The Romaunt of the Rose.
The Romaunt of the Rose.

A REPRINT OF THE FIRST PRINTED EDITION

BY WILLIAM THYNNE.

A.D. 1532.

EDITED BY

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INTRODUCTION

By Professor Skeat

This reprint of Thynne's first edition of the Romaunt of the Rose (being one of the pieces printed in the edition of 1532) was mainly prepared and edited by the late Dr. Furnivall some years ago, but the issue of it has been, from various causes, delayed till now. It is, I think, necessary to explain, with all due brevity, what is the precise value of the present reprint, which represents Thynne's edition with all reasonable accuracy, i.e. with the exception of such possible errors as have escaped the eye of the reader and reviser of the proof-sheets. I have not observed many inaccuracies, and it is extremely unlikely that they can amount to much. I only venture to refer to this because a reader who has any doubt as to any reading may consult one of the excellent facsimiles of the whole edition of 1532 published conjointly by A. Moring, at the De la More Press, and Henry Frowde, at the University Press, Oxford.

The present print reproduces all Thynne's peculiarities, such as the almost total absence of punctuation, the occasional introduction of bars such as that after the words “An authour” in l. 7, and his arrangement of the paragraphs.

The chief use of this reprint lies in the fact that there are only two authorities in existence for the text of this poem, viz. the Glasgow MS. no. V, 3. 7, and Thynne's text of 1532.

The Glasgow MS. (which I call G) is, on the whole, the slightly better authority, but it must be remembered that it has lost several leaves, and, consequently, that, for such lines as were contained in them, Thynne's text (which I call Th.) is the sole authority. Briefly, we have nothing but this to trust to for the following lines: 1-44, 333-380, 892, 1387-1432, 1553, 1892 (where G. is badly supplied in a later hand), 2395-2442, 3136, (perhaps) 3490, 3595-3690, 4856, 6688, 6786, 7092, 7109 (?), 7383-7574, and the last 5 lines. The

1 See the Errata, p. xi.
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sum total comes to about 539 lines, which is rather serious, and proves at once that Th. is indispensable. But by placing the present reprint side by side with Kaluza's excellent edition of G., which is accompanied by the French original, the student has before him at a glance all the available material for establishing the text of the poem.

The chief points that concern the text are given and discussed in my six-volume edition of Chaucer's Works, vol. i. pp. 1–20. It may suffice to give here a brief abstract of the results.

1. The Poem consists of three distinct Fragments, which may be called A, B, and C.

   Fragment A.—Lines 1–1705.
   Fragment B.—Lines 1706–5810.
   Fragment C.—Line 5811 to the end.

2. I believe Fragment A to be Chaucer's work. Fairly considered, it conforms to such grammatical usages and to such habits of rime as we find elsewhere in his genuine works. It ends abruptly in the middle of an uncompleted sentence; and it is remarkable, as Kaluza first observed, that the French word bouton, 'a bud,' which in ll. 1675, 1683, 1685, 1691, and 1702 is uniformly translated by knobpe, is in ll. 1721, 1761, 1770, 1786, 1789, translated by botoun, which suggests another translator.

3. Fragment B differs widely from A in many respects. I note some of these.

   (a) The translation is more diffuse. In A, there are, on an average, 101·6 lines to every 100 of the French text. In C the proportion is as 102·1 to 100. But in B, the proportion is much higher, viz. as 117·5 to 100.

   (b) Fragment B contains numerous examples of the use of a Northern dialect. This is obvious, when the attention has once been called to it.

   (c) Fragment B frequently rimes a word which (in Chaucer) etymologically ends in -y with one which etymologically ends in -y-e; whereas A observes Chaucer's usage throughout, in this respect.

   (d) Fragment B has several rimes which are merely assonant, such as kepe, eke, 2125; shape, make, 2259; escape, make, 2753; take, scape, 3165; storm, corn, 4343; doun, town, 5469.

   (e) It even has such desperate rimes as desyre, nere, 1785, 2441; ioynet, queynt, 2037; abrede, forewered, 2563; desyre, manere (Th. manyre?) 2779.
4. Fragment C is free from Northern forms and rimes, so that it was not written by the author of B. Neither does it seem to have been written by the author of A. It contradicts Chaucer's rule as to the riming of -y with -y, and -yë with -yë, at least six times. See covertly, Hypocrisy(e), 6111; company(e), utterly, 6301; loteby, company(e), 6339; why, tregether(e), 6373 (where Th. has whye!); company(e), I, 6875; mekeley, trechery(e), 7319. For further considerations that tend to the same result, see my edition of Chaucer's Works, vol. i. pp. 6, 7.

5. I think Fragment C was originally an independent poem, and existed at first in a different MS., in which it began with the first page of that MS. See further below.

6. Note that the texts of G. and Th. are so much alike that they must have been copied from the same source, which may be called O. (their common original).

7. This original (O) was made up of two distinct parts at least, which may be called M and N. M contained Fragments A and B, which had been brought together by some process to which we have but little clue, and of which I offer no explanation. But N was complete in itself, and existed independently. It is not really "a fragment" in the true sense, and formed no part of a complete translation of the Roman de la Rose; but was executed by some rather ingenious translator (I am afraid it was not Chaucer) who selected a particular episode that occurs in the French poem, beginning at the right place (as nearly as possible), and ending at the right place, and thus giving us a poem which is complete in itself. The passage is certainly a lively one, and fully develops the story of False-Semblant (or Hypocrisy), who is introduced at 1. 5848, and thoroughly discussed throughout; and when, at the very close, False-Semblant offers to give Wicked-Tongue absolution, the story of False-Semblant's hypocrisy comes to an end; he soon reveals himself as an open traitor. No doubt, the introduction is rather abrupt; but it is difficult to see where else the beginning could so well be made. Observe particularly, that between Fragments B and C there is a gap of more than five thousand lines in the French text, which is a very complete severance. To versify a particular passage in the French poem was a sensible and natural undertaking, when we consider the enormous length of the prolix original.

8. I suppose that the part M (i.e. A and B) was made up by the scribe, who naturally (but forcibly) brought these Fragments together.
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for the sake of completeness. I assume that he had access to two translations of the Roman de la Rose, viz. one by Chaucer and one by a Northern poet. Chaucer's was incomplete, but he followed it as far as it went, and he then added more from another translation, suppressing so much of it as he did not require. He joined them on as well as he could, leaving, however, Chaucer's last sentence so incomplete that it has no verb; for dide is only auxiliary. But even B failed him at l. 5810, corresponding to (about) l. 5169 of the French text (ed. Méon); so that A and B together give us little more than a quarter of the whole.

9. But the scribe of O. also discovered a MS. (N.) giving a translation of another portion altogether, containing the story of False-Semblant, and beginning near the middle of the poem. And while he was about it, he transcribed that also, for which we are much obliged to him. The fact that some of the leaves in N. were transposed prove that the number of lines on a page were usually 24, and sometimes (but rarely) 25. Assuming that, in the course of the first three quires (each of eight leaves) one of the leaves contained 50 lines, and all the rest 48, we see that these three quires contained the first 1154 lines (made up of $8 \times 48 + 8 \times 48 + 7 \times 48 + 50$). The fourth quire began, accordingly, at l. 1155, or if we add on the 5810 lines of A and B, at l. 6965—"Thus be we dradde of the people, ywis.

10. It is now easy to calculate the contents of each leaf of the fourth quire; as follows. Leaf A; 6965-7012 (48 lines).¹ Leaf B; 7013-7060 (48 lines). Leaf C; 7061-7108 (48 lines). Leaf D; 7109-7158 (50 lines). Leaf E; 7159-7208 (48² lines). Leaf F; 7209-7256 (48 lines). Leaf G; 7257-7304 (48 lines). Leaf H; 7305-7352 (48 lines). Of course the original order of the leaves was A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H; and A was joined at the back to H; B to G; C to F; and D to E. What happened was that the middle pair of leaves, viz. D and E, was displaced so that D followed A and E preceded H. The order thus became A, D, B, C, F, G, E, H. And this is precisely the order in which the lines occur, viz. A (6965-7012); D (7109-7158); B, C (7013-7108); F, G (7209-7304); E (7159-7208); H (7305, &c.). It follows that the original assumption was almost certainly correct, viz. that the MS. N began with line 1, and was originally quite independent of the other Fragments.

¹ I refer to the true numbering, not to that in the present reprint; see p. ix.
² Not 50; because ll. 7173-4 are omitted in both copies, viz. Th. and G.
11. All the black-letter editions, including every edition down to Urry’s in 1721, have the lines dislocated in the manner above described. It was Tyrwhitt who made this discovery, simply by comparing the translation with the French original. Who first put the lines into the right order I do not exactly know, but this right order appears in vol. i. of Chalmers’ edition of The English Poets, in 1810, in spite of the fact that he merely followed a black-letter edition (that of 1561, or later). It is also right in Pickering’s print of Chaucer’s Poems in 1845 (edited by Sir H. Nicolas), and in later editions.

12. It remains to be added that, in the present reprint of Thynne, the lines are numbered continuously, and therefore incorrectly, when due regard is paid to the originals. In the numbers given above, the reference is to my six-volume edition of Chaucer’s Works, or to the Student’s Chaucer. This numbering agrees with Kaluza’s down to l. 7172, after which Kaluza’s numbering is less by 2, which does not much matter. The Globe edition follows Kaluza.

The reader is, accordingly, earnestly requested to bear in mind, or to refer to, the following statement of the facts.

(a) Thynne’s numbering is correct as far as l. 7012.
(b) Th. 7013, 7014 really occur twice over, viz. as Th. 7013–4 and Th. 7159–60; with a difference in the wording. Both couplets are equivalent to ll. 7109–10, as truly numbered.
(c) Disregarding (b), we may state the following equations.

\[ \text{Th. 7013–7062} = D = 7109–7158. \]
\[ \text{Th. 7063–7158} = B, C = 7013–7108. \]
\[ \text{Th. 7161–7256} = F, G = 7209–7304 (K. 7207–7302). \]
\[ \text{Th. 7257–7304} = E = 7159–7208 (K. 7206). \]

After which, Th. 7305 is really l. 7305 (K. 7303); and there is no more difficulty. By ‘K.’ I mean the numbering in Kaluza’s edition of the Glasgow MS. (G.).

It is worth remarking that G. usually has 24 lines to the page, in spite of the fact that this leaves quite a wide margin, both above and below.

WALTER W. SKEAT.

CAMBRIDGE, March 15, 1911.
ERRATA.

The numbers refer to the lines.

330. For due and dywned read drie and dwyned
428. For fore read for
847. sefe (so); but an error for lefe
919. For always read always
933. twhitten (so); but an error for thwitten
995. For If. 132, col. 2 read If. 133, col. 2
1214. For As read But
1219. downe (so); but an error for downe
1270. For That read The
1440. For gardyn read garden
2561. For groff read groffe
3513. For can read canne
3602. The note after 3608 (l. 3602 . . . is left out) is due to some oversight. For Thynne really has this line, in the form—Daunger is daunted and brought lowe. It is MS. G. that omits it.
3998. For drede read Drede
3984. For us read us
4044. For me read me
4114. For mache read moche
4500. For soth read sothe
4802. For fele read selfe
4891. For The read And
4892. For And read The
5046. For haunte read haunt
5150. For I read It
5190. For they read thy
5201 (rubric). Aunsete (so); but an error for Amiste (i. e. Friendship).
5330. For byddeth read bydeth
5484. For rychese read rychesse
5704. For geten read getten
5717. For him read hym
6085. For tel read tell
6371. For sleights read sleightes
6381. For symplnesse read symplesse
6412. For The read This
6484. For hathe read hath
6568. For lyuedon read lyueden
6740. For getten read geten
6999. For hem read him
7036. For horyble read horryble
7224. For not read nat
Any men sayn that in sweueninges
Ther nys but fables & lesynges.
But men may some sweuen sene
Which hardely that false ne bene
But afterwarde ben apparaunt

This maye I drawe to warraynt
An authour / that hight Macrobe
That halte nat dremes false ne lees
But vndothe vs the anysioun
That whilom mette kyng Cipioun
And who so saith / or weneth it be
A iape / or els nycete
To wene that dremes after fal
Lette who so lyste a folke cal
For this trowe I / and say for me
That dremes signifiaunce be
Of good and harme to many wightes
That dremen in her slepe a nyghtes
Ful many thynges courtely
That fallen after al openly
Within my twenty yere of age
Whan that loue taketh his corage
Of yonge folke / I went soone
To bedde / as I was wonte to done
And feste I slepte / and in slepyng
Me mette suche a sweuenvyng
That lykyd me wonders wele
But in that sweuen is neuer a dele
That it nys afterwarde befal
Right as this dreme wol tel vs al.

Nowe this dreme wol I ryme a right
To make your heres gaye and lyght
For loue it prayeth / and also
Commaundeth me that it be so
And if there any ask me
Whether that it be / he or she
Howe this booke / whiche is here
Shal hatte / that I rede you here
It is the Romance of the Rose
In whiche al the arte of loue I close.

The mater fayre is of to make
God graunt me in gree that she it take
For whom that it begunnen is
And that is she / that hath ywis
So mokel prise / and therto she
So worthy is beloued to be
That she well ought of prise and right
Be cleped Rose of euery wight
That it was May me thought tho
It is fyue yere or more ago
That it was May / thus dremed me
In tym of loue and iolyte
That al thyng gynmeth waxen gay
For there is neyther buske nor hay
In May / that it nyl shrouded bene
And it with newe leues wreno
These woddes eke recoueren grene
That drie in wynter ben to sene
And the erthe wexeth proude withall
For swote dewes that on it fall

ROMAUNT.
And the poore estate forgette
In whiche that wynter had it sette
And than becometh the grounde so
proude
That it wol haue a newe shroude 64
And maketh so queynt his robe and
fayre
That it had hewes an hundred payre
Of grasse and floures / ynde and Pers
And many hewes ful dyuers 68
That is the robe I mene iwys
Through whiche the grounde to praysen is
The byrdes that han lefte her songe
Whyle they han suffred colde ful stryng
In wethers grylle / and derke to sight
Ben in Maye / for the sonne bright
So gladde / that they shewe in syngyng
That in her herte is suche lykyng 76
That they mote syngen and ben lyght
Than dothe the nightyngale her myght
To maken noysse / and syngen blythely
Than is blysful many a sythe 80
The chelaundre / and the popyngay
Than yonge folke entenden aye
For to ben gaye and amorous
The tyme is than so saurous 84

Harde is his herte that loueth nought
In May / whan al this myrthe is wrong
Whan he may on these braunches here
The smale byrdes syngen clere 88
Her blysful swete songe pytous
And in this sson delytous
Whan loue affirmeth al thyng 91
Me thought one night / in my slepyng
Right in my bedde / ful redyly
That it was by the morowe erly
And vp I rose / and gan me clothe
Anon I wyssh e myn hondes bothe 96
A syluer nedyl forthe I drowe [N. 128, br.] 90
Out of an aguyler queynt ynowe

And gan this nedyl thred e anone
For out of towne me lyste to gone 100
The sowne of briddes for to here
That on these buskes syngen clere
That in the swete season that lefe is
With a thred e bastyng my sleuys 104
Alone I wente in my playeng
The smal foules synge herkenyng
That payned hem ful many a payre
To syngle on bowes blossomed fayre 108
Iolye and gaye / ful of gladnesse
Towarde a Ruyer gan I me dresse
That I herde renne faste by
For fayrer playeng none saugh I 112
Than playen me by that ruyere
For from an hyl that stood there nere
Conye downe the streme full styffe and
bolde

Clere was the water / and as colde 116
As any welle is / sothe to sayne
And somdele lasse it was than Sayne
But it was strayer / wele away
And neuer saugh I er that daye 120
The water that so wele lyked me
And wonder gladde was I to se
That lusty place / and that ruyere 123
And with that water that ran so clere
My face I wysshe / tho sawe I wele
The botome ypaued euerydele
With grauel / ful of stones shene
The medowes sofite / sote / and grene 128
Beet right on the water syde
Ful clere was than the morowe tyde
And ful attempre out of drede
Tho gan I walken thorowe the Mede
Downwarde aye / in my playeng 133
The ruyers syde costyng
And when I had a while ygone
I sawe a Garden right anone 136
Ful lunge and brode / and euerydele
Enclosed was / and walled wele
With hye walles enbatayled 139
Portrayed without / and wel entayled
With many riche portreytures
And bothe the ymages and peyntures
Gan I beholde besely
And I wol tel you redely 144
Of thilke ymages the semblance [123bk., 2]
As ferre as I haue remembranence.

† A mynde sawe I hate stonde 147
That for her wrathe and yre / and onde
Semed to be a mynoresse
An angry wight a chideresse
And ful of gyle / and fel corage
By semblant was that ylke ymage 152
And she was nothyng wele arayde
But lyke a wode woman afrayde
Yfroncyn foule was her visage
And grynnyng for dispitous rage 156
Her nose snorted vp for tene
Ful hydous was she for to sene
Ful foule and rusty was she this
Her heed ywrighten was ywis
Ful grymly with a great towayle.

† An ymage of another entayle
A lyfte halfe was her fast by
Her name abone her heed sawe I 164
And she was called Felony

† Another ymage that Vyllany
Ycleped was / sawe I and fonde
Vpon the wall on her right honde 168
Vyllany was lyke somdele
That other ymage / and trusteth wele
She semed a wicked creature
By countenaunce in portreyture 172
She semed be ful dispitous
And eke ful proude / and outragious
Wel coude he paynt I vndertake
That suche an ymage coude make 176
Ful foule and chorlych semed she

And eke villeynous for to be
And lytel coude of nourtur
To worshippe any creature.

† And nexte was paynted Couetyse
That eggeth folke in many a gyse
To take and yeue right nought agayne
And gret tresours vp to layne 184
And that is she / that for vsure
Leneth to many a creature
The lasse for the more wynnyng
So couetous is her brennyng 188
And that is she for pennes feele
That techeth for to robbe and steele
These theues / and these smale harlotes
And that is routhe / for by her throtes
1Ful many one hongeth at the last 193
She maketh folke compasse and cast
To taken other folkes thynge 195
Through robbery / or myscoueartyng
And that is she that maketh trechours
And she maketh false pledours
That with her termes and her domes
Done maydens / children / and eke
gromes [1 Fo. C. xxix.] 200
Her heritage to forgo
Ful croked were her hondes two
For couetyse is enuer wode
To grynthen other folkes goode 204
Couetyse / for her wynnyng
Ful lefe hath other mennes thynge
† Another ymage sette saugh I
Nexte Couetyse fast by 208
And she was cleped Auarice
Ful foule in payntyng was that vice
Ful sadde and caytife was she eke
And also grene as any leke 212
So yuel hewed was her coloure
Her semed to haue lyued in langour
She was lyke thyng for hunger deed
That ladde her lyfe onely by breed 216

B 2
Kneden with eysel stronge and egre
And therto she was leane and megre
And she was cladde ful poorly
Al in an olde torne courtpy
As she were al with dogges torne
And both behynde and eke beforne
Clunted was she beggarly
A mantel honge her fast by
Vpon a benche weyke and smal
A burnette cote honge there with al
Furred with no menyere
But with a furre rough of heere
Of lambe skynnes heuy and blake
It was ful olde I vndertake
For Auarice to clothe her wele
Ne hasteth her neuer adele
For certainly it were her lothe
To wearen ofte that ile clothe
And if it were forweared / she
Wolde haue ful great nyce
Of clothyng / er she bought her newe
Al were it badde of wol and hewe
This Auarice helde in her hande
A purse that honge by a bande
And that she hydde and bonde so stronge
Menne must abyde wonder longe
Out of that purse er there come ought
For that ne cometh in her thought
It was not certayne her entent
That fro that purse a peny went
And by that ymage nygh ynough
Was paynted Enuye / that neuer lough
Nor neuer wel in her herte ferde
But if she eyther sawe or herde
Some great mischaunce / or great diseese
Nothyng may so moche her plesse
As mischefe and misauentre
Or whan she seeth discomfyture
Vpon any worthy man fall
Than lyketh her wel withall

She is ful glad in her corage
If she se any great lynage
Be brought to naught / in shamful wyse
And if a man in honour ryse
Or by his wytte / or by his prowesse
Of that hath she great heuynesse
For trusteth wel she gothe nye wood
When any chaunce happeth good
Enuye is of suche crueltie
That faythe ne trouthe holdeth she
To frende ne felawe / badde or good
Ne she hath kynne none of her blood
That she nys ful her enemy
She nolde / I dare sayne hardly
Her owne father fared wele
And sore abyth she every dele
Her malyce / and her male talent
For she is in so great turment
And hate suche / whan folke dothe good
That nygh she melteth for pure wood
Her herte kuereth and so breketh
That god the people wel awreketh
Enuye iwys shal neuer let
Some blame vpon the folke to set
I trowe that if Enuye iwys
Knewe the best man that is
On this syde or beyonde the see
Yet somwhat lacken him wolde she
And if he were so hende and wyse
That she ne might al abate his prise
Yet wolde she blame his worthynesse
Or by her wordes make it lesse
I sawe Enuye in that payntyng
Had a wonderful lokyng
For she ne loked but a wrie
Or ouertwharte / al baggyngly
And she had a foule vsage
She might loke in no vsage
Of man ne woman / forthe right playne
But shette her one eye for disdayne
She al to dasht her selue for wo [1296.2]
And smote togyder her hondes two
To sorowe was she ful ententye
That woluf rechelesse cayyte
Her rought lytel of playeng
Or of clypping or kisye
For who so sorouful is in herte
Him luste not to play ne sterle
Ne for to dauncen / ne to synge
Ne may his herte in temper bringe
To make ioye on euen or morowe
For ioy is contrarie vnto sorowe.

Elde was paynted after this
That shorter was a foote iwys
Than she was wonte in her yonghede
Vnneth her selue she might fede
So feble and eke so olde was she
That faded was al her beaute
Ful salowe was waxen her colour
Her heed for hore was whyte as flour
Iwys great qualme ne were it none
Ne synne / al though her lyfe were gone
Al waxen was her body vnwelde
And due and dywned al for elde
A foule forwelked thyng was she
That whylom rounde and softe had be
Her eeres shoken faste withall
As from her heed they wolde fall
Her face frounced and forpynd
And both her hondes lorne fordwyned
So olde she was / that she ne went
A foote / but it were by potent
The tyme that passeth nyght and daye
And restlesse traualth aye
And stealeth from vs so priuely
That to vs semeth sykerly
That it in one poynct dwelleth euer
And certes it ne resteth neuer
But gothe so faste / and passeth aye
That there nys man that thynke may
What tyme that nowe present is 377 Ne spareth neuer a wicked dede
Asketh at these clerkes this Whan men of her taken none hed
For men thyke it redil Whan she was of her right age
Thre tymes ben passed by But she was paste al that passage
The tyme that may not soiuene And was a doted thyng becomen
But gothe / and may neuer retourne A furred cappe on had she nomen
As water that downe renneth aye Wel had she clad her selle and warme
But neuer droppre retourne maye For colde might els done her harme
1There may nothyng as tyme endure These olde folke haue alway colde
Metal / nor ertheley creature 388 Her kynde is suche / whan they ben olde.
[1 Fo. C. xxx.] Another thyng was don there writ
For al thing it frette and shal That semed lyke an Ipocrity
The tyme eke that chaungeth al 388 And it was cleped Pope Holy
And al dothe waxe / and fostred be That ilke is she / that priuely
And al thyng distroyeth he As she were fore the loue of god
The tyme that eldeth our auncestours 400 Yolden to relygion
And eldeth kynges and emperours Suche semed her deuocion
And that vs al shal overcomen A psauter helde she faste in honde.
Er that dethe vs shal haue nomen And besyly she gan to ende 432
The tyme that hath al in welde To make many a faynte prayere [130, col.2]
To elden folke had made her elde 396 To god / and to his sayntes dere
So inly / that to my wetyng Ne she was gaye / fresshe / ne iolyfe
She might helpe her selle nothyng But semed to be ful ententynle 436
Ne wytte ne pythe in her holde To good werkes / and to fayre
And turned ayen vnto childhede And therto she had on an hayre
She had nothyng her selle to lede 400 Ne certes she was fatte nothyng
Ne wytte ne pythe in her holde But semed wery for fastynge 440
More than a chylde of two yere olde Of colour pale and dede was she
But nathelesse I trowe that she 403 From her the gates ayre werned be
Was fayre somtyme / and fresshe to se Of paradyse / that blysfull place 443
When she was in her right age For suche folke maken leane her grace
But she was paste al that passage As Christ saythe in his Euangyle
And was a doted thyng becomen To gette hem prise in towne a whyle
A furred cappe on had she nomen And for a lytel glory veigne
Wel had she clad her selle and warme They lesen god and eke his reigne. 448
For colde might els done her harme And alderlast of everychone
These olde folke haue alway colde Was paynted Pouert al alone
Her kynde is suche / whan they ben olde. 411 That not a peny had in holde
¶ Another thyng was don there writ
That semed lyke an Ipocrity Al though she her clothes solde 452
And it was cleped Pope Holy And though she shulde an honged be
That ilke is she / that priuely For naked as a worme was she
¶ For colde she shulde haue dyed there And if the wether stormy were 455
The Romaunt of the Rose. (Ed. Thynne, 1532.)

She ne had on but a strayte olde sacke
And many a cloute on it there stacke
This was her cote / and her mantele
No more was there neuer adele
To clothe her with / I vndertake
Great leyser had she to quake
And she was put / thate I of talke
Ferre fro these other / vp in an halke
There lurked / and there courd she
For poore thyng where so' it be
Is shamfaste / and dispysed aye
Acursed may wel be that daye
That poore man conceyued is
For god wote al to selde iwys
Is any poore man wel yfedde
Or wel arayed or ycleddde
Or wel beloued / in suche wyse
In honour / that he may aryse.

\[\text{If Al these things wel anysed}\]
As I haue you er this deuyed
With golde and asure ouer all
Depaynted were vpon the wall
Square was the wall / and hygh somdele
Enclosed / and ybarred wele

\[\text{1In stede of hegge / was that gardyn}\]
Come neuer shepheard therin \[1\text{Ed. 130, bk. 2}\]
In to that gardyn / wel wrought
Who so that me coulde haue brought
By ladders / or els by degre
It wolde wel haue lyked me
For suche solace / suche ioy / and pley
I trowe that neuer man ne sey
As was in that place deliuous
The gardyn was not daungerous
To herberowe byrdes many one
So ryche a yere was neuer none
Of byrdes songe / and braunches grene
Therin were byrdes mo I wene
Than ben in al the realme of Fraunce
Ful blyssful was the accordaunce

\[\text{Of swete pytous songe they made}\]
For al this worlde it ought glade
And I myselfe so mery ferde
When I her blysful songes herde
That for an hundred pounde wolde I
If that the passage openly
Had be vnto me free
That I nolde entreyn for to se
Thassemble / god kepe it fro care
Of byrdes / whiche therin ware
That songen through her mery throte
Daunces of loue / and mery notes.

\[\text{When I thus herde foules synge}\]
I fel faste in a waymentyng
By whiche arte / or by what engyn
I might come in to that gardyn
But way I couthe fynde none
In to that garden for to gone
Ne nought wyse I if that there were
Eyther hole or place where
By whiche I might haue entre
Ne there was none to teche me
For I was al a lone I wys
For wo and anguisshe of this
Tyl at laste bethought I me
That by no way ne might it be
That there nas ladder ne way to pace
Or hole / in to so fayre a place
Tho gan I go a ful great paas
Enuyron / euen in compas
The closyng of the square wall
Tyl that I founde a wycket small \[130, bk. 2\]
So shette / that I ne might in gone
And other entre was there none.

\[\text{Vpon this dore I gan to smyte}\]
That was fetsys / and so lyte
For other way coulde I not seke
Ful longe I shofe / and knocked eke
And stode ful longe al herkenyng
If that I herde any wight comyng
Tyl that the dore of thylke entre
A mayden curteys opened me
Her heere was as yelowe of hewe
As any basen scoured newe
Her flesshe tender as is a chyke
With bent browes / smoth and slyke
And by mesure large were
The openyng of her eyen clere
Her nose of good proporcion
Her eyen gray / as is a facon
With swete brethe / and wel sauoured
Her face whyte / and wel coloured
With lytel mouthe and rounde to se
A cloue chynne eke had she
Her necke was of good fassyon
In length and gretnesse by reson
Without bleyne / scabbe / or royne
Fro Hierusalem vnto Burgoyne
There nys a fayrer necke iwys
To fele howe smoothe and softe it is
Her throte also whyte of hewe
As snowe on braunche snowed newe
Of body ful wel wrought was she
Men neden not in no countre
A fayrer body for to seke
And of fyne Orfrays had she eke
A chapelet / so semely on
Ne wered neuer mayde vpon
And fayre abowe that chapelet
A rose garlande had she set
She had a gay mirrour
And with a ryche golde tressour
Her heed was tressed queyntly
Her sleues sewed fetously
And for to kepe her hondes fayre
Of gloues whyte she had a payre
And she had on a cote of grene
Of clouthe of Gaunt / withouten wene

Wel semed by her apparayle [:Fo.C.xxxi:]
She was not wonte to great trauayle
For whan she kempt was fetously
And wel arayed and richely
Than had she done al her ourneyne
For merry and wel begun was she
She ladde a lusty lyfe in May
She had no thought / by night ne day
Of nothyng / but if it were onely
To grayth her wele and vncouthly.

Whan that this dore had opened me
This May / semely for to se
I thonked her as I best myght
And asked her howe that she hyght
And what she was / I asked eke
And she to me was nought vnmeke
Ne of her answere daungerous
But fayre answerde / and sayd thus
Lo sir / my name is Idelnesse
So clepe men me / more and lesse
Ful mightly and ful ryche am I
And that of one thyng namely
For I entende to nothyng
But to my ioye / and my playeng
And for to kems and tresse me
Aquaynted am I and priue
With Myrthe / lorde of this gardyne
That fro the lande of Alexandrine
Made the trees hyther be fette
That in this garden ben ysette
And whan the trees were wonen
This wall / that stante here in thy syght
Dyd Myrthe enclosed al aboute
And these ymages al without
He dyd hem both entayle and peynte
That neyther ben iolyfe ne queynte
But they ben ful of sorowe and wo
As thou haste sene a whyle ago.
And ofte tyme him to solace
Sir Myrthe cometh in to this place
And eke with him cometh his meyne
That lyuen in luste and iolye 616
And nowe is Myrthe therin / to here
The byrdes howe they syngen clerely
The mawsys and the nyghtyngale 619
And other ioly byrdes smale
And thus he walketh to solace [131, col. 2]
Hym and his folke / for swetter place
To playen in / he may not fynde 623
Al though he sought one in tyl Inde
The alther fayre folke to se
That in this worlde maye founde be
Hath Myrthe with him in his route
That folowen him alwayes aboute. 628

When Idelnesse had tolde al this
And I had herdkened wel iywys
Than sayd I to dame Idelnesse
Nowe also wisly god me blesse 632
Sythe Myrthe / that is so fayre and fre
Is in this yerde / with his meyne
Fro thylke assemble / if I may
Shal no man werme me to day 636
That I this nyght ne mote it se
For wel wene I there with him be
A fayre and ioly companye
Fulffylled of al curtesye 640
And forthe without wordes mo
In at the wicket went I tho
That Ydelnesse had opened me
In to that garden fayre to se. 644

And whan I was in iywys
Myn herte was ful glad of this
For wel wende I ful sykerly
Haue ben in paradyse erthly 648
So fayre it was / that trusteth well
It semed a place espryutell

For certes as at my deuyse
There is no place in paradyse 652
So good in for to dwell or be
As in that garden thought me
For there was many a byrde syngyng
Throughout the yerde al thringyng 656
In many places were nyghtyngales
Alpes / fynches / and wodwales
That in her swete songe delyten
In thilke places as they habyn 660
There might men se many flockes
Of turtles and lauercokes
Chalaundres fele sawe I there
That wery nyghte forsongen were 664
And thrustels / teryns / and mauise
That songen for to wynne hem prise
1 And eke to surmount in her songe 667
That other byrdes hem amonge 1 131 bk.
By note made fayre seruyse
These byrdes / that I you deuyse
They songe her songe / as fayre and well
As angels don espryutell 672
And trusteth me / when I hem herde
Ful lusty and wel I ferde
For neuer yet suche melodye
Was herde / of man that might dye 676
Suche swete songe was hem amonge
That me thought it no byrdes songe
But it was wonder lyke to be
Sone of Meremaydens of the see 680
That for her syngyng is so clerly
Though we mermaydens clepe hem here
In englishe / as is our vsaunce
Men clepe hem Serayns in Fraunce. 684

Ententyfe weren for to synge
These byrdes / that not vnkonnynge
Were of her crafte / and aprentyse
But of songe subtyl and wyse 688
And certes / whan I herde her songe
And saw the grene place amonge

In herte I wex so wonder gay
That I was neuer erst / er that day
So iolyfe / nor so wel bygo
Ne mery in herte / as I was tho
And than ywest I / and sawe ful wel
That ydelsnesse me served wel
That me put in suche iolyte
Her frende wel ought I for to be
Sythe she the dore of that gardyn
Had opened / and me lette in.

From hence forthe / howe that I wrought
I shall you telle / as me thought
First wherof Myrthe served there
And eke what folke there with him were
Without fable I wol discryue
And of that garden eke as blyue
I wol you tellen after this
The fayre fassyon al iwyys
That wel wrought was for the nones
I may not tel you al atones
But as I may and can / I shal
By order tellen you it al

1 Fil fayre seruyce / and eke ful swete
These byrdes maden as they sete
Layes of loue / ful wel sow'nyng
They songen in her iargonyng
Some hye / and some eke lowe songe
Vpon the braunches grene ispronge
The sweetnesse of her melodye
Made al myn herte in reuelrye
And whan that I had herde I trowe
These byrdes syngynge on a rowe
Than might I not with holde me
That I ne went in for to se
Sir Myrthe / for my desyryng
Was him to sene ouer al thyng
His countenaunce and his manere

That syght was to me ful dere.

Tho went I forthe on my right honde
Downe by a lytel pathe I fonde
Of myntes ful / and fenell grene
And faste by without wene
Syr Myrthe I fonde / and right anon
Vnto sir Myrthe gan I gon
There as he was him to solace
And with him / in that lusty place
So fayre folke and so freshe had he
That whan I sawe / I wondred me
Fro whence suche folke might come
So fayre they weren al and some
For they were lyke / as to my syght
To angels / that been fethered bright.
These folke / of which I tel you so
Vpon a karole wenten tho
A lady karoled hem / that hyght
Gladnesse / blysful and lyght
Wel coude she synge and lustely
None halfe so wel and semely
And couthe make in sone such refraynyng
It sate her wonder wel to synge
Her voyce ful clere was and ful swete
She was not rude ne vnmete
But couthe ynough of suche doyng
As longeth vnto karollyng
For she was wonte in eueruy place
To syngen first / folke to solace
For syngyng moste she gane her to
No crafte had she so lefe to do.

1 Tho mightest thou karolles sene
And folke daunce and mery bene
And made many a fayre tournyng
Vpon the grese grasse sprynge
There mightest thou se these flutours
Mynstrales and eke ioglours
The Romaunt of the Rose. (Ed. Thynne, 1532.)

That wel to synge dyd her payne 765
Some songe songes of Lorayne
For in Loreyne her notes be
Ful swetter than in this countre 768
There was many a tymbestere
And saylours / that I dare wele swere
Couth the her crafe ful parfetly
The tymbres vp ful subtelly 772
They caste / and hente ful ofte
Vpon a fynger fayre and softe
That they fayled neuer mo
Ful fetys damosels two 776
Right yonge / and ful of semelyhede
In kyrtsels / and none other wede
And fayre tressed every tresse
Had Myrthe done for his noblesse 780
Amydde the carole for to daunce
But herof lyeth no remembrance
Howe that they daunsed queyntly
That one wolde come al priuely 784
Agayne that other / and when they were
To gyther alsmo / they thrawe yfere
Her mouthes so / that through her play
It semed as they kyste alway 788
To dauncen wel couth the gyse
What shuld I more to you deuyse
Ne bode I neuer thence go
Whyles that I sawe hem daunce so 792
Vpon the karoll wonder faste
I gan beholde / tyl at lasse
A lady gan me for to espye
And she was cleped Curtesye 796
The worshipful / the debonayre
I pray to god euer fall her fayre
Ful curtesyly she called me 799
What do ye there Beau sire (qu? she)
Come / and if it lyke you
To dauncen / daunseth with vs now
And I without taryeng
Went in to the karollyng 804

I was abasshed neuer a dele
But it to me lyked right wele
That Curtesy me cleped so [ff. 132, col. 2]
And bade me on the daunce go 808
For if I had durste certayne
I wolde haue karoled right fayne
As man that was to daunce right blythe
Than gan I loken ofte sythe 812
The shap / the bodyes / and the cheres
The countenaunce and the maneres
Of al the folke that daunseth there
And I shal tel what they were. 816

Ful fayre was Myrthe / ful longe & hygh
A fayrer man I neuer sygh
As rounde as appel was his face
Ful roddly and whyte in euery place 820
Fetys he was and wel besey
With metelie mouthe / and eyen grey
His nose by mesure wrought ful right
Cryspe was his heere / and eke ful bright
His shulders of a large brede
And smallysshe in the gyrdelstede
He semed lyke a purtreyture
So noble he was of his stature 828
So fayre / so ioly / and so fetys
With lymmes wrought at poynt deuyse
Delyuer / smerte / and of great myght
Ne sawe thou neuer man so lyght 832
Of berde vneth had he nothyng
For it was in the first spring
Ful yonge he was / and mery of thought
And in samette / with byrdes wrought
And with golde beten ful fetously
His body was clad ful richly
Wrought was his robe in strange gyse
And al to slytted for queyntyse 840
In many a place / lowe and hye
And shode he was with great maystrye
With shone decoped / and with lace 844
By drury / and by solace
His leefe a rosen chapelet
Had made / and on his heed it set
And wote ye who was his sefe 847
Dame Gladnesse there was him so lefe
That syngeth so wel with glad corage
That from she was twelue yere of age
She of her love graunte him made
Sir Myrthe her by the fynger hade 852
Daunsyng / and she him also
Great loue was a twyxt hem two [132 bk.]
Both were they fayre and bright of hewe
She semed lyke a rose nowe 856
Of colours / and her fleshe so tendre
That with a brere smale and tendre
Men might it cleue / I dare wel sey
Her forheed frounceles al pley 860
Bent were her browes two
Her eyen gray / and glad also
That laugheeden aye in her semblaunt
First or the mouthe by couenaunt 864
I wot not what of her hose I shal discryue
So fayre hath no woman a lyue
Her heere was yelowe / and clere shynyng
I wot no lady so lykyng 868
Of Orfrayes fresshe / was her garlende
I whiche sene haue a thousande
Sawe neuer iwys no garlende yet
So wel wrought of sylke as it 872
And in an oergylte samyte
Cladde she was / by great delyte
Of whiche her leefe a robe werde
The meryer she in her herte ferde 876
And next her went / on her other syde
The god of loue / that can deuyde
Loure / and as him lyketh it be
But he can cherles daunten / he: 880
And maken folkes pride fallen
And he can wel these lordes thrallen
And ladyses put at lowe degre
When he may hem to proude se. 884
This god of loue of his faschioun
Was lyke no knaue / ne quystroun
His bentie greatly was to prise
But of his robe to denyse 888
I drede encombred for to be
For not ycladde in sylke was he
But al in floures and flourettes
Ypaynted al with amorettes 892
And with losenges and sechons
With byrdes / lyberdes / and lyons
And other beestes wrought ful wele
His garnement was everydele 896
Ypurtrayed and ywrought with flours
By dyuers medelyng of colours
Floures there were of many gyse 899
Yset by compasse in a syse [1 132 bk., col. 2]
1 There lacked no floure to my dome
Ne not so moche as floure of brome
Ne vyolet / ne eke perynke 903
Ne floure non / that men can on thynke
And many a rose lefe ful longe
Was entermedled there amonge
And also on his heed was set
Of roses reed a chapelet 908
But nightyngales a ful great route
That flyen over his heed aboute
The leaues felden as they flyen
And he was al with byrdes wrien 912
With popingay / with nightyngale
With chalaunder / and with wodewale
With synche / with larke / & with arch-angell
He semed as he were an angell 916
That downe were comen fro heuen clere
Loure had with him a bachelere
That he made always with him be
Swete Lokyng / cleped was he 920
This bachelore stode beholdeynge
The daunce / and in his honde holdynge
Turke bowes two / ful wel deuyseyd had he
That one of hem was of a tree
That beareth a fruite of sauoure wicke
Ful croked was that foule stycke
And knotty here and there also
And black as bery / or any slo
That other bowe was of a planete
Without wemme / I dare warrante
Ful euen and by proporcioun
Trectes & longe / of ful good facyoun
And it was paynted wel and twithen
And ouer al diapred and written
With ladyes and with bacheleres
Ful lyghtsome and glad of cheres

These bowes two helde Swete Lokyng
That semed lyke no gadlyng
And ten brode arowes helde he there
Of whiche fyue in his righthonde were
But they were shauen wel and dyght
Nocked / and fethered aryght
And al they were with golde begon
And stronge paynted euerychon
And sharpe for to keren wele
But yron was there none ne stele
For al was golde / men might se
Out take the fethers and the tree.

That heuy for to shoten is
But who so shoteth right iwyys
May therwith don great harme and wo
The fyfte of these / and laste also
Fayre Semblant men that arowe call
The leest greuous of hem all
Yet can it make a full great wunde
But he may hope his sores sounde
That hurte is with that arowe iwyys
His wo the bette bestowed is
For he may soner hae gladnessse
His langour ought be the lesse.

Flue arowes were of other gyse
That ben ful foule to deuyse
For shafte and ende / sothe for to tell
Were also blacc as fende in hel
The first of hem is called Pride
That other arowe next hym besyde
It was cleped Vylanye
That arowe was / as with felonye
Enumymed / and with spytous blame
The thirde of hem was cleped Shame
The fourthe Wanhope cleped is
The fyfte the Newe thought iwyys.

These arowes that I speke of here
Were al fyue on one manere
And al were they resemblable
To hem was wel syttynyng and able
The foule croked bowe hydous
That knotty was / and al roynous
That bowe semed wel to shete
These arowes fyue / that ben vmmete
And contrarye to that other fyue
But though I tell not as blyue
Of her power / ne of her myght
Herafter shall I telyn right

The sothe / and eke signyfyance
As ferre as I hane remembrance

1The swyfftest of these arowes fyue
Out of a bowe for to dryne
And best fethered for to flye
And fayrest eke / was cleped Beantie
That other arowe / that hurteth lesse
Was cleped (as I trowe) Sympesse
The thyrde cleped was Franchyse
That fethered was in noble wyse
With valoure and with curtesye
The fourthe was cleped companye
The Romaunt of the Rose. (Ed. Thynne, 1532.)

Al shal be sayd I vndertake
Er of this booke an ende I make.
Nowe come I to my tale agayne
But alderfirst / I wol you sayne 1000
The fassyon and the countenaunces
Of al the folke that on the daunce is
The god of Loue iolyfe and lyght
Ladde on his honde a lady bright 1004
Of hygh prise / and of great degre
This lady called was Beaute
And an arowe / of whiche I tolde
Ful wel thewed was she holde 1008
Ne she was derke ne browne / but bright
And clere as the moone lyght
Agayne whom al the sterres semen
But smale candels / as we demen 1012
Her flesshe was tendre as dewe of floure
Her chere was symple as byrde in boure
As whyte as lylye or rose in ryse
Her face gentyl and tretyse
Fetys she was / and smale to se
No wynytred browes had she 1018
Ne popped her / for it neded nought
To wyndre her / or to paynte her ought
Her tresses yelowe / and longe straughten
Vnto her heles downe they raughten
Her nose / her mouthe / & eye and cheke
Wel wrought / and al the remenaunt eke
A ful great sauour and a swote 1025
Me thought in myn herte rote
As helpe me god / when I remembre
Of the fassyon of every membre 1028
In worlde is none so fayre a wight
For yonge she was / and hewed bright
Sore plesaunt / and fetys with all
Gent / and in her myddell small 1032
Besyde Beaute yeide Rycheesse
And hyght lady of great noblesse
And great of price in euery place
But who so durste to her trespaces 1036
Or tyll her folke / in werke or dede
He were ful hardy out of drede
For bothe she helpe and hyndre may
And that is not of yesterday . 1040
That ryche folke haue ful great myght
To helpe / and eke to greue a wight [133 bkl.]
The best and greatest of valour
Dydden Richesse ful great honour 1044
And besy weren her to serue
For that they wolde her loue deserue
They cleped her Lady great and smal
This wyde worlde her dredeth al 1048
This worlde is al in her daungere
Her courte hath many a losengere
And many a traytour enyous
That ben ful besy and curious 1052
For to dispreyse / and to blame
That best deseruen loue and name
To forne the folke hem to begylen
These losyengeous hem preye and sylve
And thus the worlde with worde
anoynent
But afterwarde they prill and poynten
The folke / right to the bare bone 1059
Beynde her backe whan they ben gone
And foule abaten folkes prise
Ful many a worthy man and wyse
Han hyndred / and ydon to dye /
These losyengeous with her flatery 1064
And maketh folke ful straunge be
There as hem ought ben pryue
Wel yuel mote they thruye and thee
And yuel aryued mote they be 1068
These losengeous ful of enuy
No good man loueth her company.

Rychesse a robe of purple on hadde
Ne trowe nat that I lye or madde 1072
For in this worlde is none it lyche
Ne by a thousande dele so riche
Ne none so fayre / for it ful wele
With Orfereys leyde was everydele 1076
And purtrayde in the rybanynges
Of dukes stories / and of kynges
And with a bende of golde tassyled
And knoppes fyre of golde amyled
About her necke of gentyl entayle
Was shette the riche Cheuesayle 1082
In whiche there was ful great plente
Of stones clere / and fayre to se.

Richesse a gyrdel had vpon
The bokell of it was of a ston 1086
Of vertue great / and mokel of myght
For who so bare the stone so bright
Of venym durst him nothyng doute [133bk. col. 2]
Whyle he the stone had hym about
That stone was greatly for to loue
And tyl a riche mannes behowe 1092
Worth the al the golde in Rome / and Fryse
The Mourdant wrought in noble gyse
Was of a stone ful precious
That was so fyne and vertuous 1096
That whole a man it couthe make
Of palsy / and of tothe ake
And yet the stone had suche a grace
That he was seker in every place 1100
Al thylke day not blynde to bene
That fastyng might that stone sene
The barres were of golde ful fyne
Vpon a tyssue of Satyne 1104
Ful heuy / great / and nothyng lyght
In eueryche was a besaunt wyght
Vpon the tresses of rychesse
Was set a cercle for noblesse 1108
Of brende golde / that ful lyght shone
So fayre trowe I was neuer none
But he were konnyng for the nones
That coulde deuyse al the stones 1112
That in that cercle shewen clere

It is a wonder thyng to here 1114
For no man coulde preyse or gesse
Of hem the value or richesse
Rubyes there were / Saphirs / Ragounces
And Emeraudes / more than two ounces
But al before ful subtly 1119
A fyne Charboncle sett sawe I
The stone so clere was and so bright
That al so sone as it was nyght
Men myght sene to go for rede 1123
A myle or two / in length and brede
Suche lyght sprange out of the stone
That Richesse wonder bright shone
Bothe her heed / and al her face
And eke aboute her al the place 1128
Dame Rychesse on her honde gan lede
A yonge man ful of semelyhede
That she best loued of any thyng
His luste was mocche in housholdyng
In clothyng was he ful fetysy 1133
And loued wel to haue horse of prise
He wende to haue reproyned be
Of thefte or murdred / if that he 1136
Had in his stable an hackenay [Fo.C.xxxiii.]
And therefore he desyred aye
To ben aqueynted with Richesse
For al his purpose / as I gesse 1140
Was for to make great dispence
Withouten warnyng or defence
And Richesse myght it wele sustene
And her dispences wele mayntene 1144
And hym alway suche plentie sende
Of golde and syluer for to spende
Without lackynge or daungere
As it were pourde in a garnerc. 1148

And after on the daunce went
Largesse / that sett at her entent
For to ben honorable and free
Of Alexanders kynne was she
Her most ioye was ywis
Whan that she yafe / and said : haue this
Nat Auarice the foule caytife
Was halfe to grype so ententyfe
As Largesse is / to yeue and spende
And god alwaye ynowe her sende
So that the more she yaua awaye
The more ywis she had alwaye
1160
Great loos hath Largesse / and great prise
For bothe wyse folke and vnwyse
Were wholy to her bandon brought
So wel with yeftes hath she wrought
And if she had an enemy
1165
I trowe that she couthe craftely
Make hym ful soone her frende to be
So large of yeftes / and wyse was she
Therfore she stode in loure and grace
Of riche and poore in euery place
A ful great foole is he ywis
That bothe riche and poore / and ny-
garde is
1172
A lorde may haue no maner vyce
That greueth more than auarice
For nygarde neuer with strength of hande
May wynne hym great lordship or lande
For frendes al to feue hath he
1177
To done his wyl performed be
And who so wol haue frendes here
He may nat holde his tresour dere
For by ensample tell I this
1181
Right as an adamant ywis
Can drawen to hym subtelly
[PL. 134, col. 2]
1The yron / that is layde therby
1184
So draweth folkes hertes iwyse
Syluer and golde that yeuen is
Largesse had on a robe fresshe
Of riche purpure Sarlynysshe
1188
Wel fourmed was her face and clere
And opened had she her colere
For she right there had in present
Vnto a lady made present
1192
Of a golde broche / ful wel wrought
And certes it missate her nought
For through her smocke wrought with
sylke
1195
The flesshe was sene as whyte as mylke
Largesse / that worthy was and wyse
Helde by the honde a knyght of prise
Was sybbe to Arthour of Breteigne
And that was he that bare the enseigne
Of worship / and the Gousfaucoun
And yet he is of suche renoun
That men of hym saye fayre thynges
Before barons / erles / and kynge
1204
This knyght was comen al newly
Fro tourneyng faste by
There had he done great chynalrie
Through his vertue and his maystrie
And for the loue of his lemmen
1209
He caste downe many a doughty man
And nexte hym daunced dame Fraunc-
chise
Arayed in ful noble gyse
1212
She nas nat browne ne dunne of hewe
As white as snowe yfallen newe
Her nose was wrought at poynt deuyse
For it was gentyl and tretyse
1216
With eyen glade / and browes bent
Her heer downe to her heles went
And she was symple as downe on tree
Ful debonayre of hert was she
1220
She durst neither saye ne do
But that / that hyr longeth to
And if a man were in distresse
And for her loue in heuynesse
1224
Her herte wolde haue ful great pyte
She was so amyable and free
For were a man for her bestadde
She wolde ben right sore a dradde
1228
That she dyd ouer great outrage
The Romaunt of the Rose. (Ed. Thynne, 1532.)

But she hym holpe his harme taswage
Her thought it al a vylanye
And she had on a suckeny [134 bk.] 1232
That nat of hempe heerdes was
So fayre was none in al Arras
Lorde it was ryddeled fetysly
There nas nat a poynt trewly 1236
That it nas in his right assyse
Ful wel yclothed was Fraunchise
For there nys no clothe sytteth bette
On damosel / than dothe rokette 1240
A woman wel more fetysy is
In rokette / than in cote ywis
The white rokette ryddeled fayre
Betokeneth that ful debonayre 1244
And swepte was she that it bere
By her daunced a Bachelere
I can nat telien you what he hyght
But fayre he was and of good hyght
Al had he ben / I saye no more 1249
The lorde sonne of Wyndesore.

And next that daunced Curtesy
That preysest was of lowe and hye 1252
For neither proude ne folke was she
She for to daunce called me
I pray god gyue her good grace
For whan I come first in to the place
She nas nat nyce / ne outrageous 1257
But wyse and ware / and vertuous
Of fayre speche / and fayre answere
Was never wight myssayde of here
She bare no rancour to no wyght 1261
Clere browne she was / and therto bright
Of face and body auenaunt
I wotte no lady so plesaunt
She were worthy for to bene 1265
An empresse or crowned quene.

And by her went a knyght daunecyng
That worthy was and wel speyng
And ful wel coude he done honour

That knyght was fayre and styffe in stour
And in armure a semely man 1271
And welbeloued of his lemmman.

Fayre Idelnesse than saugh I
That alwaye was me fast by
Of her haue I without fayle 1275
Tolde you the shappe and appareyle
For (as I sayd) Lo / that was she
That dyd to me so great bonte
She the gate of that gardyn 1279
Vndyd / and let me passen in [if. 134, bk., col. 2]
And after daunced as I gesse
And she fulfylled of lustynesse
That nas not yet .xii. yere of age 1283
With herte wylde / and thought volage
Nyce she was / but she ne mente
None harme ne sleight in her entente
But onely lust and iolyte
For yonge folke / wel weten ye 1288
Haue lytel thought / but on her play
Her lemmman was besyde alway
In suche a gyse that he her kyste
At al tymes that him lyste 1292
That al the daunce myght it se
They make no force of preuyte
For who so speake of hem yuel or wele
They were a shamed neuer a dele 1296
But men might sene hem kysse there
As it two yonge dowues were
For yonge was thylke bachelere
Of beaute wot I non his pere 1300
And he was right of suche an age
As Youthe his lefe / and suche corage
The lusty folke that daunced there
And also other that with hem were
That weren al of her meyne 1305
Ful hende folke / wyse / and free
And folke of fayre porte truely
There were al comenly 1308

When I had sene the countenaunces
The gardyn was by mesuryng
Right euene and square in compasyng
It as longe was as it was large
Of fruite had every tree his charge
But it were any hydous tree
Of whiche there were two or thre
There were / and that wote I ful wele
Of Pome garnettes a ful great dele
That is a frute ful welle to lyke
Namely to folke whan they ben syke
And trees there were / great foyson
That baren nuttes in her season
Suche as men notemygges call
That swote of saunour ben withall
And Almandres great plente
Fygges / and many a date tre
There weren / if men had nede
Through the gardyn / in lentgh and brede
There was eke wexyng many a spuye
As clowe gylofre / and lycorice
Gyngere / and greyn de Parys
Canell / and settewale of pris
And many a spuye deyltable
To eeten when man ryse fro table
And many homely trees ther were
That peches / coynes / and apples bere
Medlers / plommes / peeres / chesteynis
Cheryse / of whiche many one fayne is
Notes / aleys / and bolas
That for to sene it was solas
With many hygh laurer / and pyne
Was renged clene al that gardyne
With Cipres / and with Olyueris
Of whiche that nygh no plenty here is
There were Elmes great and stronge
Mapsles / ashe / oke / aspe / planes longe
Fyne ewe / popler / and lyndes fayre
And other trees ful many a payre
What shulde I tel you more of it?

Of hem that ladden thus these daunces
Than had I wyl to gon and se
The gardyn that so lyked me
And loken on these fayre Laurelles
On Pyne trees/ Cedres/ and Olmeres (sic)
The daunces than ended were
For many of hem that daunced there
Were with her loues went away
Under the trees to haue her play.

A Lorde they lyued lustely
A great foole were he sykerly
That nodle his thankes suche lyfe lede
For this dare I sayne out of drede
That who so myght so wel fare
For better lyfe durst him not care
For there nys so good paradise
As to haue a lone at his deuyse
Out of that place went I tho
And in that gardyn gan I go
Playeng a longe ful merily
The god of Loue ful hastely
Unto him Swete Lokyng clepte
No lenger wolde he that she kept
His bowe of golde / that shone so bright
He had him bent anon right
And he ful sone sette an ende
And at a brayde he gan it bende
And toke him of his arowes fyue
Ful sharpe and redy for to dryne
Nowe god that sytteth in maieste
Fro deedly wounds he kepe me
If so be that he had me shete
For if I with his arowe mete
It had me greued sore ywis
But I that nothyng wyste of this
Went vp and downe / ful many a way
And he me folowed faste alway
But no where wolde I rest me
Tyll I had in al the gardyn be.
There were so many trees yet 1388
That I shulde al encombrd be
Er I had rekened euery tree

These trees were sette that I deuyse
One from another in assyse
Fyue fadome or sixe / I trowe so
But they were hye and great also 1394
And for to kepe out wel the sonne
The croppes were so thicke yronne
And euery braunche in other knytte
And ful of grene leues sytte
That sonne myght there none discende
Lest the tender grasses shende 1400
There myght men Does and Roes y se
And of squyrels ful great plente
From bowe to bowe alwaye lepynge
Connes there were also playenge 1404
That comyn out of her clapers
Of sondrie colours and maners
And maden many a tourneyeng
Upon the fresshe grass spryngyng

In places sawe I welles there
In whiche there no frogges were
And fayre in shadowe was euery wel
But I ne can the nombre tel 1412
Of stremys smal that by deuyse
Myrthe had done come through condyse
Of whiche the water in rennyng
Gan make a noyse ful lykyng 1416

About the brinkes of these welles
And by the stremes ouer al elles
Sprange vp the grasse / as thicke yset
And softe as any veluet 1420
On whiche men myght his lëman ley
As on a fetherbed to play  [leaf 135, back]
For the erthe was ful softe and swete
Through moisture of the wel wete
Spronge vp the sote grene gras 1425
As fayre / as thicke / as myster was
But moche amended it the place

That therthe was of suche a grace 1428
That it of floures hath plente
That bothe in somer and wynter be
There sprange the vyolet al newe
And fresshe perynke riche of hewe
And floures yelowe / white / and rede
Suche plente grewe there neuer in mede
Ful gaye was al the grounde and queynt
And poudred / as men had it peynt
With many a fresshe and sondrie floure
That casten vp ful good sañour 1438

I wol nat longe holde you in fable
Of al this gardyn dilectable
I mote my tonge stynten nede
For I ne maye withouten drede
Naught tellen you the beaunte al
Ne halfe the bounte there with al 1444

I went on right honde and on lefte
Aboute the place / it was nat lefte
Tyl I had al the garden bene
In the efters that men myght sene 1448

And thus while I wente in my playe
The god of loue me folowed aye
Right as an hunter can abyde
The best / tyl he seeth his tyde 1452
To shoten at goodmesse to the dere
Whan that hym nedeth go no nere
And so befyl / I rested me
Besydes a wel vnder a tree 1456
Which tree in Fraunce men cal a Pyne
But sithe the tyme of kyng Pepyne
Ne grewe there tree in mannese syght
So fayre / ne so wel woxe in hight 1460
In al that yarde so high was none
And springyng in a marble stone
Had nature set / the sothe to tel
Vnder that pyne tree a wel 1464
And on the border al without
Was written in the stone about
Letters smal / that sayden tinus
Here starfe the faire Narcisus. 1468
Narcisus was a bachelere
That loue had caught in his dangere
And in his nette gan hym so strayne
And dyd hym so to wepe and playne
That ned he him must his lyfe forgo 1473
For a faire lady that hight Echo
Him loued ouer any creature
And gan for hym suche payne endure
That on a tyme she him tolde 1477
That if he her louen nolde
That her behoued nedes dye
There laye none other remedy 1480
But nathelesse for his Beaute
So feirs and daungerous was he
That he nolde graunten her askynge
For wepyng / ne for faire prayeng 1484
And whan she herde hym werne her so
She had in hert so great wo
And toke it in so great dispyte
That she without more respyte 1488
Was deed anon : but ere she deyde
Ful pitously to god she prayde
That proued herted Narcisus
That was in loue so daungerous 1492
Might on a day ben hampred so
For loue / and ben so hote for wo
That neuer he myght to ioye attayne
Than shulde he fele in euer payne 1496
What sorowe trewe louers maken
That ben so vilaynously forsaken.

His prayer was but resonable
Therfore god helde it ferme & stable
For Narcisus shortly to tel 1501
By aventure came to that wel
To rest hym in the shadowyng
A day / whan he come from huntyng
This Narcisus had suffred paynes 1505
For rennyng al day in the playnes
And was for thurst in great distresse
Of herte / and of his werynesse 1508
That had his brethe almost be nomen
Whan he was to that wil ycomen
That shadowed was with braunches grene
He thought of thilke water shene 1512
To drinke / and fresshe hym wele withal
And downe on knees he gan to fal
And forthe his necke and heed out straught
To drynke of that wel a draught 1516
And in the water anon was sene [ll. 1525]
His nose / his mouthe / his eyen shene
And he therof was al abasshed
His owne shadowe had him betrasshed
For wel wende he the forme se 1521
Of a chylde of great Beaute
Well couthe loue him wreke tho
Of daunger and of pride also 1524
That Narcisus somtyme him bere
He quytte him wel his guerdon there
For he mused so in the well
That shortly the sothe to tell 1528
He loued his owne shadowe so
That at laste he starfe for wo
For whan he sawe that he his wyll
Might in no maner way fullyll 1532
And that he was so faste caught
That he him couthe comforte naught
He loste his wytte / right in that place
And deyde within a lytell space 1536
And thus his waryson he toke
For the lady that he forsoke
Ladyes I praye ensample taketh
Ye that ayenst your loue mistaketh
For if her dethe be you to wyte 1541
God can ful wel your whyle quyte.

When that this lettre / of whiche I tell
Had taught me that it was the welle
Of Narcisus in his beaute 1545
I gan anon withdrawe me
When it fell in my remembraunce
That him betyd suche mischaunce
But at the laste than thought I 1549
That scathlesse / ful sykerly
I myght vnto the welle go
Wherof shulde I abasshen so 1552
Vnto the welle than went I me
And downe I louted for to se
The clere water in the stone 1555
And eke the grauel / whiche that shone
Downe in the botome / as syluer fyne
For of the welle / this is the fyne 1558
In worlde is none so clere of hewe
The water is euer fresshe and newe
That welmeth vp / with wawes bright
The mountenaunce of two fynger hight
Aboute it is grasse springyng 1563
\[1\] For moyste so thyeke and wel lykyng
That it ne may in wynter dye 1563
[1] If, [36, col. 2]
No more than may the see be drye.

D

Owne at the botomn set sawe I
Two cristall stones craftely 1568
In thilke fresshe and fayre well
But o thye ng sothly dare I tell
That ye wol holde a great meruayle
When it is tolde / withouten fayle 1572
For whan the sonne clere in syght
Caste in that welle his bemes bright
And that the hecte discended is 1575
Than taketh the cristall stone ywis
Agayne the sonne an hundred newes
Blewe / yolowe / and reed that fressh
& newe is 1578

Yet hath the meruaylous cristall
Suche strength / that the place ouer all
Both soule and tree / and leues grene
And all the yerde in it is sene

And for to don you to understonde
To make ensample wol I fonde 1584
Right as a myrrore openly
Sheweth al thynge that stondeth therby
As wel the colour / as the fygure
Withouten any couerture 1588
Right so the cristall stone shynyng
Withouten any discuyng
The entrees of the yerde accuseth
To him that in the water museth 1592
For euer in whiche halfe that ye be
Ye may wel halfe the gardyne se
And if he turne / he may right wele
Sene the remenaunt euerely dele 1596
For there is none so lytel thyng
So hydde ne closed with shyttyng
That it ne is sene / as though it were
Paynted in the cristall there 1600
This is the myrrour perillus
In whiche the proude Narcisus
Sey al his fayre face bright
That made hym sithe to lye vpright
For who so loke in that myrrour 1605
There maye nothyng ben his socour
That he ne shal there se somthyng
That shal hym lede in to laughyng.

Ful many a worthy man hath it
Yblent / for folke of greatest wyt 1610
Ben soone caught here and wayted
Withouten respyte ben they bayted [36, bk.]
Here cometh to folke of newe rage
Here chaungeth many wight corage.
Here lythe no rede ne wytte therto
For Venus sonne / dan Cupido 1616
Hath sowen there of loue the sede
That helpe ne lythe there none / ne rede
So cercleth it the welle aboute
His gynnes hath he set withoute 1620
Right for to catche in his panters
These damosels and bachelers
Loue wyl none other byrde catche
Though he set eyther nette or latche
And for the sede that here was sowen
This welle is cleped / as wel is knownen
The welle of Loue / of very right 1627
Of whiche there hath ful many a wight
Spoken in bokes dyuersely
But they shul neuer so verily
Discripccion of the welle here
Ne eke the sothe of this materie 1632
As ye shul / when I haue vnno
The crafte that her belongeth to.

A llway me lyked for to dwell
To sene the christall in the well
That shewed me ful openly 1637
A thousand thynges faste by
But I may say in sory houre
Stode I to loken or to powre 1640
For sythen I sore syghed
That Myrour hath me nowe entriked
But had I first knownen in my wyte
The vertue and strengthes of it 1644
I nolde not haue mused there
Me had bette ben els where
For in the snare I fell anone
That had bytressed many one 1648
In thylke Myrour sawe I tho
Amsonge a thousande thynges mo
A Roser charged ful of rosis
That with an hedges aboute enclosis 1652
Tho had I suche luste and enuye
That for Parys ne for Pauye
Nolde I haue lefte to gone and se
There greatest heape of roses be 1656
When I was with this rage hente
That caught hath many a man and shente
Towarde the Roser gan I go
And when I was not ferre therfro 1660
The saunour of the roses swote
Me smote right to the herte rote
As I had al enbaumed me
And if I ne had endouted me 1664
To haue ben hated or assayled
My thankes wol I not haue fayled
To pull a rose of al that route
To bere in myn honde aboute 1668
And smellen to it where I went
But euer I dredde me to repent
And lest it greued or forthought 1671
The lorde that thilke gardyn wrought
Of roses there were great won
So fayre ware neuer in Rone
Of knoppes close / some sawe I there
And some wel better wrongen were 1676
And some there ben of other moyson
That droue nygh to her season
And spedde hem faste for to sprede
I loue wel suche roses rede 1680
For brode roses / and open also
Ben passed in a day or two
But knoppes wyl fresshe be
Two dayes at leest / or els thre 1684
The knoppes greatly lyked me
For fayrer may there no man se
Who so might haue one of all
It ought him ben ful lefe withall 1688
Might I garlond of hem geten
For no richesse I wolde it leten
Among the knoppes I chose one
So fayre / that of the remenaunt none
Ne preysse I halfe so wel as it 1693
When I anyse in my wyte
For it so wel was enlumyned
With colour reed / as wel fyned 1696
As nature couthe it make fayre
And it hath leaues wel foure payre
That kynde hath set through his knowyng
Aboute the redde roses springyng 1700
The stakke was as rysshe right
And theron stode the knoppe vpright
That it ne bowed vpon no syde
The swote smell spronge so wyde 1704
That it dyed al the place aboute
When I had smelled the sauour swote
No wyl had I fro thence yet go [11. 137]
But somdele nere it went I tho 1708
To take it / but myn honde for drede
Ne durste I to the Rose bede
For thystels sharpe of many maners
Netles / thornes / and hoked briers 1712
For moche they distourbled me
For sore I dradde to harmed be.

The god of Loue / with bowe bent
That al day set had his talent
To pursue and to spyen me 1717
Was stondyng by a fygge tree
And whan he sawe howe that I
Had chosen so ententifly 1720
The bothum more vnto my paye
Than any other that I say
He toke an arowe / ful sharply whette
And in his bowe whan it was sette 1724
He streight vp to his eere drough
The stronge bowe / that was so tough
And shotte at me so wonder smerte
That through myn eye vnto myn herte
The takel smote / and depe it wente
And therewithal suche colde me hente
That vnder clothes warme and softe
Sythen that day I haue chyucred ofte
When I was hurte thus in stounde
I fell downe platte vnto the grounde
Myn herte fayled / and faynted aye
And longe tyme in swoune I laye 1736
But whan I came out of swounyng
And had wytte / and my felyng
I was al mate / and wende ful wele 1739

Of bloode haue lorne a ful great dele
But certes the arowe that in me stoode
Of me ne drewe no droppe of bloode
For why / I founde my woundes all drey
Than toke I with myn hondes twye
The arowe / and ful haste it out plyght
And in the pullyng sore I syght
So at the laste the shaft of tree 1747
I drough out / with the fethers thre
But yet the hoked heed ywis
The whiche Beaute called is
Gan so depe in myn herte pace
That I it might not arace 1752
But in myn hert stil it stooode
Al bledde I not a droppe of bloode
I was bothe anguysshous and trouble
For the peryll that I sawe double 1756
I nyste what to say or do
Ne get a leche my woundes to
For neyther through grasse ne rote
Ne had I helpe of hope ne bote 1760
But to the bothum euer mo
Myn herte drewe / for al my wo
My thought was in none other thyng
For had it ben in my kepyng 1764
It wolle haue brought my lyfe agayne
For certes euenly / I dare wel sayne
The sight onely / and the sauoure
Aleged moche of my langoure 1768
Than gan I for to drowe me
Towarde the Bothom fayre to se
And Loue had get him in his throwe
Another arowe in to his bowe 1772
And for to shote gan hym dresse
The arrowes name was Symplesse
And whan that Loue gan nygh me nere
He drowe it vp withouten were 1776
And shotte at me with al his myght
So that this arowe anon right
Throughout eygh as it was founde
In to myn herte hath made a wounde
Than I anon dyd al my crafte 1781
For to drawn out the shafte
And therwithal I syghed efte
But in myn herte the heed was lefte
Which aye encreased my desyre 1785
Unto the bothom drowe I nere
And euermo that me was wo
The more desyre had I to go 1788
Unto the Roser / where that grewe
The fresshe bothom / so bright of hewe
Better me were to haue letten be
But it behoued neede me 1792
To don right as myn herte badde
For euer the body muste be ladde
After the herte / in wele and wo
Of force togyder they muste go 1796
But neuer this archer wolde fyne
To shote at me with al his pyne
And for to make me to him mete

The thirde arowe he gan to shete 1800
Whan best his tyme he myght espye
The whiche was named Curtesye [137, back]
In to myne herto it dyd auale 1803
Aswoune I fel / bothe deed and pale
Lounge tyme I lay / and styrred nought
Tyl I abrayde out of my thought
And faster than I aysed me
To drawe out the shaft of tree 1808
But euer the heed was lefte behynde
For aught I couthe pull or wynde
So sore it stycked whan I was hytte
That by no crafte I myght it flytte 1812
But anguysshous and ful of thought
Lefte suche wo / my wounde aye wroght
That somoned me alway to go
Towarde the Rose / that plesed me so
But I ne durste in no manere 1817
Bycause the archer was so nere

For euermore gladly as I rede
Brent chylde of fyre hath moche drede
And certes yet for al my peyne 1821
Though that I sygh / yet arowes reyne
And grounde quarels / sharpe of steele
Ne for no Payne that I might fele 1824
Yet might I not my selfe with holde
The Fayre Roser to beholde
For Loue me yaue suche hardyment
For to fulfyll his cõmaundement 1828
Upon my fete I rose vp than
Feble / as a forwounded man
And forthe to gon might I sette
And for the archer nolde I lette 1832
Towarde the Roser faste I drowe
But thornes sharpe / mo than ynowe
There were / and also thystels thicke
And breres brimme for to pricke 1836
That I ne myght get grace
The rouge thornes for to pace
To sene the Roses fresshe of hewe
I muste abyde / though it me rewé 1840
The hedge aboute so thycke was
That closed the Roses in compas

But o thyng lyked me right wele
I was so nygh / I myght fele 1844
Of the bothom the swote odoure
And also se the fresshe colour
And that right greatly lyked me
That I so nere might it se 1848
Such ioye anon therof had I
That I forgate my malady
To sene I had suche delyte
Of sorowe and angre I was al quyte 1852
And of my wounds that I had thore
For no thyng lyken me myght more
Than dwellen by the Roser aye
And thence neuer to passe awaye 1856
But whan a whyle I had be thare
The god of Loue / whiche al to share
Myn herte with his arowes kene
The Romaunt of the Rose. (Ed. Thynne, 1532.)

Casteth him to yeue me woundes grene
He shotte at me ful hastely 1861
An arowe named Company
The whiche takell is ful able
To make these ladyes merciable 1864
Than I anon gan chaungen hewe
For grenaunce of my woundes newe
That I agayne fel in swounyng
And syghed sore / in complaynyng 1868
Sore I complayned that my sore
On me gan greuen more and more
I had non hope of allegaunce
So nygh I drowe to dispersaunce 1872
I rought of dethe / ne of lyfe
Whether that loue wolde me drife
If me a martyr wolde he make
I myght his power not forsake 1876
And whyle for anger thus I woke
The god of Loue an arowe toke
Ful sharpe it was and pugnaunt
And it was called Fayre semblaunt 1880
The whiche in no wyse wol consent
That any lower hym repente
To servce his loue / with herte and all
For any peryll that may befall 1884
But though this arowe was kene grounde
As any rasour that is founde
To cutte and kerue at the poynte
The god of Loue it had anoyn 1888
With a precious oytment
Somdele to yeu alegement
Upon the woundes that he hade 1891
Through the body in my herte made
To helpe her sores / and to cure 1893
And that they may the bette endure
But yet this arowe / without more
Made in myn herte a large sore 1896
That in ful great payne I abode
But aye the oytment went abrode [L.138]
Throughout my woundes large & wyde

| It spreide aboute in every syde | 1900 |
| Thorough whose vertue / and whose myght |
| Myn herte ioyful was and lyght |
| I had ben deed and al to shent |
| But for the precious oytment | 1904 |
| The shafte I drowe out of the arowe |
| Rokynge for wo right wonder narowe |
| But the heed / whiche made me smerte |
| Lefte behynde in myn herte | 1908 |
| With other foure / I dare wel say |
| That neuer wol be take away |
| But the oytment halpe me wele |
| And yet suche sorowe dyd I fele 1912 |
| That al day I chaunged hewe |
| Of my woundes fresshe and newe |
| As men might se in my wysage |
| The arowes were so full of rage | 1916 |
| So vrayunta of diversyte |
| That men in eueryche might se |
| Bothe great anoye / and eke swetnesse |
| And ioye meynt with bytternesse 1920 |
| Nowe were they easy / nowe were they wood |
| In hem I felte bothe harme and good |
| Nowe sore without alegement |
| Nowe softyng with oytment 1924 |
| It softned here / and pricketh there |
| Thus ease and anger togyther were. |

The god of Loue delyuerly
Come lepande to me hastely 1928
And sayd to me in great iape
Yelde the / for thou may not escape
May no defence auayle the here
Therfore I rede make no daungere 1932
If thou wolte yelde the hastely
Thou shalt rather haue mercy
He is a foole in sykernesse
That with daunger or stoutnesse 1936
Rebelleth / there that he shulde plese
In suche folye is lytel ese
Be make / where thou muste nedes bowe
To stryue ayen is nought thy provo
Come atones / and haue ydo 1941
For I wol that it be so
Than yelde the here debonairly
And I answered ful humbly 1944
Gladly sir / at your byddying
I wol me yelde in al thyng
To your servyce I wol me take
For god defende that I shulde make
Ayen your byddying resystence 1949
I wol not don so great offence
For if I dyd / it were no skyll
Ye may do with me what ye wyll 1952
Saue or spyll / and also slo
Fro you in no wyse may I go
My lyfe / my dethe / is in your honde
I may not laste out of your bonde 1956
Playne at your lyste I yelde me
Hopyng in herte / that somtyme ye
Comforte and ese shul me sende
Or els shortly / this is the ende 1960
Withouten helthe / I mote aye dure
But if ye take me to your cure
Comforte or helthe / how shulde I haue
Sythe ye me hurte / but ye me saue 1964
The helthe of loue mote be founde
Where as they token first her wounde
And if ye lyst of me to make
Your prisoner / I wol it take 1968
Of herte and wyll fully at gre
Holy and playne I yelde me
Without feynyng or feyntysse
To be governed by your emprise 1972
Of you I here so moche price
I wol ben hole at your deuyce
For to fulfyll your lykyng
And repente for nothyng 1976

Hopyng to haue yet in some tyde
Mercy / of that I abyde
And with that couenaunt yelde I me
Anon downe knelyng vpon my kne 1980
Proferyng for to kysse his fete
But for nothyng he wolde me lete.

And sayd / I louse the bothe and
preise
Sens that thyn answer dothe me ese
For thou answered so curtesly 1985
For nowe I wote wel vterly
That thau arte gentyl by thy speche
For though a man ferre wolde seche 1988
He shulde not fynden in certayne
No suche answere of no vilayne
For suche a worde ne myght nought
Isse out of a vlayns thought [I.133 back]
Thou shalt not lesen of thy speche 1993
For thy helpyng wolv I eche
And eke encresen that I maye
But first I wol that thou obaye 1996
Fuly for thyn auaantage
Anon to do me here homage
And sythe kysse thou shalt me mouth
Whiche to no vilayne was neuer couthe
For to aproche it / ne for to touche 2001
For saufe of cherles I ne vouche
That they shal neuer neigh it nere
For curteys / and of fayre manere 2004
Wel taught / and ful of gentylnyssse
He muste ben / that skal me kysse
And also of ful hygh fraunchyse
Thatshal atteyne to that emprise 2008
And first of o thyng warne I the
That payne and great aduersyte
He mote endure / and eke trauayle
That skal me serue / without fayle 2012
But there agaynst the to conforte
And with thy seruyce to disporte
Thou mayst ful glad and joyfull be
So good a mayster to haue as me 2016
And lorde of so hygh renoun
I beare of loue the Gonfenoun
Of Curtesy the banere
For I am of the selfe manere 2020
Gentyll / curteys / meke / and fre
That who euer ententyfe be
Me to honoure / doute / and serue
And also that he hym observer 2024
Fro trespace and fro vilanye
And hym gouerne in curtesye
With wyll and with entencion
For whan he first in my prison 2028
Is caught / than muste he vterly
Fro thence forthe ful besly
Caste hym gentyll for to be
If he desyre helpe of me 2032
Anon without more delay
Withouten daunger or affray
I become his man anone
And gaue hym thankes many a one 2036
And kneeld downe with hondes ioynt
And made it in my porte ful queynt.
The ioye wente to my hert rote
When I had kyssed his mouthe so
swote 2040
I had suche myrthe and suche lykyng
It cured me of languysshynge
He asked of me than hostages
I haue he sayd taken fele homages 2044
Of one and other / where I haue bene
Disteyned ofte / withouten wene
These felonys ful of falsyte
Haue many sythes begyled me 2048
And through her falsheude her lust
achened
Whereof I repent / and am AGREUED
And I hem get in my daunger
Her falsheude shul theye ful dere 2052
But for I love the / I say the playne
I wol of the be more certayne
For the so sore I wol nowe bynde
That thou away ne shalt not wynde
For to denyen the couenannt (sic) 2057
Or done that is not auenaunt
That thou were false / it were great ruthe
Sythe thou semest so ful of truthe 2060
Sir / if the lyst to vnderstande
I meryuale the askyng this demande
For why or wherfore shulde ye
Hostages or borowes aske of me 2064
Or any other sykernesse
Sythe ye wom in sothfastnesse
That ye me haue susprised so
And hole myne herte taken me fro 2068
That it wol do for me nothynge
But if it be at your byddynge
Myn herte is yours / & myn right nought
As it behoueth / in dede and thought
Redy in al to worche your wyll 2073
Whether so turne to good or yll
So sore it lusteth yon (sic) to plese
No man thereof may you disese 2076
Ye haue theron setche suche iustysie
That it is werreyed in many wyse
And if ye doute it nolde obey
Ye may therof do make a key 2080
And holde it with you for hostage
Nowe certes this is none outrage
(Quod loue) and fully I accorde
For of the body he is ful lorde 2084
That hath the herte in his tresore
Outrage it were to asken more.

THan of his aumener he drough [II.139]
A lytel key fetise ynough 2088
Whiche was of golde polysshed clere
And sayd to me / with this key here
Thyne herte to me nowe wol I shette
For al my iowel loke and knette 2092
For to accomplisshe and fulfy1 2132
I bynde vnder this lytel key
My cõmaundementes daye and nyght
That no wight maye cary awey
Which I to louers yeue of right.
This key is ful of great poste
A H sir / for goddes loue (sayd I)
With whiche anon he touched me 2096
Er ye passe hens ententyfely 2136
Under the syde ful softly
Your cõmaundementes to me ye say
That he myne herte sodainly
And I shal kepe hem if I may
Without anoye hadde speered 2099
For hem to kepen is al my thought
That yet right nought it hath me deered
And if so be I wote hem nought 2140
Whan he hadde done his wyl al out
Than maye I vnwytingly
And I had putte hym out of dout
Wherfore I praye you entierly
Sir I sayd : I haue right great wyl
With all myne herte / me to lere
Your luste and pleasure to fulfy1 2104
That I trespace in no manere 2144
Loke ye my seruyce take at gree
The god of Loue than charged me
By thilke faythe ye owe to me
Anon / as ye shal here and se
I saye nought for recreaundyse
Wordes by worde / by right emprise
For I nought doute of your seruyce 2108
So as the Romaunt shal deuyse 2148
But the seru aunt trauyleth in vayne
The maister leseth his tyme to lere
That for to seruuen dothe his payne
When the disciple wol nat here
Upto that lorde / whiche in no wyse
It is but vayne on hym to swynke 2151
Conne him no thanke for his seruyce.
That on his lernynyng wol nat thynke
L Oue sayde / dismay the nought 2113
Whoso lusteloue/lette hym entende
Syth thou for socour hast mesought
For nowe the Romance begynmeth to amede
In thanke thy seruyce wol I take
Nowe is good to here in faye
And highe of degree I wol the make
If any be that canne it saye 2156
If wyckednesse ne hynder the 2117
And poynt it as the reason is
But (as I hoope) it shal nought be
Sette for other gate ywis
To worshyppe no wight by aventure
It shal nat wel in al thyng
Maye come / but if he payne endure 2120
Maye come to good vnderstondyng 2160
Abyde and suffre thy distresse
For a reder that poynteth yl
That hurteth nowe / it shal be lesse
A good sentence maye ofte spyl
I wotte my selfe what maye the saue
The boke is good at the endyng
What medicyne thou woldest haue 2124
Made of newe and lusty thyng
And if thy trouthe to me thou kepe
For who so wol the endyng here
I shal vnto thyne helpyng eke
That the crafte of loue he shal nowe lere
To cure thy woundes and make hem clene
If that he wol so longe abyde
Where so they be olde or grene 2128
Tyl I this Romance maye vnhyde 2164
Thou shalte be holpen at wordes fewe
And vndo the signyfiaunce
For certainly thou shalte wel shewe
Of this dreme in to Romaunce
Where that thou seruest with good wyl
The sothfastnesse that nowe is hydde
Without couerture shal be kydde 2172
When I vndone haue this dremyng
Wherin no worde is of leasyng.

Ullany at the begynyng
I wol saye loue ouer al thyng 2176
Thou leaue / if thou wolte be
False / and trespace ayenst me
I curse and blame generally
Al hem that louen villany 2180
For villany maketh villayne [\[1][L. 139, back]
And by his dedes a chorle is seyne
These vilayns arne without pyte
Frendshyp / loue / and al bounte 2184
I nyl recyeue vnto my seruyce
Hem that ben vilayns of empriose
But vnderstonde in thynt entent
That this is not myn entendement 2188
To clepe no wight in no ages
Onely gentyl for his lynages
But who so is vertuous
And in his poro not outragyous 2192
When suche one thou seest the beforne
Though he be not gentyl borne
Thou mayste wel seyne this is in sothe
That he is gentyl / by cause he dothe
As longth to a gentylman 2197
Of hem none other deme I can
For certaynly withouten drede
A chorle is demed by his dede 2200
Of hye or lowe / as ye may se
Or of what kynrede that he be
Ne say nought for none yuell wyll
Thing that is to holden styll 2204
It is no worshyp to missey
Thou mayste ensample take of Key
That was somtyme for missayeng
Hated bothe of olde and yonge 2208
As ferre as Gaweyn the worthy
Was prayed for his curtesye
Kaye was hated / for he was fell
Of worde dispytous and cruell 2212
Wherfore be wyse and aqeyntable
Goodly of worde / and resonable
Bothe to lesse and eke to mare
And when thou comest there men are
Loke that thou haue in custome aye 2217
First to salue hem if thou may
And if it fall that of hem sone
Salue the first / be not done 2220
But quyte hem curtesly anon
Without abydyng / er they gon
For nowthynge eke thy tonge applye
To speke wordes of rybaudye 2224
To vilayne speche / in no degre
Late neuer thy lyppe vnbounden be
For I nought holde him in good faythe
Curteys that foule wordes saythe 2228
And al women serue and prayse
And to thy power her honour reyse
And if that any missayere 2231
Dispyse women / that thou mayste here
Blame him / and bydde him holde him
styll
And sette thy might / and al thy wyll
Women and ladyes for to plese 2235
And to do thyng that may hem ese
That they euer speke good of the
For so thou mayste best prayed be
Loke fro pride thou kepe the wele
For thou mayste bothe parcyue and fele
That pride is bothe foly and synne 2241
And he that pride hath him within
Ne may his herte in no wyse
Meken ne souplon to seruyce 2244
For pride is founde in euery parte
Contrarye vnto loucs arte
And he that loueth trewly
Shulde him conteyne ilyly 2248
Without pride in sondrie wyse
And him disgyisen in queyntyse:
For queynte aray / without drede
Is nothyng proude / who taketh hede.
For fresshe aray / as men may se 2253
Without pride may ofte be.
Mayntayne thy selue after thy rent
Of robe and eke of garnement 2256
For many sythe fayre clothynge
A man amendeth in moche thyng
And loke alwaye that they be shape
What garnement that thou shalt make
Of him that can best do 2261
With al that parteyneth therto
Poyntes and sleues be well syttandye
Right and streight on the hande 2264
Of shone and bootes / newe and fayre
Loke at the leest thou haue a payre
And that they sytte so fetously.
That these rude may ytterly 2268
Meruayle / sythe that they sytte so playne
Howe they come an (sic) or of agayne
Weare straye gloues with aumere
Of sylke / and alway with good chere 2272
Thou yeue / if thou haue rychesse
And if thou haue naught spende the lesse
Alway be mery / if thou may
But waste not thy good alway 2276
Haue hatte of floures / as fresshe as May
Chapelet of Roses of Whitsunday [II. 140]
For suche aray ne costneth but lyte
Thyne hondes wasshe / thy teth make white 2280
And lette no sylthe vpon the be
Thy nayles blacke / if thou mayst se
Voyde it away deluyerly.
And kembe thyne heed right iolyly 2284
Farce nat thy visage in no wyse
For that of loue is nat themprise
For loue dothe haten / as I fynde
A beaute that cometh nat of kynde 2288
Alwaye in hert I rede the
Gladde and mery for to be
And be as ioyfull as thou canne
Loure hath no ioye of soronful manne
That yuel is ful of curtesy 2293
That knoweth in his malady
For euer of loue the sicknesse
Is meynte with swete and bytternesse
The sore of loue is meruaylous 2297
For nowe the louver ioyous
Nowe can he playne / nowe can he grone
Nowe can he syngen / nowe maken mone
To day he playneth for heuynesse 2301
To morowe he playneth for iolynesse
The lyfe of loue is ful contrarye
Whiche stoundemale can ofte varye
But if thou canste myrthes make 2305
That men in gre wol gladly take
Do it goodly / I coamaunde the
For men shulde where so euer they be.
Do thynge that hem syttynge is 2309
For therof cometh good los and pris
Werof that thou be vertuous
Ne be not straunge ne daunegour 2312
For if that thou good ryder be
Pricke gladly that men may se
In armes also if thou conne
Pursue tyl thou a name hast wonne 2316
And if thy voyce be fayre and clere
Thou shalt maken no great daungere
Whan to synghe they goodly pray
It is thy worship for to obey 2320
Also to you it longeth aye
To harpe and gyterne / daunce and playe
For if he can wel fote and daunce
It may him greatly do auauance 2324
Amonge eke for thy lady sake
Songes and complayntes that thou make
For that wol meuen in her herte
When they reden of thy smerte 2328  
Loke that no man for scarce the holde  
For that may greue the manyfolde  
Reson wol that a louver be  
In his yeftes more large and fre 2332  
Than chorles that ben not of louyng  
For who therof can any thyng  
He shal be lefe aye for to yeue  
In londes lore who so wolde leue 2336  
For he that through a sodayne syght  
Or for a kyssyng anon ryght  
Yane hole his herte / in wyl and thought  
And to hym selfe kepeth right nought  
After this swyfte / it is good reson  
He yeue his good in abandon  

That in one place thou set al hole  
Thyn herte / without halfen dole 2364  
For trecherye and sykernesse  
For I loued neuer doulenesse  
To many his herte that wol departe  
Eueryche shal haue but lytel parte 2368  
But of him drede I me right nought  
That in one place setteth his thought  
Therefore in o place it sette [leaf 140, back]  
And lette it neuer thens flette 2372  
For if thou yeuest it in lenyng  
I holde it but a wretched flette  
Therfore yeue it hole and quyte  
And thou shalte haue the more meryte  
If it be lent / than after soone 2377  
The bounte and the thanke is done  
But in Loue / free yeuen thyng  
Requyret a great guerdonyng 2380  
Yeue it in yefte al quyte fully  
And make thy gifte debonairly  
For men that yefte holde more dere  
That yeuen is with gladsome chere 2384  
That gifte nought to praysen is  
That man yeueth maugre his  
Whan thou hast yeuen thyne hert (as I  
Haue sayde) the here openly 2388  
Than auentures shul the fal  
Whiche harde and heuy ben with al  
For ofte whan thou bethynkest the  
Of thy louyng / where so thou be 2392  
Fro folke thou must departe in hye  
That none perceyue thy malady  
But hyde thyne harme thou must alone  
And go forthe sole / and make thy mone  
Thou shalte no whyle be in o state 2397  
But whylom colde and whilom hate  
Nowe reed as Rose / nowe yelowe and  
fade 2399  
Suche sorowe I trowe thou neuer hade  
Cotidien / ne quarteyne  

N  
Owe wol I shortly here reherce  
Of that I haue sayd in verce 2344  
Al the sentence by and by  
In wordes fewe compendiously  
That thou the better mayste on hem  
thynke  
Whether so it be thou wake or wynke  
For the wordes lytel greue 2349  
A man to kepe / whan it is breue  
Who so with loue wol gon or ryde  
He mote be curteyes / and voyde of  
pride  
Mery / and full of iolyte 2353  
And of largesse a losed be.  

First I ioyne the here in penaunce  
That euer without repentaunce 2356  
Thou set thy thought in thy louyng  
To laste without repentyng  
And thinke vpon thy myrthes swete  
That shal folowe after whan ye mete.  

And for thou trewe to lone shalt be  
I wyl / and cõmaunde the
It is nat so ful of payne
For often tymes it shal fal
In loue / among thy paynes al
That thou thy selife al holy
Forgeten shalte so utterly
That many tymes thou shalte be
Styl as an ymage of tree
Domme as a stone / without steryng
Of fote or honde / without spekyng
Than soone after al thy payne
To memorye shalte thou come agayne
A man abashed wonder sore
And after syghten more and more
For wytte thou wele withouten wene
In suche astate ful ofte haue bene
That haue the yuel of loue assayde
Wherthrough thou arte so dismayde.

A Ffter a thought shal take the so
That thy loue is to ferre the frawne
Thou shalt saye (god) what may this be
That I ne maye my lady se?
Myne herte alone is to her go
And I abyde al sole in wo
Departed fro myne owne thought
And with myne eyen se right nought
Alas myne eyen sene I ne may
My careful hert to conuay
Myne hertes gyde / but they be
I prayse nothyng what euer they se
Shul they abyde than / nay
But gone and visyten without delay
That myne herte desyreth so
For certainly / but if they go
A foole my selife I maye wel holde
When I ne se what myne herte wolde
Wherfore I wol gone her to sene
Or eased shal I neuer bene
But I haue some tokenyng
Than gost thou forthe without dwell-
lyng
But ofte thou faylest of thy desyre
Er thou mayst come her any nere
And wastest in vayne thy passage
Than fallest thou in a newe rage
For want of syght / thou gyynnest murne
And homwarde pensyfe thou dost returme
In great mysche free shalte thou be
For than agayne shal come to the
Sighes and playntes with newe wo
That no itchynge pricketh so
Who wote it nought / he maye go lere
Of hem that byen loue so dere
No thyngye thyne herte appesen maye
That ofte thou wolte gone and assaye
If thou mayst sene by auenture
Thy lyues ioye / thyne hertes cure
So that by grace / if thou myght
Attayne of her to haue a syght
Than shalte thou done none other dede
But with that syght thyne eyen fede
That fayre freshe whan thou mayst se
Thyne hert shal so raunyshe be
That neuer thou woldest thythankes lete
Ne remoue / for to se that swete
The more thou seest in sothfastnesse
The more thou couytest of that swetnesse
The more thy herte brenneth in fyre
The more thy hert is in desyre
For who consdyreth euerely dele
It may be lykened wonder wele
The payne of loue vnto a fere
For euermore thou neyghest nere
Thought / or who so that it be
For very sothe I tel it the
The hotter euer shal thou brenne
As experience shal the kenne
Where so comest in any coste
Who is next fyre he brenneth moste
And yet forsothe for al thyne hete
Though thou for loue swelte and swete
Ne for no thyng thou felen may 2481
Thou shalt not wyllen to passe away
And though thou go / yet muste the nede
Thynke al day on her fayre hede
Whom thou behelde with so good wyll
And holde thy selfe begyled yll 2486
That thou ne haddest none hardyment
To shewe her aught of thyn entent
Thyn herte ful sore thou wolte dispisyse
And eke repreue of cowardyse 2490
That thou so dull in euer thyng
Were domme for drede / without spekyng
Thou shalt eke thynke thou dyddest folye 2493
That thou were her so faste bye
And durste not auntere the to say
Some thyng / or thou cam came away 2496
For thou haddest no more wonne
To speke of her whan thou begonne
But yet she wolde for thy sake
In armes goodly the haue take 2500
I shulde haue be more worth to the
Than of tresour great plente
Thus shalt thow morne and eke com-playne
And get encheson to gon agayne 2504
Vnto thy walke / or to thy place
Where thou behelde her flesly face
And neuer for false suspicion
Thou woldest fynde occasyon 2508
For to gone vnto her house
So arte thou than desyrouse
A syght of her for to haue
If thou thyn honour myghtest saue
Or any erande mightest make 2513
Thyder / for thy loues sake. [1 141, col. 2]
1Ful fayne thou woldest / but for drede
Thou goest not / lest that men take hede
Wherfore I rede in thy goynge 2517
And also in thyn agayne commynge
ROMAUNT.

Thou be wel wheat that men ne wyt
Feyne the other cause than it 2520
To go that waye / or faste bye
To heale wel is no folye
And yf so be it happe the
That thou thy lone there mayste se
In syker wyse thou her salewe 2525
Werewith thy colour wol transme we
And eke thy bloode shal al to quake
Thy hewe eke chaungen for her sake
But wordes and wyttes / with chere ful pale
Shul wante for to tel thy tale 2530
And if thou mayste so ferforthe wynne
That thou resone durste begynne
And woldest sayne thrynynges or mo
Thou shalt ful scarsly sayne the two
Though thou bethynke the neuer so wele
Thou shalt foryte yet somdele. 2536

Byt if thou deale with trecherye
For false louers mowe al folye
Sayne what hem luste withouten drede
They be so double in her falshede 2540
For they in herte can thynke o thyng
And sayne another in her spekyng
And whan thy speche is ended all
Right thus to the it shal befall 2544
If any worde than come to mynde
That thou to saye haste lefte behynde.
Than thou shalt brene in great martyre
For thou shalt brene as any fyre
This is the stryfe and eke the affraye
And the batell that laesth aye 2550
This bargayne ende may neuer take
But if that she thy peace wyl make
And whan the nyght is comen anon
A thousande angres shal come vpon
To bedde as fast thou wolte the dyght
Where thou shalt haue but smal delght
For whan thou wenest for to slepe 2557
The Romaut of the Rose.  (Ed. Thynne, 1532.)

So ful of payne shalt thou crepe.  2558
Sterte in thy bedde aboute ful wyde
And turne ful ofte on every syde
Nowe downarde groff / & nowe vp-right.  [1 Fo. C.xii, back] 2561
1 And walowe in wo the longe nyght
Thyn armes shalt thou sprede a brede
As man in werre were forwerede
Than shal the come a remembraunce
Of her shappe and her semblaunce 2566
Wherto none other may be pere
And wete thou wel without were
That the shal se somtyme that nyght
That thou haste her / that is so bright
Naked bytwene thy thyng arnes there 2571
Al sothfastnesse as though it were
Thou shaltake make castels than in Spayne
And dreme of ioy / al but it vayne [so]
And the delyten of right nought 2575
Whyte thou so slymbrest in that thought
That is so swete and deltyble
The whiche in sothe nys but a fable
For it ne shal no whyle laste 2579
Than shalte thou syghe and wepe feste
And say dere god / what thyng is this
My drome is turned al amys
Whiche was ful swete and apparent
But nowe I wake it is al shent 2584
Nowe yede this mery thought away
Twenty tymes vpon a day
I wolde this thought wolde come agayne
For it alegeth wel my payne 2588
It maketh me ful of ioyfull thought
It sleeth me that it lasteth nought
Ah lorde / why nyl ye me socoure?
The ioye I trowe that I langoure 2592
The dethe I wolde me shulde slo
Whyle I lye in her armes two
Myn harme is harde withouten wene
My great vnese ful ofte I mene.  2596

But wolde Loue do so I might
Haue fully ioye of her so bright
My payne were quytte me rycheley
Alas to great a thyng aske I 2600
It is but foly / and wronge wenying
To aske so outragyous a thyng
And who so asketh folily
He mote be warned hastely 2604
And I ne wote what I may say
I am so ferre out of the way
For I wolde haue ful great lykyng
And ful great ioy of lasse thyng 2608
For wolde she of her gentynesses
Withouten more / me ones kesse
It were to me a great gerdon
Relecc of al my passyon 2612
But it is harde to come therto
Al is but foly that I do
So hygh I haue myn herte sette
Where I may no conforte gette 2616
I wote not where I say wel or nought
But this I wote wel in my thought
That it were better of her alone
For to stynte my wo and mone 2620
A loke on her I caste goodly
That for to haue al vterly
Of an other al hole the play
Ah lorde where I shal byde the day
That euer she shal my lady be 2625
He is ful cured / that may her se
A god / whan shal the dawnyng spring?
To lygen thus is an angry thyng 2628
I haue no ioye thus her to lye
Whan that my loue is not me bye
A man to lyen hath great disese 2631
Whiche may not slepe / ne rest in ese
I wolde it dawed / and were nowe day
And that the nyght were went away
For were it day / I wolde vp ryse 2635
Ah slowe sonne / shewe thyng enprise

(Ed.)
Spede the to spede thy beemes bright
And chace the derknesse of the nyght
To put away the stoundes stronge
Whiche in me lasten al to longe 2640
The nyght shalt thou contynue so
Without rest / in payne and wo
If euer thou kneue of loue distresse
Thou shalt mowe lerne in that sickness
And thus enduryng shalt thou lye
And ryse on morowe vp erly 2646
Out of thy bedde / and harneys the
Er euer dawnyng thou mayst se
Al priuely than shalt thou gone 2649
What whyder it be thy selfe alone
For reyne / or hayle / for snowe / for sleete
Thyder she dwelleth / that is so swete
The whiche may fall a slepe be
And thynketh but lytel vpon the 2654
Than shalt thou go / ful foule aferde
Loke if the gate be vnsperde [1 Fo. C.XIII.]
And wayte without in wo and payne
Ful yuel a colde in wynde and rayne
Than shalt thou go the dore before
If thou mayest fynde any shore 2660
Or hole / or refte / what euer it were
Than shalt thou stoupe / and lay to eere
If they within a slepe be
I meue al saue thy lady free 2664
Whom wakyng if thou mayst aspye
Go put thyself in iupardy
To aske grace / and the bymene ·
That she may wete without wene 2668
That thou nyght no rest haste had
So sore for her thou were bestad
Women wel ought pyte to take
Of hem that sorowen for her sake 2672
And loke for loue of that relyke
That thou thynke none other lyke
For whan thou haste so great annoy
Shal kysse the er thou go awey 2676
And holde that in ful great deynte
And for that no man shal the se
Before the house / ne in the way
Loke thou begon agayne er day 2680
 Suche commynge / and suche goyng
Suche heuyynesse / and suche walkyng
Maketh louers withouten any wene
Vnder her clothes pale and lene 2684
For Loue leueth colour ne cleernesse
Who loueth trewe hath no fatusse
Thou shalthe wel by thy selfe se
That thou must nedes assayed be 2688
For men that shape hem other way
Falsely her ladyes for to betray
It is no wonder though they be fatte
With false othes her loues they gatte
For ofte I se suche losengeours 2693
Fatter than Abottes or priours
Yet with o thynges I the charge
That is to saye / that thou be large
Vnto the mayde / that her dothe serue
So best her thanke thou shalt desire
Yeeue her yeftes / and get her grace
For so thou may thanke purchase 2700
That she the worthy holde and fre
Thy lady / and al that may the se
Also her seruanutes worship aye
And please as moche as thou may 2704
Great good through hem may come to
the
[If. 142, col. 2]
Bycause with her they ben priue
They shal her tel howe they the fande
Curtesys and wyse / and wel doande
And she shal preyse wel the more 2709
Loke out of londe thou be not fore
And if suche cause thou haue / that the
Behoueth to gone out of countre
Leauue hole thyn herte in hostage 2713
Tyl thou agayne make thy passage
Thynke longe to se the swete thyng
That hath thyn herte in her kepyng
Nowe haue I tolde the / in what wise
A louer shal do me seruyce
Do it than / if thou wolte haue
The mede / that thou after craue. 2720

W
Han Loue al this had boden me
I sayd him / sir howe may it be
That louers may in suche manere
Endure the payn ye haue said here 2724
I meruaile me wonder faste
Howe any man may lyue or laste
In suche payne / and suche breynyng
In sorowe and thought / and suche sighyng 2728
Aye vnrelesed wo to make
Whether so it be they slepe or wake
In suche any contynuelling
As helpe me god this meruaile I 2732
Howe man / but he were made of stele
Might lyue a monthe / suche paynes to fele.

T
He God of loue than sayd me 2735
Frenede / by the faythe I owe to the
May no man haue good / but he it bye
A man loueth more tenderlye
The thynge / that he hath bought most dere
For wete thou wel without were 2740
In thanke that thynge is taken more
For whiche a man hath suffred sore
certes no wo ne may attayne
Vnto the sore of loues payne 2744
None yuel therto ne may amounte
No more than a man counte
The droppes that of the water be
For drie as wel the great see 2748
Thou myghtest / as the harmes tell

Of hem that with Loue dwell [1 hl. 142, bk.]
1 In seruyce / for payne hem sleeth 2751
And that ech man wolde flye the deth
deth e man wolde flye the deethe
And trowe they shulde neuer escape
Nere that hoope couth hem make
Gladde as man in prisone sete
And maye nat getten for to ete 2756
But barlye breed / and water pure
And lyeth in vermyn and in ordure
With al this yet canne he lyue
Good hope suche comforte hath hym yeue 2760
Whiche maketh wene that he shal be
Delyuered and come to lyberte
In fortune is ful trust
Though he lye in strawe or dust 2764
In hoope is al his sustaynyng
And so for louers in her wenyng
Whiche loue hath shytte in his prisoun
Good hope in her saluation 2768
Good hope (howe sore that they smerte)
Yeueh hem bothe wyl and herte
To profer her body to martyre
For Hope so sore dothe hem desyre 2772
To suffre ech harm that men deuyse
For ioye that afterwarde shal aryse.

H
Ope in desyre catche victorie 2775
In hoope of loue is al the glorie
For hoope is al that loue maye yeue
Nere hoope / there shulde no lenger lyue
Blessed be hoope / whiche with desyre
Anaunceth louers in suche manyre 2780
Good hope is cortoyse for to please
To kepe louers from al disease
Hoope kepeth his londe / and wol abyde
For any perryll that maye betyde 2784
For hoope to louers / as most chefe
Dothe hem endure al myschefe
The seconde shal be Swete speche
That hath to many one be leche
To bringe hem out of wo and were
And helpe many a bachelere
And many a lady sent socour
That haue loued paramour
Through spekyng / whan they might here
Of her louers to hem so dere
To me it voydeth al her smerte
The whiche is closed in her herte
In herte in maketh hem glad and lyght
Speche whan they mowe haue syght
And therfore nowe it cometh to mynde
In olde dawes as I fynde
That clerkes writen that her knewen
There was a lady fresshe of hewe
Whiche of her loue made a songe
On him for to remembre amonge
In whiche she sayd / whan that I here
Spoken of him that is so dere
To me it voydeth al smerte [Fo. Cxru.]
Iwys he sytteth so nere myn herte
To speke of him at eue or morowe
It cureth me of al my sorowe
To me is none so hygh plesaunce
As of his person dalyaunce
She wyste ful wel that Swete spekyng
Comforteth in ful moche thynge
Her lune she had ful wel assayde
Of him she was ful wel apayde
To speke of him her ioye was set
Therfore I rede the that thou get
A felowe that can wel concele
And kepe thy counsayle / and wel hele
To whom go shewe holly thyn herte
Bothe wel and wo / ioye and smerte
To gette conforte to him thou go
And prinuely bytwene you two
Ye shal speke of that goodly thyng
That hath thyn herte in her kepyng

Hoope is her helpe whan myster is
And Ishal yeue the eke ywis 2788
Thre other thynges / that great solace
Dothe to hem that be in my lace
The first good that maye be founde
To hem that in my lace be bounde 2792
Is Swete thought / for to recorde
Thyng wherwith thou canst accorde
Best in thyne herte / where she be 2795
Thynkyng in absence is good to the
Whan any louer dothe complayne
1 And lyueth in distresse / and inayne
Than Swete thought shal come as blyue
Awaye his angre for to dryue 2800
It maketh louers to haue remembaunce
Of conforte / and of highe plesaunce
That Hoope hath hight hym for to wynne
[1 leaf 142, back, col. 2]
For thought anone than shal begynne
As ferre god wotte / as he can fynde
To make a myrour of his mynde
For to beholde he wol nat lette 2807
Her persone he shal afore hym sette
Her laughyng eyen persaunt and clere
Her shappe / her forme / her goodly chere
Her mouthe / that is so gracios
So swete / and eke so sauerous 2812
Of al her feyters he shal take hede
His eyen with al her lymmes fede.

Thus Swete thynkyng shal aswage
The payne of louers / and her rage 2816
Thy ioye shal double without gesse
When thou thynkest on her semelynesse
Or of her laughyng / or of her chere
That to the made thy lady dere 2820
This conforte wol I that thou take
And if the nexte thou wolte forsake
Whiche is nat lesse sauerous 2823
Thou shalt nat ben to daunegorous.
Of her beaute and her semblaunce 2865
And of her goodly countenaunce
Of al thy state / thou shalt him say
And aske him counsayle howe thou may
Do any thyng that may her plesse 2869
For it to the shal do great ese
That he may wethe thou truste him so
Bothe of thy wele and of thy wo 2872
And if his herte to loue be sette
His companye is moche the better
For reson wol he shewe to the
Al vterly his priuyte 2876
And what she is he loueth so
To the playnly heshal vndo
Without drede of any shame 2879
Bothe tel her renome and her name
Than shal he forther ferre and nere
And namely to thy lady dere
In syker wyse / ye euery other
Shal helpen as his owne brother 2884
In trouthe without doublenesse
And kepen close in sykernesse
For it is noble thyng in fay
To haue a man thou darste say 2888
Thy priue counsayle euery dele
For that wol confortethe right wele
And thou shalt holde the wel apayed
Whan suche a frende thou haste assayed.

1 The thirde good of great conforte
That yeueth to louers moste disporte
Cometh of syght and beholdyng
That cleped is Swete lokyng 2896
The whiche may none ese do
Whan thou arte ferre thy lady fro
Wherfore thou presse alway to be 2899
In place / where thou mayst her se
For it is thyng moste amerous
Moste deelytable and fauerous
For to aswage a mannes sorowe
To sene his lady by the morowe 2904
For it is a ful noble thyng
Whan thyne eyen haue metyng
With that relyke precious
Wherof they be so desyrous 2908
But al day after sothe it is
They haue no drede to faren a mys
They drenen eyther wynde ne rayne
Ne non other maner payne 2912
For whan thyne eyen were thus in blysse
Yet of her curtesye ywysse
Alone they can not haue her ioye
But to the herte they conuoys 2916
Parte of her blysse to him thow sende
Of al this harme to make an ende
The eye is a good messangere 2919
Whiche can to the herte in suche manere
Tydynges sende / that hath sene
To voyde him of his paynes clene
Wherof the herte reioyseth so
That a great partye of his wo 2924
Is voyded / and put away to flyght
Right as the derknesse of the nyght
Is chased with clerenesse of the moone
Right so is al his wo ful soone 2928
Deuoyded clene / whan that the syght
Beholden may that fresshe wight
That the herte desyreth so
That al his derknesse is ago 2932
For than the herte is al at ese
Whan they sene that may hem plesse
Nowe haue I declared the al out
Of that thou were in drede and doute
For I haue tolde the faithfully
What the may curen vterly
And al louers that wol be 2939
Faythful / and ful of stabylite 111.143, bl.]
1 Good hope alwaye kepe by thy syde
And swete thought makke eke abyde
The Romaunt of the Rose. (Ed. Thynne, 1532.) 39

The god of Loue whan al the day
Had taught me / as ye haue herd say
And enformed compendiously 2953
He vanysshed awaye al sodainly
And I alone lefte al soole
So ful of complaynt and of doole 2956
For I sawe no man there me by
My woundses me greued onwardsly
Me for to curen nothyng I newe
Saue the botom bright of hewe 2960
Wheron was sette hooly my thought
Of other conforte knewe I nought
But it were through the god of Loue
I newe nat ele to my behoue 2964
That myght me ease or conforte gete
But if he wolde hym entremeete
The roser was withouten dout
Closed with an hedge without 2968
As ye to forne haue herde me sayne
And fast I besyed and wolde fayne
Haue passed the haye / if I myght
Haue gotten in by any sleight 2972
Vnto the botom so fayre to se
But euer I dradde blamed to be
If men wolde haue suspicioun
That I wolde of ententioun 2976
Haue stole the Roses / that there were
Therfore to entre I was in fere
But at the laste / as I bethought
Wheder I shulde passe or nought 2980
I sawe come with a gladde chere

To me / a lusty bachelere
Of good stature and of good height
And Bialacoil forsoth he height 2984
Sonne he was to Curtesy
And he me graunted ful gladly
The passage of the vutter hay 2987
1 And sayd / sir: howe that ye may
Passe / if your wyl be [1 1532, bk. col. 2]
The fresshe Roser for to se
And ye the swete saour fele
Your warrants may right wele 2992
So thou the kepe fro folye
Shal no man do the vylanye
If I may helpe you in ought
I shal not fayne / drede thou nought 2996
For I am bounde to your servyse
Fully deuyde of fuyntysse
Than vnto Bialacoyl sayd I
I thanke you sir ful hertely'. 3000
And your beheste take at gre
That ye so goodly profer me
To you it cometh of great fraunchyse
That ye me profer your servyse 3004

Than after ful deluyerly
Through the breres anon went I
Wherof encombred was the haye 3007
I was wel plesed / the sothe to saye
To se the botom / fayre and swote
So fresshe sproute oute of the rote.

And Bialacoyle me serued wele
Whan I so ngyhe me might fele
Of the botom the swete odour 3013
And so lusty hewed of colour
But than a chorle / foule him betyde
Besyde the roses gan him hyde
To kepe the roses of that Rosere 3017
Of whom the name was Daungere
The chorle way hyd there in the greues
Couered with grasse and with leues
To spye and take whom that he fonde
Vnto that Roser put an honde
He was not soole / for there was mo
For with him were other two
Of wicked maners / and yuel fame
That one was cleped by his name
Wicked tonge / god yeue him sorowe
For neyther at eue ne at morowe
He can of no man good speke
Of many a iuste man dothe he wreke
There was a woman eke that hyght
Shame / that who can reken ryght
Trespace was her fathers name
Her mother Reson / and thus shame
Brought of these ylke two [Fo. c.liii.]
And yet had Trespass neuer ado
With Reason / ne neuer ley her by
He was so hydous and so vgly
I meane this / that Trespass hight
But Reason conceuyeth of a sight
Shame of that I spake aforne
And whan that Shame was thus borne
It was ordayned / that Chastite
Shulde of the Roser lady be
Whiche of the bothoms more and las
With sondrie folke assayled was
That she ne wyyste what to do
For Venus her assayleth so
That nyght and day from her she stal
Bothoms and Roses ouer al
To Reason than prayeth Chastyte
Whom Venus hath flemed ouer the see
That she her daughter wolde her lene
To kepe the Roser fresshe and grene
Anone Reason to Chastyte
Is fully assented / that it be
And granted her / at her request
That Shame / bycause she is honest
Shal keper of the Roser be
And thus to kepe it / there were thre

That none shulde hardly be ne bolde
(Were he yonge or were he olde)
Agayne her wyl awaye to bere
Bothoms ne roses / that there were
I hadde wel spedde / had I nat bene
Awayted with these thre and sene
For Bialacoil / that was so fayre
So gratious and debonayre
Quytte hym to me ful curtesly
And me to please badde that I
Shulde drawe me to the bothom nere
Prese in to touche the rosere
Whiche bare the roses / he yafe me leue
This graunt me myght but lytel greue
And for he sawe it lyked me
Right nygh the bothom pulled he
A leafe al grene / and yane me that
The whiche ful nyghe the bothom sat
I made of that leafe ful queynt
And whan I felte I was aqyent
With Bialocoil / and so pryue
I wende all at my wyl hadde be
Than wext I hardy for to tel [Ed. 144, col. 2]
To Bialocoil howe me befel
Of Loue / that toke and wounded me
And sayd / Sir so mote I the
I maye no ioye haue in no wyse
Vpon no syde / but it ryse
For sithe (if I shal nat fayne)
In herte I haue had so great peyne
So great anoye and suche affraye
That I ne wotte what I shal saye
I drede your wrathe to deserue
Leuer me were / that knyues kerue
My body shulde in peces smal
Than in any wyse it shulde fal
That ye wrathed shulde ben with me
Saye boldely thy wyl (quod he)
I nyl be wrothe if that I maye
For nought that thou shalte to me saye.
Than sayd I sir / not you displease
To known of my great vnese
In whiche only Loue hath me brought
For paynes great / disese / and thought
Fro day to day he dothe me drie 3105
Supposeth not sir / that I lye
In me fyue woundes dyd he make
The sore of whiche shal neuer slake
But ye the bothom graun me 3109
Whiche is moste passaunt of beaute
My lyfe / my dethe / and my martyre
And tresour / that I moste desire
Than Bialacoil affrayde all 3113
Sayd sir / it may not fall
That ye desire it may not aryse
What wolde ye shende me in this wyse?
A mokel foole than I were 3117
If I suffred you away to bere
The fresshe bothom / so fayre of syght
For it were netyer skyll ne right 3120
Of the Roser ye broke the rynde.
Or take the Rose aforne his kynde
Ye are not curtys to aske it
Let it styyle on the Roser syt 3124
And lette it growe tyl it amended be
And parfetly come to beaute
I nolde not that it pulled were
Fro the Roser that it bere 3128
To me it is so lefe and dere [¹ leaf 144, back]
¹With that anone sterfte out Daungere
Out of the place where he was hydde
His malyce in his chere was kydde
Ful great he was and blacke of hewe
Sturdy and hydous / who so him knewe
Lyke sharpe vrchons his heer was growe
His eyes reed sparcllyng as the fyre glowe
His nose frounced ful kyrked stode
He come cryande as he were woode
And sayd / Bialacoil tel me why
Thou bringest hyder so boldely 3140
Him that so nyghe the Rosere
Thou worchest in a wronge manere
He thynketh to dishonour the
Thou arte wel worthy to haue maugre
To lette hym of the rosere wytte 3145
Who serveth a felone is yuel quyte
Thou woldest haue done great bounte
And he with shame wolde quyte the
Flye hence felowe / I rede the go
It wanteth lytel he wol the slo 3150
For Bialocoyl ne knewe the nought
Whan the to serue he sette his thought
For thou wolte shame him / if thou
myght 3153
Bothe agayne reason and right
I wol no more in the affye
That comest so slyghly for tespy
For it proueth wonder wele 3157
Thy sleight and trayson euery dele
I durst no more make there abode
For the chorle / he was so wode
So ganne he thrette and manace 3161
And through the haye he dyd me chace
For feare of him I trymbled and quoke
So cholorisshly his heed he shooke 3164
And sayd / if efte he myght me take
I shulde nat from his hondes scape
Then Bialacoil is fledde and mate 3167
And I al soole disconsolate
Was lefte alone in payne and thought
For shame to dethe I was nych brought
Than thought I on my highe foly 3171
Howe that my body vtterly
Was yeue to payne and to martyre
And therto hadde I so great yer
That I ne durst the hayes passe 3175
There was no hoope / there was no grace
I trowe neuer man wyster of payne
¹But he were laced in louses chayne
Ne no man / and sothe it is [¹ 144 bk., col. 2]
But if he loue / what anger is 3180
Loue holdeth his heest to me right wele
Whan Payne (he sayd) I shulde fele
No herte maye thinke / ne tonge sayne
A quarter of my wo and payne
I myght nat with the angre last 3185
Myne herte in poynt was for to brast
Whan I thought on the rose / that so
Was through Daunger caste me fro
A longe whyle stoode I in that state
Tyl that me sawe so madde and mate
The lady of the highe warde
Whiche from her towre loked thiderwarde. 3192

Reason men clepe that lady
Whiche from her toure delyuerer
Come downe to me without more 3195
But she was neyther yonge ne hore
Ne hygh ne lowe / ne fatte ne lene
But best / as it were in a mene 3198
Her eyen two were clere and lyght
As any candell / that brenneth bright
And on her heed she had a crowne
Her semed wel an hygh person 3202
For rounde enuyron her crownet
Was ful of ryche stones fret
Her goodly semblant by denuye
I trowe was made in paradise 3206
For nature had neuer suche a grace
To forge a werke of suche compace
For certeyne / but if the letter lye
God him selfe / that is so hye 3210
Made her after his ymage
And yafe her sythe such auauntage
That she hath might and seignorie
To kepe men from al follye 3214
Who so wol trove her lore
Ne may offenden neuermore.

And whyle I stode this derke and pale
Reson began to me her tale 3218
She sayde / Alhayle my swete frende
Foly and childhode wol the shende
Whiche the haue put in great affray
Thou haste bought dere the tyme of May
That made thyn herte mery to be 3223
In yuel tyme thou wentest to se [Fo.Cxlv.] 3227
The gardyn / wherof ydernesse
Bare the keye and was maistresse
Whan thou yedest in the daunce
With her and had aquyntaunce
Her aquyntaunce is peryllous
First softe / and after noyous
She hath trasshed without wene 3231
The god of Loue hadde the nat sene
Ne had Idelnesse the conueyde
In the verger / where Myrthe him pleyde 3236
If folly haue suprised the
Do so that it recouered be
And be wel ware to take no more
Counsayle / that greueth after sore
He is wyse / that wol hym selfe chastysse
And though a yonge man in any wyse
Trespasse amonget / and do folly 3241
Lette hym nat tary / but hastely
Lette hym amende what so be mys
And eke I counsayle the ywis
The god of Loue holly foryte 3245
That hath the in such payne sette
And the in herte tourmented so
I can not sene howe thou maist go
Other wayes to garsoun 3249
For Daunger / that is so feloun
Felly purposeth the to werrey
Whiche is ful cruel the sothe to sey.

And yet of Dangere cometh no blame
In rewarde of my daughter Shame
Whiche hath the Roses in her warde
As she that maye be no musarde 3256
And wicked tongue is with these two
That suffreth no man thyder go
For er a thyng be do he shal
Where that he cometh ouer al 3260
In fourty places / if it be sought
Say thyng that neuer was don ne
Wrought
So moche trayson is in his male
Of falsnesse for to sayne a tale 3264
Thou delest with angry folke ywis
Wherfore to the better is
From these folke awaye to fare 3267
For they wol make the lyue in care
This is the yuel that loue they cal
Wherin there is but foly al
For loue is folly every dell [145, col. 2] 3271
Who loueth / in no wyse maye do wel
Ne sette his thought on no good werke
His schole he leseth / if he be a clerke
Or other cratfe eke / if that he be
He shal nat thyue therin / for he 3276
In loue shal hau more passyoun
Than Monke / hermyte / or chanoun
This payne is herde out of measure
The ioye maye eke no whyle endure
And in the possesseyoun 3281
Is moche trybulationoun
The ioye it is so shorte lastyng
And but in happe is the gettyng
For I se there many in trauayle 3285
That at laste foule fayle
I was nothyny thy counsayer
Whan thou were made the homager
Of god of Loue to hastely 3289
There was no wysdom but foly
Thyn herte was ioly / but not sage
Whan thou were brought in suche a rage
To yelde the so redily 3293
And to Loue of his great mastry.

Rede the loue away to drove
That maketh the retche not of thy lyue
The foly more fro day to day 3297
Shal growe / but thou it put away
Take with thy tethe the bridel faste
To daunte thy nerte / and eke the caste
If that thou mayst to get the defence
For to redresse thy first offence 3302
Who so his herte alway wol leue
Shal fynde amonge that shal him greue.

When I her herde thus me chastysse
I answere in ful angry wyse 3306
I prayde her cesse of her speche
Eyther to chastysse me or teche
To bydde me my thought refreyne
Whiche Loue hath caught in his demeyne 3310
What wene ye Loue wol consente
(That me assayleth with bowe bente)
To drawe myn herte out of his honde
Which is so quickly in his bonde
That ye counsayle may neuer be 3315
For whan he first arested me
He toke myn herte so sore hym tyll
That it is nothyng at my wyll [1 145, bk.]
He thought it so him for to obey
That he it spurred with a key 3320
I pray you let me be al styl
For ye may wel / if that ye wyll
Your wordes waste in ydlenesse
For ytterly / withouten gesse
Al that ye sayne is but in vayne 3325
Me were leuer dye in the payne
Than Loue to mewarde shulde arette
Falshede or treson on me sette
I wol me get pris or blame
And loue trewe to saue my name 3330
Who that me chastyseth / I him hate
With that wordes Reson went her gate
Whan she sawe for no sermonyng
She myght me fro my foly bring
Than dismayed I lefte al soole 3335
Forwery / for wandred as a foole
For I ne knewe no cherysaunce [so]
Than fel in to my remembrance
Howe Loue bade me to puruey
A felowe / to whom I might sey 3340
My counsell and my priuyte
For that shulde moche anayle me
With that bethought I me. / that I
Had a felowe fast by 3344
Trewe and syker / curteys / and hende
And he was called by name a frende
A trewer felowe was no where non
In haste to him I went anon 3348
And to him al my wo I tolde
Fro him right nought I wolde withholde
I tolde him al without were
And made my compleynt on Daungere
Howe for to se he was hydous 3353
And to mewarde contraryous
The whiche through his crueltie
Was in poynte to haue meymed me
With Bialacoil whan he me sey 3357
Within the gardyn walke and pley
Fro me he made him for to go
And I belefte alone in wo 3360
I durste no lenger with him speke
For Daunger sayd he wolde be wreke
Whan that he sawe howe I wente
The fresshe bothom for to hente 3364
If I were hardy to come nere [145 bk., col. 2]
Bytwene the hay and the Rosere.

This frende whan he wyster of my thought
He discomfortherd me right nought 3368
But sayd felowe / be not so madde

Ne so abashed nor bestadde
My selfe I knowe ful wel Daungere
And howe he is fiers of chere 3372
At prime temps / loue to manace
Ful ofte I haue ben in his case
A felon first though that he be
After thou shalt souple se 3376
Of longe passed I knewe him wele
Vngoodly first though men him felo
He wol meke after in his bearynge
Ben / for seruyce and obeyssyng 3380
I shal the tel what thou shalt do
Mekely I rede thou go him to
Of herte pray him specially
Of thy trespace to haue mercy 3384
And hote him wel here to plesse
That thou shalte neuer more him displesse
Who can best serue of flaterie
Shal plesse Daungere moste vterly. 3388

My frende hath sayd to me so wele
That he me eased hath somdele
And eke aleged of my turment
For through him had I hardement 3392
Agayne to Daungere for to go
To preue if I might meke him so.

TO Daungere came I al a shamed
The whiche aforne me had blamed
Desyring for to pese my wo 3397
But ouer hedges durste I not go
For he forbode me the passage
I founde him cruel in his rage
And in his honde a great burdown
To him I kneele lowe adown 3402
Ful meke of porte / and symple of chere
And sayd sir / I am comen here
Onely to aske of you mercy
That greueth me ful greatly 3406
That euer my lyfe I wrathed you
The Romaunt of the Rose.  (Ed. Thynne, 1532.)  45

But for to amend I am come now
With all my might / bothe loude and stylly,
To done right at your owne wyl [Po. C.xiv.l.]
For Loue made me for to do
That I haue trespassed hiderto 3412
Fro whom I me maye withdrawe myne hert
Yet shal I neuer for ioye ne smert
(What so befal good or ill)
Offende more agayne your wyl 3416
Leuer I haue endure disease
Than do that shulde you displease.

You requyre / and praye that ye
Of me haue mercy and pyte 3420
To stynt your yre / that greueth so
That I wol swere for euer me
To be redressed at your lykyng
Yf I trespasse in any thyng 3424
Sau that (I praye the) graunt me
A thyng / that maye nat warned be
That I maye loue al onely
None other thyng of you aske I 3428
I shal done al wel ywis
Yf of your grace ye graunt me this
And ye maye nat letten me
For wel wote ye / that loue is free 3432
And I shal louen suche that I wyl
Who euer lyke it wel or yl
And yet ne wolde I for al Fraunce
Do thyng to do you displesaunce. 3436

Than Daungere fyl in his entent
For to foryeue his male talent
But al his wrahte yet at last
He hath released / I prayde so fast 3440
Shortly (he sayd) thy request
Is nat to mokel dishonest
Ne I wol nat werne it the
For yet nothyng engreueth me 3444

For though thou loue thus euermore
To me is neither softe ne sore
Lone where that the lyst / what retcheth me 3447
So ferre fro my Roses be
Trust nat on me for none assaye
In any tyme to passe the haye 3450
Thus hath he graunted my prayere
Than went I forthe withouten were
Vnto my frende / and tolde hym al
Whiche was right joyful of my tale
(He sayd) nowe gothe wel thyn ye affayre
He shal to the be debonayre [Leaf 146, col. 2]
Though he afoerne was dispitous 3457
He shal herafter be gratious
If he were touched on some good veyne
He shulde yet rewen on thy peyne 3460
Suffre I rede / and no boost make
Tyl thou at good mes mayst him take
By sufferaunce / and wordes softe
A man maye overcome ofte 3464
Him / that afoerne he had in drede
In bokes sothely as I rede
Thus hath my frende with great com-
forte
Ausounced me with high dispose 3468
Whiche wolde me good / as moche as I
And thane anone ful sodainly
I toke my leaue / and streight I went
Vnto the haye for great talent 3472
I hadde to sene the fresshe bothom
Wherin laye my saluation
And Daungere toke kepe / if that I
Kepe him couenaunt trewly 3476
So sore I dradde his manasyng
I durst nat breke his byddying
For lest that I were of him shent
I brake nat his commaundement 3480
For to purchase his good wyl
It was for to come there tyl
His mercy was to ferre behynde
I kepte / for I ne myght it fynde 3484
I complayne and sighed sore
And languysshed euermore
For I durste nat ouer go
Vnto the Rose I loued so 3488
Throughout my demyng vnterly
That he had knowlege certainly
Than Loue me ladde in suche a wyse
That in me there was no feyntise 3492
Falsheed / ne no trechery
And yet he ful of villany
Of disdayne / and cruelte
On me ne wolde haue pyte 3496
His cruel wyl for to refrayne
Tho I wepte alwaye / and me complayne
And while I was in this tourment
Were come of grace / by god sent
Fraunchise / and with her Pyte 3501
Fulfyld the Bothom of bounte [1 146 bk.]
They go to Daungere anon ryght
To forther me with al her myght 3504
And helpe in worde and in dede
For wel they sawe that it was nede
First of her grace dame Fraunchise
Hath taken of this emprise 3508
She sayd / Daungere great wronge ye do
To worche this man so moche wo
Or pynen him so angerly
It is to you great villany 3512
I can nat se / why ne how
That he hath trespassed agayne you
Sawe that he loneth / wherfore ye shulde
The more in cherete of him holde 3516
The force of loue maketh hym do this
Who wolde him blame he dyd amys
He lefeth more than ye maye do
His payne is harde / ye maye se lo 3520
And Loue in no wyse wolde consent
That ye haue power to repente
For though that quicke ye wolde him slo
Fro loue his herte may nat go 3524
Nowe swete sir / it is your ease
Him for to angre or disease
Alas / what maye it you auaunce
To done to him so great greaunce 3528
What worshippe is it agayne him take
Or on your man a werre make
Sithe he so lowly every wyse
Is redy / as ye luste deuyse 3532
If Loue haue caught him in his lace
You for to bey in euery caas
And ben your subiecte at your wyl
Shulde ye thersore wyllem him yl 3536
Ye shulde him spare more al out
Than him that is bothe proude and stout
Curtesy wol that ye socure 3539
Hem / that ben meke vnder your cure
His hert is harde that wol nat meke
Whan men of mekenesse him beske.

This is certayne / sayd Pyte
We se oft that humylyte 3544
Bothe yre / and also felony
Venquysseth / and also melancoly
To stonde forthe in suche duresses
This cruelte and wickednesse 3548
Wherfore I pray you sir Daungere
For to maynten no lenger here
1Suche cruel werre agayne your man
As holly yours as euer he can [1 146 bk., col. 2]
Nor that ye worchen no more wo 3553
Vpon this caytife / that languyssheth so
Whiche wol no more to you trespace
But put him holly in your grace 3556
His offence ne was but lyte
The god of Loue it was to wyte
That he your thrall so greatly is 3559
And if ye harme him ye done amys
For he hath had ful harde penance
Syth that ye refte him thaqueyntaunce
Of Bialacoil / his moste ioye
Whiche al his paynes might acoye 3564
He was before anoyed sore
But than ye doubled him wel more
For he of blysse hath ben ful bare
Sythe Bialacoil was fro hym fare 3568
Loue hath to hym great distresse
He hath no neede of more duresse
Voydeth from him your yre I rede
Ye may not wynnen in this dede 3572
Maketh Bialacoil repayre agayne
And haueth pyte vpon his payne
For Fraynychse wol / and I Pyte
That mercyful to hym ye be 3576
And sythe that she and I accorde
Haueth vpon hym misericorde
For I you pray / and eke moneste
Nought to refusen our requeste 3580
For he is harde / and fel of thought
That for vs two wol do right nought
Daunger ne might no more endure
He meked him vnto mesure. 3584

I wol in no wyse / sayth Daungere
Deny / that ye haue asked here
It were to great vncurtesye
I wol ye haue the companye 3588
Of Bialacoil / as ye deuyse
I wol him let in no wyse
To Bialacoil than went in hye
Fraunchise / and sayd ful curteslye
Ye haue to longe be deignous 3593
Vnto this lourer / and dadangerous
Fro him to withdrawe your presence
Whiche hath do to him great offence
That ye not wolde vpon him se
Wherfore a sorowful man is he [Po. C.xw.]Shape ye to paye him / and to please
Of my loue if ye wol haue ease 3600

Fulfyl his wyl / sithe that ye knowe 3601
Through helpe of me and of Pyte
You dare no more aferde be 3604
I shal do right as ye wyl
Saith Bialacoil / for it is skyl
Sithe Daungere wol that it so be 3607
Than Fraunchise hath him sent to me.
[1.3692 'Daunger is daunted & brought lowe' is left out.]

Byalacoil at the begynnynge
Salued me in his commynge
No strauengenesse was in him sene 3611
No more than he ne had wrathed bene
As Fayre semblante then shewed he me
And goodly / as aforne dyd he
And by the honde without dout
Within the haye right al about 3616
He ladde me with right good chere
Al enuyron the vergere
That Daunger hadde me chased fro
Nowe haue I leaue ouer al to go 3620
Nowe am I raysed at my deuyse
Fro hel vnto paradysye
Thus Bialacoil of gentylnesse
With al his payne and besynesse
Hath shewed me onely of grace 3625
The effres of the swote place
I sawe the Rose when I was nygh
Was greater woxen / and more high
Fresshe / roddy / and fayre of hewe
Of colour ouer yliche newe 3630
And when I hadde it olone sene
I sawe that through the leues grene
The Rose spredde to spaunysshinge
To sene it was a goodly thyng
But it ne was so sprede on brede 3635
That men within myght knowe the sede
For it couert was and close
Bothe with the leues and with the rose
The stalke was euene and grene ypright
It was theron a goodly syght 3640
And wel the better without wene
For the seed was nat sene
Ful fayre it spradde the god of blesse
For suche another / as I gesse
1 Aforne ne was ne more vermayle
I was abawed for marueyle
[1 147, col. 3]
For euer the fayrer that it was
The more I am bounden in loues laas
Longe I abode there sothe to saye
Tyl Bialacoil I gan to praye
Whan that I sawe him in no wyse
To me warnen his seruyce
That he me wolde graunte a thynge
Whiche to remembre is wel syttynge
This is to sayne / that of his grace
He wolde me yeue leysar and space
To me that was so desyrous
To haue a kyssynge precious
Of the goodly fresshe Rose
That so swetely smelleth in my nose
For if it you displeased nought
I wolde gladly / as I haue sought
Haue a cosse therof freely
Of your yefte / for certainly
I wol nole haue / but by your leue
So lothe me were you for to grene

HE sayd / frende so god me spede
Of Chastite I hane such drede
Thou shuldest nat warned be for me
But I dare nat for Chastyte
Agayne her dare I nat mysdo
For alwaye bydeth she me so
To yeue no lounder leue to kyss
For who therto maye wynnen ywisse
He of the surplus of the praye
My lyfe in hoope to gette some daye
For who so kyssynge maye attayne
Of loues payne hath (sothe to sayne)
The best and most auenaunt

And ernest of the remenaunt.

OF his answere I sighed sore
I durst assaye him tho no more
I hadde suche drede to greue him aye
A man shulde nat to moche assaye
To chafe his frende out of measure
Nor putte his lyfe in auenture
For no man at the first stroke
Ne maye nat fel downe an oke
Nor of the reysyns hane the wyne
Tyl grapes be rype and wel a fyne
Be sore empressed / I you ensure
[147 bk.]
And drawen out of the pressure
But I forpeyned wonder stronge
Though that I abode right longe
After the kysse / in payne and wo
Sithe I to kysse desyred so
Tyl that rennynge on my distresse
There come Venus the goddessse
(Whiche aye werryth Chastite)
Came of her grace to socour me
Whose myght is knowe ferre and wyde
For she is mother of Cupyde.

The god of Loue / blynde as stone
That helpeth louers many one
This lady brought in her right honde
Of brennyngye fyre a blasynge bronde
Wherof the flame and hote fyre
Hath many a lady in desyre
Of Loue brought / and sore hette
And in her seruyce her hert is sette
This lady was of good entayle
Right wonderful of apparaangle
By her atyre so bright and shene
Men myght perceyue wel and sene
She was nat of Relygioun
Nor I nyll make mencion
Nor of robe / nor of tresour
The Romaunt of the Rose. (Ed. Thynne, 1532.) 49

Of broche / neither of her riche attour
Ne of gyrdel about her syde
For that I nyl nat longe abyde 3720
But knoweth wel / that certainly
She was arrayed richely
Deuoyde of pride certayne she was
To Bialacoil she went a pass 3724
And to hym shortly in a clause
She sayd / sir: what is the cause
Ye ben of porte so daunegrous.
Vnto this louer / and daynous 3728
To graunt him nothyng but a kyss
To warne it him ye done amysse
Sithe wel ye wotte / howe that he
Is loues seruaunt / as ye maye se 3732
And hath beaute / wherthrough is
Worthy of loue to haue the blys
Howe he is semely beholde and se
Howe he is fayre / howe he is free 3736
Howe he is swote / and debonayre
Of age yonge / lusty / and fayre [147 bk., col. 2]
There is no lady so hawtayne
Duchesse / countesse / ne chastelayne
That I nolde holde her vngoodly 3741
For to refuex hyme utterly
His brete is also great and sweate
And eke his lyppes roddy and mete
Onely to playne / and to kysse
Graunt him a kysse of gentynlesse 3746
His teth arme also white and clene
Me thynketh wronge withouten wene
If ye nowe warne hym / truysteth me
To graunt that a kysse haue he
The lasse ye helpe him that ye haste
And the more tyme shul ye waste 3752
Whan the flame of the very bronde
That Venus brought in her right honde
Hadde Bialacoil with his het smete
Anone he badde me withouten lete 3756
Graunto me the rose kysse

Than of my payne I ganne to lyssse
And to the rose anone went I
And kyssed it ful faithfully 3760
There nede no man aske / if I was blythe
Whan the sauour softe and lythe
Stroke to myne hert without more
And me alleged of my sore
So was I ful of ioye and blysse 3765
It is fayre suche a floure to kysse
It was so swote and fauerous
I myght nat be so anguysshous 3768
That I mote gladde and ily be
Whan that I remembre me
Yet euer amonge sothly to sayne
I suffre noye and moche payne. 3772

T

He see may neuer be so styl
That with a lytel wynde at wyl
Ouerwhelme and tourne also
As it were woode in wawes go 3776
After the calme the trouble sonne
Mote folowe / and chauenge as the moone
Right so fareth Loue / that selde in one
Holdeth his ancre / for right anone 3780
Whan they in ease wene best to lyue
They ben with tempest al fordryue
Who serueth Loue / canne tel of wo
The stoundmele ioye mote ouergo 3784
1 Nowe he hurteth / and nowe he cureth
For selde in o poynte loue endureth.
[1 Fo. C.xvii.]

Nowe is it right me to procede 3787
Howe Shame gan medle and take hede
Through whom fel angres I haue hade
And howe the stronge wall was made
And the castell of brede and length
That god of Loue van with his strength
Al this in Romaunce wyll I sette 3793
And for no thyng ne wyll I lette
So that it lykyng to her be

ROMAUNT.
That is the flour of beaute 3796
For she may best my labour quyte
That I for her loue shal endyte
Wicked tongue that the couyne
Of euery lover can deuyne 3800
Worste / and addeth more somdele
(For wicked tongue saythe neuer wele)
To mewarde bare he right great hate
Espyeng me erly and late 3804
Tyl he hath sene the great chere
Of Bialacoil and me yfere
He might not his tonge withstonde
Worse to reporte than he fonde 3808
He was so ful of cursed rage
It satte him wele of his lynage
For him an Irisshe woman bare 3811
His tonge was fyled sharpe and square
Poignaunt and right keruyng
And wonder better in spekyng
For whan that he me gan espye
He swore (affirmyng sykerly) 3816
Bytwene Bialacoil and me
Was yuel aquayntaunce and priue
He speke therof so foliye
That he awaked Ielousye 3820
Whiche al afrayde in his risyng
Whan that he herde ianglyng
He ran anon as he were wode
To Bialacoil there that he stode 3824
Whiche had leuer in this caas
Haue ben at Reynes or Amyas
For foote hote in his felonye
To hym thus sayd Ielousye 3828
Why haste thou ben so neglygent
To kepen / whan I was absent
This verger here left ein thy warde? [vx]
1To me thou haddest no regarde 3832
To truste (to thy confusyon) [11.148, col. 2]
Him thus / to whom suspicion
I haue right great / for it is nede

It is wel shewed by the dede 3836
Great faute in the nowe haue I founde
By god anone thou shalt be bounde
And faste loken in a toure
Without refuyte or socoure. 3840

For shame to londe hath be the fro
Ouer soone she was ago
Whan thou hast lost bothe drede
& fere
It semed wel she was nat here 3844
She was bysy in no wyse
To kepe the and chastice
And for to helpen Chastite 3847
To kepe the Roser / as thynketh me
For than this boye knau so boldly
Ne shulde nat haue be hardy
In this verge hadde suche game 3851
Whiche nowe me tourneth to great shame.

Bialacoil nyst what to saye
Ful fayne he wolde haue fledde away
For fear haue hydde / nere that he
Al sodainly toke him with me 3856
And whan I sawe he had so
This Ielousye take vs two
I was astonye / and newe no rede
But fledde away for very drede. 3860

Than Shame came forthe ful symply
She wende haue trespassed ful greatly
Humble of her porte / and made it symple
Wearing a vayle in stede of wymple
As nonnes done in her abbey 3865
By cause her herte was in affray
She gan to speke within a throwe
To Ielousye / right wonder lowe 3868
First of his grace she besought
And sayd sir / ne leneth nought
Wicked tonge / that false espye 3871
Whiche is so glad to fayne and lye
He hath you made / through flaterynge
On Bialacoil a false lesyng
His falsnesse is not nowe a newe
It is to longe that he him knewe 3876
This is not the first daye  [leaf 148, back]
For wicked tonge hath custome aye
Yonge folkes to bewrye
And false lesynges on hem lye. 3880

Yet neuerthelesse I se amonge
That the loigne it is so longe
Of Bialacoil / hertes to lure
In loues seruyce for to endure 3884
Drawyng suche folke him to
That he hath nothyng with to do
But in sothnesse I trowe nought
That Bialacoil had ever in thought 3888
To dotrespace or vilanye
But for his mother Curtesye
Hath taught him ever to be
Good of aqueeuntaunce and priue 3892
For he loueth none heuynesse
But myrthe and play / and al gladnesse
He hateth al trechours
Soleyne folke and enyous 3896
For ye weten howe that he
Wol euer glad and joyful be
Honesty with folke to pley
I haue beenegent in good fey 3900
To chastysye him / therfore nowe I
Of herte I crye you here mercy
That I haue ben so recheles
To tamen hym withouten lees 3904
Of my foly I me repente
Nowe wol I hole set myn entente
To kepe bothe lowe and styll

Bialacoil to do your wyll. 3908
Shame Shame (sayd Telousy)
To be bytrasshed great drede haue I
Lecherye hath clome so hye
That almooste blered is myn eye 3912
No wonder is / if that drede haue I
Ouer alaigneth lechery
Whose myght growth nyght and dey
Bothe in cloystre and in abbey 3916
Chastyte is werreyed ouer all
Therfore I wol with syker wall
Close bothe roses and rosere
I haue to long in this manere 3920
Left hem vnclosed wylfullly
Wherfore I am right inwardly
Soronful / and repente me  [1 ff. 148 bk., col. 2]
1 But nowe they shal no lenger be 3924
Vnclosed / and yet I drede sare
I shal repent ferthermore
For the game gothe al amys
Counsayle I must newe iwys 3928
I haue to longe trusted the
But nowe it shal no lenger be
For he may best in euery coste
Disceyue / that men trusten moste 3932
I se wel that I am nyghhe shent
But if I sette my ful entent
Remedye to purvey
Wherfore close I shal the wy 3936
Fro hem that wol the rose espye
And come to wayte me vilonye
For in good faythe and in trouthe
I wol not let for no slouthe 3940
To lyue the more in sykernesse
Do make anon a fortresse
Than close the roses of good sauour
In myddes shal I make a tour 3944
To put Bialacoil in prison
For euer I drede me of treson
I trowe I shal hym kepe so
That he shal haue no might to go 3948
Aboute to make companye
To hem that thyneke of vilanye
Ne to no suche as hath ben here 3951
Afore / and founde in him good chere
Whiche han assayed him to shende
And with her twrowandyse to blende
A foole is eyth to begyle
But may I lyue a lytel while 3956
He shal forthynke his fayre semblaunt.
And with that worde came Drede
Shame was abasshed / and in great fere
Whan he wyste Ielouslye was there
He was for drede in suche affray 3961
That not a worde durste he saye
But quakyng stode ful styl alone
(Tyl Ielouslye his way was gone) 3964
Saue Shame / that him not forsoke
Bothe Drede and she ful sore quoke
That at laste drede abrayde
And to his cosyn Shame sayde 3968
Shame (he sayd) in sothfastnesse
To me it is great heuynesse
That the noyse so ferre is go [Fo. C.xlix.]
And the sclaundryd of vs two 3972
But sythe that it is befall
We may it not agayne call
Whan ones spronge is a fame
For many a yere withouten blame 3976
We haue ben / and many a day
For many an Aprill / and many a May
We han passed / not shamed
Tyl Ielouslye hath vs blamed 3980
Of mystrust and suspicione
Causelesse / without encheson
Go we to Daunger hastely
And let us shewe hym openly 3984
That he hath not a right wrought
Whan that he set not his thought
To kepe better the purprise
In his doyng he is not wyse 3988
He hath to vs do great wyse
That hath suffred nowe so longe
Bialacoil to haue his wyll
Al his lustes to fullyll 3992
He muste amende it vttely
Or els shal he vilaynously
Exyled be out of this londe 3995
For he the werre may not withstonde
Of Ielouslye / nor the grefe
Sythe Bialacoil is at mischefe.

TO Daunger Shame & Drede anon
The right way ben gon 4000
The chorle they founde hem aforne
Lyggyng vnder an hawethorne
Vnder his heed no pylowe was
But in the stede a trussse of gras 4004
He slombred / and a nappe he toke
Tyl Shame pitously him shoke
And great manace on him gan make
Why slepest thou / whan thou shulde wake 4008
(Quod Shame) thou dost vs vilanye
Who trusteth the / he dothe folye
To kepe roses or bothoms 4011
Whan they ben fayre in her sesons
Thou arte woxe to famylieere
Where thou shulde be straunge of chere
Stoute of thy parte / redy to greue
Thou doest great folye for to leue 4016
Bialacoil here inne to call [1 lr. 160, col. 2]
1The yonder man / to shenden vs all
Though that thou slepe / we may here
Of Ielouslye great noyse here 4020
Arte thou nowe late / ryse vp an hye
And stoppe sone and delyuerly
Al the gappes of the hay
The Romaunt of the Rose. (Ed. Thynne, 1532.)

Do no fauour / I the pray 4024
It falleth nothyng to thy name
To make fayre semblaunt / where thou mayste blame

With that the chorle his clubbe gan shake
Frownyng his eyen gan to make
And hydous chere / as man in rage
For yre he brent in his visage [149 bk.] 4064

Whan that he herde him blamed so
He said / out of my wytte I go
To be discomyte I have great wronge
Certes I have nowe lyued to longe 4068.

Sithe I maye nat this closer kepe
Al quycke I wolde be doluen depe
If any man shal more repayre 4071
In to this gardyn for foule or fayre
Myne herte for yre gothe a fere
That I lette any yre entre here
I haue do folly nowe I se
But nowe it shal amended be 4076
Who setteth fote here any more
Truly he shal repent it sore
For no man more in to this place
Of me to entre shal hawe grace 4080
Leuer I had with swerdes twayne
Throughout myn herte / in euyre vayne
Perced to be / with many a wunde
Than slouthe shulde in me be founde
From hensforthe by nyght or day 4085
I shal defende it if I may
Withouten any excepcion
Of eche maner condycion
And if I it any man graunte
Holdeth me for recreaunte. 4090

T

Han Daunger on his fete gan stonde
And hente a burdon in his honde
Wrothe in his ire ne lefte he nought
But through the verger he hath sought
If he myght fynde hole or trace 4095
Where through that me mote forthe by pace
Or any gappe / he dyd it close

I F Bialacoil be swete and free 4027
Doggd and fel thou shuldest be
Forwarde and outragyous iwys
A chorle chaungeth that curteys is
This hane I herde ofte in sayeng
That man may for no dauntyng 4032
Make a sperhauke of a bosarde
Al men wol holde the for musarde
That debonaye haue founden the 4035
It sytteth the nought curteys to be
To do men plesaunce or seruyse
In the it is recreaundye
Let thy werkes ferre and nere 4039
Be lyke thy name / whiche is Daungere
Than al abawed in shewyn
Anon spake Drede / right thus sayeng
And sayd / Daunger I drede me
That thou me wolte besy be 4044
To kepe that thou haste to kepe
Whan thou shuldest wake / thou art a slepe
Thou shalt be greued certainly
If the aspye Ielousye 4048
Or if he fynde the in blame
He hath to day assayed Shame
And chased away / with great manac
Bialacoil out of this place 4052
And swereth shortly that he shall
Enclose him in a sturdy wall
And al is for thy wickyndesse
For that the fayleth straungeynesse 4056
Thyn herte I trowe be fayled all
Thou shalte repent in speciall
If Ielousye the sothe knewe 4059
Thou shalte forthynke / and sore rewe.
That no man might touche a rose
Of the Roser all aboute
He shytteith euery man without
Thus day by day Daunger is wers
More wonderful and more dyuers
And feller eke / than euer he was
For hym ful ofte I synged alas
For I ne may nought / through his yre
Recover that I moste desyre
Myn herte alas / wol brest a two
For Bialacoil I wrathed so
For certaynly in euery membre
I quake / when I me remembre
Of the bothom / whiche I wolde
Ful ofte a day sene and beholde
And when I thinke vpon the kyss
And howe muche ioye and blysse
I had through the sauour sweete
For waits of it I grone and grete
Me thynketh I fele yet in my nose
The sweete sauour of the rose
And nowe I wote that I mote go
So ferre the fresshe flouris fro
To me ful welcome were the dethe
Absence therof (alas) me slethe
For whythy with this rose / alas
I touched nose / mouthe / and face
But nowe the dethe I must abyde
But Loue consent another tyde
That ones I touche may and kyss
I trowe my payne shal never lisse
Theron is al my couectys
Whiche brent myn herte in many wyse
Nowe shal repayre agayne syghnyng
Longe watche on nyghtes / and no slepyng
Thought in wysshynge / torment / and wo
With many a turnyng to and fro
That halfe my payne I can not tell
For I am fallen in to hell
From paradise and welthe / the more
My torment greueth more / and more
Anoyeth nowe the bytynesses
That I toforne haue felte swettesnes
And wicked tonye / through his falshede
Causeth al my wo and drede
On me he leyeth a pytous charge
Bycause his tonge was to large.

Nowe it is tyme shortly that I
Tell you somthyng of Ielousy
That was in great suspesion
Aboute him lefte he no mason
That stone coulde laye / ne querroure
He hyred hem to make a tour
And first the roses for to kepe
Aboute hem made he a diche depe
Right wonder large / and also brode
Vpon the whiche also stode
Of squared stone / a sturdy wall
Whiche on a cragge was founded all
And right great thickness eke it bare
About it was founded square
An hundred fadome on euery syde
It was al lyche longe and wyde
Lest any tyme it were assayled
Ful wel aboute it was batayled
And rounde enuyron eke were sette
Ful many a riche and fayre tourette
At euery corner of this wall
Was sette a toure ful principall
And eueriche hadde without fable
A portcolysyse defensable
To kepe of enemyes / and to greue
That there her force wolde preue
And eke amydde this purpruise
Was made a toure of great maistryse
A fayrer saugh no man with syght
Large and wyde / and of great myght
They dradde none assaut
Of gynne / gonne / nor skaffaut 4176
The tempwęre of the mortere Was made of lycou wonder dere
Of quicke lyme persaunt and egre 4179
The whiche was tempwed with yngre

The stone was harde of damemat
Werof they made the foundemant
The toure was rounde made in compas
In al this worlde no richer was 4184
Ne better ordayned there withal
Aboute the toure was made a wal
So that betwixt that and the toure
Roses were sette of swete saunour 4188
With many roses that they bere
And eke within the castel were
Springoldes / gones / bowes / and archers
And eke about at corners 4192
Men seyne ouer the wal stonde
Great engyns / who were nerehonde
And in the kernels here and there
Of arblasters great plentiere were 4196
None armure myght her strok withstonde
It were foly to præce to honde
Without the dycthe were lystes made
With wal batayed large and brade 4200
For men and horse shulde not attayne
To ngyhe the dycthe ouer the playne
Thus Iealousye hath enuyron
Set aboute his garnysen 4204
With walles rounde / and dycthe depe
Onely the Roser for to kepe 1532. 4208
And Daunger erly and late
The keyes kepte of the vtter gate
The whiche openeth towarde the eest
And he had with him at leest
Thurty seruauntes echone by name
 That other gate kept Shame 4212
Whiche opened / as it was couthe
Towarde the parte of the southe
Sergeauntes assigned were her to
Ful many / her wyl for to do 4216
Than Drede had in her bailye
The kepyng of the constablerye
Towarde the northe I understonde
That opened vpon the lyfte honde 4220
The whiche for nothynge may be sure
But if she do besy cure
Erly on morowe / and also late 4223
Strongly to shette and barre the gate
Of every thyng that she may se
Drede is a ferde / where so she be
For with a puffe of lytel wynde
Drede is astonyed in her mynde 4228
Therfore for stealyng of the rose
I rede her not the yate vnclse
A foules flyght wol make her fle
And eke a shadowe if she it se. 4232

Thus wicked tonge ful of enuye
With soudyours of Normandye
As he that causeth al the bate
Was keper of the fourthe gate 4236
And also to the tother thre
He went ful ofte for to se
Whan his lotte was to wake a nyght
His instrumentes wolde he dyght 4240
For to blowe and make sowne
Ofter than he hath enchesoun
And walken ofte vpon the wall
Corners and wickettes over all 4244
Ful narowe serchen and espye
Though he naught fonde / yet wolde he
lye
Discordaunt euer fro armony
And distoned from melodye 4248
Controue he wolde / and foule fayle
With hornepypes of Cornewayle
In floytys made he discordance 4251
And in his musyke with mischaunce
He wolde seyne with notes newe [[150 bk.]]
That he fonde no woman trewe
Ne that he sawe neuer in his lyfe
Vnto her husbonde a trewe wyfe
Ne none so ful of honeste
That she nyly loughed and mery be
Whan that she hereth or may espie
A man speken of lecherye
Eueryche of hem hath some vyce
One is dishonest / another is nyce
If one be ful of vilanye
Another hath a lykerous eye
If one be ful of wantonnesse
Another is a chyderesse.

Thus wicked tonge / god yene him shame
Can put hem euerychone in blame
Without deserte and causelesse
He lyeth / though they ben gyltlesse
I haue pyte to sene the sorowe
That walketh bothe eue and morowe
To innocentes dothe suche greauncce
I pray god yene him yuel chaunce
That he euer so besye is
Of any woman to seyne amys
Eke Telousye / god confounde
That hath made a toure so rounde
And made aboute a garson
To sette Bealacoil in prison
The whiche is shette there in the tour
Ful longe to holde there soiour
There for to lyne in penauncce
And for to do him more greauncce
Whiche hath ordayned Ielousye
An olde vecke for to espie
The maner of his gouernaunce
The whiche dyuel in her enfaunce
Had lerned of loues arte
And of his pleys toke her parte

She was except in his seruyse
She knewe ech wrenche and euery gyse
Of Loue / and euery wyle
It was harde her to begyle

Of Bealacoil she toke aye hede
That euere he luyeth in wo and drede
He kepeth him koye / and eke priue
Leest in him she had se
Any foly countenaunce [[1 ft. 150, bk., col. 2]]

And after this whan Ielousye
Had Bealacoil in his baille
And shette him vp that was so fre
For sure of him he wolde be
He trusteth sore in his castell
The stronge werke him lyketh well
He dradde not that no glotons
Shulde steale his roses or bothoms
The roses weren assured all
Defenced with the stronge wall
Nowe Ielousye ful wel may be
Of drede deuoyde in lyberte
Whether that he slepe or wake
For of his roses may none be take.

BVT I (alas) nowe morne shal
Bycause I was without the wal
Ful moche doole and mone I made
Who had wyste what wo I hade
I trowe he wolde haue had pyte
Lone to dere had solde me
The good that of his loue had I
I wente aboute it al queainty
But nowe through doublyng of my payne
I se he wolde it sell agayne
And me a newe bargayne lere
The whiche al out the more is dere
For the solace that I haue lorne
Than I had it neuer aforne
Certayne I am ful lyke in dede
The Romaunt of the Rose. (Ed. Thynne, 1532.)

To him that caste in erthe his sede
And hath ioye of the newe spring
Whan it grene the gynnyng
And is also fayre and freshe of floure
Lusty to sene / swote of odoure
But er he it in sheues shere
May fall a wether that shal it dere
And make it to fade and fall
The stalke / the greyne / and floures all
That to the tyllers is fordone
The hope that he had to sone
I drede certayne that so fare I
For hope and traualye sykerly
Ben me byrafte al with a storme
The floure nyl seden of my corne
For Love hath so auanced me
When I began my priuye
To Bailacoil al for to tel
Whom I ne founde frowarde ne fel
But toke agree al hole my play
But love is of so harde assaye
That al atones he reued me
When I wente best abouen to haue be
It is of love / as of fortune
That chaungeth ofte / and nyl contune
Whiche whilom wol on folke smyle
And glombe on hem another while
Nowe frende nowe foe shalte her fele
For a twynclynge turneth her whel
She canne wrihte her heed awaye
This is the concourse of her playe
She canne areyse that dothe mourne
And whirle adowne and ouertourne
Who sytteth hyghest / but as her lust
A foole is he that wol her trust
For it is I that am come downe
Through charge and revolutioun
Sithe Bailacoil mote fro me twynne
Shette in the prison yonde withinne
His absences at myne herte I fele
For al my ioye and al myne hele
Was in him / and in the Rose
That but you wol / whiche him dothe close
Openne / that I maye him se
Lone wol nat that I cured be
Of the paynes that I endure
Nor of my cruel aventure.

A

Bialacoil myne owne dere
Though thou be nowe a prisoner
Kepe at leest thyne herte to me
And suffre nat that it daunted be
Ne lette nat Ielousy in his rage
Putte thyne herte in no seruage
Al though he chastice the without
And make thy body vnto him lout
Haue herte as harde as diamaunt
Stedfast / and naught plyaunt
In prison though thy body be
At large kepe thyne herte free
A trewe herte wol nat pylie
For no manace that it maye drye
If Ielousy dothe the payne
Quyte him his while thus agayne
To venge the at leest in thought
If other waye thou mayst nought
And in this wyse subtelly
Worche / and wynne the maistry
But yet I am in great affraye
Lest thou do nat / as I saye
I drede thou canst me great maugre
That thou enprisoned arte for me
But that nat for my trespass
For through me neuer discouered was
Yet thynges / that ought be secre
Wel more annoyte is in me
Than is in the of this myschaunce
For I endure more harde penaunce
Than any canne sayne or thynke
And sayd that in hys tyme
Whiche lese her trauyyle at the last
Of thyng to commen she wotte right nought
Therfore if it be wisely sought
Her counsayle foly is to take
For many tymes / when she wol make
A ful good sylogisme / I drede
That afterwarde there shal in dede
Folowe an yuel conclusyoun
This putte me in confusyoun
For many tymes I haue it sene
That many haue begyled bene
For truste that they haue sette in hoope
Whiche fel hem afterwarde a slope.

That he that wol him with her holde
Hads al tymes her purpose clere
Without disceyte or any were
That she desyreth sykerly
When I her blamed I dyd foly
But what auayleth her good wyl
When she ne maye staunce my stoude yl
That helpeth lytel that she maye do
Outtake beheest vnto my wo
And heest certayne in no wyse
Without yefte is nat to preyse.

That for the sorowe almost I synke
When I remembre me of my wo
Ful nyghe out of my wytte I go.
Inwarde myne herte I fel blede
For comfortlesse the deth I drede
Owe I nat wel to haue dystresse
When false / through her wickednesse
And traytours / that arne enuyous
To noyen me / be so coragious
Ah / Bialacoile ful wel I se
That they hem shape to disceyue the
To make the buxome to her lawe
And with her corde the to drawe
Where so hem lust / right at her wyl
I drede they haue the brought there tyl
Without conforte / thought me sletehe
This game wol bringe me to my deth
For if your good wyl I lese
I mote be deed I maye nat chese
And if that thou foryte me
Myne hert shal neuer in lykyng be
Nor elswhere fynde solace
If I be putte out of your grace
As it shal neuer ben I hoope
Than shulde I fal in wanhope
Alas / in wanhope : naye parde
For I wol neuer dispeyre be
If hope me fayle / than am I
Vngratious and vnworthy
In hoope I wol conforted be
For Loue / when he betaught her me
Sayd / that hoope where so I go
Shulde aye be relees to my wo
But what and she my bales bete
And be to me curteis and swete
She is in nothyng ful certayne
Louers she putte in ful great payne
And maketh hem with wo to dele
Her fayre behest disceyuel be
For she wol behote sykerly

That beheest almost I synke
When I remembre me of my wo
Ful nyghe out of my wytte I go.
Inwarde myne herte I fel blede
For comfortlesse the deth I drede
Owe I nat wel to haue dystresse
When false / through her wickednesse
And traytours / that arne enuyous
To noyen me / be so coragious
The Romaunt of the Rose. (Ed. Thynne, 1532.)  59

Drede also / and Ielousye
And Wicked Tonge ful of enuye  4484
Of whiche the sharpe and cruel Ire
Ful ofte me putte in great martyre
They haue my ioye fully lette
Sithe Bialacoil they haue beshette [151 bk.,
col. 2]
Fro me in prison wickedly  4489
Whome I love so entierly
That it wol my bane be
But I the sooner maye him se  4493
And yet more ouer worstes of al
There is sette to kepe / foule her befal
A Rympled vecke ferre ronne in rage
Frownyng and yelowe in her visage
Whiche in awayte lyeth day and nyght
That none of hem may haue a syght.

Of so stronge a forteresse?  4520
By me certayne it nyl be do
God wotte I haue no wytte therto
But weI wotte I was in rage
When I to Loue dydde homage  4524
Who was in cause (in sothfastnesse)
But her selfe dame Idelnesse?
Whiche me conueyde through fayre prayere
To enter in to that fayre vergere  4528
She was to blame me to leue
The whiche nowe dothe me sore greue
A fooles worde is nought to trowe
Ne worth the apple for to lowe  4532
Menne shulde him sybbe bitterly
At prime temps of his foly [Fo. c.iii.]
I was a foole / and she me leued
Through whom I am right nought releued
She accompllysshed al my wyll  4537
That nowe me greueth wonder yll.

Eason me sayde what shulde fall
A foole my selfe I may wel call
That loue a syde I had nat layde  4541
And trowed that dame Reson sayde
Reson had bothe skyll and ryght
When she me blamed / with al her
myght  4544
To medle of loue / that hath me shent
But certayne nowe I wol repent.

Nd shulde I repent? nay parde
A false traytour / than shulde I be
The dyuels engyns wolde me take '4549
If I my loue wolde forsake
Or Bialacoil falsly betraye
Shulde I at mischefe hate him? naye
Sythe he nowe for his curtesye  4553
Is in prison of Ielousye
Curtesye certayne dyd he me
So moche / that it may not yolden be Whan he the hay passen me lete 4557 To kysse the Rose / fayre and swete Shulde I therfore come him maugre Nay certaynly / it shal not be 4560 For Loue shal neuer yeue good wyll Here of me / through worde or wyll Offence or complaynt more or lesse Neyther of Hope nor Idelnesse 4564 For certes it were wroght that I Hated hem for her curtesye There is not els / but suffre and thynke And waken whan I shulde wyne 4568 Abyde in hope / tyl Loue through chaunce Sende me socour or allegeaunce Expectant aye tyl I may mete To getawayt mercy of that swete. 4572

Whylom I thynke howe Loue to me Sayd he wolde take at gre My seruyce / if vnpacience Caused me to done offence 4576 He sayd / in thanke I shal it take And hygh mayster eke the make If wickednesse ne reue ut the But sone I trowe that shal not be 4580 These were his wordes by and by It sended he loued me trewly Nowe is there not but serue him wel If that I thynke his thanke to fele My good myn harme / lythe hole in me In Loue may no defaute be For trewe loue ne fayled neuer man Sothly the faute mote nedes than As god forbyd / be founde in me And howe it commeth / I can not se Nowe let it gone as it may go Whether Loue wol socoure me or slo He may do hole on me his wyll 4593

I am so sore bounde hym tyll From his seruyce I may not flene For lyfe and dethe withouten wene Is in his hande / I may not chese 4597 He may me do bothe wynne and lesse And sythe so sore he dothe me greue Yet if my luste he wolde acheue 4600 To Bialacoil goodly to be I yeue no force what fel on me For though I dye / as I mote nede I pray Loue of his goodlyhede 4604 To Bialacoil do gentylnesse For whom I lyue in suche distresse That I mote dyn for penaunce But first / without repentauce 4608 I wol me confesse in god entent And make in haste my testament As louers done that felen smerte To Bialacoil leave I myn herte 4612 Al hole / without departyng Or doublenesse of repentyng.

*Comment Raison vient a Lamant.*

*This as I made my passage 4615 In compleynt / and in cruel rage And I not where to fynde a leche That couthe vnto myn helpyng echel Sodainly agayne comen doun Out of her tour I sawe Reasoun 4620 Discrete and wyse / and ful plesaunt And of her porte ful auenaunt The right way she toke to me Whiche stode in great perplexite 4624 That was possessd in euerly syde That I nyst where I myght abyde Tyl she demurely satte of chere Sayd to me as she came nere 4623 Myne owne frende / arte thou greued? Howe is this quarel yet atchened Of loues syde? anone tel me
Thou seruest a ful noble lorde 4639
That maketh the thrall for thy rewarde
Whiche aye reneweth thy tourment
With foly so he hath the blent
Thou fel in myscyfe thylke daye 4643
Whan thou dyddest / the sothe to saye
Obeysaunce / and eke homage
Thou wroughest nothyng as the sage
Whan thou became his liege man
Thou dyddest a great foly than 4648
Thou wydest nat what fel therto
With what lorde thou haddest to do
If thou haddest him wel knowe
Thou haddest nought be brought so lowe
For if thou wydest what it were 4653
Thou noldest serue him halfe a yere
Nat a weke / nor halfe a daye
Ne yet an hour without delaye 4656
Ne neuer I loued paramours
His lordshypp is so ful of shoures
Knowest him ought?
Lamaunt. Ye dame parde
Raysoun. Nay nay. Lamaunt. Yes I
Raysoun. Wherfore lette se 4660
Lamaunt. Of that he sayd I shulde be
Gladde to have suche lorde (as he)
And maister of suche seignorie
Raysoun. Knowest him no more?
Lamaunt. Naye certes I 4664
Saue that he yafe me rules there
And went his waye / I nyst where
And I abode bounde in balauce
Lo / there a noble conysaunce. 4668

BVT I wol that thou knowe him nowe
Gynnynge and ende / sithe that thou
Arte so anguysshous and mate
Disfygured out of astate 4672
There maye no wretche haue more of wo
Ne caytife none enduren so
It were to euerie manne syttyng
Of his lorde haue knowlegyng 4676
For if thou knewe him out of dout
Lightly thou shuldest escapen out
Of thy prysone that marreth the
Lamaunt. Ye dame sithe my lorde
is he 4680
And I his manne made with myne honde
I wolde ryght fayne vnderstonde
To knowe of what kynde he be
If any wolde enforme me. 4684

I Wolde (sayd Reason) the lere
Sithe thou to lerne hast suche desyre
And shewe the withouten fable
A thynge that is nat demonstrable 4688
Thou shalte withouten science [30]
And knowe withouten experience
The thynge that may nat knowen be
Ne wyster ne shewed in no degree 4692
Thou mayst the sothe of it nat wytten
Though in the it were written
Thou shalte nat knowe therof more
Whyle thou arte ruled by his lore 4696
But vnto him that loue wol flye
The knotte maye vnbounde be
Whiche hath to the / as it is founde
So longe to knytte and nat vnbounde
Nowe sette wel thyne entantioun
To here of Loue discriptioun. 4702
Also a sweate helle it is 4744
And a sorowful paradys
A plesaunt gayle and easy prisoun
And ful of frost somer seasoun
Pryme temps ful of frostes whyte
And Maye deuoyde of al delyte 4748
With seer branches blossoms vngreene
And newe frute fyllid with wynter tene
It is a slowe maye nat forbeare
Ragges rybaned with golde to weare
For al so wel wol loue be sette 4753
Vnder ragges as riche rochette
And eke as wyel by amorettes
In mournyng blacke / as bright burnettes
For none is of so mokel prise 4757
Ne no manne founden so wyse
Ne none so highe is of parage
Ne no manne founde of wytte so sage
No manne so hardy ne so wight 4761
Ne no manne of so mokel myght
None so fullyled of bounte
That he with loue maye daunted be
Al the worlde holdeth this wyse 4765
Louve maketh al to gone myswayne
But it be they of yuel lyfe [no]
Whome Genius cursed man and wyfe
That wrongly werke agayne nature
None suche I loue / ne haue no cure
Of suche as loues seruauntes bene 4771
And wol nat by my counsayle flene
For I ne preyse that louynge
Wherthrough men at the laste endyng
Shal cal hem wretches ful of wo 4775
Louve greueth hem and shendeth so
But if thou wolte wel loue eschewe
For to escape out of his mewe 4778
And make al hoole thy sorowe to slake
No better counsayle mayst thou take
Than thyinke to fleen wel ywis 4781

L
Oue it is an hateful pees
And through the frette ful of falshe
And ful of hoope it is wanhoope 4708
Wyse woodnesse / and voyde Resoun
A swete peryl in to drowne
An heuy burthen lyght to beare
A wicked wawe awaye to weare 4712
It is Carybdes perilous
Disagreeable and gratious [1 Fo. C.iii.]
1It is descordaunce that can accorde
And accordaunce to discorde 4716
It is connyng without science
Wysedom without sapyence
Wytte without discretioun
Hauoyre without possessyoun 4720
It is lyke hele and hole sickenesse
A truste drowned and dromknesse
And helthe ful of maladye
And charyte ful of enuye 4724
And angre ful of habundaunce
And a gredy suffysaunce
Delyte right ful of heuyynesse
And dreryed ful of gladnesse 4728
Bytter swetnesse and swete errour
Right yuel sauoured good sauour
Sen that pardone hath withinne
And pardone spotted without synne
A payne also it is ioyous 4733
And felonye ryght pytous
Also playe that selde is stable
And stedfast right meuable 4736
A strength weyked to stonde vpright
And feblenesse ful of myght
Wytte vnausysd / sage folye
And ioye ful of tourmentrye 4740
A laughter it is wepyngge aye
Rest that trauyleth nyght and daye

The Romaunt of the Rose. (Ed. Thynne, 1532.)
Maye nought helpe els / for wytte thou this.
If thou flye it / it shal flye the
Folowe it / and folowen shal it the. 4784

| Lamaunt.

When I hadde herde al Reason sayne
Whiche had spilt her speche in vayne
Dame (sayd I) I dare wel saye
Of this anaunt me wel I maye 4788
That from your schole so deuaunt
I am / that newer the more anaunt
Right nought am I through your doctryne
I dulle vnder your disciplyne 4792
I wotte no more than wyster euer
To me so contrary and so fer
Is euer thynge that ye me lere
And yet I canne it al by partuere 4796
Myne herte foryeteth theroft right nought
It is so written in my thought
And depe greuen it is so tender
That al myne herte I can it render 4800
And rede it ouer communely
But to my fele lewdest am I.

B Yt sithe ye Loue discryuen so
And lackle and preise it bothe two
Defyneth it in to this letter 4805
That I maye thynke on it the better
For I herde newer diffyned here
And wylfully I wolde it lere 4808
If loue be serched well and sought [155 bk.]
It is a sickenes of the thought
Annexed and knedde betwixt twyne
With male and female with o cheyne
So frely that byndeth / that they nyl
twynne 4813
Wheder so therof they lese or wynne
The rote spryngeth through hooe bren-nynge
In to disordynate desyringe 4816

For to kyssen and enbrace
And at her luste them to solace
Of other thynge lone retcheth nought
But setteth her herte and al her thought
More for delectation un 4821
Than any procreatinun
Of other fruite by engendrure
Whiche loue to god is nat pleasure 4824
For of her body fruyte to gette
They yene no force / they are so sette
Vpon deleyte to playe in fere
And some hane also this manere 4828
To faynen hem for loue seke
Suche loue I preyse nat at a leke
For paramours they do but fayne
To lone trewly they disdayne 4832
They falsen ladyes traytoursly
And swerne hem othes wtherly
With many a leasyng / and many a fable
And al they fynden disceyuable 4836
And whan they han her luste getten
The hoote ermes they al foryetten
Women the harme byen ful sore
But menne this thynken euermore 4840
That lasse harme is / so mote I thee
Disceyue them / than disceyued be
And namely where they ne maye
Fynde none other meane waye 4844
For I wotte wel in sothfastnesse
That what dothe nowe his besynesse
With any woman for to dele
For any luste that he maye fele 4848
But if it be for engendrure
He dothe trespass I you ensure
For he shulde setten al his wyl
To getten a lykely thynge him tyl 4852
And to sustayne / if he myght
And kepe forthe by kyndes ryght
His owne lykenesse and semblable
For bycause al is corrupable 4856
And fayle shulde successyoun
Ne were their generation
Our sectes sterne for to saue
Whan father or mother arne in grewe
Her chyldren shulde / whan they ben bede
Ful dilygent bene in her stede
To vse that warke on suche a wyse
That one may through another ryse
Therfore sette kynde therin delyte
For men therin shulde hem delyte
And of that dede be nat erke
But ofte sythes haunt that werke
For none wolde drawe therof a draught
Ne were delyte / whiche hath him caught
This had subtyl dame Nature
For none gothe right I the ensure
Ne hath entent hoole ne parfyte
For her desyre is for delyte
The whiche fertonede crease / and eke
The playe of loue for ofte seke
And thral hem selte they be so nyce
Vn to the prynce of euery wyce
For of ech synne it is the rote
Vnleful luste / though it be sote
And of al yuel the racyne
As Tullyus canne determyne
Whiche in his tyme was ful sage
In a booke he made of age
Where that more he prayseth elde
Though he be croked and vnwelde
And more of commendatioun
Than yourethe in his discripioun
For youthe sette bothe man and wyfe
In al parel of soule and lyfe
The parel is / but men haue grace
And parel of youthe for to pace
Without any dethe or distresse
It is so ful of wyldnesse
So ofte it dothe shame or domage

To hym or to his lyncage
It ledeth man / nowe vp nowe downe
In mokel dissolutioun
And maketh hym loue yuel company
And lede his lyfe disrulely
And halte hym payde with none estate
Within hym selfe is suche debate
He chaungeth purpose and entent
And yalte in to some couent
To lyuen after her emprise
And leseth fredom and fraunchyse
That nature in him had sette
The whiche agayne he may not gette
If he theare make his mansyon
For to abyde professyon
Though for a abyde professyon
It may not fayle / he shal repente
And eke abyde thilke day
To leane his abyde / and gon his way
And leseth his worship and his name
And dare not come agayne for shame
But al his lyfe he dothe so mourne
Bycause he dare nat home retourne
Fremd of kynde so loste hath he
That neuer may recured be
But that if god him graunte grace
That he may / er he hence pace
Conteyne vnder obedyence
Through the vertue of paciencie
For youthe set man in al folye
In vnthrite and in rybandrie
In lechery / and in outrage
So ofte it chaungeth of corage
Youthe gynmeth ofte suche bargayne
That may not ende without payne
In great parell is set youth heede
Delyte so dothe his bridell lede
Delyte this hangeth / drede the nought
Bothe mans body and his thought
Onely through youthes chamber
That to done yeull is customere
And of naught els taketh hede
But onely folkes for to lede
In to disporte and wyldenesse
So is frowarde from sadnesse
But elde draweth hem therfor
Who wote it not / he may wel go
And mo of hem / that nowe arne olde
That whylom yowthe had in holde
Whiche yet remembrith of tender age
Howe it hem brought in many a rage
And many a foly therin wrought
But nowe that elde hath him through sought
They repent hem of her folye
That yowthe hem put in ioeapardy
In parell and in moche wo
And made hem ofte amysse to do
And sewen yuell companye
Ryot and anoynge

Whiche / Whan
And
Howe
Ne
Of
Men
Her
For
But
In
And
Eyot
And
And
In
That
They
She
But
And
Bvt elde gan agayne restrayne
From suche foly / and refrayne
And set men by her orldynance
In good rule and in gouernaunce
But yuel she spendeth her seruyse
For no man wol her loue neyther preyse
She is hated / this wote I wele
Her acqueyntaunce wolde no man fele
Ne han of elde companye
Men hate to be of her alye
For no man wolde becomen olde
Ne dye / whan he is yonge and bolde
And elde meruayleth right greatly
When they remembre hem inwardly
Of many a perillous emprise
Whiche that they wrought in sondrie wyse
Howe euer they might without blame
Escape away without shame

In yowthe without domage
Or reprefe of her lynage
Losse of membre / shedyng of blood
Parell of dethe / or losse of good
Woste thout not where yowthe abydt
That men so preysen in her wyt
With Delyte she halte soiyur
For bothe they dwellen in o tour
As longe as yowthe is in season
They dwellen in one mansyon
Delyte of yowthe wol haue seruyce
To do what so he wol deuyse
And yowthe is redy euermore
For to obeye for smerte of soore
Vnto Delyte / and him to yeue
Her seruyce / while that she may lyue.

Where elde abytte / I wol the tel
Shortly / and no while dwel
For thyder behoueth the to go
If dethe in yowthe the nat slo
Of this iournye thou mayst nat fayle
With her labour and trauayle
Lodged ben with sorowe and wo
That neuer out of her courte go
Payne and dystresse / syckenesse / and yre
And melancoly that angry syre
Bene of her paleys senatours
Gronyng and grutchyng / her herbegeours
The daye and nyght her to tourment
With cruel dethe they her present
And tellen her erlyche and late
That dethe stondeth armed at her gate
Than brynge they to her remembrance
The foly dedes of her enfauence
Whiche causen her to mourne in wo
That yowthe hath her begyled so
Whiche sodainly awaye is hasted
She weped the tyme that she hath wasted
Complaynynge of the preterytte  
And the present / that nat abytte  
And of her olde vanyte  
That but aforne her she maye se 5014  
In the future some sououre  
To leggen her of her doloure  
To graunt her tyme of repentance  
For her synnes to do penaunce 5018  
And at the laste so her gouernne  
To wynne the ioye that is eterne  
Fro whiche go backwarde youthe he made  
In vanyte to drowne and wade 5022  
For present tymé abydeth nought  
It is more swyfte than any thought  
So lytel whylle it dothe endure  
That there nys compté ne measure  
But howe that euer the game go  
Who lyst to loure ioye and myrthe also  
Of loure / be it he or she  
Hye or lowe who it be 5030  
In fruyte they shulde hem delyte  
Her parte they maye nat els quyte  
To saue hem selve in honeste  
And yet ful many one I se 5034  
Of women / sothly for to sayne  
That desyre / and wolde fayne  
The playe of loure / they be so wyldé  
And nat couetyse to go with chylde 5038  
And if with chylde they be perchaunce  
They wol it holde a great myschaunce  
But what so euer wo they fele  
They wol nat playne / but concele 5042  
But if it be any foole or nyce  
In whome that shame hath no iustycé  
For to Delyte echone they drawe  
That haunte this worke bothe hye and lawe  
Sawe suche that arne worthye right  

That for money wal be bought  
Suche loure I preysse in no wyse  
When it is gouen for couetyse 5050  
I preysse no woman / though so be woode  
That yeueth her selue for any goode  
For lytel shulde a man telle  
Of her / that wel her body selle 5054  
Be she mayde / be she wyse  
That quycke wol selle her by her lyfe  
Howe fayre chere that euer she make  
He is a wretche I vndertake 5058  
That loured suche one / for swete or soure  
Though she hym called her paramoure  
And laugheth on him / and maketh him feest  
For certainly no suche beest 5062  
To be loured is nat worthy  
Or beare the name of Drury  
None shulde her please / but he were woode 5065  
That wol dispoyle him of his goode  
Yet nathelesse I wol nat saye  
That she for solace and for playe  
Maye a iewel or other thynge  
Take of her loues free yeunyng 5070  
But that she aske it in no wyse  
For drede of shame / or couetyse  
And she of hers maye him certayne  
Without sclaunder yeuen agayne 5074  
And ioyne her hertes togyder so  
In loure / and take and yeue also  
Trowe nat that I wol hem twynne  
Whan in her loure there is no synne  
I wol that they togyder go 5079  
And done al that they hanne ado  
As curteys shulde and debonayre  
And in her loure beren hem fayre  
Without vyse / bothe he and she  
So that awaye in honeste

[leaf 154 back, col. 2]
The Romaunt of the Rose. (Ed. Thynne, 1532.) 67

Fro folly loue to kepe hem clere
That brenneth heres with his fere 5086
And that her loue in any wyse
Be deuoyde of couetyse
Good loue shulde engendred be
Of trewe hert / inste / and secre 5090
And nat of suche as sette her thought
To haue her luste / and els nought
So are they caught in loues lace
Trewly for bodily solace 5094
Flesshely delyte is so present [Fo. c.iv.]
With the / that set al thynt entent
Without more / what shulde I glose
For to get and haue the Rose 5098
Whiche maketh the so mate and wood
That thou desyrest none other good
But thou arte not an ynche the nerre
But euer abydest in sorowe and werre
As in thy face it is sene 5103
It maketh the bothe pale and lene
Thy might / thy vertue gothe away
A sory gest in good fay
Thou herbores in thyne inne
The god of Loue whan thou let inne
Wherfore I rede thou shette him oute
Or he shal greue the out of doute
For to thy profyte it wol turne 5111
If he no more with the soiourne
In great mischefe and sorowe sonken
Ben heretes / that of loue arne dronken
As thou peraunturere knowen shall 5115
Whan thou hast lost the tyme all
And spent by thought in ydelenesse
In waste / and woful lystynesse 5118
If thou mayste lyue the tyme to se
Of love for to deleyuer be
Thy tyme thou shalte bewepe sore
The whiche neuer thou mayst restore
For tyme loste / as men may se 5123
For nothyng may recouered be

| And if thou scape / yet at laste
| Fro loue that hath the so faste 5126
| Knytte and bounden in his lace
| Certayne I holde it but a grace
| For many one as it is seyne
| Haue loste / and spent also in veyne
| In his seruyce without socour 5131
| Body and soule / good / and treasour
| Wytte / and strength / and eke rychesse
| Of whiche they had neuer redresse. 5134

T
Hus taught & preched hath Reason
But Loue spylte her sermon
That was so imped in my thought
That her doctrine I set at nought 5138
And yet ne sayd she neuer a dele
That I ne vnderstode it wele
Worde by worde the mater al
But vnto Loue I was so thrall [Fo. c.iv., col. 2.]
Whiche calleth ouer al his praye 5143
He chaseth so my thought aye
And holdeth myne herte vnder his sele
As trusty and trewe as any stele 5146
So that no deuocion
Ne had I in the sermon
Of dame Reason / ne of her rede
I toke no soiour in myn heede 5150
For al yede out at one ere
That in that other she dyd lere
Fully on me she lost her lore 5153
Her speche me greued wonder sore.

T
Hat vnto her for ire I sayde
For anger / as I dyd abrayde
Dame / and is it your wyl algate
That I not loue / but that I hate 5158
Al men / as ye me teche
For if I do after your speche
Sythe that ye seyne loue is not good
Than must I nedes say with mode
If I it leue / in hatred aye 5163
The Romaut of the Rose. (Ed. Thynne, 1532.)

Lyuen / and voyde loue awaye
From me a synful wretche
Hated of al that tetch 5166
I may not go none other gate
For eyther muste I loue or hate
And if I hate men of newe
More than loue / it wol me rewe 5170
As by your prechymg semeth me
For Loue nothyng ne prayseth the
Ye yeue good consayle sykerly
That precheth me al day / that I 5174
Shulde not loues lore alowe
He were a foole wolde you not trowe
In speche also ye han me taught
Another loue that knowen is naught
Whiche I hawe herde you not repreue
To loue ech other by your leue
If ye wolde diffyne it me
I wolde gladly here to se 5182
At the leest if I may lere
Of sondrie loues the manere.

Ertes frende / a foole arte thou
Whan that' thou nothyng wolte alow 5186
That I for thy profyte saye
Yet wol I saye the more in faye
For I am redy at the leest [Fo. C.4v, back]
To accomplysshe they request 5190
But I not where it wol aueyle
In vayne paraunture I shal trauyle
Lone there is in sondrye wyse
And Ishal the herde deuyse 5194
For some lone leful is and goode
I meane nat that whiche maketh the woode
And bryngeth the in manuye a fytte
And rauysseth fro the al thy wytte
It is so marueylous and queynt 5199
With suche loue be no more aqueynt.
To askenne often hath great shame
A good manne brenneth in his thought
For shame whan he asketh ought 5242
He hath great thought / and dredeth aye
For his disease whan he shal praye
His frende / lest that he warned be
Tyl that he preue his stabilyte 5246
But whan that he hath founden one
That trusty is and trewe as stone
And assayed him at al
And founde him stedfast as a wal 5250
And of his frendshippe be certayne
He shal shew sixeboth ioye and payne
And al that dare thyinke or saye
Without shame / as he wel maye 5254
For howe shulde he a shamed be
Of suche one as I tolde the
For whan he wotte his secrect thought
The thirde shal knowe therof rightnought
For twey in nombre is better than thre .
In everie counsayle and secrect
Reprenu he dredeth neuer a dele
Who that besette his wordes wele 5262
For everie wyse manne out of drede
Canne kepe his tounge tyl he se nede
And fooles canne nat holde her tounge
A fooles belle is soone ronge
Yet shal a trewe frende do more
To helpe his felowe of his sore
And socour him whan he hath nede
In al that he maye done in dede 5270
And gladder that he him pleaseth
Than his felowe that he easeth
And if he do nat his request
He shal as moche him molest 5274
As his felowe / for that he
Maye nat sufeyl his volunte
Fuly / as he hath requyred
If bothe the hertes loue hath fyred 5278
Ioye and wo they shal departe

And take euenly eche his parte
Halfe his anoye he shal haue aye
And comforte what that he maye 5282
And of this blyssye parte shal he [Fo. C.vi.] If loue wol departed be.

A
do whylom of this vnyte
Spake Tullius in a dyte 5286
And shulde maken his request
Vnto his frende / that is honest
And he goodly shulde it fulfyll
But it the more were out of skyll 5290
And otherwyse not graunte therto
Except only in causes two

If men his frende to dethe wolde druye
Let him be besy to saue his lyue
Also if men wolled him assayle
Of his worshyp to make him fayle
And hyndren him of his renoun
Let him with ful entencioun 5298
His deuer done in eche degre
That his frende ne shamed be

In this two case with his might
Takyng no kepe to skyll nor right 5302
As ferre as loue may him excuse
This ought no man to refuse

This loue that I haue tolde to the
Is no thyng contrarye to me
This wol I that thou folowe wele
And leav the tother every dele
This loue to vertue al entendeth 5309
The tother fooles blent and shendeth.

Another loue also there is
That is contrarye vnto this
Whiche desyre is so constrayned
That is but wyl fayned 5314
Away fro trouthe it dothe so varye
That to good loue it is contrarye
For it maymeth in many wyse
Syke hertes with couetyse 5318
Al in wynnyng and in profyte
Suche loue setteth his delyte
This loue so hangeth in balaunce
That if it lese his hope parchaunce 5322
Of lucre / that he is set vp
It wol fayle / and quenche anon
For no man maye be amorours [so]
Ne in his lyuyng vertuous 5326
But he loue more in moode [1 I. 156, col. 2]
Men for hem selve / than for her goode
1 For loue that profyte dothe abye
Is false / and byddeth not in no tyde
Louve cometh of dame Fortune 5331
That lytel whyle wol contune
For it shal chaungen wonder soone
And take eclipys right as the moone
When he is from vs lette 5335
Through erthe / that betwixt is sette
The sonne and her / as it may fall
Be it in partic / or in all
The shadowe maketh her bemes merke
And her hones to shewe derke
That parte / where she hath loste her
lyght
Of Phebus fully / and the syght 5342
Tyl whan the shadowe is ouerpaste
She is enlumyned ageyn as faste
Through the brightnesse of the sonne
bemes 5345
That yeueth to her ageyne her lemes
That loue is right of suche nature
Nowe is fayre / and nowe obscure
Nowe bright / nowe clipsy of manere
And whilom dymme / & whylom clere
As soone as pouerte gynneth take 5351
With mantel and weedes blake
Hydeth of loue the light away
That in to nyght it turneth day
It may not se richesse shyne
Tyl the blacke shadowes fyne 5356
For whan rychesse shyneth bright
Louve recouereth ayen his lyght
And whan it fayleth / he wol flyt
And as she greueth / so greueth it
Of this loue here what I saye
The ryche men are loued aye 5362
And namely tho that sparande bene
That wol not wasshe her hertes clene
Of the fylthe / nor of the vyce
Of gredy breynnyng auaryce 5366
The ryche man ful fonde is ywis
That weneth that he loued is
If that his herte it vnderstode
It is not he / it is his good 5370
He may wel weten in his thought
His good is loued / and he right nouth
For if he be a nygarde eke
Men wol nat set by him a leke 5374
But haten him / this is the sothe
Lo what profyte his catel dothe
Of every man that may him se [I. 156, bk.]
It geteth him nought but enmyte 5378
But he amende hym selfe of that vyce
And knowe him selve / he is not wyse
Certes he shulde aye frendly be
To get hym loue also ben fre 5382
Or els he is not wyse ne sage
No more than is a gote ramage
That he not loueth / his dede proueth
Whan he his richesse so wel loueth
That he wol hyde it aye and spare 5387
His poore frendes sene forfare
To kepen aye his purpose
Tyl for drede his eyen close
And tyl a wicked dethe him take
Hym had leuer a sondre shake
And let al his lymmes a sondre ryue
Than leue his richesse in his lyue 5394
He thynketh to parte it with no man
Certayne no loute is in him than
Howe shulde loute within hym be
When in his herte is no pyte
That he trespaseth wel I wate
For ech man knoweth his estate
For wel him ought to be reprooued
That loueth nought / ne is not loued
But sithe we arne to fortune comen
And hath our sermon of her nomen
A wonder wyll I tel the nowe
Thou herdest neuer suche one I trowe
I not where thou me leuen shall
Though sothfastnesse it be all
As it is written / and is sothe
That vnto men more profyte dothe
The frowarde fortune and contraire
Than the swote and debonaire
And if the thynke it is doutable
It is through argument prouable
For the debonayre and softe
Falseth and begyleth ofte
For mylke a mother she can cherishe
And mylken as dothe a norice
And of her good to him deles
And yeueth him parte of her ioweles
With great rychesse and dignite
And hem she hoteth stablyte
In a state that is not stable
But chaungynge aye and variable
And fedeth him with glorie veyne
And worldly blysse noncertayne
When she him setteth on her whole
Than wene they to be right wele
And in so stable state withall
That never they wene for to fall
And when they sette so hygh be
They wene to haue in certeynte
Of herdes frendes to great nombre
That nothyng might her state encombe
They truste hem so on every syde
Wenyng with hym they wolde abyde
In every parsel and mischaunce
Without chaunge or variaunce
Bothe of catel and of good
And also for to spends her blood
And al her membres for to spyll
Onely to fulfyll her wyll
They maken it hole in many wyse
And hoten hem her ful seruyse
Howe sore that it do hem smerte
Into her very naked sherte
Herte and al so hole they yeue
For the tyme that they may lyue
So that with her flaterye
They maken fooles glorifye
Of her wordes spekyng
And han chere of a reioysynge
And trowe hem as the Euangyle
And it is al falschede and gyle
As they shal afterward se
Whan they arne fall in pouerte
And ben of good and catell bare
Than shul they seene who frendes ware
For of an hundred certaynly
Nor of a thousande ful scarsly
Ne shal they fynde vnnethes one
Whan pouerte is come vpoun
For thus Fortune that I of tell
With men whan her lust to dwell
Maketh hem to lese her conysaunce
And norissheth hem in ignoraunce.

But frowarde fortune and peruerse
Whan high estates she dothe reuere
And maketh hem to tomble doun
Of her whyle with sodayne tourne
And from her rychesse dothe hem flye
And plongeth hem in pouerte
As a stepmother enyvous
And layeth a playstre dolorous
Vnto her hertes wounded egre
Whiche is not tempred with vynegre
But with pouerte and indygence
For to shewe by experience.
That she is Fortune verily
In whom no man shulde affye
Nor in her yeftes hauhe fyaunce.
She is so ful of varyaunce 5482

Thus can she maken hye and lowe
Whan they from rychese arne throwe
Fulle to knowen without were
Frende of affeote / and frende of chere
And whiche in loue weren trewe and stable [1 Frende, Thynne,]
And whiche also weren varyable
After fortune her goddesse
In pouerte / either in ryche 5490
Of frendes / whan fortune is gone 5494
I meane tho frendes that wol fle
Anon as entreth pouerte
And yet they wol not leave hem so
But in eche place where they go 5498
They cal hem wretche / scorne / and blame
And of her mishappe hem diffame
And namely suche as in ryche 5502
Pretendeth moste of stablenesse
Whan that they sawe him set on lofte
And weren of him socoured ofte
And most yholpe in al her nede
But nowe they take no maner hede
But seyne in voyce of flaterye
That nowe appereth her folye
Ouer al where so they fare
And sygne / go farewel feldefare 5510

But sothfaste frendes / what so betyde
In euer fortune wollen abyde 5514
They han her hertes in suche noblesse
That they nyl loue for no ryche 5519
Nor for that fortune may hem sende
They wollenn hem socour and defende
And chaunge for softe ne for sore
For who is frende loveth euermore
Though men drawe swerde his frende to sio

He may not hewe her loue a two
But in case that I shal say
For pride and ire lese it he may
And for reproye by nycrete
And discoueryng of priuyte 5526
Through venemous detraction
Frende in this case wol gon his way
For nothyng greue him more ne may
And for nought els wol he fle
If that he loue in stabylite 5532
And certayne he is wel begone
Amenge a thousande that fyndeth one
For there may be no ryche 5537
Ayenst frendshyp of worthynesse
For it ne may so hygh attayne
As may the valoure / sothe to sayne
Of him that loueth trewe and well
Frendshyp is more than is catell
For frende in courte aye better is
Than peny in purse certis 5542
And fortune mishappyng
Through misturnyng of her fabling
And caste hem out of balaunce 5546

She maketh through her aduersyte
Men ful clerely for to se
Hym that is frende in existance
From hym that is by apparence
For in fortune maketh anone
To knowe thy frendes fro thy fone
Byexpérience right as it is
The whiche is more to prayse ywis 5554
Than in moche rychesse and tresour
For more depe profyte and valour
Pouertie / and suche aduersyte
Before / than dothe prosperitye 5558
For that one yeueth conyssaunce
And the tother ignorance.

And thus in pouerte is in vde
Trouthe declared fro falshede 5562
For faynte frendes it wol declare
And trewe also / what way they fare
For whan he was in his rychesse
These frendes ful of doublenesse 5566
Offred him in many wyse [Fo. Cl. viii., back]
Herte and body / and servyce
What wolde he than haue you to haue bought
To knowen openly her thought 5570
That he nowe hath so clerely sene
The lasse begyled he shulde haue bene
And he hadde than parceyueth it 5573
But Rychesse nolde nat lette him wytte
Wel more auautage dothe him than
Sithe that it maketh him a wyse man
The great myschefe that he parceyueth
Than dothe Rychesse that him discyeueth
Rychesse riche ne maketh nought 5579
Him that on tresour sette his thought
For rychesse stonte in suffysaunce
And nothyng in habundaunce
For suffysaunce al onely
Maketh menne to lyue richely. 5584

Than dothe he that is chiche 5588
And in his berne hath sothe to sayne
An hundred many of whete grayne
Though he be chapman or marchaunt
And haue of golde many besaunt 5592
For in the gettyng he hath suche wo
And in the kepyng drede also
And sette euermore his besynesse
For to encrease / and nat to lesse 5596
For to augment and multiply
And though on heapes that lye him by
Yet neuer shal make his richesse
Asseth vnto his gredynesse 5600
But the poore that retcheth nought
Saue of his lyuelode in his thought
Whiche that he geteth with his traueyle
He dredeth naught that it shal feyle
Though he haue lytel worldes goode
Meate and drynke / and easy foode
Vpon his traueyle and luyng 5607
And also suffysaunt clothynge
Or if in sickenes that he fal
And lothe meate and drynke withal
Though he haue nat his meate to bye
He shal bethynke him hastely 5612
To putte him out of al daungerr [1157 bk., col. 2]
That he of meate hath no mystere
Or that he maye with lytel eke
Befounden / whyele that he is seke 5616
Or that men shal hym berne in haste
To lyue tyl his syckenesse be past
To some Maysondewe besyde 5619
He caste nought what shal him betyde
He thynketh nought that euer he shal
In to any syckenesse fal. 5622

And though it fal / as it maye be
That al be tyme spare shal he
As mokel as shal to him suffyece
Whyle he is sycke in any wyse 5626
He doth for that he wol be
Content with his pouerete
Without neede of any manne
So moche in lytel haue he canne 5630
He is apayde with his fortune
And for he nyl be importune
Vnto no wyght / ne onerous
Nor of her goodesse coueytous 5634
Therefor he spareth / it maye wel bene
His poore estate for to sustene.

Or if hym luste nat for to spare
But suffreth forthe / as nat ne ware
At laste it hapneth / as it maye 5639
Right vnto his laste daye'
And take the worlde as it wolde be
For euer in herte thynketh he 5642
The sooner that dethe hym slo
To paradyse the sooner go
He shal / there for to lyue in blysse
Where that he shal no good myse 5646
Thyder he hoopeth god shal him sende
After his wretched lyues ende
Pythagoras him selve reherses
In a booke that the golden verses 5650
Is cleped / for the nobilyte
Of the honorable dyte
Than when thou gost thy body fro
Free in the heyre thou shalte vp go
And leauen' al humanyte 5655
And purelye lyue in deite
He is a foole withouten were
That troveth haue his countrey here
In erthe is nat our countre 5659

Who so that wolde translaten it 5666
If he be suche that can wel lyue
After his rent / may him yeue
And not desyreth more to haue
Than may fro pouerete him saue 5670
A wyse man sayd / as we may sene
Is no man wretched / but he it wene
Be he kyng / knyght / or rybaude
And many a rybaude is mery and baude
That swynketh / & bereth bothe day &
nyght, 5675
Many a burthen of great myght
The whiche dothe him lasse offence
For he suffreth in pacience 5678
They laugh and daunce / tryppe and
syng
And lay nought vp for her lyuyng
But in the tauern al dispendeth 5681
The wynnyng that god hem sendeth
Than gothe he fardels for to bere
With as good chere as he dyd ere
To swynke and trauayle he not fayneth
For to robben he disdayneth 5686
But right anon / after his swynke
He gothe to tauerne for to drinke
Al these are ryche in habundaunce
That can thus haue suffysaunce 5690
Wel more than can an vsurere
As god wel knoweth / without were
For an vsurer / so god me se
Shal neuer for rychesse ryche be 5694
But enermore poore and indygent
Scarce and gredy in his entent.

For sothe it is / whom it displesse
There may no marchaunt lyue at ese
His herte in suche a where is set
That it quycke brenmeth to get 5700
Ne neuer shal / though he hath geten
Though he haue golde in garners yeten
For to be nedy he dredeth sore 5703
Wherfore to geten more and more
He set his herte and his desire
So hote he brenneth in the fyre 5706
1Of conetyse / that maketh him wood
To purchase other mennes good. [1 158, col. 2]
He vnderfongeth a great payne
That vndertaketh to drinke vp Sayne
For the more he drinketh aye 5711
The more he leaueth / the sothe to saye
Thus is thirst of false gettyng
That laste euery in coueyting 5714
And the anguysshe and distresse
With the fyre of gredynesse
She fyghteth with him aye / and struyeth
That his herte a sonder ryueth 5718
Suche gredynesse him assayleth
That whan he moste hath / moste he
fayleth
Physiciens / and advocates
Gone right by the same yates 5722
They sell her science for wynnyng
And haunte her crafte for great gettyng
Her wynnyng is of suche swetnesse
That if a man fall in sicknesse
They are ful glad / for her encrease 5727
For by her wyll / without lease
Eueryche man shulde be seke
And though they dye / they set not
a leke
After whan they the golde haue take
Ful lytel care for hem they make 5732
They wolde that forty were sicke at ones
Ye two hundred / in fleshe and bones
And yet two thousande / as I gesse
For to encreyn her rychesse
They wol not worchen in no wyse
But for lucure and conetyse 5738
For physicke gynneth first by (phy)
The phisycien also sothely
And sythen it gothe fro fye to fye
To trushte on hem it is folye 5742
For they nyl in no maner gre
Do right nought for charyte
Eke in the same secte are sette
Al tho that prechen for to gette 5746
Worshypes / honour / and rychesse
Her hertes arne in great distresse
That folke lyne not holily
But abouen al specially 5750
Suche as prechen veynglorie
And towarde god haue no memorie
But forthe as ypocrites trace [1 158, b.] 5754
And to her soules dethe purchace 5754
1And outwarde shewynge holynesse
Though they be ful of cursednesse
Nat lyche to the apostels twelue
They discyeuue other and hem selue
Begyled is the gyler than 5759
For prechyng of a cursed man
Though to other maye profyte
Him selve it aueyleth nat a myte
For ofte good prechiation
Cometh of yuel ententioun
To him nat vayleth his prechynge
Al helpe he other with his teachynge
For where they good ensample take
There is he with vaynglorie shake 5768
But lette vs leuen these prechours
And speke of hem that in her tours
Heape vp her golde / and feste shette
And sore theron her herte sette 5772
They neyther loue god ne drede
They kepe more than it is nede
And in her bagges sore it bynde 5775
Out of the some / and of the wynde
They putte vp more than nede ware
When they sene poore folke forfare
For hungre dye / and for colde quake
God can wel vengeannels therof take
The great nischeues hem assayleth
And thus in gadrings aye trauyleth
With moche payne they wynne rychesse
And drede hem holdeth in distresse
To kepe that they gather faste 5785
With sorowe they leave it at the laste
With sorowe they bothe dye and lyue
That vnto rychesse her hertes yeue
And in definke of louve it is
As it sheweth ful wel ywis 5790
For if these gredy / the sothe to sayne
Loueden / and were loued agayne
And good louve reigned over alle
Suche wickednesse ne shulde fall 5794
But he shulde yeue / that moste good had
To hem that weren in neede bestad
And lyue without false vsure
For charyte / ful clene and pure 5798
If they hem yeue to goodnesse
Defendynge hem from ydelnesse
In al this worlde than poore none
We shulde fynde I trawe not one 5802
1 But chaunged is this worlde vnstable
For louve is ouer al vendable [1 ff. 158, bk. 2, col. 2]
We se that no man loueth nowe
But for wynnyng and fer prove 5806
And louve is thralled in servage
When it is solde for auantage
Yet women wol her bodyes sell 5809
Suche soules gothe to the dyuel of hell.

Thanne Loue had tolde hent his entent
The baronage to counsayle went
In many sentences they fyll
And dyuersly they sayde her wyll 5814
But after discord the accorded
And her acoorde to Loue recorded
Sir sayden they / we ben atone
By euen accordes of everychone 5818
Out take Rychesse al onely

That sworne hath ful hauetynly
That she the castell nyly not assayle
Ne smyte a stroke in this batayle 5822
With darte ne mace / speare / ne knyfe
For man that speketh / or bereth the lyfe
And blameth your emprise ywis
And from our hoste departed is 5826
At least way / as in this plyte
So hath she this man in dispyte
For she saythe he ne loued her neuer
And therfore she wol hate him euer
For he wol gather no tresore 5831
He hath her wraethe for euermore
He agylte her neuer in other caas
Lo here al holy his trespas 5834
She saythe wel / that this other day
He asked her leaue to gone the way
That is cleepe to moche yeuyng 5837
And spake ful fayre in his prayeng
But when he prayed her / poore was he
Therfore she warned him the entre
Ne yet is he not thriuen so 5841
That he hath gotten a peny or two
That quytely is his owne in holde
Thus hath Rychesse vs all tolde
And when Rychesse vs this recorded
Withouten her we ben accorded. 5846

And we fynde in our accordaunce
That False Semblant and Abstynaunce
With al the folke of her batayle [Fo. c.11x]
Shul at the hynder gate assayle 5850
That Wicked Tonge hath in kepynge
With his Normans ful of ianglyng
And with hem Curtesy and Largesse
That shul shewe her hardynesse 5854
To the olde wyfe that kepte so harde
Fayre Welcomyng within her warde
Than shal Delyte and Wel Helyng
Fonde / Shame adowne to bring 5858
With al her hoost early and late
They shal assaylen that ylke gate
Agaynst Drede shal Hardynges
Assayle / and also Sykernesse 5862
With al the folke of her leadyng
That neuer wyst what was fleyng.

The marchaunt oweth the right nought
Ne thou him whan thou it bought
I wol nat sellyng clepe yeuyng 5907
For sellyng asketh no guerdonyng
Here lythe no thanke / ne no meryte
That one gothe from that other al quyte
But this sellyng is nat semblable 5911
For whan his horse is in the stable
He maye it selle agayne parde
And wynnen on it / suche happe maye be
Al maye the manne nat lese ywis 5915
For at the leest the skynne is his

And yet men sayd it was my dede
But I come neuer in that stede 5898
Ne me ne lyketh so mote I the
That suche toures ben take with me
For why? Me thynketh that in no wyse
It maye be cleped but marchaundyse.

Go bye a courser blacke or white
And paye therfore / than arte thou quite 5904

The marchaunt oweth the right nought
Ne thou him whan thou it bought
I wol nat sellyng clepe yeuyng 5907
For sellyng asketh no guerdonyng
Here lythe no thanke / ne no meryte
That one gothe from that other al quyte
But this sellyng is nat semblable 5911
For whan his horse is in the stable
He maye it selle agayne parde
And wynnen on it / suche happe maye be
Al maye the manne nat lese ywis 5915
For at the leest the skynne is his

Or els / if it so betyre
That he wol kepe his horse to ryde
Yet is he lorde aye of his horse 5919
But thylke chaffare is welle worse
There Venus entremeteth ought
For who so suche chaffare hath bought
He shal nat worchyn so wysely 5923
That he ne shal lese al vetterly
Bothe his money / and his chaffare
But the seller of the ware
The prise and profyte haue shal 5927
Certayne the byer shal lese al
For he ne canne so dere it bye
To haue lordshippe / and ful maistry
Ne haue power to make lettyng 5931
Neyther for yefe ne for preachyng
That of his chaffare maugre his
Another shal haue as moche ywis 5934
If he wol yeue as moche as he
Of what countrey so that he be
Or for right nought so happe maye
If he canne flatter her to her paye 5938

Bene than suche marchauntes wyse?
No / but foole in every wyse
When they bye suche thynge wylfully
There as they lese her good foluly [leaf 154u, back]
But nathelesse / this dare I saye 5943
My mother is nat wonte to paye
For she is neither so foole ne nyce
To entremete her of suche vyce 5946
But truste wel / he shal paye al
That repent of his bargayne shal
When pouerte putte him in distresse
Al were he scholer to Rychesse 5950
That is for me in great yernyng
When she assenteth to my wylyng.

Bvt my mother saynt Venus
And by her father Saturnus 5954
That her engendred by his lyfe
But nat vpon his wedded wyfe
Yet wol I more vtto you swere
To make this thyng the surere 5958
Noe by that faythe / and that beaute
That I owe to al my bretherne free
Of whiche there nys wight vnnder heuyn
That canne her fathers names neuyyn
So dyuers and so many there be 5963
That with my mother haue be pryue
Yet wol I swere for sickernesse
The Pole of helle to my wytnesse 5966
Nowe drynke I nat this yere clare
If that I lye / or forswnne be
For of the goddes the vsage is
That who so him forswere amys 5970
Shal that yere drynke no clare
Nowe haue I sworne ynough parde
If I forswere me than am I lorne

But I wol neuer be forsworne 5974
Sithe Rychesse hath me fayled here
She shal abyde that trespas ful dere
Atte leestwayne but her arme 5977
With swerde / or sparth / or gysarme

For certes sythe she loueth nat me
Fro thylke tymne that she maye se
The castel and the toure to shake
In sorye tymne she shal a wake 5982
If I maye grype a ryche mannne
I shal so pulle him / if I canne
That he shal in a fewe stoundes 5985
Lese al his markes / and his poundes
I shal him make his pens out slynge
But they in his garner sprynge [1 Har 150, bk. 2, col. 2]
Our maydens shal eke plucke him so
That him shal neden fethers mo 5990
And make him selfe his londe to spende
But he the bette conné him defende.

Oore men han made her lorde of me
Al though they nat so mightye be
That they maye fede me in deelyte 5995
I wol nat haue hem in dispYTE
No good man hateth hem / as I gesse
For chynche and feloun is richesse
That so canne chase hem and dispysse
And hem defoule in sondrye wyse 6000
They louen ful bette / so god me spede
Than dothe the riche chynchy græde
And bene (in good faythe) more stable
And trewer / and more seruyable [55]
And therfore it suffyseth me
Her good herte / and her beante 6006
They han on me sette al her thought
And therfore I foryet hem nought.
I wol hem bringe in great noblesse
I / that I were god of Rychesse 6010
As I am god of Loune sothely
Suche routhe vpon her playnt haue I
Therfore I muste his socour be 6014
That payneth him to seruen me
For if he dyde for lone of this
Than semeth in me no loue there is

Sir sayde they / sothe is everydele
That ye reherce / and we wote wele
Thylke othe to holdes is resonable 6019
For it is good and couenable
That ye on riche men han sworn
For sir / this wote we wel beforne 6022
If riche men done you homage
That is as fooles done outrage
But ye shul nat forsworne be
Ne lette therfore to drinke clarre 6026
Or pyment maked fresshe and newe
Ladies shul hem suche pepyr brewe
If that they fal in to her laas
That they for wo mowe sayne alas 6030
Ladies shullen euer so curteis be
That they shal quyte your othe al free
Ne seketh neuer other vicayre 6033
For they shal speke with hem so fayre
1That ye shal holde ye payde ful wele
Though ye you medle neuer a dele 1v[.Fo.
Late ladies worche with her thynges
They shal hem tel so fele tydinges 6038
And moue hem eke so many requestes
By flatery / that not honest is
And therto yeue hem suche thankynges
What with kyssyng / and with talkynges
That certes if they trowed be 6043
Shal neuer leve hem loude ne fee
That it nyll as the moeble fare
Of whiche they first deluered are 6046
Nowe may ye tell vs al your wyll
And wo your hestes shal fulfyll.

For he saythe / that ye ben his fo
He not / if ye wol worche him wo 6052
Wherfore we physe you al beausire
That ye forgyue him nowe your ire
And that he may dwell as your man
With Abstynence his dere lemman 6056
This our acorde and our wyll nowe
Parfey sayd Loue / I graunte it you
I wol wel holde him for my man 6059
Nowe let him come / and he forthe ran
False semblant (quod Loue) in this wyse
I take the here to my seruyce 6062
That thouour frendes helpe alway
And hyndreth hem neyther nyghte ne day
But do thy myght hem to relene 6065
And eke our enemyes that thou greue
Thyne be this might / I graunte it the
My kyng of harlotes shalte thou be
We wol that thou haue suche honour
Certayne thou arte a false traytour 6070
And eke a thefe / sythe thou were borne
A thousande tymes thou arte forsworne
But nathellesse in our heryng
To put our folke out of doutynge 6074
I bydde the teche hem / wost thou howe?
By some general signe nowe
In what place thou shalt founden be
If that men had myster of the 6078
And howe men shal the best espye
For the to knowe is great maistrye
Tel in what place is thyn hauntynge
1Sir I haue ful dyuers wonnyng 6082
That I kepe not reherced be [1 i[.106, col. 2]
So that ye wolde respyten me
For if that I tel you the sothe
I may haue harme and shame bothe
If that my felowes wysten it 6087
My tales shulden me be quyty
For certayne they wolde hate me
The Romaunt of the Rose. (Ed. Thynne, 1532.)

If euer I knewe her cruelte 6090
For they wolde ouer al holde hem styll 6090
Of trouthe / that is agayne her wyll 6090
Suche tales kepen they not here 6090
I myght eftsone bye it ful dere 6094
If I sayd of hem any thyng 6094
That aught displeaseth to her heryng 6094
For what worde that hem pricke or byteth 6094
In that worde none of hem delyteth 6099
Al were it gospel the euangyleth 6099
That wolde reproue hem of her gyle 6099
For they are cruell and hautayne 6099
And this thyng wote I wel certayne 6103
If I speke aught to payre her loos 6103
Your courte shal not so wel be cloos 6103
That they ne shal wyte it at last 6103
Of good men am I nought agast 6106
For they wol taken on hem nothyng 6106
Whan that they knowe al myanye 6106
But he that wol it on him take 6106
He wol him selfe suspicious make 6106
That he his lyfe let couertly 6112
In gyse and in Ipocrisy 6112
That me engendred and yaue fostryng 6112
They made a ful good engendring 6112
(Quod Loue) for who so sothly tell 6112
They engendred the dyuel of hell.

But nedely / howe so euer it be 6118
(Quod Loue) I wyl and charge the 6118
To tell anon thy wonnyng places 6118
Heryng eche wight that in this place is 6118
And what lyfe that thou lyuest also 6118
Hyde it no lenger nowe / wherto ? 6122
Thou must discouer al thy wurehyng 6122
Howe thou seruest / and of what thyng 6122
Though that thou shuldest for thy sothe sawe 6122
Ben alto beaten and to drawe 6126

And yet arte thou not wont parde 6129
But nathelesse / though thou beten be 6129
1Thou shalt not be the first that so 6130
Hath for sothsawe suffred wo. 6130
[1 Fo. C.1x, back]

Sir / sythe that it may lyken you 6133
Though that I shulde be slayne right nowe 6134
I shal done your commaundement 6134
For therto haue I great talent. 6134

Withouten wordes no / right than 6137
False Semblant his sermon began 6137
And sayd hem thus in audyence 6137
Barons / take hede of my sentence 6137
That wight that lyste to haue knowyng 6137
Of False semblant / ful of flateryling 6137
He must in worldly folke him seke 6137
And certes in the cloysters eke 6142
I won no where / but in hem twy 6142
But not lyke euen / sothe to say 6142
Shortly I wol herberowe me 6142
There I hope best to huistryed be 6146
And certainly / sykerest hydyling 6146
Is vnderneth humbest clothyling 6146
Relygious folke ben ful couerste 6146
Seculer folke ben more apperte 6150
But nathelesse / I wol not blame 6150
Religious folke / ne hem diffame 6150
In what habyte that euer they go 6150
Religyon humble / and trewe also 6154
Wol I not blame / ne dispysye 6154
But I nyl looie it in no wyse 6154
I meane of false relygis 6158
That stoute ben / and malycious 6158
That wolllen in an habyte go 6158
And setten not her herte therto.

Elygious folke ben al pytous 6161
Thou shalt not sene one dispitous
They louen no pride / ne no stryfe
But humbly they wol lede her lyfe
With whiche folke wol I neuer be
And if I dwell / I fayne me 6166
I may wel in her habyt go
But me were leuer my necke a two
Than lette a purpose that I take
What couenaunt that euer I make 6170
I dwell with hem that proude be
And ful of wyles and substelte
That worship of this worlde coueyten
And great nede conren expleyten [160 bk., col. 2]
And gon and gadren great pytaunces
And purchase hem the acqueyntaunces
Of men that mighty lyfe may ledn
And fayne hem poore / and hem selffe
feden 6178
With good morcelys delycious
And drinken good wyne precyous
And preche vs pouert and distresse
And fysshyn hem selffe great rychesse
With wyly nettes / that they caste
It wol come foule out at the laste 6184
They ben fro clene relygion went
They make the worlde an argument
That hath a foule conclusyon 6187
I haue a robe of religyon
Than am I al religyous
This argument is at roignous 6190
It is not worthe a croked brere
Habyt ne maketh neyther monke ne frere
But clene lyfe and deuocion
Maketh good men of religyon 6194
Nathelesse / there can none answere
Howe hygh that euer his heed he shere
With rasour whetted neuer so kene
That gyle in branches cutte thurkene
That can no wight distyntcte it so
That he dare say a worde therto. 6200
But what herberowe that euer I take
ROMAUNT.

Or what semblant that euer I make
I meane but gyle / and folowe that
For right no more than gybbe our cat
(That awaytyeth mye & rafftes to kyllen)
Ne entende I but to begylen 6206
Ne no wight may / by my clothyng
Wete with what folke is my dwellyng
Ne by my wordes yet parde
So softe and so plesaunt they be 6210
Beholde the dedes that I do
But thou be blynde thou oughtest so
For varye her wordes fro her dede
They thynke on gyle without drede 6214
What maner clowthyng that they were
Or what estate that euer they bere
Lered or leude / lorde or lady 6217
Knyght / squyer / burgeys / or bayly.

Right thus whyle False semblant sermoneth
[1 Fo. C.111]
Efte sones Loue him aresoneth 6220
1 And brake his tale in his speakyng
As though he had him tolde leasyng
And sayd : What dyuel is that I here?
What folke haste thou vs nempned here?
Maye men fynde relygion
In worldly habytatioun? 6226
Ye sir / it foloweth nat that they
Shulde lede a wicked lyfe parfey
Ne nat therfore her soules lese
That hem to worldly clothes chese 6230
For certes it were great pyte
Menne maye in seculer clothes se
Florisshen hooly relygioun
Ful many a saynt in falde and towne
With many a virgyn glorious
Deoute / and ful relygious 6236
Han dyed / that commen clothe aye beren
Yet seynetes neuerthelesse they weren
I coude recken you many a ten
Ye welnygh al these holy women
That menne in churches herry and seke
Bothe maydens / and these wyues eké
That baren ful many a fayre chylde here
Weared alwaye clothes seculere
And in the same dyden they
That sayntes were / and ben alwaye.

The .xi. thousande maydens dere
That baren in heuen her cierges clere
Of whiche men rede in churche and syng
Were take in seculer clothynge
Whan they receyued martyrdom
And wonnen heuen vnto her home
Good herte maketh the good thought
The clothynge yeueth ne reueth nought
The good thought and the worychung
That maketh the relygioun flouryng
There lyeth the good relygioun'
After the right ententioun.

Who so tooke a wethers skynne
And wrapped a gredy wolfe therinne
For he shulde go with lambes white
Wenest thou nat he wolde hem byte?
Ye: Neuerthelesse / as he were wode
He wolde hem wirry / and drinke the
blode
And wel the rather hem discyue
For sithe they coude nat perceyue
His tregette / and his cruelté
They wolde him folowe al tho he flye.

If there be wolves of suche hewe
Amonges these apostles nowe
Thou holy churche thou mayste be
wayled
Sythe that thy cyte is assayled
Through knyghtes of thyn owne table
God wot thy lordshyp is doubte
If they enforce it to wyn
That shulde defende it fro within

Who myght defence ayenst hem make
Without stroke it mote be take
Of trepeget or mangonel
Without displayeng of pensel
And if god nyl done it socour
But let renne in this colour
Thou must thy heestes letten be
Than is there nought / but yelde the
Or yene hem trybutye doultles
And holde it of hem to haue pées
But greater harne betyde the
That they al maister of it be
Wel conne they scorne the withall
By day suffen they the wall
And al the nyght they mynen there
Nay / thou planten muste els where
Thyn ympes / if thou wolt fruite haue
Abyde not there thy selve to saue.

B

Vt nowe peace / here I turne agayne
I wol no more of this thynge fayne
If I may passen me hereby
I might maken you wery
But I wol heten you alway
To helpe your frenedes what I may
So theyollen my company
For they be shent al vtterly
But if so fall / that I be
Ofte with hem / and they with me
And eke my lemmen mote they serue
Or they shul not my loue deserue
Forsothe I am a fals trayeour
God inged me for a thefe trechour
Forsworne I am / but wel nygh none
Wote of my gyle / tyl it be done.

Through me hath many one deth receyued
That my treget neuer aperceyued
And yet receyue the and shal receyue
TheRomaut of the Rose. (Ed. Thynne, 1532.) 83

"That my falsnesse shal neuer aperceyue
But who so dothe / if he wyse be [\textsuperscript{11} if. 161, back] Him is ryght good be ware of me
But so slyghe is the aperceyyuynge
That al to late cometh knowyunge 6318
For Protheus that coude him chaunget
In every shappe / homely and straunget
Coude neuer suche gyle ne treasounget
As I / for I come neuer in towne
There as I myght knownen be 6323
Though men me bothe myght here and se
Ful wel I canne my clothes straunget
Take one / and make another straunget
Nowe am I knyght / nowe chastelayne
Nowe prelate / and nowe chapelayne
Nowe preest / nowe clerke / and nowe fostere 6329
Nowe am I maister / nowe scholere
Nowe monke / nowe chanon / nowe bayly
What euery myst the manne am I
Nowe am I prince / nowe am I page
And canne by herte every langage 6334
Somtyme am I hoore and olde
Nowe am I yonge / stoute / and bolde
Nowe am I Robert / nowe Robyn
Nowe Frere mynor / nowe Iacobyn
And with me foloweth my loteby 6339
To done me solace and company
That hight dame Abstynence / and raigned
In many a quynt arraye fayned 6342
Ryght as it cometh to her lykgyn
I fulfyl al her desyringe
Somtyme a womans clothe take I
Nowe am I mayde / nowe lady 6346
Somtyme I am relygious
Nowe lyke an anker in an hous
Somtyme am I prioresse
And nowe a nonne / and nowe abbesse
And go through al regiouns 6351

Sekynge al relygiouns
But to what order that I am sworne
I take the strawe and beate the corne
To iolye folke I enhabyte 6355
I aske no more but her habite
What wol ye more in every wyse
Ryght as me lyste I me disgyse?
Wel canne I beare me vnder wede
Vnlyke is my worde to my dede 6360
Thus make I in to my trappes fal
The people / through my priuylages al
That bene in christendome a lyue [\textsuperscript{1} 161 bk., col. 2]
I maye assolye / and I maye shryue
That no prelate maye lette me 6365
Al folke / where euery they founde be
I not no prelate maye done so
But it the Pope be / and no mo
That made thilke estabilshyng 6369
Nowe is not this a propre thynge?
But were my sleights aperceyued\textsuperscript{1}
As I was wonte / and waste thow whye?
For I dyd hem a tregetry 6374
But therof yeue I a lytel tale
I haue the syluer and the male
Lo haue I prechyd and eke shriuen
Lo haue I take / so haue I yeuen 6378
Through her foly / husbonde and wyfe
That I lede right a ioluy lyfe
Through symplyness of the prelacye
They knowe not al my tregettrye. 6382
\textsuperscript{[1} line 6374 'Ne shulde I more ben receyved' is left out.\textsuperscript{]}

\textbf{B}
Vt for as moche as man and wyfe
Shulde shewe her parisshe preest
her lyfe
Ones a yere / as saythe the boke
Er any wyght his housel toke 6386
Than haue I priuylages large
That may of moche thynge discharge
For he may say right thus parde
Sir preest / in shrifte I tel it the 6390
Though

Hath ne none affection
To haue double absorption

The first is right ynough to me
The latter assoyling quyte I the
I am vnbounde / what mayst thou fynde
More of my synnes me to vnbynde
For he that might hath in his honde
Of al my synnes me vnbonde
And if thou wolte me thus constrayne
That me mote nedes on the playne
There shal no iuge imperyall
Ne bysshop / ne offyciall
Done ingement on me / for I
Shal gone and playne me openly
Vnto my shriftfather newe
That hyght Frere wolfe vntrue
And he shal chuse him for me
For I trowe he can hamper the
But lorde he wolde be wrothe withall
If men him wolde Frere wolfe call
For he wolde haue no pacience

But done al cruell vengience
He wolde his myght done at the least
Nothyng spare for goddes heest
And god so wyse be my socour
But thou yeue me my sauyour
At Eester / when it lyketh me
Without preasyng more on the
I wol forthe / and to him gone
And he shal housell me anon
For I am out of thy grutchyng
I kepe not deale with the nothyng
Thus may he shrieue him / that forsaketh
His parysche preest / and to me taketh
And if the preest wol him refuse
I am ful reddy him to accuse
And him punisse and hamper so
That he his churche shal for go.

But who so hath in his felyng
The consequence of suche shriuyng
Shal sene / that preest may neuer haue might
To knowe the conscience a right.
Of him / that is vnder his cure
And this is ayenst holy scripture
That byddeth evry hered honest
Haue very knowyng of his beest
But poore folke that gon by strete
That haue no golde / ne sommes grete
Hem wolde I let to her prelates
Or let her preestes knowe her states
For to me right nought yeue they
And why it is / for they ne may

They ben so bare / I tak no kepe
But I wol haue the fatte shepe
Let parisshe preestes haue the lene
I yeeu not of her harme a bene
And if that prelates grutchte it
That oughten woth be in her wyt
The Romaunt of the Rose. (Ed. Thynne, 1532.) 85

To lese her fatte beestes so
I shal yeue hem a stroke or two
That they shal lesen with force 6469
Ye / bothe her mytre and her croce
Thus iape I hem / and haue do longe
My privileges ben so strongé.

False Semblant wolde haue stynted
here 6473
But Loue ne made him no suche chere
That he was wery of his sawe
But for to make him glad and fawe
He said / Tel on more specially
Howe that thou seruest vntruely 6478
Tel forthe / and shame the newer a
dele
For as thyn habyt sheweth wele
Thou seruest an holy Heremyte 6481
Sothe is / but I am but an ypocryte
Thou gost and prechest pouerte?
ye sir / but rychesse hathe poste
Thou prechest abstynence also?
Sir / I wol fyllen so mote I go 6486
My pauncche / of good meate and wyne
As shulde a maister of diuyné
For huwe1 that I me poore fayne [ ² ]
Yet al poore folke I disdayne. 6490

What shulde he yeue that lycketh his

knyfe? 6502
It is but folly to entremete [Fe. C.I.xii., back]
To seke in houndes nest fatte mete
Lette beare hem to the spyttle anone
But for me / comforte gette they none
But a riche sicke vssure 6507
Wolde I visyte and drave nere
Him wol I comforte and rehete
For I hoope of his golde to gete
And if that wicked dethe him haue
I wol go with him to his graue 6512
And if there any reproue me
Why that I lette the poore be
Wost thou howe I not ascape
I saye and swere him ful rape 6516
That riche menne han more tetches
Of synne / than han poore wretches
And hanne of counsayle more myster
And therfore I wolde drawe hem ner
But as great hurte / it maye so be 6521
Hath a soule in right great pouerte
As soule in great richesse forsothe
Al be it that they hurten bothe
For richesse and mendicitye 6525
Bene cleped two extremytes
The meane is cleped Suffysaunce
There lyeth of vertue the aboundaunce
For Salomon ful wel I wote
In his Parables vs wrote 6530
As it is knowe of many a wight
In his thrittene chapiter right
God thou me kepe for thy poste
Fro richesse and mendycte 6534
For if a riche manne him dresse
To thynke to moche on richesse
His herte on that so ferre is sette
That he his creatour dothe foyette 6538
And him that beggeth wol aye greue
Howe shulde I by his worde him lene
Vnneth that he nys a mycher
Forsworne / or els goddes lyer 6542
Thus saith the Salomon saws

Ne we fynde written in no lawes
And namely in our christen laye 6545
Who so saithe ye / I dare say naye
That Christ / ne his apostels dere
While that they walked in erthe here
Were never seen herbred beggyng 6549
For they nolden beggen for nothyng

And right thus were men wont to

[If. 162, back, col. 2]
And in this wyse wolde it preche
The msisters of dyuinyte [so]
Somtyme in Parys the cyte. 6554

And if men wolde there gayne appose
The naked texte and lette the close
It myght soone assayed be
For menne maye wel the sothe se 6558
That pardie they myght aske a thynge
Plainly forthe without beggyngne
For they weren goddes heerdes dere
And cure of soules hadden here 6562
They nolde nothyng begge her foode
For after Christ was done on rodde
With their proper hondes they wrought
And with trauyle / and els nought
They wonnen al her sustenaunce 6567
And lyuedon forthe in her penaunce
And the remenaunt yaf awaye
To other poore folkes alwaye 6570
They neither bylden towre ne halle
But they in houses smal with alle
A mighty man that canne and maye
Shulde with his honde and body alwaye
Wynne him his foode in laboring 6575
If he ne have rent or suche a thyng
Al though he be relygious
And god to seruen cyrious

Thus mote he done / or do trespas
But if it be in certayne caas 6580
That I can reherce / if myster be
Right wel / when the tyme I se.

Seke the boke of saynt Austyne
Be it in paper or perchmyne 6584
There as he writte of these worchynge
Thou shalt sene that none excusynges
A parfyte man ne shulde seke
By wordes / ne by dedes eke
Al though he be religyous 6589
And god to seruen cyrous
That he ne shal / so mote I go
With props hondes / and body also
Get his fode in laboring
If he ne haue proprte of thyng 6594
Yet shulde he sell al his substauence
And with his swynke haue sustenaunce
If he be parfyte in boute [Fo. C.lxiii.]
Thus han the bookes tolde me 6598
For he that wol gone ydeelly
And vseth it aye besly
To haunten other mennes table
He is a trechour ful of fable 6602
Ne he ne may by good reason
Excuse him by his orison
For men behoueth in some gyse
Ben somtyme in goddes seruyse 6606
To gone and purchasen her nede
Men mote eaten / that is no drede
And slepe / and eke do other thyng
So longe may they leue prayeng 6610
So may they eke her prayer blynne
Whyle that they werke her meate to
wynne
Seynt Austyn wol theerto accorde
In thelke boke that I recorde 6614
Iustynian eke / that made lawes
Hath thus forboden by olde sawes.
No man / vp payne to be deed 6617
Mighty of body / to begge his breed
If he may swynke it for to gete
Men shulde him rather mayme or bete
Or done of him aperce iustyce
Than suffren him in suche malyce 6622
They done not wel so mote I go
That taken suche alemes so
But if they haue somme privilege
That of the payne hem wol alege 6626
But howe that is / can I not se
But if the prince disceyued be
Ne I ne wene not sykerly
That they may haue it rightfully 6630
But I wol not determyne
Of princes power / ne defyne
Ne by my worde comprehende iwys
If it so ferre may stretche in this 6634
I wol not etremete a dele
But I trowe that the boke saythe wele
Who that taketh alemes / that be
Dewe to folke that men may se 6638
Lame / feble / wery / and bare
Poore / or in suche maner care
That conne wynne hem neuer mo
For they haue no power therto 6642
He eateth his owne dampnyng [1 163, col. 2]
1 But if he lye / that made al thyng
And if ye suche a trauant fynde
Chastyse him wel / if ye be kynde 6646
But they wolde hate you parcaas
If ye fyllen in her lasa
They wolde eftsones do you scathe
If that they might / late or rathe 6650
For they be not ful pacient
That han the worlde thus foule blent
And weteth wel / that god bad
The good man sell al that he had 6654
And folowe him / and to poore it yene
He wolde not therfore that he lyne
To seruen him in mendience
For it was neuer his sentence 6658
But he bad werken / whan that nede is
And folowe him in good dedes
Saynt Poule / that louted al holy churche
He bade the apostels for to wurche
And wynnen her lyuelode in that wyse
And hem defended truandyse 6664
And sayd / werketh with your honden
Thus shulde the thyng be vnderstonden
He nolde iwys haue byd hem begyng
Ne sellen gospel / ne prechyng 6668
Lest they berafte / with her askynge
Folke of her catel or of her thyng
For in this worlde is many a man
That yeueth his good / for he ne can
Werne it for shame / or els he 6673
Wolde of the asker delyuere be
And for he him encombreth so
He yeueth him good to late him go
But it can him no thyng profyte 6677
They lese the yefte and the meryte
The good folke that Poule to preched
Profred him ofte / whan he hem techeth
Some of her good in charyte 6681
But therfore right nothyng toke he
But of his hondewerke wolde he gete
Clothes to wyne him / and his mete.

Tell me than howe a man may lyuen
That al his good to poore hath yeuen
And wol but onely bydde his bedes
And neuer with hondes labour his nedes
Maye he do so? Ye sir: And howe?
Sir / I wol gladly tell you 6690
1 Seynt Austen saythe / a man may be
In houses that han propert  [2 163, br.3]
As templers / and hospytelers
And as these chanons reguler  6694
Or whyte monkes / or these blake
I wol no mo ensamples make
And take therof his susteynyng
For therin lythe no beggyng 6698
But otherwayes not wyls
Yet Austyne gabbeth not of this
And yet ful many a monke laboureth
That god in holy churche honoureth
For whan her swynkyng is agon 6703
They rede and synge in churche anon.

And for there hath ben great discorde
As many a wight may beare recorde
Vpon the estate of mendicience 6707
I wol shortly in your presence
Tel howe a man may begge at nede
That hath not wherwith him to fede
Maugre his felowes iangelynges 6711
For sothfastnesse wol none hydynge
And yet parcase I may aybe
That I to you sothly thus sey. 6714

L O here the case especial
If a man be so bestyal
That he of no crafte hath science
And nought desyreth ignorance 6718
Than may he go a beggyng yerne
Tyl he some maner crafte can lerne
Through whiche without truandyng
He may in trouthe haue his lyuyng
Or if he may done no labour 6723
For elde / or sicknesse / or langour
Or for his tendre age also
Than may he yet a beggyng go 6726
Or if he haue perauenture
Through vsage of his noriture
Lyued ouer delyciously
Than oughten good folke comenly 6730
Han of his mischeffe some pyte
And suffren him also / that he.

May gou aboute and begge his breed
That he be not for honger deed 6734
Or if he haue of crafte connyng
And strength also / and desyring
To worchen / as he had what [163 bk., col. 2]
But he fynde neyther this ne that 6738
Than may he begge tyl that he
Haue getten his necessity
Or if his wynnyng be so lyte
That his labour wol not acquyte 6742
Suffyciantly al his lyuyng
Yet may he go his breed beggyng
Fro doore to doore / he may go trace
Tyl he the remenant may purchase 6746
Or if a man wolde vnndertake
Any emprise for to make
In the rescous of our lay
And it defenden / as he may 6750
Be it with armes / or letttrure
Or other couenable cure
If it be so he poore be
Than may he begge / tyl that he 6754
May fynde in trouthe for to swynke
And get him clothe / meate / and drinke
Swynke he with his hondes corporell
And not with hondes espyrituell. 6758

I N al this case / and in semblables
If that there ben mo resonables
He may begge / as I tell you here
And els not / in no manere 6762
As Willyam Seynt Amour wolde preche
And ofte wolde dispute and teche
Of this mater al openly
At Parys ful solemnely 6766
And also god my soule blesse
As he had in this stedfastnesse
The accorde of the vniersite
And of the people / as semeth me. 6770

No good man ought it to refuse
Ne ought him therof to excuse
Be wrothe or blythe / who so be
For I wol speke / and tell it the 6774
Al shulde I dye / and be put doun
As was seynt Poulle in derke prisoun
Or be exiled in this caas
With wronge / as mayster William was
That my mother Hypocrise 6779
Banysshed for her great enuye.

My mother flemed him Seynt Amour
This noble dyd suche labour 6782
To susteyne euwer the loyalte [Fo. C.1xiiii.]
That he to moche agynte me
He made a boke / and let it write
Werhin his lyfe he dyd al write 6786
And wolde yche renyed beggyng
And lyued by my traneylyng
If I ne had rent ne other good 6789
What weneth he that I were wood?
For labour might me neuer plese
I haue more wyll to ben at ese
And haue wel leuer / sothe to say
Before the people pattre and pray 6794
And wri[e me in my foxerie
Vnder a cope of paperdale.

(Quod Loue) what dyuel is this that I here
What wordes tellast thou me here 6798
What sir Falsnesse that aperit is
Than dredest thou not god? No certis
For selde in great thynge shal he spede
In this worlde / that god wol drede
For folke that hem to vertue yeuen
And truely on her owne lyuen 6804
And hem in goodnesse aye contene
On hem is lytel thrifte ysene
Suche folke drinken great misese
That lyfe may me neuer plese 6808
But se what golde han vsurers
And syluer eke in garners
Taylagiers / and these monyours
Bayliffes / bedels / prouost / countours
These lyuen wel nygh by raynyn 6813
The smale people hem mote enclyne
And they as wolues wol hem eten
Vpon the poore folke they geten
Ful moche of that they spends or kepe
Nys none of hem that he nyl strepe 6818
And wrine hem selfe wel at full
Without scaldyng / they hem pull
The stronge the feble ouergoth
But I that weare my symple clothe 6822
Robe bothe robbyng and robbours
And gyle gyling / and gylours
By my treget / I gather and thrent
The great tresour in to my chest 6826
That lyeth with me so faste bounde
Myn hygh palese do I founde
And my delytes I fulffyl 6829
1With wyne at feestes / at my wyll
And tables ful of entremes [1 ff. 164, col. 2]
I wol no lyfe / but ease and pees
And wynne golde to spende also
For whan the great bagge is go 6834
It comeith right with my iapes
Make I not wel tomble myn apes
To wynnen is alwaye myn entent
My purchace is better than my rent
For though I shulde beten be 6839
Ouer al I entremet me
Without me may no wight dure
I walke soules for to cure 6842
Of al the worlde have I
In brede and length boldly
I wol bothe preche / and eke coun saylen
With hondes wyll I not tranaylen 6846
For of the Pope I haue the bull
I ne holde not my wyttys dull
I wol not stynten in my lyue
These Emperours for to shrue
Of kynges / dukes / and lorde grete
But poore folke al quyte I lete
I loue no suche shruiuyng parde
But it for other cause be
I recke not of poore men
Her astate is not worthe an hen
Where fyndest thou a swynker of labour
Haue me vnto his confessour?
But Empresses / and duchesses
These quenes / and eke countessses
These abbesses / and eke bygyns
These great ladies palasyns
These iolye knyghtes / and baylunes
These nonnes / and these burgeys wyues
That ryche ben / and eke plesyng
And these maydens welfaryng
Where so they clad or naked be
Vncounsayled gothe there none fro me
And for her soules sauete
At lorde and lady / and her myne
I aske / whan they hem to me shrue
The propret of al her lyue
And make hem trowe / bothe moste and leest
Her parysshe preest nys but a beest
Ayens me and my company
That shrewes ben / as great (as I)
For whiche I wol not hyde in holde
No pryuite that me is tolde [Fo. Cxiii, bk.]
That I by worde or signe ywis
Ne wol make hem knowe what it is
And they wollen also tellen me
They hele fro me no pryuite
And for to make you hem pareuyen
That vsen folke thus to discuyuen
I wol you sayne withouten drede

What menne maye in the Gospel rede
Of saynt Mathue the gospeler.
That saythe / as I shal you saye here.

V Pon the chayre of Moyses
Thus it is glosed doutles 6890
(That is the olde Testament
For therby is the chayre ment)
Syttte Scribes and Pharysen
That is to sayne / the cursed men 6894
Whiche that we hypocrites call
Dothe that they preche I rede you all
But dothe nat as they done a dele
That bene nat wery to saye wele 6898
But to do wel / no wyl haue they
And they wolde bynde on folke alwaye
That bene to begyled able [**]
Burdons that ben importable 6902
On folkes shulders thynges they coughen
That they nyl with her fyngers touchen
And why wol they nat touche it why?
For hem ne lyste nat sykerly 6906
For sadde burdons that men taken
Make folkes shulders aken
And if they do ought that good be
That is for folke it shulde se 6910
Her burdons larger maken they
And make her hemmes wyde alwaye
And louen seates at the table
The fyrrste / and most honorable 6914
And for to hanne the firste chayris
In synagogges / to hem ful dere is
And wyllen that folke hem loute and grete 6917
When that they passen through the strete
And wollen be cleped maister also
But they ne shulde nat wyllen so
The gospel is there agaynst I gesse
That sheweth wel her wickednesse. 6922
A

Nother custome vse we
Of hem that wol ayenst vs be
We hate him deedly everychone [161 bk., col. 2]
And we wol werrey him / as one 6926
Him that one hateth / hate we al
And coniecte / howe to done him fal
And if we sene him wynne honour
Rychesse or preyse / through his valour
Prouende / rente / or dignyte 6931
Ful faste ywis compassen we
By what ladder he is clombe so
And for to maken him downe to go
With trayson we wol hym defame 6935
And done him lese his good name
Thus from his ladder we him take
And thus his frendes foes we make 6938
But worde ne wete shal he noon
Tyl al his frendes bene his foon
For if we dyd it openly
We myght haue blame redily 6942
For hadde he wyste of our malyce
He hadde him kepte / but he were nyce.

Another is this / that if so fall 6945
That there be one amonge vs all
That dothe a good tourne / out of drede
We sayne it is our alder dede
Ye sykerly / though he it faynede 6949
Or that him lyste / or that him dayned
A manne through him auounced be
Therof al parceiners be we
And tellen folke / where so we go 6953
That manne through vs is sprongen so
And for to haue of menne preysyng
We purchase through our flatteryngence
Of riche menne of great poste
Letters / to wytnesse our bounte 6958
So that manne weneth that maye vs se
That al vertue in vs be
And alwaye poore we vs fayne 6961

But howe so that we begge or playne
We bene the folke without leasyng
That al thyng haue without hauyng
Thus be we dradde of the people ywis
And gladly my purpose is this. 6966

I / I deale with no wight / but he
Haue golde and tresour great plente
Her acqueyntaunce wel loue I
This is moche my desyre shortly 6970
I entremete me of brocages
I make peace / and marriages [Fo. C.lxv.]
I am gladly executour
And many tymes a procuratour 6974
I am sonytyme messagere
That falleth nat to my mystere
And many tymes I make enqueste
For me that offyce is nat honest 6978
To deale with other mennes thynge
That is to me a great lykyngge
And if that ye haue ought to do
In place that I repye to 6982
I shal it speden through my wyt
As soone as ye haue tolde me it
So that ye serue me to paye
My servyce shal be yours alwaye 6986
But who so wol chastyce me
Anone my loue loste hath he
For I loue no manne in no gyse
That wol me repyre / or chastice 6990
But I wolde al folke vndertake
And of no wight no teachynge take
For I that other folke chastye
Wol not be taught fro my folye. 6994

I

Looke none Hermytage more
Al desertes / and holtes hoore
And great woodes everychone
I lette hem to the Baptyst Iohn 6998
I queth him quyte and hem relese
Of Egipte al the wyldernesse
To ferre were al my mansyons
Fro al cytees and good towns 7002
My paleys and myne house make I
There menne maye renne in openly
And saye that I the worlde forsake
But al amydde I bylde / and make 7006
My house / and swymme and playe therinne
Bette than a fysshe dothe with his fynne.

Ofe Antechristes menne am I
Of whiche that Christ sayth openly 7010
They haue habyte of holynesse
And lyuen in suche wickednesse
To the copye / if him talent toke
Of the Euangelystes booke 7014
There myght he se by great trauysoun
Ful many false comparysoun
As moche as through his great myght
Be it of heate or of lyght [Fo. Clxv, col. 3]
The sonne surmounteth the moone 7019
That troubler is / and chaungeth soone
And the nutte kyrnel the shelle
I skorne nat that I you telle 7022
Right so withouten any gyle
Surmounteth this noble Euangyle
The worde of any Euangelyst 7025
And to her tytell they token Christ
And many suche comparysoun
Of whiche I make no menciou
Myght menne in that booke fynde
Who so coude of hem haue mynde. 7030

The vnyuersyte that tho was a slepe
Gan for to brayde / and taken kepe
And at the noysse / the heed vp cast
Ne neuer sythen slepte it fast 7034
But vp it sterte / and armes tooke
Ayenst this false horyble booke

Al reddy batayle for to make
And to the Inge the booke they take
But they that broughten the boke there 7039
Hent it anone awaye for fere
They nolde shewe it no more a dele
But than it kepte / and kepene wele
Tyll suche a tyme that they maye se
That they so stronge woxen be 7044
That no wight maye hem wel withstonde
For by that boke they durste nat stonde
Awaye they gonne it for to bere
For they ne durste nat answere
By exposytioun no gloose
To that that clerkes wol appose 7050
Ayenst the cursednesse ywis
That in that booke written is
Noewe wotte I nat / ne I can nat se
What maner ende that there shal be
Of al this that they hyde 7055
But yet algate they shal abyde
Tyl that they maye it bette defende
This trowe I best wol be her ende. 7058

Thus Antechrist abyden we
For we bene al of his myne
And what manne that wol nat be so
Right soone he shal his lyfe for go 7062
Outwarde Lamben semen we
Ful of goodnesse and of pyte [Fo. Clxv, bk.]
And inwarde we withouten fable
Bene gredy Wolues rauysable. 7066
We enuyroun bothe londe and see
With al the worlde werryen we
We wol ordayne of al thynge
Of folkes good / and her lyuyng. 7070

If there be castell or cytee
Wherin that any bougerons be
Al though that they of Myllayne were
For therof bene they blamed there 7074
  Or of a wyght out of measure
Wolde leane her golde / and take vsure
For that he is so coneytous
Or if he be to Lecherous 7078
Or these that haunten Simonye
Or Prouost ful of trechery
Or Prelate lyueng iolylye
Or preest that halte his queyn him by
Or olde hoores hostylers 7083
Or other baudes or bordellers
Or els blamed of any vyce
Of whiche men shulden done iustyce
  By al the sayntes that we prey 7087
But they defende them with lamprey
With luce / with elys / with samons
With tendre gees / and with Capons
With tarts / or with cheffes fatte 7091
With deytie flaunes / brode and flatte
With caleweys / or with pullayle
With conynges / or with fyne vitayle
That we vnder our clothes wyde 7095
Maken through our golet glyde
Or but he wol do come in haste
Roe venyson bake in paste 7098
Whether so that he loure or groyne
He shal haue of a corde a loygne
With whiche men shal him bynde and lede
To brenne him for his synful dede 7102
That men shul here him crye and vore
A myle away aboute and more
Or els he shal in prison dye
But if he wol his frendshyp bye 7106
Or smerten that / that he hath do
More than his gylte amounteth to
  But and he couthe / through his sleight
Do maken vp a toure of heyght 7110
Nought rought I / wheder of stone
    or tre
[165 back, col. 2]

Or erthe / or turues though it be
Though it were of no vounde stone
Wrought with squire and scantilone
So that the tour were stuffed well
With al rychesse temporell 7116
  And than that he wolde vp dresse
Engyus / bothe more and lesse
To caste at vs by every syde
To bere his good name wyde
  Suche sleightes I shal you neuen
Barel of wyne / by syxe or seuen 7122
Or golde in sackes greate plente
He shulde soone delyuered be
  And if he haue no suche pytences
Let him study in equipolences 7126
And lette lyes / and fallaces
If that he wolde deserve our graces
Or we shal beare him suche wytnesse
  Of synne / and of his wretchynesse
And done his lose so wyne 7131
That al quicke we shulde him brenne
  Or els yeue him suche penaunce
That is wel worse than the pytaunce.

For thou shalte neuer for nothyng
Con knownen a right by her clothynge
The traitours ful of trecherye
But thon her werkes can aspye 7138
  And ne had the good kepyng be
Whylom of the vniuersyte
That kepeth the key of cristendome
We had ben turmented al and some
  Suche ben the styknyng prophetis
Nys none of hem / that good prophete is
For they through wicked entencion
The yere of the incarnacion 7146
A thousande / and two hundred yere
Fyue and fyfty / ferther ne nere
Broughten a boke / with sory grace
To yeuen ensample in commun place
That sayd thus / though it were fable
This is the Gospel perdurable 7152
That fro the Holy goost is sent
Wel were it worthe to ben brent
Entytled was in suche manere
This boko / of whiche I tell here 7156
There nas no wight in al Parys
Becorne our Lady at paruys [Fo. C.lxiv.]
That they ne myght the booke by
The sentence pleased him wel trewly.
But I wol stynte of this matere
For it is wonder longe to here 7162
But hadde thilke boke endured
Of better estate I were ensured
And frendes haue I yet parde
That han me set in great degre. 7166

O
F al this worlde is Emperour
Gyle my father / the trechour
And Empresse my mother is
Maugre the Holy goste iwys 7170
Our mighty lynage / and our route
Reigneth in euery reigne aboute
And wel is worthy we mynistres be
For al this worlde gouerne we 7174
And can the folke so wel discelyue
That none our gyle can perceyue
And though they done / they dare not say
The sothe dare no wight bewray 7178
But he in Christes wrathe him ledeth
That more than Christ my bretherne
dredeth
He nys no ful good champion
That dredeth suche simulacion 7182
Nor that for payne wol refusen
Vs to correcte and accusen
He wol not entremete by right
Ne haue god in his eye sight 7186
And therfore god shal him punyce
But me ne recketh of no vyce
Sythen men vs louen comunably
And holden vs for so worthy 7190
That we may folke repreue echone
And we nyll haue represe of none
Whom shulden folke worshippen so
But vs that stynten neuer mo 7194
To patren / whyle that folke may vs se
Though it not so behynde hem be.

And where is more woode folye
Than to enhaunce chialry 7198
And loue noble men and gay
That ioly clothes weren alway
If they be suche folke as they semen
So cleene / as men her clothes demen
And that her wordes folowe her dede
It is great pyte out of drede 7204
For they wol be none hypocritis [Fo. C.lxiv, col. 2]
Of hem me thynketh great spyte is
I canne nat loue hem on no syde
But beggers with these hooedes wyde
With sleighhe and pale faces leane
And graye clothes nat ful cleane 7210
But fretted ful of tatarwagges
And highe shoes knopped with dagges
That frounccen lyke a quyyle pype
Or bootes ryuelyng as a gype 7214
To suche folke / as I you deuyse
Shulde princes and these lorde wyse
Take al her londes and her thynges
Bothe warre and peace in gouernynges
To suche folke shulde a prince hym yeue
That wolde his lyue in honour lyue.

And if they be nat as they sem 7221
That seruen thus the worlde to queme
There wolde I dwelle to discelyue
The folke / for they shal not perceyue
But I ne speke in no suche wyse 7225
That men shulde humble habytte dispysse
So that no pride there vnder be
No manne shulde hate / as thynketh me
The poore man in suche clothynge 7229
But god ne preyseth him nothyng
That saith he hath the worlde forsake
And hath to worldly glory lym take
And wol of suche delyces vse 7233
Who maye that begger wel excuse?
That papelarde / that him yeldeth so
And wol to worldly ease go 7236
And saith that he the worlde hath lefte
And gredily it grypeth etfe
He is the hounde / shame is to sayne
That to his castynge gothe agayne. 7240

But vnvo you dare I nat lye
But myght I felen or espye
That ye parcheyd (sic) it nothyng
Ye shulde haue a starke leasynge 7244
Right in your honde thus to begynne
I nolde it lette for no synne
The god loughe at the wonder tho
And euery wyght ganne laughe also 7248
And sayd; Le here a manne aright
For to be trusy to euery wight.

Also semblant (quod Loue) say to me 1
Sythe I thus haue auounced the
That in my courte is thy dwellyng 7253
And of rybaudes shalt be my kyng
Wolt thou wel holden my forwardes?
Ye sir / from hence forwardes 7256
We wol a people vpon him areysse
And through our gyle / done him ceise
And him on sharpe speares ryue
Or other wayes bringe him fro lyue 7260
But if that he wol folowe y wis
That in our booke written is.

The Romaunt of the Rose. (Ed. Thynne, 1532.)

THus moche wol our booke signifye
That whyle Peter hath maistreye 7264
May neuer Iohan shewe wel his might
Nowe haue I you declared right
The meanyng of the barke and rynde
That maketh the entencions blynde 7268
But nowe at erst I wol begyn
To expowne you the pythe within
And the seculers comprehende
That Christes lawe wol defende 7272
And shulde it kepyn and mayntenyn
Ayenst hem that al sustenen
And falsy to the people tehyn
That Iohan betoketh hem to prechen
That there nys lawe couenable 7277
But thilke gospel pardurable
That fro the holy goste was sent
To turne folke that ben miswent. 7280

The strength of Iohan they vnderstonde
The grace in whiche they say they stonde
That dothe the synful folke convoyn
And hem to Iesus christ reuerte 7284
Ful many an other horriblete
May men in that booke se
That ben comaundeth doutelesse
Ayenst the lawe of Rome expresse 7288
And al with Antechrist they holden
As men may in the boke beholde

And than comaundeth they to sleen
Al tho that with Peter been 7292
But they shal neuer haue that myght
And god to forne / for stryfe to fyght
That they ne shal ynoogh fynde
That Peters lawe shal haue in mynde
And euer holde / and so mayntenyn 7297
That at the laste it shal be sene
That they shal al come therto
For aught that they can speke or do 7300
And thilke lawe shal not stonde
That they by Iohan haue vnderstonde
But maugre hem / it shal adoun 7303
And ben brought to confusyoun
Had neuer your father here beforne
Seruautn so trewe / sythe he was borne
That is ayenst al nature 7307
Sir / put you in that auenture
For though ye borowes take of me
The sykerer shal ye neuer be 7310
For hostages / ne sykernesse
Or chartres / for to bare wytnesse
I take your selfe to recorde here
That men ne may / in no manere 7314
Teren the wolfe out of his hyde
Tyl he be slayne / backe and syde
Though men him beate and al defyle
What wene ye that I wol begyle? 7318
For I am clothed mekely
There vnder is al my trechery
Myn herte chaungeth neuer the mo
For none habyt / in whiche I go 7322
Though I haue chere of symplenesse
I am not wery of shreudnesse
My lemman / strayned Abstenaunce
Hath myster of my purveyaunce 7326
She had ful longe ago be dede
Nere my counsayle and my rede
Let her alone / and you and me
And Loue answerd / I truste the
Without borowe / for I wol none 7331
And False semblant the thefe anone
Right in that ilk same place
That had of treson al his face 7334
Right blacke within / and whyte without
Thanyng him / gan on his knees loute.

Than was there nought / but euerymen
Nowe to assaute / that saylen can 7338
(Quod Loue) and that ful hardly

Than armed they hem comenly 7340
Of suche armour / as to hem fell
When they were armed / fiers and fell
They went hem forthe al in a route
And set the castel al aboute [Fo. C.xxvii.] 7346
They wyl not away for no drede
Tyl it so be that they ben dede
Or tyl they haue the castel take
And four batels they gan make
And parted hem in four anon
And toke her way / and forthe they gone
The foure gates for to assayle
Of whiche the kepers wol not sayle
For they ben neyther sicke ne dede
But hardy folke / and stronge in dede.

Nowe wol I sayne the countenaunce
Of False semblant / and Abstynaunce
That ben to wicked tonge went 7357
But first they helde her parlyment
Whether it done were
To maken hem be knownen there
Or els walken forthe dysgesed
But at the laste they deuyed 7362
That they wolde gone in tapynage
As it were in a pilgrymage
Lyke good and holy folke vnfeyned
And dame Abstynence streyned 7366
Toke on a robe of Camelyne
And gan her grachte as a bygyne
A large couerchiefe of threde
She wrapped al aboute her hede
But she forgate not her psaltere 7371
A payre of beedes eke she bere
Vpon a lace / al of whyte threde
On whiche that she her beades bede
But she ne bought hem neuer a dele
For they were gyuen her / I wote wele
God wote of a ful holy frere 7377
That sayd he was her father dere 7378
To whom she had ofter went
Than any freere of his couent
And he visyted her also
And many a sermon sayd her to 7382
He nolde let for man on lyue
That he ne wolde her ofte shrue
And with so great deuocion
They made her confession 7386
That they had ofte for the nones
Two heedes in one hoode at ones
Of fayre shappe / I deuyed her the
But pale of face somtyme was she 7390
That false traytoureesse vntrewew 7391
Was lyke that salowe horse of hewe
That in the Apocalips is shewed
That signifieth to folke beshrewed
That ben al ful of trecherye 7395
And pale / through hypocrisye
For on that horse no colour is
But onely deed and pale ywis 7398
Of suche a colour enlangoured
Was Abstynence iwys coloured
Of her estate she her repented
As her visage represented 7402
She had a burdowne al of thefte
That Gyle had yeue her of his yefte
And a skryppe of faynte distresse
That ful was of elengenesse 7406
And forthe she walked sobrely
And False semblant saynt / ie vous die
And as it were for suche mistere
Done on the cope of a freere 7410
With chere symple / and ful pytous
His lokyng was not disdeynous
Ne proude / but meke and ful pesyble
Aboute his nekke he bare a Byble
And squierly / forthe gan he gon 7415
And for to rest his lymmes vpon
He had of treason a potent

As he were feble / his way he went
But in his sleue he gan to thring
A rasour sharpe / and wel bytyng
That was forged in a forge 7421
Whiche that men clepen Coupe gorge
So longe forthe her waye they nomen
Tyl they to Wicked Tonge comen
That at his gate was syttyng 7425
And sawe folke in the way passyng
The pilgrymes sawe he faste by
That beren hem ful mekely
And humbly they with him mette
Dame Abstynence first him grette 7430
And sythe him False semblant salued
And he hem / but he not reneued
For he ne dredde hem not a dele
For whan he sawe her faces wele 7434
Alway in herte / him thought so
He shulde knowe hem both the two
For wel he knewe dame Abstynence
But he ne knewe not Constreynaunce
1He knewe nat that she was constrayned
Ne of her theues lyfe fayned 7435
[1 H. 167, bk.] But wende she come of wyl al free
But she come in another degree 7442
And if of good wyl she beganne
That wyl was fayled her thanne.

And False Semblant had he sayne
also 7445
But he knewe nat that he was false
Yet false was he / but his falsnesse
Ne coude he nat espye / nor gesse
For Semblant was so slye wrought 7449
That Falsenesse he ne espyed nought
But haddest thou knowen hym beforne
Thou woldest on a boke haue sworn
Whan thou him saugh in thylke araye
That he / that whilome was so gaye
And of the daunce Ioly Robyn 7455
Was tho become a Iacobyn
But sothely what so menne hym cal
Frere prechours bene good menne al
Her order wickedly they beren 7459
Suche mynstrelles / if they were
So bene Augustyns / and Cordylers
And Carmes / and eke Sacked freers
And al freres shodde and bare 7463
Though some of hem ben great and square
Ful hooly men / as I hem deme
Everyche of hem wolde good man sene
But shalte thou neuer of apparence
Senz conclude good consequence
In none argument ywis 7469
If existens al sayled is
For menne maye fynde alwaye sopheme
The consequence to enueneme
Who so that hath hadde the subtelte
The double sentence for to se. 7474

When the pylgrymes commen were
To Wicked Tonge that dwelled there
Her harneys nygh hem was algate 7477
By Wicked tonge adowne they sate
That badde hem nere him for to come
And of tidynges telle him some
And sayd hem: What case maketh you
To come in to this place nowe? 7482

S
Ir sayd Strayned Abstynence
We for to drye our penaunce
With hertes pytous and deuoute [ll.167, 168, col. 2]
Are commen / as pylgrimes gon aboute
Wel nyght on fote alwaye we go 7487
Ful doughty ben our heelles two [s so]
And thus bothe we ben sent
Throughout this worlde that is miswent
To yene ensample / and preche also
To fysshyn synful menne we go 7492
For other fysshynge / ne fysshe we

| And sir / for that charyte 7494 |
| As we be wonte / herborowe we craue |
| Your lyfe to amende Christ it saue |
| And so it shulde you nat displease |
| We wolden / if it were your ease 7498 |
| A shorte sermon vnto you sayne |
| And Wicked Tonge answered agayne |
| The house (quod he) suche (as ye se) |
| Shal nat be warned you for me 7502 |
| Say what you lyst / and I wol here |
| Graunt mercy swete sir dere. |

(Quod alderfirst) dame Abstynence
And thus began she her sentence 7506
Sir / the firste vertue certayne
The greatest / and moste souerayne
That may be founde in any man
For hauynge / or for wytte he can 7510
That is his tonge to refrayne
Therto ought every wight him payne
For it is better styll be
Than for to spoken harme parde 7514
And he that herkeneth it gladly
He is no good man sykerly

| And sir / abouen al other synne |
| In that arte thou moste gilty inne 7518 |
| Thou spake a iape / not longe a go |
| And sir / that was right yuel do |
| Of a yonge man / that here repayed |
| And neuer yet this place apayred 7522 |
| Thou saydest he awayted nothyng |
| But to disc eyue Fayre welcomyng |
| Ye sayd nothyng sothe of that |
| But sir / ye lye / I tel you plat 7526 |
| He ne cometh no more / ne gothe parde |
| I trowe ye shal him neuer se |
| Fayre Welcomyn in prison is |
| That ofte hath played with you er this |
| The fayrest games that he coude 7531 |
| Without fylthe styl or loude [Fo. C.Ixviii.] |
For I dare sayne / that Reason demeth
It is nat al sothe thyng that semeth
And it is synne to controue 7457
Thynge that is to reprouе
This wote ye wele / and sir : therfore
Ye arne to blame the more 7550
And nathelessse / he recketh lyte
He yeueth nat nowe therof a myte
For if he thought harme parfaye
He wolde come and gone al daye 7554
He coude him selfe nat abstene
Nowe cometh he nat / and that is sene
For he ne taketh of it no cure
But if it be through auenture 7558
And lasse than other folke algate
And thou her watchest at the gate
With speare in thyne aрест alwaye
There muse musarde al the daye 7562
Thou wakest night and day for thought
Iwis thy trauelye is for nought
And Ielouslye withouten fayle
Shal neuer quyte the thy trauelye 7566
And skathe is / that Fayre Welcomyng
Without any trespassyng
Shal wrongfully in prison be
There wepeth and languysssheth he 7570
And though thou neuer yet ywis
Agyltest manne no more but this
Take nat a grefe it were worthy
To putte the out of this bayly 7574
And afterwarde in prison lye
And fettre the tyl that thou dye
For thou shalte for this synne dwelle
Right in the dyuels arse of helle 7578
But if that thou repent the [Fo, C.I.xvii., col. 2]
Mafaye / thou lyest falsely (quod he)
What / welcome with myschaunce
Ho\nEau I therfore herbered you 7582
To saye me shame / and eke reprouе
With sorye happe to your behoue
Am I to day your herbegere
Go herber you elswhere / than here
That han a lyer called me 7587
Two tregetours arte thou and he
That in myn house / do me this shame
And for my sothe sawe ye me blame
Is this the sermon that ye make?
To al the dyuels I me take 7592
Or els god thou me confounde
But er men dyddeu this castel founde
It passeth not ten dayes or twelue
But it was tolde right to my selu [so]
And as they sayd / right so tolde I
He kyste the Rose priuely 7598
Thus sayd I nowe / and haue sayd yore
I not where he dyd any more
Why shulde men say me suche a thyng
If it had ben gabbyng 7602
Right so sayd I / and wol saye yet
I trove I lyed not of it
And with my bernes I wol blowe
To al neyghbours arowe 7606
Howe he hath bothe comen and gone
The spake False semblant right anone
Al is not gospel out of doute 7609
That men sayne in the towne aboute
Lay no deede eere to my spekyng 7611
I swere you sir / it is gabbyng
I trowe ye wote wel certaynly
That no man loueth him tenderly 7614
That saythe him harme / if he wote it
Al be he noer so poore of wyt
And sothe is also sykerly
This knowe ye sir / as wel as I 7618
That louers gladly wol visyten
The places there her loues habytten
This man you loueth / and eke honoureth
This man to servye you laboureth 7622
And clepeth you his frende so dere
And this man maketh you good chere
And euerwhere that you meteth 7625
He you saleweth / and he you greteth
He preseth nat so ofte / that ye [Po. C.lxviii. back]
Ought of his comyng encombred be
There presen other folke on you
Ful ofter than he dothe nowe 7630
And if his herte him straynef so
Vnto the Rose for to go
Ye shulde hym sene so ofte nede 7633
That ye shulde take him with the dede
He coude his comynge nat forbeare
Though he him thirled with a speare
It nere nat than / as it is nowe
But trusteth wel / I swere it you 7638
That it is clene out of his thought
    Sir / certes he ne thynketh it nought
No more ne dothe Fayre Welcomyng
That sore abyth al this thyng 7642
And if they were of one assent
Ful soone were the Rose hent
The maungre yours wolde be 7645
    And sir / of o thyng herkeneth me
Sith ye this man / that loueth you
Han sayd suche harme / and shame nowe
Wytteth wel / if he gessed it
Ye maye wel demen in your wyt 7650

He nolde nothyng loue you so
Ne callen you his frende also
But nyght and daye he wol wake
The castel to distroye and take 7654
If it were sothe / as ye deuyse
Or some manne in some maner wyse
Might it warne him everydele
Or by him selte parcyue wele 7658
For sithe he myght nat come and gone
As he was whylome wonte to done
He myght it soone wyte and se
But nowe al otherwyse wote he 7662
    Than haue we sir al vterly
Deserued helle / and iolyly
The dethe of helle doutlesse
That thrallen folke so gyltlesse. 7666

False Semblant so proueth this thyng
That he canne none answerynge
And seeth alwaye / suche apparaunce
That nygh he fel in repentaunce 7670
And sayd him / sir: It maye wel bo
Semblant / a good manne semen ye
And Abstynence / ful wyse ye sem
Of o talent you bothe I deme [168 bk., col. 2]
What counsayle wol ye to me yeuen ?
Right here anon thou shalt be shriuen
And say thy synne / without more
Of this shalte thou repent sore 7678
For I am preest / and haue poste
To shrie folke of most dignyte
That ben as wyde as worlde may dure
Of al this worlde I haue the cure 7682
And that had neuer yet persoun
Ne vyearie of no maner toun
    And god wotte I haue of the
A thousande tymes more pyte 7686
Than hath thy preest parochial
Though he thy frende be special
    I haue auauntage in o wyse 7689
That your prelates ben not so wyse
Ne halfe so lettréed (as am I)
I am lycensed boldely
In dieynite for to rede
And to confessen out of drede

If ye wol you nowe confess
And leaue your synnes more and lesse
Without abode / knele downe anon
And you shal haue absolucion.

\[ T \] Finis.

\[ T \] Here endeth the Romaunt of the
Rose: And here foloweth
the boke of Troy-
rous and Cre-
seyde.
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