mo
 Of life Desiples that were tho
 Tho oure fwete Leuedi feighth
 His bodi hangen on rode heighth 260
 His honden thurled and his fet
 Bittere teres and blodi he let
 For tho bittere teres and finerte
 That comen fram his moder herte
 Bifeche we him gif his wille be
 He giue vs grace helle to fle
 And in heuene to habben a place
 That we moten sen his face
 ¶ In Holi writ hit is i-rad
 Ihesu that on the rode was sprad 270
 Tho he hadde tholed his wo
 And the dai was al a-go
 In Holi writ hit is i-feid
 In sepulcre he was i-leid
 And als we here thise clerkes telle
 He lighte adoun and herewede Helle
 And tok out Adam and Eue
 And alle tho that him were leue
 Tho he hadde browt hem out of forewe
 He ros fram dethe the thridde morewe 280
 To Heuene he steighth thourgh his might
 That al the world sechal deme and dight
 Euere more there to wone
 Sohtfast God Fader and Sone

The Passioun, etc.

91

¶ Bifeche we thanne God in heuene
For life blessed names seuene
That made bothe mone and sterre
Sende pees there is werre
And giue Cristene men grace
In to the Holi lond to pace 290
And fle Saraxins that beth so riue
And lete be Cristene men on liue
And faue the pes of Holi cherehe
And giue vs grace fo to werche
That we mowen gode aecomttes make
Of that God vs haneth i-take
At the Dom whan he sſchal stonden
With blodi fides fet and honden
And parten al the werld a two
That on to wele that other to wo 300
For als we here clerkes telle
f. 72. That o part i-wis sſchal to helle
And for sothe gif thai lie
Thanne lieth the Profecie
And that other part sſchal wende
In to blisse that haneth non ende
To that blisse bringe vs He
That is and was and euer sſchal be

The Pater Noster vndo on Englissch.

- f. 72. ALLE that euer gon and riden
That willeth Godes merci abiden
Lewede men that ne beth no clerkes
Tho that leuen on Godes werkes
Lesteth and 3e schollen here i-wis
What youre Pater Noster is
¶ Ech man here of take hede
Godiliche while Ihesu 3ede
In erthe with his Apostles twelue
Ihesu Crist made hit him selue 10
And als hit telleth in the bok
Hise Apostles he hit bitok
For thai scholden habben hit in minde
And techen hit to al man-kynde
¶ Of alle the clerkes vnder sonne
Ther nis non of hem that conne
A better Oreifoun i-wis
Thanne the Pater Noster is
Thous feggeth this clerkes wife
That mochel connen of clergife 20
¶ Seuen Oreifouns ther beth inne
That helpeth men out of Dedli Sinne

The Pater Noster.

93

And gif 3e willeth awhile dwelle
Al on Engliffche wille 3ou telle
The skile of hem alle feuen
With help of Godes might of heuene

PATER NOSTER QUI ES IN CELIS

That is to fegge this
Oure Fader in heuene riche
Thi name be bleffed euere i-liche 30
This is the ferfte Oreifoun of feuene
We clepen oure Fader the kyng of heuene
And gif he houre Fader is
Thanne be we hife children i-wis
And Ihefu is ful of alle godneffe
With him nis no wikkedneffe
Thanne mot we fo mote ich the e
Gif we willen hife children be
Fonden to liuen in god lif
With outen contek with outen ftrif 40
With outen pride and enuye
Couetyfe and glotonye
Thanne mowe feggen i-wis
That Ihefu Crist our Fader is
Gif we wile be clene i-fchriue
And in clene lif liue
Than mowe we whan we beth of age
Claymen our Fader heritage
The bliffe that lafteth withouten ende

SANCTIFICETUR NOMEN TUUM

50

11

The Pater Noster.

That is to segge al and fum
 Ihesu God in Trinite
 Thi name i-bleffed mot hit be
 That is to vnderfonde this
 Whan we bleffen his name i-wis
 We bifechen fwete Ihesus
 That his name mote be with ous
 And we ben clene i-ffchriue
 And out of finne thenken to liue
 His name nel nowt with ous be
 To holden hit we ne habbeth no poſte
 But gif we liuen in god lif

60

f. 72^b. In loue and charite with outen ſtrif
 Thanne wille his name with ous dwelle
 And ſauuen vs fram the Fende of helle
 Ihesu that boughte lewede and clerkes
 Schilde vs fram the Fendes werkes

ADUENIAT REGNUM TUUM i-wis
 That is to ſegge this
 Louerd to thi kyneriche
 Let ous comen al i-liche
 Here we bifechen the heuene kyng
 That we moten comen to his wonnyng
 And we be in gode liue i-nome
 To his wonnyng mowe we nowt come
 Thanne is oure bidding for nowt
 But gif we ben in god lif kaut
 Therfore ech man amende him here
 That we moten wenden al i-ſere

70

The Pater Noster. 95

In to blisse that ne haueth non ende 80
To thilke blisse God vs fende
Ther no man cometh maiden ne wif
But he be nomen in god lif

FLAT VOLUNTAS TUA

SICUT IN CELO ET IN TERRA

That is to fegge thous
We biddeth to fwete Ihesus
That his wille be i-do
In heuene and in erthe al fo
That is to vnderfonden thous 90

That we fcholden feruen fwete Ihesus

To his paie and to his wille

Oure bidding to fulfille

And gif we ne ferue him nowt aright

Ihesu Crist bi houre might

Thanne do we in that bidding

Nowt bote scornen oure heuene kyng

Therefore ech man gif he mai

Stonde bothe night and dai

To ferue Ihesu Crist to wille 100

Oure bifeching to fulfille

For forsothe Godes wille is

That we ne fcholden nowt don amis

PANEM NOSTRAM COTIDIANUM DA NOBIS HODIE

Is to fegge so mot ich the

Oure bred ordeined for eche dai

Louerd giuet vs to dai

The Pater Noster.

That is to fegge thous
 We bifechen fwete Ihesus
 That he graunte vs alle thinges two 110
 Soules fode and lif also
 Nammore mai thi foule liue
 But thi bodi hit mete giue
 Nammore than the lif mai
 Withouten ertliche mete a-dai
 Than is this the foule fode
 Almes dede and bedes gode
 Loue and charite withouten strif
 This mai holde the foules lif
 Als the lif lineth with bred 120
 For hunger that hit nis nowt ded

The fixte bede is this
 ET DIMITTE NOBIS DEBITA NOSTRA SICUT ET NOS
 DIMITTIMUS DEBITORIBUS NOSTRIS

This is the fixte bidding
 That we bidden oure heuene kyng
 Forgiue vs that we habbeth misdo
 Als we forgiuen other also
 That vs habben here a-gult
 That in oure mercy ben i-pult
 Gif ani man that is in londe 130
 Liueth in nyht other in onde
 Thourgh counfeil of the Fendes red
 He biddeth azenes his owene hed
 And maketh him heiere in erthe
 Than Ihesu Crist that more is werthe

.

Hou our Leuedi Sauter was ferst founde.

fol. 259. LEUEDI fwete and milde
For loue of thine childe
 Jhefu ful of might
Me that am so wilde
Fram schame thou me schylde
 Bi day and bi night

Ichil bigemmen here
And tellen the manere
 Now in this ffounde
Of thi Sauter here
With wel gode chere
 Hou it was y-founde

10

Sende me thi grace
Now in this place
 So wele for to done
Y bid the thi grace
Ther to liif and spae
 Y here now mi boue

A riche man was while

Hou our Leuedi Sauter

That loued no gile 20

He loued Holi chirche

Bifiden him a mile

An Abbay of Seyn Gile

His eldren dede wirche

Gode liif this man ladde

On fone he hadde

That gode dedes dede

With cloth and with bedde

f. 259^b. His Sone fair he schredde

In thilke ftede 30

Monke therin he bicam

.

[*Thirteen lines cut out.*]

.

Queint man and fleighe

For it was euer his wone

To teche him bi costome

The order fer and neighe

He 3ede forth about

With inne and with out

With the Lord a-day

His fone he lete therout

He 3ede fer to aloute 40

Tellen ich 3ou may

The Leuedi ful of might

was ferst founde.

99

That bar our dright
In a chapel there
Bi day and bi night
When he ther to com might
Were where he were

Zou al tellen y may
An hundred ich day
Greteinges he feyd 50
Wele he held his lay
And the order parmafay
For lone of that Mayde

Wele he hadde y-wrought
For gode was his thought
That was wele y-fen
He no leffe it nought
Heuen he hadde y-bought
Thurch his gode ben

No lete he non ffounde 60
That he no fel to grounde
And a knowes badde
And thought on the fif wounde
That God for all the mounde
On rode hadde y-fprad

An hundred to the Maide
Greteinges he feyd
Bi tale ich day

Hou our Leuedi Sauter

He nought it no layd
 Ac fo wele he playd 70
 Right sothe for to fay

That he feighe wel bright
 Our Lenedi ful of might
 On a Saterdag y-wis
 Where sche fat up right
 Half clothed bi fight
 And feyd to him this

Mi Monk no drede the naught
 For Y the haue y-laught 80
 And Y the wil take
 Thou haft don a gode fraught
 No bestow nought bi caught
 God ne schal the lake

Y thanke the here nouth
 For thatow with thi mouthe
 Me haft paid fo wel
 Bi north and bi fouth
 It schal be wel counthe
 Thine dedes eueri del

Ac thou most more fay 90
 For me now ich day
 Fifti albi score
 Of Aue Maries
 Ich day thries
 Wite now whar fore

was ferst founde.

101

That is right mi Sauter
And thou it fehalt y-wite here
Hou it fehals be do
Fifti fay bi fore
And euer ten bi feore
And the Antemis ther to

100

In tokne of the bliffe
That fel me with y-wis
f. 260. Tho the Angel to me cam
And feyd me tiding
That of me fehuld fpring
God bicomme a man

After fay thou fone
Fifti middidone
Al for that ich blis
That he withouten fore
Wald of me be bore
Therof that thou no miffe

110

Ther after thou fehalt fay
Eft fifti ich day
Bi thine fingres ten
Of Aue Maries
Ich day thrices
Telle it fele men

Fifti at the nende
For Y fehuld wende
To my Sone tho

120

Hou our Leuedi Sauter

For blis and for to amende
 That he to me gan fende
 To me comen and go

He brought me to the blis
 That neuer no fchal mis
 In that ich stoude
 Blifced be the time
 That he brought out of pine 130
 Ther in were y-bounde

A Leuedi Y the grete
 For thou art fair and fwete
 And gode to serue wel
 Graunt mi thi nore
 For Y fchal euer more
 Don this eueri del

Ȝif Y durst and couthe
 Ich wald wite nouthe
 Leuedi here of the 140
 Whi the failes gore
 Slenen and no more
 Of cloth ich on the fe

This clothe thou me ȝeue
 Of Friday at eue
 Thurch Aue Maries
 Tho thou me gun grete
 And no day nold lete
 Ac feydeft fifti tviis

was ferst founde. 103

For thou moft fay more 150

Thriies fifti bi feore

Al fo Y told the

To day a-feuennight

Y-clothed al aright

Thou fehalt me fair y-fe

Be here of al feille

And fay with gode wille

Al this greteinges

And Y fehal the bring

Fram mi Sone the king 160

Gode tidinges

Mari went tho oway

And the Monke ich day

Seyd right thre fithes

With wel gode wille

Bothe loude and fille

His Aue Maries

That day a-feuennight

Our Lenedi ful of might

To the Monk cam 170

In hir wede right

Y-clothed fwithe bright

And thonked the man

Fair is now mi wede

For bedes that thou bede

Thatow haft geue me

Hou our Leuedi Sauter

Mi Sone the wil rede
 That thou no thing no drede
 For fothe Y telle the

Thou fehalt Abot bi come 180
 When thou art hom y-nome
 For your Abot fehaldye
 Haue thou euer in wone
 To figge bi coftome
 Thine Aues ich day

Wende al about
 And preche it in and out
 That this is my Sauter
 For al that ich day
 Wil this for my fay 190
 Y fehald hem ben wel ner

f. 260^b. Leue Monke ich telle the
 That thou moft al for me
 Wenden ner and wide
 And tellen of this thing
 And fo my Sone bring
 Fele him bifide

For thurch Aue Maries
 That men fehald figgen thries
 In the worthfchippe of me 200
 Y fehald hem helpe alle
 That to me wille calle
 For fothe Y telle the

was ferst founde.

105

Nis non that schal day
That thries wil fay
 This Aue Maries
With outen houfel and schrift
Bi day no bi night
 For non folies

He schal in ich place 210
Wele finde mi grace
 At his liues ende
For he schal finde space
And haue gode grace
 Him al for to amende

Gon Ichil hanne
Say it mani man
 This and make it couthe
For feuen 3er after this
Thou schalt dien y-wis 220
 Y telle the with mouthe

So long is thi time
To hold the and thine
 And hem for to teche
After that of pine
Thou worft y-brought to mine
 For Y schal be thi leche

Marie went forth hir way
And the Monke ich day
 Folk to God bring 230

106 **H**ou our Leuedi Sauter, etc.

Thurch this ich thing
And his precheing
Gode was this tidinge

Now Ich bidde here
And on alle with gode chere
That 3e figge pries
With wel gode wille
Both loude and stille
This Aue Maries

And God our alder dright 240
So giue ous strengthe and might
So wele for to done
That at our ending
He mot ous alle bring
To blis swithe fone

A • M • E • N •

In Praise of Women.

.

fol. 324. BOT fals men make her fingres feld

And doth hem wepe wel fore to rewe

Her res

Thurch wroches that er untrewe

Wimen ben holden les

Chofen thai be to mannes fere

O-night in armes for to wende

Ȝif ani man may it here

Of a fcherewe that wil Wimen fchende

Y fpeke for hem and make hem fkere

10

And fay that thai er gode and hende

When thou art ded and leid on bere

In to blis thi foule fchal wende

And bide

He was born of woman kinde

For ous bare bloody fide

Der worther drouri wot y non

Than woman is and wife of rede

Gold no filuer no riche fton

Is non fo douhti in dede

20

In Praise of Women.

Thai make Willam Roberd and Jon
 In ioie and blis he liif to lede
 That elles schuld fpille flefche and bon
 And ly and dwine hem felue to dede
 Thurch pine

Birddes blifced mot 3e be
 For loue of Virgine

Eighen grew and browes brent
 That bere this birddes bright on ble
 In eueri lond ther thai be lent 30
 Is ful of mirthe and iolifte
 It is a fond that God hath fent
 In erthe to gladi man with gle
 Were wimen out of lond y-went
 Al our blifs were brought on kne
 Wel lawe

Hou schuld men ani corn repe
 Ther no fede is fouwe

Feir and fwete is wimannes viis
 The man that wil hem wele bihold 40
 White and rede fo rofe on riis
 Lonely lithe her here y-fold
 With eighe for heued and nofe tretus
 Al bemes thai han in wold
 For loue of on that berth the priis
 Y prais hem bothe 3ong and old
 Bidene

Who fo lacketh hem in lore
 He wretthes Heuen quene

In Praise of Wlomen. 109

Gentelri is plaunt as Y 3ou telle 50
In wiman it springeth in ich a-lizth
Thai er meke and nothing felle
Hende in halle as hauke i-frizth
He shall be curfled with boke and belle
That ani vilaini mengeth hem with
To rest hem in the pine of helle
Ther neuer more schal be no grith
No bote

Y wold rede no curfed wroche
O3ain our Leuedi to mote 60

Harpe no fithel no fautri
Noither with eld no with 3ong
Is non fo fwete to fitten by
As wiman ther thai speke with tong
Her speche resteth a man wel ney
Bitvene his liuer and his long
That doth his hert rife on hey
So clot that lith in clay y-elong
So fore

Who that lacketh wiman in lore 70
Y rede he do no more

In al this world was neuer no clerk
Seththen Adam was fourmed and Eue
No man that wered breche no ferk
That wimannes vertu couthe fereue
Than were it to me ful derk
A thing that schuldest min hert greue
For to ginne fwiche a werk

That neuer man no might in cheue

To thende 80

Y take wittnes at our Leuedi

That wimen er gode and hende

King and emperour and knight

Alle thai were of wiman bore

And God was in a woman light

And elles were alle this world forlore

For it is a thing that bereth right

Atuix the crop and the more

f. 324^b. Amid the tre the front was pight

That Ihefu was don on rode fore

90

To winne

Our foules out of helle

That were bounden in finne

Luf is alle in woman laft

And chofen thai be for trifter in tour

Thennes tharf hem neuer be raft

Thai may ther liue with gret honour

In a chaumber of leuely craft

No tharf hem dout of no fchour

Ogain al thing wiman fchaft

100

Of alle londes thai bere the flour

And priis

As ouer alle other floures

Rofe y-railed on riis

Mari that bar God Al might

Help nou Ich haue nede

In Praise of Women. 111

For wimannes honour to fight
Hou thai er hende in ich a-dede
Of hem it springeth day and night
Swete morfeles this lond to fede 110
Front that is so michel o-might
Men y-armed fief on fiede

And ftrong

God 3iue hem ioie and blis
And liif to laft long

Note of the nightingale

Y fett at nought in time of May
No other foules gret and fmale
That fit and fingen her lay
O3aines a foule that fit in fale 120
With outhen cage cum clad in fay
Hir note abateth mannes bale
Ther nis no wight that can fay nay

With mouthe

We aught for our leuedi loue
Honour wiman 3if we couthe

Of al vertus wiman is rote
Say no man nay for it is fo
Of al bales thai be bote
To help a man of vncouthe wo 130
Thai beren falues that ben fwote
To hele me and other mo
To make a man to lepe with fot
That ere was fike and might nought go
No ftonde

In Praise of Women.

Wiman is comfort to man
 To bring him out of bond

Perlis priis and paruink
 Is woman viis in eueri plas
 No may no clerk write with ink 140
 The swetneffe that thai han in face
 No in his hert him bi think
 Alle his wittes thei he chace
 Wimen ther thai fit on benk
 Hou mighti thai ere and ful of grace
 Ful filt

For God for ous in a wiman
 His bigging hath y-bilt

Quen of Heuen Ich am thi man
 In erthe to speke for thine oft 150
 Helpe me Leuedi for Y no can
 For to abate the wreche boft
 Hem that sehende gode wiman
 That ioie of hem in erthe is most
 Al our blis of wimen gan
 Swete Leuedy thou it woft
 Y-wis

For thou bar that ich Bern
 That brought ous alle to blis

Rose no no lili flour 160
 No woderof that springeth on heth
 Is non so fwete in his odour
 For sothe fo is winannes breth

In Praise of Women.

113

Piment clare no no licour

Milke perre no no meth

And who so loueth hem with honour

No dye he neuer schamefully deth

Thurch gilt

God lat neuer her foules

For non finnes be spilt

170

Spice with felhip in time of pes

That com failand out of the fouthle

Rapeli raikand on a res

Ouer the fe that ebbeth and fouth

Is non so fwete in his reles

So is a coffe of womannes mouthe

fol. 325. For priis of spices ithir ches

Most of vertu and nam couthe

For why

It is euer aliche newe

Both lat and arly

180

Trewe as treacle er thai to fond

Clere of colour fo is the wiinne

Thai ben birddes of Godes fond

Loueliche to leggen under line

Mani and fele ther ben in lond

For fothe Y fay that on is min

Where fo that y wake or ftonde

Y-wis Ichaue a mele fin

In hord

190

Luffum fair and hende

Trewe and truffi in word

In Praise of Women.

Bontable is womannes thought
 It fiketh ther thai han it fett
 Thei another hir hath bi fought
 Sche wil held that feche hath hett
 And fay for fothe hem helpeth nought
 No fehal hem neuer be the bett
 Bot fals werkes that men han wrought
 Maken oft her leres wet 200

Wel wete

Ther a woman loue is fett
 Loth hir is to lete

Christ is king and God in tron
 Thay that woman fchende gif hem fchame
 Lord thou graunt me mi bon
 Y fehal grete the with game
 Thine heued thi fete thi bodi bi don
 Wel oft thai fweren idel thi name
 Thou that made sonne and mone 210
 Swiche wrechtes in erthe hem to tame

To fchond

For we aught for our Leuedi loue
 Wiman honour to fond

Thei a fchrewe on woman lyghe
 Hir godenis is neuer the las
 Zete he may happen ar he dye
 Thurch tvelue monthes for to pas
 Heighe on galwes his mete to fi
 And under him grefe bothe ox and affe 220
 And as a dogge in feld to ly

In Praise of Women.

115

Wolues and houndes to don his maffe
Bi night

For we aught for our leuedi loue
Hold wiman to right

Xabulon is a lond of lede
That mani man hath ben inne
Nought al the Minstrels that ben kidde
Out of that lond in to linne
With harpe no fithel fautri ther midde 230
Orgens that er ioned with ginne
No might nought telle half the gode hede
That a gode woman is with inne
To thende

Who that feit wiman felhame
Y wis he is vnkende

Thy were as douhti as wa
As was Samfon er hew
Or al fo wight as was way
Or Salamon that was 240
Ȝete wald me nought
That wiman felhuld
To go on feld in fno
To helpe on erthe to
To growe

Of wimen springe
Joie and vertus y

Eft and west when
Swete birdes

Is no thing may 250

Swiche a fond th

In alle the tales

Euer be fely w

He that alle thin

He was in a wo

For loue

Thurch the bern

Brought we ben

Amen fay we

Blifced be that

260

That God with o

In a woman wa

And feththen lent

To bigge ous o

f. 325^b. His owhen bodi with flefche and bon

Tholed ded with grimly wounde

On rode

Lord blifced be thi name

It was for our gode

Place is fair ther wimen be fett

270

Thai er louefum and fair of fight

In euerich lond ther thai be mett

In ich a-toun ther thai be dight

Y wil held that Y haue hett

[O]uer al this world bicom her knight

[Fu]l oft for ous her leres be wett

. . . grounis thai gron o night

. . . dde

In Praise of Women. 117

. . . thai fiken and forwe for ous	
. . . be forftered and fedde	280
. rekned in lond	
. oul of al is on	
. onde in Gode's bond	
. felt of mannes mon	
. ureh Godes fond	
. ned flefche and bon	
. em we aught to fond	
. ng no wot y non	
.	
. to worthlifchip hem	290
. that he can	
. thai gon in bounde	
. es ber ous about	
. in a ffounde	
. ben in dout	
. en and gon on grounde	
. hem to lout	
. grimli wounde	
. wete with out	
.	
. s oft	300
. ille	
. n we be brought	
. ines barm	
. in thought	
. am harm	

In Praise of Women.

. e ous nought

. ous warm

Thai fing ous mani a fong for nought

And swetely lol ous in her harm

310

Wel oft

Wele aught we than to loue wiman

That kepen ous so soft

Leuedi that ert flour of al thing

That al godenes hath in wold

For the loue of that tiding

That Gabriel with mouthe the told

That Ihesu that is Heuen king

In thi bodi lighten he wold

Ȝif hem al gode ending

320

That honour Wiman ȝing and old

In word and dede

The Child that our Leuedi bare

Grant hem heuen to mede. Amen

Where bene Men.

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fol. 280. WHERE ben men biforn ous were
That houndes ladden and haukes bere
 And hadden feld and wode
The riche leuedis in her bour
That werd gold in her trefour
 With her bright rode

Thai eten and dronken and made hem glade
With joie was al her liif y-lade
 Men kneled hem bi fore
Thai beren hem wel fwithe heighe
With a twinkling of her eighe
 Her foules were for lore

10

Whare is that hoppeing and that fong
The trayling and the proude gong
 The haukes and the houndes
Al that wele is went oway
Her ioie is turned to wayleway
 To mani hard foundes

Dreighe her man ʒif that thou wit

Where bene Men.

A litel pine men the bit 20

With drawe thine aife oft

If the pine be vnrede

And thou thenke of thi mifdede

It fehal the think foft

If that the fende the foule thing

Thurch wicked rede of fals egging

Adoun the hath y-caft

Vp and be gode champioun

Stond and falle no more adoun

For a litel blaft 30

Take the rode to thi ftaf

And thenk on Him that ther on gaf

His liif that was fo lef

He it gaf for the thou gheld it him

Ogain thi fo thi ftaf thou nim

And wreke the of that thef

Ihefu Crift ous aboue

Thou graunt ous for thi Moder loue

At our liues ende

When we han rightes of the preft 40

And the deth be at our breft

The foule mot to Heuen wende

