RELIQUIÆ ANTIQUÆ.
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SCRAPS
FROM
ANCIENT MANUSCRIPTS,
ILLUSTRATING CHIEFLY
EARLY ENGLISH LITERATURE
AND THE
ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

EDITED BY
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VOL. I.

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MDCCCXLV.
TO

SIR THOMAS PHILLIPPS, BART.

THIS VOLUME IS INSCRIBED,

A TESTIMONY OF RESPECT

FROM HIS

HUMBLE, FAITHFUL, AND OBLIGED SERVANTS,

THE EDITORS.
PREFACE.

The object of the publication, the first volume of which is now laid before the public, is to collect together such pieces from ancient inedited manuscripts illustrative of the literature and languages of our forefathers during the middle ages, as are not of sufficient extent to form books by themselves, and from their want of connection, do not easily find a place in other collections. To those whose attention has been given to the subject, it is unnecessary to say that these shorter pieces are often of much greater importance than those which are more extensive. The larger proportion of them are in the English language, in some of the stages through which it passed from the pure Anglo-Saxon to the form in which we now speak it; but from the nature of the subject, a fragment has occasionally been admitted in Latin and Anglo-Norman, languages which were once as familiar to our countrymen as their own vernacular tongue.

The Editors of the RELIQUÆ ANTIQUE are unwilling to neglect the opportunity now afforded of returning thanks for the liberal support their periodical has received from the Antiquarian public—a support so unusual in works of this nature that they have been induced to extend the publication
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beyond the first volume, which was the limit originally intended. On their parts no exertions will be spared to render the work still more worthy of the encouragement it has received.

It is only necessary to add that the sole aim of the Editors has been to render materials available to others, and on this account they have carefully avoided any lengthened notes or comments on the documents here printed. They again call the attention of those who take interest in these subjects to this plan, and earnestly invite their aid. In the course of the present volume they have been materially assisted by the communications of Sir Henry Ellis, Sir Frederick Madden, the Rev. Joseph Hunter, W. B. D. D. Turnbull, Esq., John Bruce, Esq., the Rev. J. J. Smith, S. Charles, Esq., G. J. Aungier, Esq., E. H. Hunter, Esq., and others: to these gentlemen they beg to return their best acknowledgments.

Dec. 30th, 1840.
RELIQULÆ ANTIQUÆ.

SONGS FROM MANUSCRIPTS AT CAMBRIDGE.

I.

From the University Library MS. Ff. 5, 48, Art. 29, written on paper, about the beginning of the fifteenth century. There is perhaps no part of popular superstition so curious as the worship of wells, of which many traces remain even to the present day, of which this song is a remarkable illustration. The fairs, or wakes, in our country villages, often originated from the custom of "waking the well."

I have forsworne hit whil I life, to wake the well.
The last tyme I the wel woke,
Sir John caghth me with a croke,
He made me to swere be bel and boke
    I shuld not tell.
Jet he did me a wel wors turne,
He leyde my hed agayn the burne,
He gafe my mayden-hed a spurne,
    And refe my bell.

Sir John came to oure hows to play,
Fro evensong tyme til light of the day;
We made as mery as flowres in May,
    I was begyled.

Sir John he came to our hows,
He made hit wonder copious,
He seyd that I was gracious
    To beyre a child.

I go with childe, wel I wot,
I schrew the feder that hit gate,
With-owten he fynde hit mylke and pape,
    A long while ey.
II.

From Trinity College Library, MS. R, 3, 19, containing Poems chiefly by Lydgate and Chaucer, written in the reign of Henry VI. on paper.

Men may leve all gamys,
That saylen to Seynt Jamys;
Ffor many a man hit gramys,
When they begyn to sayle.

Ffor when they have take the see,
At Sandwyche, or at Wynchylsee,
At Brystow, or where that hit bee,
Theyr herts begyn to fayle.

Anone the mastyr commaundeth fast
To bys shyp-men in all the hast,
To dresse hem sone about the mast,
Theyr takelyng to make.

With "howe! hissa!" then they cry,
"What, howe! mate, thow stondyst to ny,
Thy felow may nat hale the by;"
Thus they begyn to crake.

A boy or twyn anone up-styyn,
And overthwart the sayle-yerde lyen;—
"Y how! taylia!" the remenaunt cryen,
And pull with all theyr myght.

"Bestowe the boote, bote-swayne, anon,
That our pylgryms may pleye thereon;
For som ar lyke to cowgh and grone,
Or hit be full mydnyght."

"Hale the bowelyne! now, vere the shete!—
Cooke, make redy anoon our mete,
Our pylgryms have no lust to ete,
I pray God yeve hem rest."

"Go to the helm! what, howe! no nere?
Steward, felow! a pot of bery?"
"Ye shall have, sir, with good chere,
Anone all of the best."

"Y howe! trussa! hale in the brayles!
Thow halyst nat, be God, thow fayles,
O se howe well owre good shyp sayles!"
And thus they say among.
"Hale in the wartake!" "Hit shall be done."
"Steward! cover the boorde anone,
And set bred and salt thereone,
   And tarry nat so long."
Then cometh one and seyth, "be mery;
Ye shall have a storme or a pery."
"Holde thow thy pese! thow canst no whery,
   Thow medlyst wondyr sore."
Thys mene whyle the pylgryms ly,
And have theyr bowlys fast theym by,
And cry after hote malvesy,
   "Thow helpe for to restore."
And som wold have a saltyd tost,
Ffor they myght ete neyther sode ne rost;
A man myght sone pay for theyr cost,
   As for oo day or twayne.
Som layde theyr bookys on theyr knes,
And rad so long they myght nat se;—
   "Allas! myne hede woll cleve on thre!"
Thus seyth another certayne.
Then commeth owre owner lyke a lorde,
And speketh many a royall worde,
And dresseth hym to the hygh borde,
   To see all thyng be well.
Anone he calleth a carpentere,
And byddyth hym bryng with hym hys gere,
To make the cabans here and there,
   With many a febyll cell.
A sak of strawe were there ryght good,
Ffor som must lyg theym in theyr hood;
I had as lefe be in the wood,
   Without mete or drynk.
For when that we shall go to bedde,
The pumpe was nygh our bedde hede,
A man were as good to be dede
   As smell therof the stynk.

Explicit.
He that wyll in Eschepe ete a goose so fat,
   With harpe, pype, and song;
He must siepe in Newgate on a mat,
   Be the nyght never so long.

Secundum Aristotelem.
RELIQUÆ ANTIQUEÆ.

III.

From the University Library, MS. Ee. 1, 12, containing an English metrical version of the Psalms, said in the MS. to have been written in A. D. 1342, on vellum, but the MS. itself evidently belongs to the fifteenth century.

The fals fox camme unto owre croft,
And so oure gese ful fast he sought;
   With, how, fox, how, with hey, fox, hey;
   Comme no more unto ourse howse to bere oure gese

The fals fox camme unto oure sty, [aweye.
And toke oure gese there by and by;
   With how, etc.

The fals fox camme into oure yerde,
And there he made the gese aferde;
   With how, etc.

The fals fox camme unto oure gate,
And toke oure gese there where they sate;
   With how, fox, etc.

The fals foxe camme to owre halle dore;
And shrove oure gese there in the flore;
   With how, fox, etc.

The fals fox camme into oure halle,
And assoyled oure gese both grete and small;
   With how, fox, etc.

The fals fox camme unto oure cowpe,
And there he made our gese to stowpe;
   With how, fox, etc.

He toke a gese fast by the nek,
And the goose thoo begann to quek;
   With how, fox, etc.

The good wyfe camme out in her smok,
And at the fox she threw hir rok;
   With how, fox, etc.

The good mann camme out with his flayle,
And smote the fox upon the tayle;
   With how, fox, etc.

He throw a gese upon his bak,
And furth he went thoo with his pak;
   With how, etc.
The goodman swore, yf that he myght,  
He wolde hym slee or it were nyght;  
With how, fox, etc.

The fals fox went into his denne,  
And there he was full mery thenne;  
With how, fox, etc.

He camme ayene yet the next wek,  
And toke away both henne and chek;  
With how, fox, etc.

The goodman saide unto his wyfe,  
This fals fox lyveth a mery lyfe;  
With how, fox, etc.

The fals fox camme uponn a day,  
And with our e gesse he made a fray.  
With how, fox, how, etc.

He toke a goose fast by the nek,  
And made her to sey whecumquek,  
With how, etc.

"I pray the, fox," said the goose thoo,  
"Take of my fethers but not of my to."  
With how, etc.

These two last lines are much defaced in the MS. and have been added by another hand, possibly because they were originally carried up to the next leaf, and then defaced to make way for something else.

Hill.

CHARACTERISTICS OF DIFFERENT NATIONS.


Italici quæ non sacra sunt et quæ sacra vendunt;  
Allobrogas de perfidia cuncti reprehendunt;  
Teuthonici vix Catholici, nullius amici;  
Gens, tibi, Flandrena, cibus est et potus avena;  
Gens Normannigena fragili nutritur avena,  
Subdola, ventosa, mendax, levis, invidiosa;  
Vincere mos est Francigenis, nec sponte nocere;  
Prodere dos Normannigenis belloque paverre;  
Alvernus cantat, Brito notat, Anglia potat.
CONTRIBUTIONS TO ENGLISH LEXICOGRAPHY

I.

Middle English glosses, selected from a verbal commentary on the Latin Missal and Liber Festivallis of the Romish Church. The MS. preserved in the collection of J. O. Halliwell, Esq. (MS. Hal. No. 210), appears to have been written in the latter half of the fourteenth century, and many of the words are explained in English.

merenda, nonemet. (fol. 1, vo) obsonium, a wakemet.
titubare, to wagge. (2, vo) cespitare, to stumble.
vibrare, to shake.
nutare, to stoupe.
vacillare, to wagge, sikut navis in aqua.
vallum est inter murum et fossam, a paale. (5, vo) vallis, a waley.
trituro, to thresche. (6, vo) digere paulisper vinum quo mades, defye the wyn of the wheche thou art dronken, and wexist sobre. (8, vo)
linum, flex.
lignum, wode.
timpanum, a tabor. (8, vo) presto, I am redy.
nudius tertius, thre dayes gone.
nates, the bottokes. (9, vo) accidit, happethe.
recordia, cowardnes. (10, vo) mentum, the chyne.
funda, a sclynge.
alloquen, ellis. (11, vo) cavella, a wege.
compelli, to be constreyned.
(11, vo)
invegstigare, to spere.
panis sine fermento, therf' breed.
amplicitus, y-put to. (12, vo) frutex, undirgloyng.
benignus in loquela, goode to speke with.
conor - aris, strengthe.
mitigo, to swage. (13, vo) torques, a pilyre.
sulcus, a forow. (13, vo) rusticatio, boystesnes.
litigo, to stryve.
pusillanimus, of a nele wylle.
discipulatus, a discipylhod.
(14, vo)
marceo, to welke, sicut flores.
marcidus, welked.
emerCEO, to wex drie and wel-kynge.
capra argrestis, a wyld gote.
turbo, the qwyrlewynde.
cacabus, a panne. [(14, vo) contumax, sturdie. (15, vo) excidit, hewe.
tinea, a mowthe. (15, vo) calliditas, a queyntyse or a slythe.
cirpus, a rusche. (16, vo) arrogans, to bostere.
incus, anvelt. (16, vo) relegare, to exilen. (17, vo) adjurare, to othe.
leno gradu, softe goynge.
inguetudo, unreste. (19, vo) obsides, presoners, or a thing that is layde to wedde. (19, vo)
phiola, a cruet.

paulus, i. ludus, a marrys, or a
myere. (21, v°)
saltus, a launde.
sartago, a friyangpanne.
penso, to thenke. (23, r°)
internus, withinnen.
complexus, foldon to-gidere.
invito, to bydde.
devito, to scheuen or eschuen.
infimus, aldyrlovest. (23, v°)
cautius, queyntlyer.
circumvallabunt, be-segen
abowtynye. (24, r°)
perfive, of mysbeleve.
recenta michi hunc ciphum,
rynce this cuppe. (27, v°)
hirundo, a swalow. (23, r°)
hirudo, a watere leche.
arundo, a rede.
vomere, a share.
faiz, a sikiyl or a sithy.
pedica, a snaire. (34, v°)
torcular, a pressure. (36, v°)
scurra, a harlotte. (37, v°)
scurrilitas, a harlotrye.
servitus, servage.
nummularius, a changeour.
(40, r°)
alveolum, a trouht. (42, r°)
pinso, to knede pastam.
condensus, thekke. (42, v°)
exprobrare, to chye. (43, r°)
sertum, a garlounde.
sindo, sendel. (45, v°)
concitaverunt turbam, stirryd
the folke.
cribrum, a cyve. (46, r°)
peleis, a bacyne. (46, v°)
lavacrum, a lavour.
diluculum, the morow-tyde.
fax, a broonde of fyere.
contextus, y-woven. (47, v°)
bissus, qwite silke. (48, r°)
knum, lynye.
contumacia, a sturdynesse.
(48, v°)

spina, a thorne or a rigge-bone.
cervus, an herte. (49, r°)
fermentum, i. pasta amara,
sour-dogh. (49, v°)
detraho, to bakbite. (50 v°)
comisceo, to menge. (51, r°)
comissura, a mengyne.
utes, botells.
collaterales, costrells. (de cute
dic utres, de ligno colla-
terales.)
lorica, a habergeon.
galea, a helme.
fitus, brynke of the see. (52,v°)
parasitus, a gloton. (54, v°)
adipatum est quodlibet edulum
adipe inpinguatum, brow-
esse.
efficaciter, spedfully. (56, r°)
hippus, bler-yed.
tuscus, one-yede.
vas cum quo seminatores se-
minant, a sedelepe or a ho-
pere. (58, r°)
vas in quo pinsitur pasta, a
cowele or a sake.
talentum, a besaunte. (68, v°)
nunisma, the coyne of the rene.
squama, a scale or a pile.
(60, v°)
justurandum, a othe unswore.
(64, v°)
mola, a grynstone. (65, r°)
ventagile, a wyndmyne.
taxus, a brokke. (67, r°)
taxus, ewe.
discordia, contake. (67, v°)
monile, a broche. (69, r°)
sors, a kut or a lotte. (72, v°)
extexus, out passynge.
camus, quoddam instrumentum
quo equi per labia cognuntur
domine stare. barnakylys.
lubricum, slidere.
gratis, self-wyly, i. sine causa.
exprobrare, to a-breyde.
inops, nedful.
egenus, pore. molestus, angri. euge, euge, scornyng. confusio, scham. reverentia, drede. disperire, to myscarie. (73, r°) molas, tuskes. (73, v°) statera, a balanuce. (74, r°) scrutor, to ransake. pallor, a palnesse. prodigium, a marvel. confusi, schamede. calumpnior, a chalanger. securis, an axe. (74, v°) ascia, a dyse. bis acutum, a twybille. mansuetus, style. exercitatus sum, I am usyde. scopare, to swepe. vana, a paddoke. misiquia, bot for qwhi. (75, r°) herenacius, an urchone. (76, r°) conturniz, a corlu. transgrediens, trispassyng. (76, v°) milia auri et argenti, milions ofgolde and of silvere. (77, r°) illuc, thedirwarde. forsitan, peraventure. torrens, a storme. novelle, ymps, quæ crescent de radicibus arborum vel arboribus inseruntur. minus provectus, noth borne up be conyng. (78, r°) nodosarum dictionum, clubid wordis. patibulum, a gibet. præses, a meyre. insanus, wode. audacia, hardines. excluderet, schwilde scheten owte. extenderet, schulde spredyn owte. fatigatus, y-madewery. (78, v°) affigi, y-stikyd to. trudi, to be schetyn. ecuium, galows. crebrescentibus, waxyng acsi, aste. [thikke. fortassis, happylyche. civis, a burgesys. (79, r°) assiduitate, a bysynes. probitas, prowes. assolet, is wont. limina, thresschefolde. strophæ, a sleyghte. prosiluit, skyppid-owte. (79, v°) presilire, to passe forthe. fulvis, bloo. siste gradum, abide thor at greees. caliditâte, be sleyth or be a covetys. valva, a wyket. (80, r°) dolopes, dussiperes. poples, the ham of the leg. cervicom, the cop of the hevede. limates, anoymentis. exsummatim, aboven. ignari, nothe wytyng. insecutus, nexst suyng. (80, v°) decidit, fel don. attentius, bysyliere. meatus, a goyn-owte. difficultas, sleygth. apparatus, aparaeling. comes, an erle. (81, v°) comitatus, a schyre. sinceriter, clerliche. (82, r°) tenaciter, holdynlyche. sanctitas, hoolness. pulsatus, pute awaye. praedia, maners. (82, v°) lixinum, lye, cum quo vestes lavautur. (83, r°) in foro venali, in the saale market. evenit, happid. (84, r°) proalla, a porche. caminus, a chymnei.
fornax, a fornayse.

instrumentum ad hauriendam
aquam in troclea, a wyndas.

(84, v°)
giraculum, quidam ludus puer-
orum, a spiquerene.
situla, a boket.

insitus, y[m]pyt to. (85, r°)
lances ferreas, barris of yrene.
magicus, tregetorns, s. falsus,
fictius, deceptorius.

ægre, slowlyche. (85, v°)

panis cribarius, cribil-brede.
pluscula, a blayne.

indices, fro day to day. (86, v°)

blandimentum, a flaterynge,
or a glosyng.
singulius, i. unus per se, sun-
derly. (87, r°)
vadum, a forthe.

obses, a borow.

intererat, it be-fallys.
mollescere, to wax nesche.

insitus, ympyd. (87, v°)
surrupicium, a nowndir crepynge.
recusatus, forsakyng. (88, r°)
subbaro, i. latenter dare, to 3ef
privly eernys, (89, v°)
dextrotirium, a by of golde an-
ornying the ryght arme.

solicitude, a bysynesse. (90, v°)

resolutus, unlesde. (91, v°)
efficax, spedeful.

crepitans, sparklyng.
quadragesa, a qwyppe.

innatus, growne with-inne.

(91, v°)

pedissequa, a fote-mayden.
blandiens, glosyng. (92, r°)

inoletiv, clefe to, or 3ef entent.

(92, v°)
tempus maturum, i. oportu-
num, conabil.

tempore congraue, conabil tyme.

acsi, as thei.

integritas, holnesse.
cerum, i. quidam liquor. whey.
fulvus, blo. (93, v°) [93, v°]
vulva (ventris), a wyket.

consuevit, was wonte. (94, r°)
gregatim, flokynglyche.

agrestis, wylde.

asellus sternitur, i. insellatur,

y-sadeld, vel herneyseyd.

insensatus, wytlese.

pecten, a comebe.

cataracta, a catarac of the.

etheres, i. via subterranea.

parentela, kynred. (94, v°)

excidi, kyt-away.

acrrior, bitterrer. (95, r°)
volutare, to weltyr.

insertus, ympyd in to. (95, v°)
quarulare, to playne.
toloneum, a tolbothe. (96, v°)

fatigatus, y-taried.

eminentior, more semyng.

efficacitas, spedfulnesse.
gentilitas, paynemerye.

dementia, wodenes.

II.

Anglo-Saxon glosses, from two leaves of a Prosper of apparently early in
the ninth century, loosely bound up, in MS. Cotton. Tib. A. vii., fol. 165,
166. The first leaf begins with Prosperi Epigramma xc, line 3, (Opera, fol.
Par. 1711, p. 669.) and ends with Epigram. xciii. The second leaf contains
the last line of the last Epigram. (Ep. cvi, p. 681.) and the 53 first lines of
the poem ad usorem, (Opera, pp. 775, 6.)

pakitur, polap. (f. 1, r°)

mala, yfelu.
pugniam, ge-winn.

internis, þan incundum.

B

exteriora, þa yttran.

movent, astyrapl.

perfecto, on full-frenedum.

capitur, bɪp on-fangen.
victoria, sige.
bello, ge-campe.
securus, or-sorh.
frustrur, bruce.
discordes, un-ge-twære.
contagia, be-smitenessa.
serpunt, smugāp.
ipsaque, pa syllan.
gaudia, ge-fean.
vulnus, wunde.
longa, langsum.
experientia, afangdung.
notum, cup.
hoc plenam, on þysse fulle.
tempore, tyde.
justitiam, rihtwisnesse.
miserendo, miltiende.
lavet, α'wca.
dans, syllyende.
virtutum, mægna.
munera, lac.
veniam, forgysenesse.
divinorum operum, godcundra
       wurca.
secretas, digle.
noscere, on-cnawan.
causas, intingan.
humanis, menniscum.
possibile, arefmiendlic.
ingeniis, orþancum.
ungul, sumre.
intuitu, sceawunge.
speculator, sceawaf.
operta, ofer-wrigene.
qui multa, se fala.
ut lateant, þet ðlutian.
scit, wat.
placuisse, ge-lician.
imbuta, þet ge-tydde.
simul, samod.
discit, leornap.
per, þurh.
speciem, hyw.
artificem, craftean.
minensis, on-ge-metum.
numeris, on ge-telum.
ponderibus, hesum.
scrutari, smeagan.
ne cura, þet na caru.
procax, dyrstig.
abstrusa, forditt.
labore, swince.
nosse, cunnan.
habere, habban.
datur, his ge-seald.
esperandum, to ortruwienne.
sed, ac.
fiat, hi beon.
studiosius, ge-cnyrdlicost.
suppliicandum, to biddenne.
quia, þi þe.
numerus, ge-tel.
de numero, of ge-tele.
auctus, ge-iht. (f. 1, v°)
impiorum, ærleasra.
morbo, mid adle.
obsessis, of-settum.
præstanda est, to tipienne is.
cura, caru.
medendi, lacniendes.
donec i. dum, þa while.
in ægroto corpore, on adligum
       lichaman.
vita, life.
manet, wunaþ.
pravis, ðweorum.
vitiourum, hleahtra.
mole, hefe.
gravatis, ge-hefedum.
sanctarum, haligra.
pietas, ærfastness.
adhibenda, to ge-arcygenne.
precum, ge-beda.
dum, þa hwile.
possibile, arfmiendlic.
mutari, beon awende.
horrescat, ge-anðracige.
noctis, nihte.
devis, of wege.
lucis, leothes.
amor, lufu.
conversisque, ge-cyrredun.
novam, niwe.
mentem, mod.
det, sylle.
gratia, gyfu.
qua, þære.
justicante, ge-riht-wisiende.
comprehendenda, to getriw-enne.
doctrina, lar.
inter, betwyh.
tribulationum, ge-drefednesse.
turbines, greohnessum.
dificulter, ea foplice.
agnoscitur, bip on-cnawen.
nec, nena.
facile, eapelice.
inveniuntur, beop ge-mette.
in adversitate, on wiperwerd-nesse.
præsidia, helpas.
dum non perturbant, þa whyle þe na ge-drefaþ.
discrimina, orhileahtras.
pacis, sibbe.
prælia ge-winn.
premunt, of-priccap.
exercere, be-gan.
divinis, mid codcundicum.
convenit, ge-dafnap.
armis, waepnum.
consilio, mid ge-þehte.
minas, peow wracan.
tranquillam, ge-dele.
curis, carum.
vacuum, sæmtig.
inruit, læþ.
placidi pectoris, ge-gladodes breostes.
hospes, cuma.
corde, heortan.
quieta, on ge-defre.
adquiri, beon be-gyten.
in sevo, on repre.
turbine, þreohnesse.
invitus, ge-nedod.
amittere, for-lætan.
temporalia, hwil-wendlice.
crescere, wehsan. (f. 2, r°)
Expliciunt Epigramata Prosp- peri.
Versus Prosperti ad congrugem suam.
age jam, nu la.
precor, ic bydde.
comes, ge-sið.
inremota, un-ascuryod.
trepidam, forht.
breem, sceort.
domino, drihtenum.
celeri, swyftré.
vides, þu ge-syhst.
rotatu, turunge.
rapiidos, swyfté.
meare, faran.
fragilis, tyddres.
membra, lima.
mundi, midden-eardes.
minui, wanian.
periæ, losian.
labi, beon ashliden.
fugit, flyhp.
quod tenemus, þæt we healdap.
cupidas, grædige.
vana, idelnessa.
specie, hiwe.
trahunt, teþp.
inani, idelum.
ubi nunc, la whær nu þa.
imago, anlicnes.
ubi sunt, la whær sind.
opes, speda.
potentum, ricer.
occapare, ge-bysgían.
captas, ge-hæfte.
voluptas, willa.
quondam, geo geh-fyrn.
vertebat, wende.
aratis, sulum.
geminos, ge-twinne.
boves, oxan.
vectus, ge-ferod.
magnificas, mærlice.
carpentis, on crætum.  tempore, tyda.  secla, worulde.
per urbes, gynd byrig.  tamen, þe hwepera.
rus, land.  occasum nostrum, forð-sip
vacuum, æmtig.  urne.  

fessis, ge-wehtum.  deceret, ge-dafnode.
æger, adlig.  finem, ge-endunge.
adit, ge-færð.  vite, lifes.

celsis, healicum.  quemque, ge-whylcne.
sulcans, to-cleofende.  videre, be-healdan.
maria, sæs.  nam, witodlice.
carinis, scypum.  quid prodest, wæt framæp.

† nunc, nuna.  flumina, flod.
lebum, bat.  semper, symle.
exiguum, ge-hwædne.  inexaustis, un-for-bladenum.
scandit, astihp.  prona, forp.
regit, styrip.  aquis, wæterum.

idem, se ilca.  vicerunt, ofer-swiddan.
status, stede.  sæcula, woreld.
agris, æcerum.  suis locis, on hira stowum.
uribus, burgum.  durant, þurh-wunedan.
ullis, æginum.  florea rura, blosmige land.
precipitata, be-sceowene.  manent, wuniatp.
ruunt, hreosap.  sed non mansere, ac na þurh-
ferro, ysene.  wunedun.
reste, cwylde.  parentes, sæderas.

fame, hungre.  temporis, tide.
vincitis, bendum.  hospes, cuma.
algore, cyle.  ago, ic droge.
calore, hætan.  ergo, eornestlice.
mille modis, mid þusend ge-
memetum.  necqvicquam, on ydel.
miseros, þa earman.  nait, acynnedde.
apit, ge-gripp.  perent, losiap.
undique, æghwanan.  occidimus, we ge-witap.
bella, ge-feoht.  aeternam, ece.

fremunt, grimettaþ.  ut mereamur, þæt we ge-ear-
furor, hat-heortnes.  nian.
excitatur, aewþ.  in ista, on þyssum.
icumbunt, onnhigap.  subeat, becume.
reges, cyningas.  requies, rest.
innumerus, un-ge-rimum.  longa, langsum.
impia, arleas.  labore brevi, on sceortum ge-
sævit, wett.  deorfe.
discordia, un-ge-ðwarnes.  tamen, þe hwepera.
si concluso, gyf beclysedre.  forte, wenunga.
[(f. 2, v°)  rebellibus, wiperorum.
superessent, to lafe weron. asper, sticol ðæte teart.]
rigidas i. duras, hearde.
leges, laga.
corda, heortan.
pulent, wenaþ.
autem, soplice.
gravis, swært.
manseuto, manðwæran.
sarcina, byrþen.
dorso, rhigge.
ledit, deræþ.
blandum, ge-swæse.
mitia, þa liþan.
colla, sweoran.
jugum, nio.
tota mente, mid eallum mode.
tota vi, mid ealre strengeþ.
amari, beon ge-lufad.
præcipitur, is beboden.
viget, peo.
secunda, oper.
hominis, mannes.
nolit, nele.
inferat, on-belæde.
vindictam, wrace.
lessus, ge-derod.
nesciat, na cuune.
exigere, of-gan.
contentus, ge-daef.
modicis, on ge-whædum.
vitæ, for-buge.
sublimis, healic.
haberi, beon ge-hæfd.

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A SATYRICAL BALLAD,

Said to be written by Lydgate. It is found in the Harleian MS. No. 2261, fol. 14, r, of the fifteenth century.

A froward knawe plainly to discryve,
And a sluggard plainly to declare,
A precious knave that cast hym never to thryve,
His mowthe wele wet, his slevis right thredébare,
A tourne-brooce, a boy for Wat of Ware,
With louryng face, noddyng and slombryng,
Of newe cristened, called Jak Hare,
Whiche of a bolle can pluk out the lyneng.

This boy Maymond ful stybourne of his bonys,
Sluggy on morwe his lymes unto dresse,
A gentil harlot chose for the nonys,
Sone and chief eyr unto dame Ydnelnesse,
Cosyn to Wecok, brother to Reklenesse,
Whiche late at even and morw at his risyng,
He hath no joye to do no besinesse,
Saufe of a tankkarde to pluk out the lyneng.

A boy Chekrelyk was his sworn brother,
Of every disshe a lypet out to take,
And Fafinticoll also was another,
Of every bribe the cariage for to make,
And he can wele wayte on a ovene cake,
And of new ale bene at the clensyng,
And of purpos his thirst for to slake,
Can of a picher pluk outhe the lyneng.
This knave be leyser wil do al his message,  
And hold a tale with every maner wight,  
Ful pale drunk wele vernisshed of visage,  
Whos tunge ay failith whan it draweth to nyght,  
Of a candel wenyth two were light,  
As barkid lethir his face is shyneng,  
Glasy yen wil clayme of dewe right,  
Out of a bolle to plukke out the lyneng.

He can a bedde an hors combe wele shake,  
Like as he wolde correye his mayster hors,  
And with his one hand his mayster doublet take,  
With that other previly cut his purs;  
Al suche knaves shal have Cristes curs,  
Erly on morw at theyr uprysing,  
To fynd a boy I trowe ther be no wors,  
Out of a cuppe to pluk out the lyneng.

He may be sold upon warantise,  
As for a trowant that nothyng wil don,  
Selle his hors provender is his chief marchaundise,  
And for a chevissauce can pluk of his shon,  
And at the dyse pley the mony sone,  
And with his wynnynges he makith his offryng  
At the ale stakis, sittynge ageyn the mone,  
Out of a cuppe to pluk out the lyneng.

Wassaile to Maymond and to his jousy pate,  
Unthraft and he be to-gyder met,  
Late at eve he wil unspere the gate,  
And grope on morwe yif rigges bak be wete,  
And yif the bak of Togace* the gught heete,  
His hevy nolles at myd-morwe up lityng,  
With un-wasshe hands, nat lacid his doublet,  
Out of a bolle to pluk out the lyneng.  

Hill.

* This word is explained in the MS by "the cat."

RECEIPT FOR MAKING GUNPOWDER.

From a MS. in the Library of the Society of Antiquaries, No. 101, fol. 76, r°, written on paper, in the fifteenth century.

To make goodes Gonepoudre.

Take the poudre of .ii. unces of salpetre and half an unce of brymston, and half an unce of lyndecole, and temper togidur in a mortar with rede vynegre, and make it thyk as past til the tyme that ye se neyther salpetre ne brymstone, and drye it en the sfyre in an erthe pan with soft sfyre, and when it is wele
RELIQUE ANTIQUE.

dried, grynde it in a morter til it be smalle poudre, and than sarse it throwe a sarse, &c. And if ye wil have fyne colofre poudre, sethe fyrsyth your salpetre, and fyne it well, and do as it is said afore. _Hull._

PROGNOSTICATIONS.

From MS. Cotton, Titus, D. xxvi, fol. 5, r^3, of the first half of the eleventh century.

Si luna .iii. rubeat quasi aurum, vento ostendit. Si pura sit, serenitatem. Si in summum corniculol maculis ingrescit, pluviam indicat.

At sol, se [si] orto suo maculosus sub nube latet, pluvialem diem præsagit.

Si rubeat, sincerum, si palleat, tempestuosum cœlum, si mane rubet, tempestuosum significat diem.

Si vespere rubicuudum aparuerit, serenum crastinum portendit diem.

ABELARD’S ADVICE TO HIS SON.

From two MSS. of the British Museum, Burney, No. 216, fol. 100, v^3, of the end of the twelfth or beginning of the fourteenth century, and Cotton. Vital. C. viii, fol. 18, r^3, written apparently a little earlier. It has been endeavoured to form a correct text from these two MSS. There is another imperfect copy, given anonymously, in a MS. of a later date, also preserved in the Museum, but I have mislaid the reference to it, and it is not mentioned in the catalogues. It seems to have been once a very popular poem, and was probably the prototype of the various pieces of Advice of a Father to his Son which we find from time to time in old MSS. in French and English verse.

_Doctrina Magistri Petri Abaelardi._

Astralabi fili, vitae dulcedo paternae,

_Doctrine_ studio paucam re linquo tuae.

Major discendi tibi sit quam cura docendi,

Hinc alis etenim proficis, inde tibi.

Cum tibi defuerit quod discas, discere cessa;

Nec tibi cessandum dixeris esse prius,

Disce diu firmaque tibi tardaque docere,

Atque ad scribendum ne cito prosilias.

Non a quo sed quid dicatur sit tibi curae,

10 Auctori nomen dant bene dicta suo.

In MS. C. the title is _Versus Petri Abaelardi ad Astralabium filium suum._
Ne tibi dilécti júres in verba magístri,
Nec te detinéat doctor amore suo.
Fructu non foliis pomórum quisque cibatur,
Et sensus verbis anteferéndus erit.
Ornáris animós captet persuasío verbís,
Doctrináe magís est debita planícies.
Copía verborum est ubi non est copia sensus,
Constat et errantem multiplicáre viás.
Cujus doctrinam sibi dissentíre videbis,
Nil illam certás constét habere tibi.

Instabilis lunæ stultus mutátor ad instar,
Sicut sol sapiens permanet ipse sibi.
Nunc hoc nunc illuc stulti mens cæca vagatur,
Provida mens stabilem fit ubique gradum,
Providet ante diu quid recte dicere possit,
Ne judex fiat turpiter ipsa sui.
Nolo repentíni tua sic doctrina magístri,
Qui cogatur adhuc fingere quæ doceat.
Nemo tibi tribuet quod nondum est nomen adeptus,
Post multós si vis experíari eum.
Filius est sapiens benedictio multa parentum,
İpsorum stultus dedecus atque dolor.
İnsipiens rex est asinus diademate pollens,
Tam sibi quam cunctis perniciosus hic est.
Scripturæ ignarus princeps qui sustinet esse,
Cogitur arcanum pandere sæpe suum.

Occasum sapiens, stultus considerat ortum,
Finis quippe rei cantici laudis habet.
Dictís doctorum, factis intende bonorum,

Ferverat hác semper pectus avariá.
Ingenii sapiens fit nullus acumine magni,
Hunc potius mores et bona vita creant.
Factis non verbis sapiéntia se profíetur,
Solís concessa est gratia tanta bonís.
Credit inhumanam mentem sapiéntibus esse,
Qui nichil illorum corda dolere putat.
Ferrea non adeo virtutís duraque mens est,
Ut pietás horum viscera nulla sciat.
Sit tibi cura prior faciéndi, désinde docéndi
Quæ bona sunt, ne sis dissonus ipse tibi.

Sit tibi quæso frequens scriptúrae lectio sacræ,
Ceætera siquá legas omnía propter eam.
Est justí proprium reddi sua velle quibusque,
Fortis in adversis non trepidáre suís.
Illicitos animí motus frenare modesti,
Tunc cum succedunt prospera praecipue.
Sicut in adversis virtus ea murus habetur,
Sic istius egent prospera temperie.
Nec prior illa manet virtus nisi fuls sit istis,
Ne sit fracta malis, sive remissa bonis.
Quid vitii, quid sit virtutis discite prudens,
Quod si perideris, desinis esse quod es.
Philosophus causas rerum discernit opacas,
Effectus operum practicus exsequitur.

Sit tibi præcipuus divini cultus honoris,
Teque timor semper subdat amorque Deo:
Nemo Deum metuet vel amabit sicut oportet,
Si non agnoscat sicut oportet eum.
Quam justus sit hic atque potens, quam sit bonus ipse,
Quantum nos toleret, quam grave percutiat!
Quo melior cunctis Deus est, plus debet amari,
Et melior post hunc ordine quique suo.
Quo melior quisque est, majori dignus amore,
Utque Deo fuerit carior et tibi sit.
Quos etenim nisi propter eum debemus amare,
Finis hic in cunctis quæ facis unus erit,
Non tua sed domini quæratur gloria per te,
Non tibi sed cunctis vixeris, immo Deo.

Detimenta tuae caveas super omnia famæ,
Ut multis possis et tibi proficere.
Quæ præcesserunt cogunt nova crimina credi,
Et prior in testem vita sequentis erit.
Scandala quam possis hominum vitare labora,
Ut tamen incurras scandala nulla Dei.
Infames fugiat tua conversatio semper,
Et socio gaude te meliore frui.
Est melius socium quam cognatum esse bonorum,
Hinc etenim virtus, eminet inde genus,
Ne temptare deum, fili, præsumperis unquam,
Nitere quo possis ut merearis opem.
Summa Dei bonitas disponens omnia recte,
Quæ bona quæ mala sunt ordinat ipse bene.
Hinc nec in adversis justo solatia desunt,
Ut mala sint etiam, cum sciat esse bonum.

Jussa potestatis terrenæ discutienda,
Cælestis tibi mox perficienda scias.
Siquid divinis jubeat contraria jussis,
Te contra Dominum pactio nulla trahat.
Contemnendo Deum peccat solummodo quisque,
Nec nisi contemptus hic facit esse reum.
Non est contempotr qui nescit quid sit agendum,
Si non hoc culpa nesciat ipse sua.
Major adhuc tamen est insanía quam furor ille,
Quae differt illum conciliare sibi.
Suppremsus furor est offendere cuncta potentem,
Quod qui præsumit nescio quid metuat.
Quisquis apud Dominum se quærit justificari,
Justitiam siqua est nesciat ipse suam.
Agnoscat culpas, accuset, corrigat illas,

110 Nec se corde bonum censeat, ore malum.
Hoc autem pro justitia reputetur ab illo,
Quod bona quæ impendit reddita non data sunt.
Quae tibi tu non vis fieri, ne feceris ulli;
Quae fieri tibi vis, haec quoque fac aliis.

1 Omnia dona Dei transcendent verus amicus,
Divitiis cunctis anteferendus hic est.
Nullus pauper erit thesauro præditus isto,
Qui quo rario est, hoc precisior est.
Sunt multi fratres, sed in illis rarus amicus,

120 Hos natura creat, gratia præbet eum.
Gratia libertas, natura coactio quædam est,
Dum generi quivis hæret amore suo.
Quo pecudes etiam naturæ lege trahuntur,
Affectus quarum gratia nulla manet.
Si roget aut faciat quisquam quod lædat honestum,
Metas et legem transit amicitiae.
Exaudire precem inhonesto rogantis amici,
Est ab amicitiae calle referre pedem.

130 Plus tamen offendit qui cogit ad ista rogando,
Quain qui consensum dat prece victus eis.
Nullum te dominus plusquam te cogit amare,
Nec te quisquis te turpia poscit amat.
Turpia ne facias sed vites propter amicum,
Si cupis ut vere sis preciosus ei.

Turpitur excusat noxam quem propter amicum
A se hanc committit dicere non pudeat.
Propter amicitiam si quid commisero vile,
Re turpi pulchram fade malaque bonam.
Debita sunt quam dona magis quæ dantur amico,

140 Nil tamen est quo plus non mereatur amor.
Quos in amicitia sua quærere lucra videbis,
Quod dici cupiunt hoc simulare scias.
Si non subvenias donec te exoret amicus,
Quæ dare te credis, vendere crede magis.

line 104, qui differt, C.—110, ne se, C.—112, data sint, B.—127, in C. precem
written first, has been changed to preces.—143, subveniat, B.
Non pretio parvo est rubor ille rogantis habendus,
Quo quae tu dicis dona coactus emit.
Plus recipit quam dat pro donis quisquis amatur,
Nam quid amicitia carius esse potest.
Majores grate dono majore meremur,
150 Majus se dando quam sua quisque dabit.
Alter ego nisi sis, non es michi verus amicus,
Ni michi sis ut ego, non eris alter ego.
Qui bonus est damnnum contempnit propter amicum,
Sic etenim prodì si sit amicus habet.
Cujus criminibus cito credis, non es amicus,
Ultimus hinc proprie sit mala quique domus.
Non poterit proprios cognoscere dives amicos,
An sint fortunae scilicet audit hominis.
Pauper in hoc felix errore est liber ab isto;
160 Cum perit hac, pereunt quos dabat illa tibi.
Cui male fecisti, ne te commiseris illi,
Præter Unte malo permanet ira mali.
Quam jactura mali jagantia pejor habetur,
Sed gravior læso cuilibet esse solet.
Sit tibi præcipuus si vis bonus inter amicos,
Nec memor in talem conditionis eris.
Erectum stimulis et verbere comprimes illum,
In tua ne calcem dirigat ora suum.
Non homini te sed vitio servire pudebit,
170 Cum sit libera mens, nil tibi turpe putes.
Non est quem possunt corrumpere dona fidelis,
Proditor alterius non tibi fidus eris.
Obsequio superant meretrix et proditor omnis,
Qua placeant aliiis hac una sola patet.
Nil melius muliere bona, nil quam mala pejus,
Omnibus ista bonis præstat et illa malis,
Quecumque est avium species assuetæ rapinis,
Quo plus possit in his femina fortior est.
Nec rapid humanas animas plus femina quicquam,
180 Fortis in his hac est qui libet hoste magis.
Quæ se luxuries gratis subponit amica,
Censen tur meretrix quæ pretio gerit hoc.
In vitio tamen hoc ardentior illa videtur,
Quae præter sordes suscipit inde nichil.
Uxor em ratione suam vir debet amare,
Et non ad coitum sicut adultera sit.

lines 145, parvo pretio, C.—160, in both MSS. hac is explained in a gloss by fortuna, and in B. quos is explained similarly by amicos.—161, ulli, C.—164, est, B. et, C.—174, via, C.—179, quidquam, C.—180, fortis in hoc, B.—181, supponit, C.
Et pecudes quo vult trahit impetuosa voluptas,
Sic homines agitat luxuriosus amor.
Si post conceptum pecudum saciata libido
190 Ferre mare nolit, quid mulier, quid agitat?
An se luxuria solam putet esse creatam?
Ad coitus fructum cætera nata feret?
Gratior est humilis meretrix quam casta superba,
Perturbatque domum sæpius ista suam.
Polluit illa domum quam incendit sæpius ista,
Sorde magis domui flamma nocere potest.
Mitior est anguis linguæ conjugas ira;
Qui tenet hanc, ejus non caret angue sinus.
Deterior longe linguosa est femina scorto,
200 Hoc aliquid, nullis illa placere potest.
Est linguosa domus incendia maxima conjux,
Hac levior flamma quilisbet ignis erit.
† Cum modicum membrum sit lingua, est maximus ignis;
Non tot per gladium quot periere per hanc.
Prævalet in lingua qui non est fortis in armis.
Nullus in hac pugna plus meretricis potest.
Ex hoc præcipue distant ignavus et audax,
Quod factis iste prævalet, ille minis.
Si linguae bellum quam armorum fortius esset,
210 Thersites Trojae major Achille foret.
In verbis pavidus semper lætare fuisse,
In factis audax sis, aliquando licet.
Nil magis offendit quam pravus sermo potentem;
Plus probara liber homo quam sua dampna timet.
Accensa mollis responsio mitigat iras;
Auget eas potius dura, creatque novas.
† Nolo virum doceas uxoris crimem amate,
Quod sciri potius quam fieri gravat hunc.
Opprobriis aurem proprisi dat nemo libenter,
220 Nec te nec quemquam talia scire volet.
Cuique viro casto conjux sua casta videtur,
Semperque inest us suspicuosus erit.
Ne sis natarum sic caecus amore tuarum,
Ut non corrupsi posse rears eas.
Quam cito fas sit eas festina tradere nurtum,
Vilescit mulier suspicione cito.
Nec catus poterit servari pelle nitente,
Nec mulier cunctis si preciosus erit.
Quam nurtum tradunt studeant ornare puellam,
230 Ornatu sapiens vir cito privat eam.

line 106, Corde, B.—201, conjunx, B.—202, quislibet, B.—204, quam perier
C.—226, M.S. C. ends with this line.
Incestam ut castam frustra servare labores;
Non potes hanc, illam non opus esse scias.
De quo culpasti mulierem cogis amari,
Et verum falsa crimine sæpe struis.
Ne dubites illam propriae diffidere formæ,
Nec studet ut fallat per bona facta viros.
Quanto plus fragilis muliebris sexus habetur,
Tanto ejus virtus præminet in meritis.
Quo fuit asperior quæ postea nupsit amanti,
Tanto gratior est ipsa futura viro.
Aspernata virum propria placet ipsa repulsa,
Et blandum facit hunc asperitate sua.
Mior si mulier privignum diligat uila,
Ni quo Phædra suum furtur amasse modo.
Quem vir amat famulum miror si diligat uxor,
Semper in insidiis hunc timet esse sibi.
Luxuriae nimis est mulieri grata voluptas,
Si plus quam fratre diligat illa virum.
Si sua quam mater cuquam sit carior uxor,
Constat naturam cedere luxuriae.
† Quem natura suos non cogit amare parentes,
Conciliiare tibi gratia nulla potest.
Qui patri malus est, nulli bonus esse putetur,
Nolo roges pro quo non regat ipsa paren.
Ne superinducta crucies uxore parentes,
Hos sepeli primo si superesse queas.
Est velox vindicta Dei maledictio patrum,
Nemo nisi demens hanc tolerare potest.
Quo plus proficiat tua sit correetio blanda;
Aspera perversos non capit, immo movet.
Objurga culpam pueri, juvenisque flagella,
Exhortare senem blanditiisque mone.
Cum te corripiat senior patienter habeto,
Et grates tanquam post data magna refer.
Culpari metuens culpam præcindere temptat,
Quisquis non fuerit patiens parendo jubenti,
Inperio nulli praeficiendus erit.

In the MS. B. which alone contains the latter part of this poem, it is followed by a few blank lines, and then comes an incoherent mass of elegiac verses, on a similar subject, but apparently not belonging to the same poem.
EARLY ENGLISH PRAYERS, &c.

From the MS. Cotton, Cleopatra B. vi. fol. 201, v*, written in the middle of the thirteenth century. It is written as prose.

...jde huve with milde stevene
til ure fader þe king of hevene,
in þe mununge of Cristis pine,
for þe laverd of þis hus, and al lele hine,
for alle cristinfoolk that is in gode lif,
that God schilde ham to dai fro sinne and fro siche;
for alle tho men that are in sinne buned,
that Jhesu Christ ham leyse, for is hali wndes;
for quike and for deade and al mankeinde;
and þat ws here God don in hevene mot þar it finde;
and for alle þat on herþe us fedin and fostre;
saie we nu alle þe hali pater noster.

Ure fadir þat hart in hevene,
halged be þi name with giftis sevene,
samin cume þi kingdom,
þi wille in herþe als in hevene be don,
ure bred þat lastes ai
gyve it hus þis hilke dai,
and ure misdedis þu forgyve hus,
als we forgyve þam þat misdon hus,
and leod us in tol na sandinge,
bot frels us fra alle ivele þinge. Amen.

Heil Marie, ful of grace,
þe lavird þich þe in hevirilk place,
blisced be þu mang alle wimmein,
and blisced be þe blosme of þi wambe. Amen.

Maidin and moder þat bar þe hevene king,
wer us fro wre wyper-wines at ure hending;
blisced be þe pappis þat Godis sone sauks,
þat bargh ure kinde þat þe nedre bysuak!
Moder of milte and maidin Mari,
help us at ure hending, for þi merci.
þat suete Jhesu þat born was of þe,
þu give us in is godhed him to se.
Jhesu for þi moder luve and for þin hali wndis,
þu leise us of þe sinnes þat we are inne bunde.

Hi true in God, fader hal-michttende, þat makede heven and herdeþe, and in Jhesu Krist, is ane lepi sone, hure laverd, þat was bigotin of þe hali gast, and born of the mainden Marie,
pinid under Puncle Pilate, festened to the rode, ded and dulvun, licht in til helle, þe pride dai up ras fra dede to live, stegh in til hevenne, sitis on is fadir richt hand, fadir al-waldand, he þen sal came to deme þe quike an þe dede. Hy troue hy þe-li gast, and hely kirke, þe samninge of halghes, forgifnes of sinnes, uprisigen of sleyes, and life with-hutin hend. Amen.

Wrt.

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SONGS, &c.

From a MS. in the Public Library of the University of Cambridge, (Ff. 1, 6,) written about the time of Hen. VI.

What so men seyn,
Love is no peyn
To them serteyn,
    but varians;
For they constreyn
Ther hertes to feyn,
Ther mowthis to pleyyn
    ther displesauns;
Whych is indee
Butt feynyd drede,
So God me spede!
    and dowbilnys.
Ther othis to bede,
Ther lyvys to lede,
And proferith mede
    new-fangellnys.
For when they pray,
Ye shall have nay,
What so they sey,
    be ware, fior sham!
For every daye
They waite ther pray,
Wher so they may,
    and make but game.
Then semyth me
Ye may wel se
They be so fre
    in evry plase.
Hit were pete
Butt they shold be
Begelid, perde!
    with-owten grase.
Whoso lyst to love, God send hym right good sped!*

Some tyme ye loved, as ye may see,
A goodlyer ther myght none be,
Here woman-hode in all degre,
Full well she quytt my mede

Unto the tyme upon a day,
To sone ther fill a gret affray;
She badde me walke forth on my way,
On me she gaff none hede.

I askid the cause, why and wherfor
She displeasde was with me so sore,
She wold nat tell, but kepe in store;
Pardy, it was no nede!

For if y hadde hur displeased
In worde or dede, or hir greved;
Than if she hadde be sore meved.
She hadde cause indede.

Butt well y wote y hadde nat done
Hur to displese, but in grete mone;
She hath me left and ys agone;
For sorwe my hert doth blede.

Some tyme she wolde to me complayne,
Yff she had felt dysease or payne;
Now fele ye nought but grete disdayne;
Alas! what is your rede!

Shall y leve of, and let hur go?
Nay, ner the rather will I do so.
Yet though unkyndnesse do me wo,
Hur will y love and drede.

Some hope that when she knowith the case,
Y trust to God, that withyne short spase,
She will me take agayne to grace;
Than have ye well abydde.

And for trew lovers shall y pray,
That ther ladyes fro day to day,
May them rewarde, so that they may
Wyth joy ther lyves lede.

Amen, pur charyte.

* This line is repeated after every stanza.
III.

Now wold I fayne some myrthis make,
All oneli for my ladys sake,
    and hit wold be;
But now I am so ferre from hir,
    hit will nat be.

Thogh I be long out of your sight,
I am your man both day and night,
    and so will be.
Wherfor wold God as I love hir,
    that she lovid me!

When she is mery, then am I glad;
When she is sory, than am I sad;
    and cause whi:
For he livith nat that lovith hir
    as well as I.

She sayth that she hath seen hit wretten,
That seldyn seen is soon for-yeten;
    hit is nat so:
For in good feith, save oneli hir,
    I love no moo.

Wherfor I pray both night and day.
That she may cast care away,
    and leve in rest;
And ever more whersoever she be,
    to love hir best.

And I to hir for to be trew,
And never chaung her for noon new,
    unto myne end;
And that I may in hir servise
    for evyr amend.

    A. Godwhen.

IV.

Continuance
    Of remembraunce,
        With-owte endyng,
    Doth me penaunce
        And grete grevaunce,
    For your partynge.
So depe ye be
    Graven, parde!
        Withyn myn hert;
That afore mee
Ever I yow see,
   In thought covert.
Thought I ne playne
My wofull payne,
   But bere yt styll;
It were in vayn
To sey agayn
   Fortunes wyll.
A. Godwhen.

V.

My self walkyng all allone,
Full of thoght, of joy desperat,
To my hert makynge my moone,
How I am the most infortunat,
And how Fortune his cruell arowe
Hath to me caste and brought hit soo,
That I am kome fro wele to woo.

Fro all gladness and comfort
I am now brought into distres;
Fye on myrth and on disport!
Thus seyth my hert for hevynes,
Seyng ther is no sekyrness.
Of wordly welth he taketh hede,
Which ofte causyth myn hert to blede.

And thus I stond fful fylt with sorow,
Within my mynd to my gret payne,
Wepynge both even and morow
With swolyn hert, when I refrayne,
With wofull teris which can nat fayne,
Soo have I lost my countenaunce,
Of all the world to my plesaunce.
A. Godwhen.

VI.

A Tretise for Lavandres.

Yee maistreses myne and clenly chamberys,
That have to doe with my ladis atyer,
Attendyth ay as heedest offices,
Sith your fee your wages and your hyre
Is duly paide, than sette your desyre
How to doo your godely observaunce,
Wait all be well and that may you avaunce.
RELICIÆ ANTICÆ.

Loke well your lawne, your homple, and your lake,
Plesaunce, reyns, and eke the fine champeyn,
Ye washe cleyn fro mole and spotts blake,
That wyn nor oyle nor yet non ink disteyn
Keverchef or cloth aboute your soverayn;
Bot wasshe hem clene, and yf ye lust to lere
How ye schall doe, thes verses techen here.

Vinum lacte lava, oleumque licore fabarum,
Incaustum vino, cetera mundat aqua.

Of wyn away the motes may you wesshe
In mylk whyt, the fletynge oyly spott
Wyth lye of beenes make hit clene and fresshe,
Wasshe with wyn the feruent ink spott,
All odar thynges clenosed, well ye wot,
Wyth water clere is purged and made clene,
But these thre clenese wyn, mylke, and beene.

The name of God when has not hitherto found a place in our lists of early English Poets.

Hull.

A BALLAD

From MS. Trin. Coll. Cant. O 9, 38, written on paper, about the reign of Hen. VI.

Who carpys of byrddys of grete jentrys,
    The sperhaweke me semyth makys moste dysporte,
And moste acordynge for all degreys,
    For small byrddys sche puttys to morte.
    Y reclaymyd on, as y schall reporte.
As longe as sche wolde to me aply;
    When sche wolde not to my glove resorte,
Then plukkyd y of here bellys, and let here fly.

My sperhawke bellys [weren] of Meleyn,
    Limes and gees of sylke and twyne,
    Y bylldyd here a mewe withyn a wareyn,
    And fed here with byrddys of Valentyne.
    To another sche dyd enclyne.
And as a ramage hawke began to cry:
    Y sawe sche wolde no lengere be myne;
Then plukkyd y of here bellys, and let here fly.
Y let here have that sche myght for ayre,
    And chese here a make by the wodys uppon hyghe;
Do so with yowre paramowres, be they nevere so fayre,
For of them meny be of love full lyght.
For there ys nothere kynge nor knyght,
When there lemmayns hert begynnyth to wry,
I holde hyt the beste, my trowth y plyght,
To pluk of here bellys, and let here fly.
And yn aspecial these that be moste changabyll,
And sche that yn honde hath too or thre,
Yff a man take here so dyssevabyll,
Sche can excuse here curiouslys,
And seyth, "wene ye that y love hym? nay, let be!"
Yet for to dryve the dowste yn hys eye;
Y counsell, yow be rewlyd by me,
Pluk of here bellys, and let here fly.
For yff ye have a paramowre,
And sche be whyte as whales bone,
Ful fayre of face and favowre,
More plesant to yow there may be none;
Sche seys to yow sche ys trew as stone,
Butte truste here no3t, for sche can ly:
Y have fownd them by one and one,
Pluk of here bellys, and let here fly.
Yff other men of goodys have plenty,
And yowre tresowre begynnyth,
To yow sche woll say full owtragly,
"I am no3t kept after myne astate;
Off gay atyrnyng ye am desolate:
Y se other wymmen go gayer than y."
By ware, for then sche wyll pley chekmate,
But ye pluk of here bellys, and let here fly.
Yff ye ryche be of yewellys ryall,
And have a paramowre at bed and borde;*
Sche seyth may part schall be but small,
But y take more then y was asewryd,
Y may not have where nofte ys levyd.
Thus sche wull with-drawe yowre tresory,
Yff ye of here wyn, streke of my hed,
But ye pluk of here bellys, and let here fly.
But y thinke to revers my owne wrytynge,
For paramowrys be now so commendabell,
Yff ther be twenty yn a towne dwellynge,
Of ther byheste ther ys not one stabell,
But swytfe of thowth and of tonge varyabell,

* Evidently an error of the scribe, "at borde and bed."
To speke to men full coryously;
Yff ye fynde such one at yowre tabell,
Pluk of here bellys, and let here fly.
Yff ye love a damsell yn aspecyall,
And thynke on here to do costage;
When sche seyth galantys revell yn hall,
Yn here hert she thynkys owtrage,
Desryngge with them to pley and rage,
And stelyth fro yow full prevely.
Such byrdys be febell to kepe yn cage;
Pluk of here bellys, and let here fly.
They be as fals as was Judas,
That with a cosse dysseyyd owre lorde Jhesu;
For when here herte from yowth doth pas,
Full sone sche thynkes to have a newe.
But let here passe and goo lyghtly,
And clothe here well yn Stafford blewe;
Kepe here not then to longe yn mewe,
Then pluk of here bellys, and let here fly.
Y have ymagyned yn my mynde,
Yn Englund where ony where wer trewe;
Y have softe fere, y can none fynde
That hath more feyth then hath a yewe.
Y wyll begyn and pleyse them newe;
Paramowres ar gode, or els y ly,
They have meny a vyce aseyne vertue;
Pluk of here bellys, and let here fly.
But goode wyffes schall have yn knowlege,
That hyt is not by them that y ment;
But by small damsellys and tender of age,
With ther mysgovernawnce makyth wyvves to be shent.
For when ther husbandys ar yn avotry lent,
Yff wyvves be grevyd, them blame noyt y.
Y wolde suche damsellys yn fyre were brent,
That the asskes with the wynde awey myght fly.
Thys ys the sorowe that y of ment;
All men take ensampell by me.
Yowre lemman wyll weyte yow with a fals tent;
Looke ye thynke nozt the contrary,
But loke well abowte, and he schall se
When yowre lemmanys hert begynyth to wry;
Then speke ye here feyre, and loke ye plesant be,
And then pluk of here bellys, and let here fly.

Wrt.
ERYLDOUN'S PROPHECY.

From MS. Arundel. No. 57, fol. 8, v°, in the Br. Mus. written in Kent in 1340.

Thomas de Erseldoune, Escot et dysur, dit au rey Alisandre le paroles desuthdites, du rey Edward ke ore est, kauntt yl fust a nestre.

To ny3t is boren a barn in Kaernervam.
That ssal wold the out ydlis ylc an.
The kyng Alesandre ascede,
Hwan sall that be? The menstrual zede;
Hwan Banockesbourne is y-det myd mannis bonis;
Hwan hares kendleh in herth-stanes;
Hwan laddes weuddeth levedes;
Hwan me ledeth men to selle wythh rapis;
Hwan Rokysburth is no burth;
Hwan men gyven an folu of twenti pound for an seme of hwete.

DIRECTIONS FOR COMPOSING RHYMES.


Ars Rithmicandi.

Ad habendum artem Rithmicandi et dictaminis notitiam, dicendum est quid sit Rithmus, et ex quot sillabis constare debet, et ex quot distinctionibus clausula constat, et ubi servanda est consonantia. Rithmus est consona paritas sillabarum sub certo numero comprehensarum. Distinctio constare debet ex 4 sillabis ad minus, et ex 8 ad plus. Ex 4 ad minus, ut sic:

O Maria,
Mater pia,
Stella maris
Appellaris.

Ex 8 ad plus, ut sic:

Jam advenit rex coelorum,
Ergo fratres gaudeamus,
Unctionem Judæorum
Cum cessare videamus.

Clausula debet constare ex duabus distinctionibus ad minus,
et ex 5 ad plus. Ex duabus ad minus, ut sic:

O Maria, stella maris,
Mater pia nominaris.
Ex 5 distinctionibus ad plus, ut sic:
Dives eram et diletus,
Inter pares præelectus,
Modo gravit me senectus,
Et ætate jam confectus,
Ab electis sum ejectus.

Sequitur de consonantia: unde sciendum quod si penultima silla distinctionis proferatur acuto accentu, tunc consonantia debet servari a vocali penultimæ sillaæ, ut hic:
Ave sancti spiritus fecundata rore,
Conservata pariens castitatis more,
Quaesum fac ne arguat judex in furore,
Quos a morte proprio redemit cruore.

Si vero penultima silla distinctionis proferatur gravi accentu, tunc consonantia potest servari 3°; uno modo servatur consonantia a vocali penultimæ sillaæ, sic:
Salutat angelus, Deus ingreditur;
Quod auris accipit in corde creditur;
Tumescit venter, Deus egreditur
Vestitus homine, nec virgo luditur.

Item alio modo servatur consonantia a vocali penultimæ sillaæ, sic:
O res mirabilis et rerum novitas!
Se vestit homine summa divinitas;
Licet in virgine matris fecunditas,
Et iugi lumine vernat virginitas.

Tertio modo servatur consonantia a vocali penultimæ sillaæ, sic:
Non potest esse monachus,
Qui vagus est et profugus;
Qui vivit absque regula,
Peribit morte pessima.

Sequitur de divisione Rithmorum, quorum unus est monothongus, alius diptongus, alius triptongus. Monothongus est quando una consonantia servatur per totam clausulam, ut; ‘Ave sancti spiritus,’ ‘salutat angelus,’ ‘O res mirabilis.’ Diptongus fit tribus modis; primo modo quando duæ distinctiones concordant simul, et duæ simul, ut supra, ‘O Maria;’ secundus modus, quando medium distinctionis concordat cum medio alterius distinctionis et finis cum fine, ut supra, ‘Jam advenit rex cælorum;’ tertius modus, quando duæ distinctiones et pluræ concordant simul, et auditur (additur) cauda, ut hic:
Audi verbum novitatis,
Credite somnunm, et est satis,
Non est tuae facultatis
solvere corrigiam.
Sequitur de cauda: unde sciendum quod cauda debet constare ex tribus sillabis ad minus, ut sic:
Vides ad altare
Clericos cantare
gaudentes.
Ex 7 sillabis ad plus, ut supra, ‘solvere corrigiam.’ Trip-tongus fit tribus modis: primus modus est quando due distinctiones concordant simul, et additur cauda, et due aliae simul, et additur cauda, et caudae concordant, ut hic:
Sub nodis silicii
Corpus carens vitii
dampnat vir beatus,
Se suum carnificem,
Atque suum judicem,
offert maceratus.
Secundus modus est quando medio unius distinctionis concordat cum medio alterius distinctionis. et finis cum fine, ut supra, ‘Jam advenit rex coelorum?’ Tertius modus est quando due distinctiones concordant simul in duobis locis, et additur cauda, ut sic:
Æger eram, jam sum fortis,
Et contempro minas mortis,
Velut leo, corde tuto,
Ire quadem sine scuto.

Item rithmorum caudatorum alii sunt consoni, alii dissoni. Consoni sunt quorum caudae concordant in fine, ut hic:
Non est nostrae facultatis,
Nec humanae dignitatis,
referre miracula;
Quibus virtus deitatis,
Testis sanctae sanctitatis,
illustravit gratia.
Dissoni sunt tales quorum caudae non concordant, ut hic:
Aaron virgam tulit duram,
Quae florens contra naturam,
est porta coeli,
Semper patens, nunquam clausa;
Vitae nostrae fuit causa
virgo Maria.

Explicit Ars Rithmitizandi.
GLOSSARY OF OLD LAW TERMS.


Expositio Anglicorum nominum in cartis, secundum consuetudinem scacarii.

Mundebriche,—Trespas vers seignur.
Burchbriche,—Quite de forfesture.
Miskinnenge,—Mespris par oi, u de fet.
Scephinge,—Quite de mustreisun de marchandise.
Haschinge,—Charger à l'en vudra.
Frishtocne,—Franchise de francplege.
Flemenfremthe,—Chatel de futif.
Weregold,—
Wisegeldthef,—Larun ke pot estre rejut.
Utelph,—Echapement de pricum.
Forfeng,—Quite de avant prise.*
Infeng,—Quite de prise en feste.
Ferdwite,—Quite de murance de ost.
Blodwite,—Quite de sanc espandu.
Wardwite,—Quite de wardein truer.
Hangwite,—Quite de larum pendu sanz sergent.
Hamsokne,—Quite de enter en autri ostel à force.
Forstal,—Ki autri force desturbe.
Infangenthef,—Larum pris ens nostre tere.
Sache,—Quite de medlée.
Soche,—Aver franchecurt.
Tol,—Quite de tounu.
Tem,—Progenie de nos hummes.
Danegeld,—Tailage de Danais.
Gridbriche—Pais enfrainte.
Murdre,—Humme mort sanz ateinte.
Wrec,—Truvure de mer.
Hutfangenethef,—Larum repelé par franchise.
Ficthwite,—Quite de medlée de lamerci.
Inlage,—Sugest à la lei le rei.
Ultegesors,—Bany.
Chirchesoht,—Une certeine summe de blé batu.
Briggebote,—Refere punz à passer.
Ferdiware,—Quite de aler en ost.
Childwite,—Chalenge de serf ki serf, serve enceinte.

Wrt.

* Over the Anglo-Norman in this line, the original scribe has written avant le rei.
ANGLO-SAXON RELIGIOUS FRAGMENTS.


Wuton wuldrian
weorada dryhten
halgan hloθor-cwïðum,
hiofen-rices weard,
lufian liof-wendum,
lifes agend,
ȝ him simle sio
sigeræst wîldor
uppe mid ænsum,
ȝ on eordan sibb
gumena gehwilcum
Godes willan.
We ðe heriað
halgum stefnum,
ȝ ðe bleatsiað
bilewitne fæder,
ȝ ðe panciað,
Þiða walden,
Þines weordlican
wîldor dretunes,
ȝ ðare miclan
mægena ge-rena
ðe ðu god dryhten
gastes mæhtum
hafest on ge-wealdum
hiofen ð eordan,
án ðce fæder,
ælmehtig God.
ðu eart cyninga cyningc
cwïcera gehwilces;
ðu eart sigefest sunu,
ȝ soð hælend
ofor ealle ge-scæft
angla ði manna;
ðu, dryhten God,
on dreamum wunast,
on ðære upplican
æðelan ceastre,
frea folca gehwæs,
swa ðu æt fruman wære
efen-eadig bearn,
agenum fæder.
ðu eart heofenlic liht,
ȝ sæt halige lamb
ðe ðu mæn scilde
middan-geardes,
for þinre ærfæstnesse
ealle to-wurpe,
hion ge-fleasing
folc ge-meredes,
blude ge-bohtest
bearn Israel,
þa úu ahofer
稣urh deet halige triow
þinre browunga,
þriostre senna,
þ ðu on ðæoh setle
heasena rices
sithest sige-bræmig
on ða swiðran hand
Þinum gðed fæder
gasta ge-myndig,
Mïlsta nu meahtig
manna cynne,
ȝ of leahtrum ales
Þine ða liofan ge-scæft
ȝ us hale ge-do,
heleða sceppend,
niða nergend,
for Þines naman are.
ðu eart soðlice
simle halig,
ȝ ðu eart ana
æce dryhten,
ȝ ðu ana bist
eallra.dema
cwucra ge deadra,
Crist nergend;
for ðan ðu on ðrymme ricsast,
ȝ on ðrinesse,
ȝ on annesse,
ealles waldend,
hiofenæ heah cyninc,
haliges gastes
fegere ge-felled
in fædre wîldre.
II. The Lord's Prayer and Creed, from MS. Cotton, Cleopatra, B. xiii, fol. 58, r, of the tenth century.

Her is se ge-leafa, ȝ ge-béd, ȝ blestung læwedum mannunm þe þ Leden ne cunnun.

Pater noster on Englisc.—[N]u ure fæder þe eart on heofo-nun, sy þin nama ge-halgod, ge-cume þin rice, sy þin willa swa swa on heofenum swa eac on eorðan, syle us to dæg urne dæghwamlican hláf, ȝ forgýf us ure gyltas, swa swa we forgýfam þam þe wið us agyltað, ȝ ne læd þu na us on costnunge, ac alyf ús fram yfel. Sy it swa.

Ic ge-lyfe on God fæder ælmihtigne, scyppend heofenan ȝ eorðan, ȝ ic ge-lyfe on hælend Crist his an-cennedan sunu, urne drihten, se wæs ge-eacnod of þam halgan gaste, ȝ acenned of Marian þam mædene, ge-prówod under þam Pontiscan Pilote, on rōde ahangen, he wæs dead ȝ be-byrged, ȝ he nyðer astah to helle, ȝ he aras of deade on þam þriddan dæge, ȝ he astah up to heofenum, ȝ sitt nu æt swiðran Godes ælmihtiges fæder, þanon he wile cuman to demenne ægðer ge þam cucum ge þam deadum, ȝ ic ge-lyfe on þone halgan gast, ȝ þa halgan ge-laðunge, ȝ halgena ge-mænnysse, ȝ synna for-gifennysse, ȝ læsces ærist, ȝ þ ece lif. Sy hit swa.

Wrt.

PRAYER TO THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

From MS. Cotton. Titus, D. xxvii, fol. 74, r, of the first half of the eleventh century, written in England. It appears to have belonged to a nunnery, from the circumstance of the person who prays in this and other instances speaking in the feminine gender.

Credo quod sis angelus sanctus a Deo omnipotente ad custodiam mei deputatus; propiterea peto et per illum qui te ad hoc ordinavit humiliiter imploro, ut me miseram, fragilem, atque indignam semper et ubique in hac vita custodias, protegas a malis omnibus atque defendas, et cum dominus hinc animam meam migrare jusserit, nullam in eam potestatem demonibus habere permittas, sed tu eam leniter a corpore suscipias, et in sinu Habraeæ suaviter usque perducas, jubente ac juvante creatore ac salvatore domino nostro, qui est benedictus in secula seculorum. Amen.

Wrt.
GLOSSARY OF NAMES OF PLANTS.

From MS. Harl. No. 978, fol. 24, ro, written apparently between the time of the battle of Lewes, and that of the battle of Evesham. The explanation of the Latin names are given in Anglo-Norman and in English.

Chaudes Herbes.
Artimesie, mugwrt, merherbarum.
Marubium, maruyl, horehune.
Ruta, rue.
Apium, ache.
Buglosa, bugle, wude-brune.
Saniculum, sanicle, wude merch.
Sinapium, senevel, senei.
Zizania, neele, cockel.
Absinthium, aloigne, wermod.
Elna enula, ialne, gret-wurt.
Bethonica, beteine.
Abrotanum, averoine, superwurt.
Pulegium, puliol, hul-wurt.
Agrimonia, agremeine, garclive.
Consolida, consoude, daisiee.
Cumfría, cumfrie, galloc.
Mentastrum, mentastre, hornsminite.
Avencia, avence, harefot.
Poirus, porèt, lek.
Regina, reine, med-wurt.
Millesfolium, milfoil.
Ebulum, eble, wal-wurt.
Lествicum, luvesche, luvestiche.
Cepa, oingnun, kue-lek.
Salvia, sauge, fenvern.
Centauria, centoire, hurefreve.
Arcangelica, mort ortie, blinde netle.
Pollipodium, poliol, reven-fot.
Felix arboratica, pollipode, eervern.
Salvinca, gaunelée, foxes-glove.

Butunus, butuns, hoepe.
Nasturcium, kersuns, cressen.
Coliandrum, coriandre, chele priem.
Petrosillum, peresil, stoansuke.
Closera, alisaundre, wilde percil.
Pavida, favede, leomke.
Sandiz, waisde, wod.
Gladiolum, flamme, gladene.
Febrefugia, fewerfue, adrelwurt.
Taneestum, tanesie, helde.
Pilosella, peluselle, mus-ere.
Vermiculium, warance, wrotte.
Raffarium, raiz, redich.
Silambrium, balsamitis, brocminen.
Ambrosia, ambrose, hinde-hele.
Althea, ymale, holihoc.
Saxifragium, saxifrage, painwurt.†
Bidella, samsuns, lechis.
Bursa pastoris, sanguinarie, blod-wurt.
Fenicum, fanuil, fenecel.
Quinquefolium, quintfoil, fiflef.
Tapus barbatus, moleine, softe.
Fabaria, faverole.
Trifolium, trifoil, wite-clovere.
Diplanuam, ditaundere.
Cotula fetida, ameruche, miwe.
Persicaria, saucheneie, cronesanke.
Lanceolata, launceleie, ribbe.
Mater silva, chevefoil, wudebide.
Sambucus, suep(?), ellarne.
Vervena, verveine, iren-harde.

* or winalue. (?)
† wai-wurt. (?)
Arundo, rosel, reod.  
Osmunda; osmund, bon-wurt.  
Olibanus, encens, scor.  
Fungus, wulves-fist.  
Cerfolium, cerfoil, villen.  
Camomilla, camemille, maiwe.  
Nepta, nepte, kattes-minte.  
Argentea, argentine, lilie.  
Enula, aine, hors-elne.  
Ysopus, ysope.  
Spurgia, spurge, guweorn.  
Lavendula, lavendre.  
Fion, camglata, foxes-glove.  
Euscute, doder.  
Satureia, satureie, timbre.  
Borago, burage.  
Tribulus marinus, calketrappe, sea-pistol.  
Fumus terre, fumetere, cunte-hoare.  
Calamentum, calemente.  
Ypis, herbe Johan, velde-rude.  
Organum, organe.  
Organum, puliol real, wde-minte.  
Menta, mente, minten.  
Anetum, anete, dile.  
Elitropium, solsegle, gloden.  
Eptaphilos, salerne, nare-wurt.  
Elleborum album aubre-bloc.  
Eleborum, ellebre, lung-wurt.  
Pionia, pioine.  
Ortica, ortie, nettle.  
Valeriane, stich-wurt.  
Celsi, murer, merrerien.  
Anellane, petite noiz, litel nute.  
Frisgomen, fresgun, cue-hole.  
Sponsa solis, grinnil.  
Pinpernele, pinpre, briddes-tunge.  
Lingua canis, chen lange, hundes-tuneg.  
Dormentille, ortiegriesche, doc-nettle.  
Lappa, bardane, clot.  
Burneta, sprung-wurt.  

Epitume, epithimum, fordboh.  
Turmentine, nutehede. (?)  
Widebalme, (?) halue-wude.  
Malva cripla, screpe-malve.  
Consolida media, ἁρδατοι-κλα- 

Hereda benedicta, herbe beneit, hemeluc.  
Hedera nigra, iere, oerp-ivi.  
Hereda Roberti, herbe Robert, chareville.  
Hinnula campana, spere-wurt.  
Hastula regia, mugde bois, 

Intiba, muruns, chickne-mete.  
Iregerontis, cenesuns, grunde-

Juniperi, geneivre, gorst.  
Ligustrum, trifolo, hunisuccles.  
Labrusca, hundes-berien.  
Allum, ail, garlecc.  
Murum, Blakeberie.  
Genestula, genest, brom.  
Omsficium, winberi stones.  
Ostragium, herbyve, life-wurt.  
Plantago, planteine, weibrode.  
Freides Herbes.  

Morella, morele, atterlope.  
Jovis barba, jubarbe, singrene.  
Lactuca, letue, slep-wurt.  
Fraga, Fraser, streberi-lef.  
Ramni, grosiler, ãfe-porn.  
Astula regia, popi.  
Atriplex, arasches.  
Mercurialis, evenlesten, mer-

Malva, malue, hoc.  
Caulus, cholet, kaul.  
Andivia, letrun, ãpge-pistel.  
Psillium, luse-sed.  
Virga pastoris, wilde tesel.  
Ypoquistidos, hundes-rose.  
Jusquiamus; chenille, henne-

Viola, violé, appel-leaf.  
Alimonis, wilde popi.
OLD ENGLISH PRAYERS, &c.

From a small MS. on vellum, of the fourteenth century, in the possession of J. O. Halliwell, Esq. (No. 219,) consisting chiefly of a religious exhortatory treatise.

(Pol. 1, r°) [T]o knowe the bettur my purpos in this bok, wytethe wel alle, that I desire every man and woman and child to be my modur, for my wille is that thei don the sadur wille of hevene, and Crist seith, that uche that doth his sadur wille is his brother, suster, and modur.

Pater noster.—Fadur . . . . . . in hevene, . . . . yd be thi name, come thi kindam, thi wille be don as in hevene and in erthe, oure uchedayes bred 3eve us to day, and for3eve us oure dettes as we for3even oure dettores, and lede us not into temptacioun, bote delyvere us of yvel. Amen.

Ave.—Heyl Marie, ful of grace, God is whit thee, and blesseyd be thou among alle wymmen, and bessid the fruyt of thi wombe Jhesus. Amen.

(Fol 1, v°) Credo.—I byleve in God, fader almy3thi, maker of hevene and of erthe, and in Jhesu Crist, the sone of hym only oure lord, the wuche is conscyved of the holy gost, y-boren of Marie maiden, suffrede passioune under Pounce Pilate, y-cru cified, ded, and buried, wente doun in to helle, the thridde day he roos from dethe, he steyet up to hevenes, he sitteth on the rİt syde of God the sadur almy3thi, thennes he is to come to deme the queke and the deede. I byleve in the holy gost, holy chirche general, the comunyng of halewes, the for3efenesse of synness, the rysyn of flech, and the lyf whıt-oute ende. Amen.

Alle thuse ten hestys spak God to Moyses in the Mounte of Sinay . . . . . . (a leaf is lost here.)

(Fol. 2, r°) The seven dedus of mercy.
(Fol. 4, v°) The seven 3iftes of the holigoost.
(Fol. 6, v°) The ey3te blesseynges of Jhesu Crist. As
sweryng to the firste, God seith, Blessyd ben alle poure in spirit, that is, not proud ny bolled. To pite he seith, Blessyd ben alle meke, for he that bysyeth hym to lyve piteuosly, he wurchipt God and holy writ, and reprehendet no thing that he undurstondet not, and grucchet not aȝeynes God ny man, bote hath pite and reuthe, of alle thinges yvele fare, and that is to be meke. To kunnynge Crist seith, Blessyd ben thei that ben sory, for thei schulen be counforted to ben delivered of hire wykedde bondus that thei knowny by holy writ, that thei haþ brouȝt hem self inne whit unordynate love of worldly thinges, aȝeynes Godes hestes and no wondur is it thowȝ suche ben sory, for Crist wepte upon Jerusalem, for scheo hadde not this gift of kunnynge, and seide, ȝef thou hadde knowe the wo and the peye that thou schalt suffre for thy wykednesse, thou schulddest wepe also. To the fyrthe Crist seith, Blessed ben thei that hungeren and thursten riȝtfulnes, desyryng joy and love of hevenely goddes, and travellien bysyly to drawen hire love fro ertaethy thinges, for hire desyre schal be fulfuld. To the fy[r]the Crist seith, Blessyd ben the mercyful, for they schulen have mercy, and to suche is counseyyl nedful; therfore o remedie is for to be delyvered ofoure woes, that we forȝevenesse, and helpe hem and counseile hem by our power, as we desyren to be holpen of God, and that is resoun and Godes wille. To the sixte Crist seith, Blessid ben the clene of herte, for thei schulen see God, se thei schulen first seen hym here by contempleacioun, that is to seye, by gode thowȝtes and desyres and goode undurstondynges, and aftward thei schulen seen hym as he is in joy whitenouter ende.

To the seventhe Crist seith, Blessyd ben the pesible folk, in the wuche alle thinges ben wel ordeyned, none sturynges overcomyng esoun, bote al thing suget to the spirit, for he is suget to God. The eyȝte blessyngye is, Blessyd ben, seith Crist, thei that so muche loven God, that for his love wolen sufure myssyeynges, hate, and al manner bodyly peynes, for huren is the kyndom of heven, and therefore beth glad and joyful whenneȝte thus suﬀren, for muche is þoure mede in hevene. And suche a soule that hath thuse sevene ȝiftes of the holy gost, whit thus eyȝte blessynges Cristus mouth, may wel synge a mornynge song of love-lykynge, that Cristus special synget in the Bok of Songus.

See you, faire semely derlyngye, oure luytel bed is huled whit flores, that is, the reste of contempleacioun, that thou hast maad feir what vertues, and feirer thou wolt maken hit in hevene, where schal be the grete bed of reste. The tymber of oure hous is of cedur and of cypressse, that schal never rote, that is strong pacience and sad perseveraunce in tribulacioun.
for the grete smel of swetnesse of hevene this luytel bed is
comen to hem bothe, for delices that either hath to othur; for
Godes sone seith, My delices were to be whyt mennes sones,
sorwe to all that those delices letteth.

In the secounde chapitre of this bok, Godes sone conformyng
hym to his special, synget his song, I flour of the feld, that is
moste red brennynge in charite, I lilie of the valeyes, that is
moste white chast love and moste smel3ene, and whit this flour
the bed mot be strawed, not only of the relygyous tokened by the
lylye of the valeyes, bote also of the actife men of valeyes, for
alle that wolen lyyen mekely in Crist, schulen suffren perse-
cuciuon, and so hem byhoufet red brennyng charite of the flour,
and chaste humlylyte of the lylye, and as the lylye waxinge
and smellynge among thornes, that is, among synful men prick-
ynge whit hir synnes, drof out of hem develes, and helede hem
of hire synnes, so my special schal do among dougtres. Thenne
the special answerede, As the male is plentiouse of apples and
of leves among trees of wodes, so is my derlyng among sones,
undur his schadewe y desyrede to sitte, and his fruytes weren
swete to my tast, whit his schadewe he refresche me, and
whit his fruyt he fedde me, that my strengthes fayle not in tri-
bulacioun. The kyng hath lad me in to a wyn-celer, and hath
ordyned in me charite, that is, my derlyng hath drewe my
love fro worldly thinges in to the grete multitude of swetnesse
of the wuche Davyth wrondef(sic), and thou3 my derlyng have
thus leyd his lyft arm, that is ethely love, undyr myn hed of
my soule, and whit his ri3 arm byclipped me, I seyinge myn
oune freelinesse for longe abynynge and drede of fallynge, more
trustyng to other then to my self, therfore 3e angeles and soules
of seynetes, hule 3e me whit floures, and bysetteh me whit
malys, for to i-come to the fruyt that 3e han, for I longe for
love.

Byhold, my derlyng, speketh to me, arys, come nerre, my
special, come, my schaply thow scharite, my colver thow
symplenesse, now wyntur is passed, that is the olde wone of
worldly covertise that made me cold and hard y-froze as yse,
the floures scheweth hem in oure erthe, the voys of the turtel
is herd in oure herber, that is thilk soule that the kyng of hevene
hath y-lad in to his wyn-celer syngeth chast songes of love-
mornyng for hire synnes and for deth of Crist hir make, wol no
more sitte on grene bow3 lovynge worldly thinges, bote fedeth
hire whit love of Crist, the clene whete corn, and fleth up in to
the holes of his five wondes, lokynge whit simple y3es, in to the
cler watres of holy writ, and as a colver for drede of the fauken,
that is the devel, fleynge careyne, that is fleschly love, as doun
bothe the turtel and the doufe. &c.
(Fol. 48, v)—Therefore Crist, when he was folled, wente in to desertiche to be temptid of the devele, and faste fourty dayes from bodiliche mete and drynke, and aftir he hungride, and the devyl came to hym, and seide, If thou be Goddis sone, sey that thes stonyes be maad breed. Crist answerd by holy writt, and seide, It is write, not oonly in breed a man lyveth, but in every word that comith of Goddis mouth. And then the devele toke up Crist on a pilere of the temple, and sayde, If thou be Goddis sone, leep thou doun; it is write, he seith, that God wole sende to the angells to kepe the fro hirtyng. And Crist seyde, It is write thou schalt not tempt thy God. And the thrid tymhe the devil bare Crist on an hiʒ hille, and schewide hym alle the kyngdomes of the world and seide, Alle thys thyngis I wole seeve the, if thou wolt falle doun worshepe me. Than seyde Jhesu, Go, Satanas, it is writyn, thy Lord God thou schalt worshepe, and oonly hym serve. Than the devyle left hym, and angells camyn and servedyn him. O my leve dere modir, whiche a spedeful lessoun and nedful to thee, and to alle that schulyn be saved; spedeful, for it techeth thee how thou schalt dispose the to almaner of goode lyvynge, for he that came to teche al maner of goode lyvynge. It is nedeful, for it techith thee how thou schalt overcome the devile and almaner temptacions, for alle maner synnychys, as seith seyn[†] Joon the evangelist, ben understonde in thilke thre that he temptide Crist ynne, first in glotonye, whan he baad Crist seye that the stonyes were maad breed. Thus the devil farith with men and wommen: first he stirith him to pappe and pampe her fleisch, desyryng delicius metis and drynkis, and so hoppe on the pilere with her horns, lockis, garlondis of gold and of riche perlis, callis, filettis, and wymplis, and rydelid gownes, and rokettis, colers, lacis, jackes, pattoki, with her longe crakowis, and thus the devil bereth hem up upon the pilere, to teche hem to fle above othyer symple folk, and seith, they schulyn not herte hem, but he lieth falsely, for but they ben as sory theryfore as ever they werun glad, they schulyn lepe a doun fro the pilere to the putte of helle, and wel worthy, for they bisyen hem more to be semely to folis, than to God and his angells; and for this axith grete cost, the devil settith hem on an hiʒ hil, and schewith hem al the world, to thenk wher they mowen come to ony wordly richesse, as worldly men don, to have londis and rentis, gold and silver, and so come to worschepis of this world, that Crist techith us to forsake as he hym self dide, for ellis we mown not be his disciplis. Not oonly thes he temptith thus, but men of holy cherche and women to desieren beneficies, and dignites, prelacies, and suche other, the whiche they schulde rather forsake than desire, for many perelis
that fallyn by hem. 3it more prevely he temptith some women of religioun to thenke where they mowen have ony lordis douëtris or sones to teche hem curtesie, to lese therwith her owne soulis, more for the mayntenaunce of pride and her delicis, than for the worschipe of God or other gooode vertues. And aëns all suche curside aray, spekith Davith in the Sautir, that the douëtris of cursid folk ben al alboute reversid.

There is here a lacuna in the MS. and the seven leaves which follow, though evidently belonging to the same volume, are written in a different hand, or at least with a different pen. It may be observed that a former possessor of this MS. has written in the first page in a hand of the time of Queem Elizabeth his name, 'Robert Hare,' probably the same Antiquarian who collected together the muniments of the two Universities.

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PATER NOSTER, AVE, AND CREED.

From MS. Arundel, 57, fol. 94, r°, written in 1340, in the Kentish dialect.

Pater noster. Vader oure thet art ine hevenes, y-hal3ed by thi name, cominde thi riche, y-worthe thi wil ase ine hevene and ine erthe, bread oure eche dayes yef ous to day, and vorlet ous oure yeldinges, ase and we vorleteth oure yelderes, and ne ous led na3t in to vondinge, ac vri ous vram queade. Zuo by hit.

Ave Maria. Hayl Marie of thonke vol, Lord by mid the, y-blissed thou ine wyommen, and y-blissed thet ouet of thine wombe. Zuo by hit.

Credo. Ich leve ine God, vader almì3ti, makere of hevene and of erthe, and in Jesu Crist his zone on lepi oure Lord, thet i-kend is of the holi gost, y-bore of Marie mayde, y-pyned onder Pouns Pilate, y-nayled a rode, dyad, and be-bered, yede doun to helle, thane thridde day aros vram the dyade, ste3 to hevenes, zit a the ri3t half of God the vader almì3ti, thannes to comene he is, to deme the quiike and the dyade. Ich y-leve ine the holy gost, holy cherche generaliche, mennesse of häl3en, lesnesse of zennes, ofvlesse arizinge, and lyf evreleistinde. Zuo by hit.

Wrt.
HOW THE PLOUGHMAN LEARNED HIS PATERNOSTER.

From an unique Tract, printed by Wynkyn de Worde, preserved in the Public Library of the University of Cambridge.

Here begynmeth a lytell geste, how the plowman lerned his pater noster.

Som tyme in Fraunce dwelleth a plowman,
Which was myghty bolde and stronge;
Goode skyll he cowde in husbondry,
And gate his lyvyng full merly.
He cowde eke sowe and holde a plow,
Bothe dyke, hege, and mylke a cowe,
Thresshe, fane, and gelde a swyne,
In every season and in tyme;
To mowe and repe both grasse and corne
A better labourer was never borne;
He coude go to plowe with oxe and hors,
With whiche it were, he dyde not fors;
Of shepe the wolle of for to shere,
His better was founde no where;
Strype hempe he coude to cloute his shone,
And set gesse abrode in season of the mone.
Of fruytte he grasse many a tre,
Fell wode, and make it as it sholde be.
He coude theche a hous, and daube a wall;
With all thinge that to husbondry dyde fall.
By these to ryches he was brought.
That golde ne sylver he lacked nought;
His hall rofe was full of bakon flytches,
The chambre charged was with wyches
Full of eggges, butter, and chese,
Men that were hungre for to ease;
To make good ale, malte had he plentye;
And Martylmas befe to hym was not deyntyte;
Onyons and garlyke had he inowe;
And good creme, and mylke of the cowe.
Thus by his labour ryche was he in dede;
Now to the mater wyll I procede.
Grete good he gate and lyved yeres fourty,
Yet coude he neyther pater noster nor ave.
In Lenten tyme the parsone dyde hym shryve;
He sayd, "Syr, canst thou thy blyve?"
The plowman sayd unto the preste,
"Syr, I blyve in Jhesu Cryste,"
Whiche suffred dethe and harowed hell,
As I have herde myne olders tell."
The parsone sayd, "Man, late me here
The saye devotey thy pater noster,
That thou in hit no worde do lacke."
Then sayd the plowman, "What thyng is that,
Whiche ye desyre to here so sore?
I herde never therof before."
The preest sayd, "To lerne it thou arte bounde,
Or elles thou lyvest as an hounde:
Without it, saved canst thou not be,
Nor never have syght of the Deyte;
From chyrche to be banysshed aye,
All they that can not theyr pater noster saye.
Therfore I mervayll ryght gretly,
That thy byleve was never taught the.
I charge the, upon payne of deedly synne,
Lerne it, heven yf thou wylte wynn." "I wolde thresse," sayd the plowman, "yeres ten,
Rather than I it wolde leren.
I praye the, syr persone, my counseyll kepe;
Ten wethers wyll I gyve the of my best shepe,
And thou shalt have in the same stounde
Fouty shelynges in grotes rounde,
So ye me shewe how I may heven reche."
"Welly!" sayd the preest, "I shall the teche;
Yf thou do by my counsell,
To heven shalt thou come ryght well."
The husbonde sayd, "Yf ye wyll so,
What ever ye bydde me, it shall be do."
"Welly!" sayd the persone, syth thou haste graunt
Truly to kepe this covenaut,
To do as I shalle warne the shortly,
Marke well the wordes that I saye to the:
Thou knowest that of corne is grete skarsnesse,
Wherby many for hungre dye, doubtlesse,
Bycause they lacke theyr dayly brede;
Hondredes this yere I have sene dede;
And thou haste grete plentye of whete,
Whiche men for moneye now can not gete.
And yf thou wilte do after me,
Fouty poore men I shall sende the,
And to eche of them gyve more or lasse
Or they awaye fro the passe.
I shall the double for thy whete paye,
Se thou bere truly theyr names awaye,
And yf thou shewe them all and some
Ryght in ordre as they do come,
Who is served fyrste and who laste of all.”
“In fayth!” sayd the plowman, “so I shall;
Go when ye wyll and sende them hyder,
Fayne wold I se that company togyder.”
The parsone wente to fetch the route,
And gadred poore people all aboute;
To the plowmans hous forthe he wente;
The husbondeman was well contente
Bycause the parsone was theyr surety.
That made his herte moche mere mery.
The preest sayd, “Se here thy men echone,
Serve them lyghtly that they were gone.”
The husbondeman sayd to hym agayne,
“The lenger they tary, the more is my payne.”
Fyrst wente uater, feble, lene, and olde;
All his clothes for hungre had he solde;
Two busshelles of whete gate he there
Unethe for age myght he it bere.
Then came nostre ragged in araye;
He had his backe burden, and so wente his waye.
Two peckes were gyven to Qui es in celis;
No wonder yf he halted, for kybed were his helys.
Then came sanctificetur, and nomen tuum;
Of whete amonge them they gate an hole tunne;
How moche was therin I can not saye;
They two laded a carte, and wente theyr waye.
In ordre folowed them other thre,
Adveniat, regnum, tuum, that was deed nye;
They thought to longe that they abode,
Yet eche of them had an hors-lode.
The plowman cryed, “Sirs, come awaye!”
Than wente fiat, voluntas, tua, sicut, in celo, et, in terra,
Some blere eyed, and some lame, with botell and bagge,
To cover their arses they had not an hole ragge;
Aboute ten busshelles they had them amonge,
And in the waye homewarde full merley they songe.
Then came Panem, nostrum, cotidianum, da nobis, hobie;
Amonge them five they had but one peny;
That was gyven them for Goddes sake;
They sayde therwith that they wolde mery make:
Eche had two busshelles of whete that was gode,
They songe goynge home-warde a Gest of Robyn Hode.
Et dimitte, nobis, debita, nostra, came than;
The one sonburned, another black as a pan;
They preased in the hepe of corne to fynde;
No wonder if they fell, for they were all blynde;
Eche of them an hole quarte they had,
And streygth to the ale-hous they it lad.
Sicut, et nos, dimittimus, debitoribus, nostris,
Came in anone, and dyde not mys;
They had ten busshelles, withouten fayle,
And layde fyve to pledge for a kylderkyyn of ale.
Than came et, ne, nos, inducas, in temptationem:
Amonge them all they had quarters ten;
Theyr brede was baken in a tankarde,
And the resydue they played at the hazarde.
By and by came sed libera nos a malo;
He was so wery he myght not go.
Also Amen came reynyng anone;
He cryed out "spede me, that I were gone;"
He was patched, torne, and all to-rente;
It semed by his langage that he was borne in Kente.
The plowman served them everychone,
And was full gladde whan they were wente.
But whan he sawe of corne he had no moare,
He wyshed them at the devyll therfore.
So longe had he meten his corne and whete,
That all his body was in a swete.
Than unto his hous dyde he go;
His herte was full of payne and wo,
To kep theyr names and shewe them ryght,
That he rested but lytell that nyght.
Ever he patred on theyr names faste;
Than he had them in ordre at the laste.
Than on the morowe he wente to the parsone,
And sayd, "Syr, for money am I come;
My corne I delyvered by the counsell of the,
Remember the promes, thou arte theyr suretye."
The preest sayd, "Theyr names thou must me shewe."
The plowman rehersed them on a rewe;
How they were called he keped in mynde,
He sayd that Amen came alle bynnde.
The parsone sayde, "Man, be gladde this daye,
Thy paternoster now canst thou saye."
The plowman sayde, "Gyve me my moneye!"
The preest sayd, "I owe none to the to paye;
Thoughe thou dyde thy corne to poore men gyve,
Thou mayst me blyssse whene thou doost lyve;
For by these maye ye paye Cryste his rente,
And serve the Lorde omnipotente."
"Is this the answere," he sayd, "that I have shall?
I shall sommon the afore the offycyal."
So to the courte wente they bothe indede;
Not beste of all dyde the plowman spede.
Unto the offycyall the parsone tolde all,
How it bytwene them two dyde fall,
And of this pater noster lernynge.
They laughed, and made sporte inowe.
The plowman for angre bended his browe,
And sayd, "This poor men have a-way all my corne,
And for my labour the parsone dothe me skorne."
The offycyall praysed grely the parsoné,
And sayd ryght well that he had done;
He sayd, "Plowman, it is shame to the,
To accuse this gentylman before me."
He badde him go home, folle as he was,
And aske God mercy for his trespas.
The plowman thought ever on his whete,
And sayd, "Agayne I shall it never gete."
Than he wente, and to his wyfe sayd,
How that the parsone had hym betrayde;
And sayd, "Whyle that I lyve certayne,
Preest shall I never trust agayne."
Thus for his corne that he gave there,
His pater noster dyde he lere;
And after longe he lyved withouten stryfye,
Tyll he went from his mortall lyfe.
The persone deceased after also;
Theyr soules I truste to heven dyde go.
Unto the whiche he us brynge,
That in heven reygneth eternall kynge.

Hlll.
THE FIVE JOYS OF THE VIRGIN.

V Gaudia.

Seinte Marie, levedi brist,
Moder thou art of muchel mist,
Quene in hevene of feire ble;
Gabriel to the he liste,
The he brouste al wid riste
Then holi gost to listen in the.
Godes word ful wel thou cnewe;
Ful mildeliche therto thou dewe,
Ant saidest, "So it note be!"
Thi thonc was studevast ant trewe;
For the joye that to was newe,
Levedi, thou have merci of me!

† Seinte Marie, moder milde,
Thi fader bicom to one childe,
Suc joye ne scal never eft be.
The stronge fend, that was so wilde,
Godes hondiwerc he spilde,
For on appel of the tre.
Levedi, mon thou brutest bote,
The stronge fend an under fote,
Tho thi sone was boren of the:
For the joye that tho was swote,
Levedi, yemme grace that I mote
Wid al mine miste lovien the!

† Seinte Marie, quene in londe,
Godes moder ant Godes sonde,
That te sculde ben so wo;
Jewes heden thi sone an honde,
Judas soldin hem to honde,
On the rode heo gonnen him slo;
The thridde dai he ros to live;
Levedi, ofte were thou blive,
Ac never so thou were tho.
Levedi, for then ilke sive
That tou were of thi sone blive,
Al mi sunnes thou do me fro!

† Seinte Marie, maydan ant mere,
So lengore o so betere thou were,
Thou here hem alle that clepet the to:
In muchele blisse that thou were,
Tho thinne swete sone i-bere
   I-seie him in to hevene sten.
E sit arist as ure drist,
And weldet al, as hit is rist,
   We mowen i-heren ant i-sen.
Levedi, for thi muchele miste,
The swete blisse of hevene briste,
Seinte Marie, herude me.

¶ The fifta joie is feirest in wede,
Tho thou in to hevene trede,
   To him that was of the i-born.
Nou thou art in hevene quene,
Mit tine sone, brist ant scene;
   Al folc the heret therfore.
There is joie ant eke blisse,
That ever last, wid-oute misse;
   Ant ther thou art quene i-corn.
Levedi, tuet thou me mi beue,
For the joie that ever is newe,
   Thou let me never be furlorn!

Wrt.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS,

IN VERSE.

From MS. Q. f. 3. of the fifteenth century, in the Library of Jesus College, Cambridge.

In heven shall dwell all cristen men
That knawe and kepe Goddes biddyngis ten.

Primum Mandatum.
Thow shalt luf God with hert entere,
With all thy saull and all thy myght;
Other god in no manere
Thou shalt not have, by day or nyght.

Secundum Mandatum.
Thy Goddes name in vanyte
Thow shalt not take, for wele nor wo;
Dismembr y hym noght, that on a tre
For the was made bothe blak and blo.

Tertium Mandatum.
Thy haliday kepe wele alsoo,
Fra bodely werk thow take thy rest;
And all thy howshald the same sall do,
Bothe wyf and childe, servant and beste.

Quartum Mandatum.
Thy fadir and modir thou shalt honour,
Noght onely with reverence,
Bot in thaire nede thou thaym socour,
And kepe ay gode obedience.

Quintum Mandatum.
Of mankynde thou shalt none sle,
Ne harm with worde, wyll, nor dede;
Ne suffir non lorn ne lost to be,
If thou wele may than help at nede.

Sextum Mandatum.
Thy wyf thou may in tyme wele take,
Bot non other womman lawfull ;
Lechory and synful lust thou fle and forsake,
And drede ay God where so thou be.

Septimum Mandatum.
Be thou no thef, nor theves fere,
Ne nothing wyn with trechery ;
Okur ne symony cum thou not nere,
Bot consiens clere kepe ay trewely.

Octavum Mandatum.
Thow shalt in worde be trewe also ;
And fals wytnes thou shalt none bere,
Loke thou not lye for frende nor foo,
Lest thow thy saull full gretyly dere.

Nonum Mandatum.
Thy neighbur wyf thou not desire,
Nor othir wymmen with syn covet,
Bot as haly kirk wald it were,
Right so thy purpos loke thou set.

Decimum Mandatum.
Hows, ne land, ne othir thyng,
Thow shalt not covet wrangfully ;
Bot kepe ay wele Goddes biddyng,
And cristien fayth trow stedfastly.
MEDICAL RECEIPTS.

Selected from a fragment of a MS. on vellum, of the 14th century, in the possession of J. O. Halliwell, Esq. (No. 335.) It appears to be written in rather a Northern dialect, but there is no internal evidence of its age or of the part of the country where it was written. In several circumstances, it bears a remarkable resemblance to the earlier Anglo-Saxon Medical books.

For hym that is in the jaunes: tak wormot and seth hit lange in water, and wasch the seke man with that water thrys ryght wele, and gyf him to drynk yvore schavyn smal in wyne. Another: tak the rote of borage, and yf he be harde tharin stamp hit, and temper hit with a lytill ale, and do tharto saffronne, and gif hym .iij. sopes thre dayes at morn and even. .... Another: drynk sorell, plantayne, and chekyn-mete tempered with alde ale morne and even.... Another: tak yvore and saffronne, and stamp to-gyder, and temper hit upp with haly water, and drynk hit morne and even, when thu gas to bedde. .... Another: tak a tenche, and clese hit in twa al qwyk, and do away the banes, and lay hit to the herte and to the rybbes; the seek man or woman sal drynk na strang ale, bot mengyd with feble ale, no ete no gees no doune no roste, na na maner of beef no porke, ne noght that commes of swyne, no drynk no wyne, no no new ale, ne nathyng that hate es, few clothes bath nyght and day swa .... (a leaf lost.)

For hym that haves the squynansy: tak a fatte katte, and fla hit wele, and clene, and draw oute the guttes, and tak the grees of an urcheon, and the fatte of a bare, and resynes, and feinygreke, and sauge, and gumme of wodebynde, and virgyn wax; al this mye smal, and farse the catte within als thu farsees a gos, rost hit Hale, and geder the grees and enoynt hym thrarwh.

For the crampe: tak rew and stamp hit wele, and meng hit with fresch butter, and do hit in a vessel .ix. dayes, and cover hit wele, and then boyle hit, and draw hit thurgh a clath, and do than therto wax, and ensens, and boyle hit, and scome hit, and do hit in byostes, and enoynt the therwith.

Another for wynd and ventosite, that men callis collica passio and this es wel proved: tak and make the a girdil of seel skyn, and whil thu weres hit aboute thi body thu sal noght have collicam passionem.

For evel and werke in bledder: tak ache, percel, and fenkels, of ilkane i-lyk mykell, and stamp tham wele, and temper tham with water, and drynk hit.
For the stane: tak grummel, percel, rede nettil, violet, franken ensens, and christane kirnels, and stamp than to-gyder, and temper than with stale ale and drynk hit. Another: tak everferne that grewes on the ake, and tak the rotes in Averell, and wasche hit wele, and stamp hit, tak .ij. copful of stale ale and a copful of hony, and do thato, and het hit a lytil, and do away the some, and drynk therof wha so will softly be de-lyverde. . . . Another: tak a hare withouten wounde, and the blak snayle, and bryn in a new pot al to pouder, and meng hit in gude ald ale, and drynk hit.... Another: tak the blode of a gayte buke, and do hit in a glasse when the mone is wa-nande, and the .ix. day in that ilk mone tak the skyn of an bare al blody, and dry hit at the fire to thu may make pouder therof, and pouder of seede of lanett a sponfull, and of love-ache a sponfull, and of percell .ij. sponful, of the pouder of the skyn a sponful, and .ij. sponful of saffronn, and of buk blode .ij. sponful, temper al to-gider, and gyf hym drynke in leuke wyne, and in a bathe. And if thu wil prove that hit es sothe, do therin qwat stane that thu will, and thu sal fynde hit broken on the thirde day.

Another for to breke the stane: tak a cok that es a twelmoneth alde, and opon hym, and thu sal fynde in his mawe white stanes; stamp than wele in a morter, with a pestell of yren, or how so thu may, and temper hit with wyne, and drynk hit; and if thu has the herberd, temper hit with water, and drynk hit. Another: tak a scutarde als hal as he es taken, and bryn him in a newe potte al to pouder, and of the pouder ete ilka day next thi herte or in thi potage or how thu may best.

For to draw oute a thorne: tak the barke of the hauhtorne and stamp hit wele in red wyne, and do hit on the sare als hate als thu may suffrye hit; the rancle sal abate, the thorn sal ga oute, the sare sal slake.

For male de flaunke: tak the rotes of rede nettilles and playntayne, and stamp tham wele in ale, and do thato cray that thir parchemeners wirkes withall, and ger hym drynk hit. Another: tak the sedes of the rede dok, and gif hym at eke morn and even, bot kepe hym fra appels etyng.

For werke and swellyng in thees or fete: tak the rote of walwort, and seth hit in water, and tak hit than, and do away the overmast rynd, and tak the mydlmast rynde, and stamp hit with bare greese, and do hit on a clath, and bynd hit therto. Another, for bolnyng: tak the sourdock, and falde hit in a kale lefe, and lay hit on the aymers, and stamp hit, and lay hit on the sare.
For shankes broken oute: tak the white malue, and bryn hit, and tak the askes, and bare grees, and stamp tham togider, and enoynt the sare therwith, and tak of tha askes, and mak lee, and wasch thi thees and thi shankes tharwith, ar thu enoynt tham, and effirwarde when thu will wasch away the grees, tak the white of .iii. egges mad in glayer, and whete flour, and erth of an oven, and playster al-to-gider, and do on a lyn clath, and wynde aboute the sare.

For the rancle and bolynge ....tak the rede netylles on Myssomer even, and dry tham, and make poudre of tham, and do in the wounde. Another: tak avaunce, matselon, yanrow, and sanygill, and stamp tham, and temper tham with stale ale, and drynk hit morn and at even. Another for the rancle: tak the leves of lovesache, and stamp tham, and temper tham with wyne, and gif the seke man a sponful at morne and another at even. Another for bolynge whare so it be: tak schepe tridels, or swynes muk, and seth it in white wine, and lay hit al hate opon the bolynge, for hit helpes in al bolynges.

For brynnyng with wilde fyre: tak rest bacon, and do hit on a grene hesill styk; than fill hit full of dry sponyng of hesill, and bryn hit swa, and kepe the droppynge in a newe waschen dische ful of water, and enoynt the brynnyng therwith.

A gude oynment for kyles, woundes, broken banes, bolynge of felon, and for the goute: tak bugle, senygle, avance, violete, ache, waybrede, lylly, henbane, and morell, gumme of asoure, plumentre, wax, white pik, that this spicers calles pix album, and fresch swyne grees or of a bare, and fresch sewet of a herte, and fresch talgh of a schepe, of ilkane y-lyk mykel, stamp the grees wele; do al this thynge to-gyder in a panne, and wel tham wele, and do rykels therto, and wrynge hit thurgh a clath in to a clene bacyn, and when hit es keled do hit in boystes.

For a man that sal begyn to travayle: tak mugworte, and cary hit with the, and thu sal noght fele na werynesse, and whare thu dos it in houses na elves na na evyll thynge may com therin, ne qware herbe Jon comes noyther.

For to make a woman say the what thu askes hir: tak a stane that es called a gagate, and lay hit under hir left pappe when scho slepes, that scho wit noght, and, yf the stane be gude, al that thu askes hir scho sal say the what scho has done.

For to make a womans neke white and softe: tak fresch swynes grees molten, and hennes grees, and the white of egges half rosterd, and do therto a lytel popyl mele, and enoynt hir therwith ofte.
For to wete yf a seke man sal lyve or dy... Qwen his broues hildes doune; the lefte eigh mare than the ryght ye; neyse ende waxes sharpe; his eres waxes calde; his eighen waxes holle; the chyn falles; his eighen and his mouth es opon; when he slepes bot he be wont tharto; his er-e-lappes waxes lethy; his fete waxes calde; his wambe falles away: if he pulle the straes or the clothes; if he pyke at his neyse thrillles; his forhede waxes rede; yonge man ay wakang; alde man ay sleyand; his twa membres waxes calde agayne kynde, and hydes tham; if he rutills; this er the takenynges of dethe, forsothe withe thu wele he sal noght leve thre dayes.

For the fever quarteyn:... tak on Myssomer even eftir the sonne sette, or on the mornre ar the sonne ryse, and geder pulioll real with the røtes als mykel als the lekes, and dry hit, and kepe hit to Yole, and lay that puliol on oyle nyght opon the auter, and late hit ligge til thre messys be soungen, and thu sal se hit floresch al, newe foures bryng furth; than tak hit away, and kepe hit, and when thu will gyf hit hym that has the fever quarteyne, stamp the foure and temper hit with warme wyne, and gyf hit hym at drynk, dicendo ter, Pater noster.

For the fever lente: wha that has the fever agu, that men calles lente evell, if the sekeman heved werkes that he may nought slepp, tak everferne that waxes on the ake, with the rote, and seth hit wele, and tak mynt, of ayther y-lik mekell, and stamp tham wele, and mak ane emplaster, and lay on the forheyd, and on the thunwanges, but enoynt hym first with popilion.

If thu wenes the fever sal tak the man or the mornre: tak on the even before a gude fatte ele, and do hit al quwhik in a litel pocenet ful of gude wyne, and cover hit wele with a teghell stane that hit gaught oute, and lat hit be swa all nyght; on the mornre are the evell tak hym, undo that ele, and mak hit clene, and sethe hit wele with the skynne, and gif the sekeman at ete of this ele, or all if he may, and the wyne that hit es sothen in ger hym drynk off, and with Goddes grace he sal be deivered of his evel.

For [to] do a man have the fevers, and sone do tham away: take a nedder alle quwik, and horned wormys that men calles the nutres neghen and seth tham in a new pote with water, and gider the homur that es abowen, and the grees thu fyndes in the potte, and do hit in a clene lome, and than sal thu, quwham that thu wille haf the fevers, enoynt his handes within and his fete underneth and his thunwanges, and he sal tremble and qwake als sone; and qwen thu will do hit away, do hym in a
fatteful of hate water upp to the chynne, and [he] sal be deliverd al sone.

For the goute: ... tak leves of the henbane on Mydesomer evene, and stamp tham a litell, and fill a mykell potte bretfull, and thrille the potte bothomm, and cover it abowen with a teghell stone, and make a hole depe in the erth under the hersthane, and do that pott tharin, and sett a litell lede under the pott bothomm to kepe in the oyle the commes of the henbane thurgh the potte, fill than the hole up all abowte the potte with erthe, and lay agayne the ersthane, and dyght it that thow may mak thi fire tharon alle that twelfmoneth; than tak up that thou fyndes in the lede, and do hit derely up in vessell of glas. This oyle is wonderly gude to the goute, and to rancle, and to many other evelle, if hit be oft sythes enoynt tharwit by the fire. If thou hast noght this oile, take that oyle that es made of the sede of henbane als men makes of other sedes, and enoynt the goute tharwith.

Another drynk to wounde: tak confery, marigolde, matselon, mylslove, avance, cerfoyle, herbe Robert, ambrose, maroile, pellwet, rede-dok, polipody, the wuite rote of walwort, baywort, and celidoyne, of ikane illike mykell, and of madre hafe the wegh of al thir othir herbes byfor nevend, seth tham in ale or in wyne, and drynk tham morn and even, and do als hit says before.

For hym that es gorwoundede: tak a har of a hare skyn, and wynde hit rownde als a appel, and swelgt hit done, and he salle be sauf.

The latter part of the M.S. is in a different hand, written apparently at the end of the fourteenth or early in the fifteenth century; it consists also of medical receipts, among which are the two following.

For to make rubarbe: kutte away the bowys of the brome anone to the rote, than dygge away al a bowte the rote, so that ye may come wel therto; than perse hym with holys alle abowte, so that no hole mete with other, and so lete stonde alle the xij. monethe, then take hym uppe.

Yf thu welte preve mastereyes: take a cocke chyke, and putte a knyffe throw his hede, and than put the jus of fylage in the hole, and he schale go forthe and krow, and lyve never the worse.

Wrt.
A RECEIPT TO CATCH FISHES.

From a quarto Manuscript on vellum, of the beginning of the fifteenth century, in the possession of J. O. Halliwell, Esq. (No. 8, fol. 50, r²), consisting of Astrological, Medical, and Miscellaneous fragments.

To make alle the fisches in a pont to come to thy hond.

Tak palma Christi and frankandsence, and medul hem to-gedir, and put hit in a fome clowte, and hold the pouder on thi finger that a gold ryng is upon, and wasch thi hond in every corner of the pont, fisches wolde come to thi honde.

SONG.

From MS. Harl. 3810, fol. 13. r², of the fifteenth century.

Serve thy God trwle;
And the world bysely;
Ete thy mete merely;
So schalt thu lyve in hele.

3if thou be visite with poverte,
Take it not to hevyle;
For he that sende the adversite
May turne the azen to wele.

If thou be in prosperite,
Set not to lyte by poverte;
Spende aftur thy degre,
And be not to lyberal.

Purpose thy selfe in charite;
Demene thy worshop in honeste;
Lete not nygardschip have the maystre,
For schame that may befalle.

Faver not meche thy ryches;
Set not lyteel be worthynes;
Kepe thyn hert from dowblenes,
For any manner thing.

Loke thu love lowlynes;
With merthe put awey hevynes;
Lete not worldly bysynes
To wanhope the bryng.

Hill.
CREED AND PATER NOSTER.

From MS. Harl. No. 3724, fol. 44, r. and v. of the thirteenth century.

I bileeve in God fadir almichty, sshipper of hevene and of eorpe, and in Jhesus Crist, his onlepí sone, ure loverd, ðat is i-vang þurch þe holy gost, bore of Marie Mayden, polede pine under Pounce Pilat, picht on rode tre, ded and y-buriid, licht in to helle, þe þridde day fram deth aros, steich in to hevene, sit on his fadir richt honde, God almichti, þenne is cominde to derne þe quikke and þe dede. Ê bileeve in þe holy gost, al holy chirche, mone of alle halwen, forgivenis of sinne, fleiss upris- ing, lyf wiputen ende. Amen.

Pater Noster in Anglico.

Ure fader in hevene riche,  ði name be halidí ever i-liche,  þu bringe us to þi michil blisce,  þi wille to wirche þu us wisse,  Als hit is in hevene i-do
Ever in eorþe ben it al so,  þat holi bred þat lesteþ ay
þu send hit ous þis ilke day,  Forgive ous alle þat we haviþ don,
Als we forgivet uch oþir man,
Ne lete us falle in no fondinge,
Ak scilde us fro þe foule þinge. Amen.

On the verso of the last folio, in a later hand.

Silly sicht i seich, unsembly forte se,
As wil as hit was fetherto, fundind forte fle.

Wrt.

LATIN VERSES.

From the same Manuscript, fol. 4, v.†.

Si tibi pulcra domus et splendidís mensa, quid inde?
Si non accessus homínem sit, tunc nichil inde.
Si conjux pulcra, si proles multa, quid inde?
Si mulier meretrix, mala proles, tunc nichil inde.
Si decies homínem tibi serviat ordo, quid inde?
Si domini servi perversi, tunc nichil inde.
Si doceas socios de qualitatem arte, quid inde?
Si cor non retinet quiá discunt, tunc nichil inde.

II
Si pulcher fueris, sapiens, fortisque, quid inde?
Si malus et mendax, non audax, tunc nichil inde.
Si tibi sint pecora, si praedia multa, quid inde?
Tam cito praetereunt hæc omnia, quod nichil inde.

Judice Francigena sacco portatur avena,
Sed Bachi vena ciatho, cratere, lagena.
Projiciatur humi, ne possit abinde resumis,
Fluctibus assumi dignissima filia fumi.
Filia festucæ nostræ contraria buce,
Est dampnanda cruce, neque nocte placet neque luce.
Filia fermenti nostræ contraria genti,
Mater tormenti nocitura nocensque bibenti.

* Venter enim turget, quem fermenti furor urget,
Surgit et exurget, donec digestio purget.
Ecce molendum fundit non vine vinum,
Potio mortalis, mala potio, potio talis,
Pernicies homini genus hoc potus peregrinum.
Hactenus hunc potum michi solo nomine notum,
Devoevat totum seria ventura nepotum.
A nobis totum se sentiat esse remotum,
Et fieri scotum qui mandit pro dape potum.
Si censura Jovis tribus apprécianta sit ovis,
Legibus ista novis reprimet sub judice quovis. Amen.

Wrt.

EPIGRAM ON THE DEGENERACY OF THE TIMES.

From a quarto MS. of the fifteenth century on paper, in the Ashmol. lib. at
Oxford, 750, f. 100. v°.

Wytte is trechery;
Love is lechery;
Play is vileney;
And holyday is goltery.
Olde man is skorned;
Jong woman is wowed;
Ryche man is closed;
And poure man is bowed.

Hill.
PIOUS LEGENDS.

From some poems in praise of the Mass, in MS. Harl. No. 3954, of the latter half of the fourteenth century. It contains, besides these poems, copies of the English version of Sir John Maundevile's Travels and Piers Ploughman. The language bears a considerable resemblance to that of the Songs and Carols in MS. Sloane, No. 2593, of which a selection was printed by Mr. Pickering in 1836, and which was conjectured to be in the dialect of Warwickshire and Nottinghamshire.

Narratio Sancti Augustini. (fol. 75 r°.)

Evyl gostes, wel thu wete,
Thyn evyl wordes han wretę
In here bokys ichon;
This wyntnessyt sent Austyn,
That fyrst in Ingłond with gyn
Trewę prechyng begon.
Beforn that Austyn to Ingłond kome;
With sen Gregory in Rome,
For sothe, he gan duelle,
Tyl on a day of derworthynesse
Sen Gregory wold seyn a messe,
Fayre as hymn befelle.
Onto sent Austyn he made a sygne,
For to ben hys dekene dygne,
To redyn hys gospelle;
And as he redde, he sey a syth,
.iij. wyvys setyn to-gydder ryth,
Here talys gun thei telle.
Quat thei spokyn he herd al
Thour a wyndowe at a wal
Nout fer fro hys face.
He saw a fend syttyng therin,
With penne, ink, and parchemyn,
As God ȝaf hym grace.
He wrot so long that hym schant,
And hys skyn gan to want,
To spekyn he had space:
He hađ so mych haste,
With hys naylyys faste
Hys rolle gan he race.
So sore ruffyng toggyd hus rolle,
That he smot with hys cholle
Aȝen the marıyyl ston;
Alle that sotyn ther aboute
Of the dynt weryn a doute,
Hee herdynt everychon.
Quan the fend so foul drow,
Sent Austyn stod and low;
  Gregory sore gan grame.
Ner for grame the good man grete;
Quan he with Austyn gan mete,
  He made to hym hys mane;
And askyd hym with myld mod,
Qwo made hym so wytles wod
  That day to done that dede.
Suech a dede was never done!
He answeryd asen sone,
  Of hym he hadde drede:
"Sere, greve, 3u not tyl 3e wete;
3onder I saw Sathanas sete,
  It semed hys hed gan blede;
For he wrot before that brayd,
Al that iij. wyvys sat and sayd,
  As I stod for to rede.
Were 3e not fravid of the dynt?
It banyd me and made me stynt
  Out of my ryth stevene.
I seye but that I sey,
A word I wyl not ley.
  Be Jhesu Cryst of hevene.
Sere, 3e may ful wel trowe."
He let hym to the wyndowe,
  That I before gan mene.
Lyk blod ther was bled,
As blak as ony pyk spred
  Upon the pelerys evene.
Than the good man grevyd hym lasse;
And komaundyd men at every masse
  Of this myracle to mynne;
And bad hem, with god wylle,
Stedfastly holdyn hem styyle
  In chyrch quan thei weryn inne.
"Kep 3u out of Goddis warke,
Ther is no word that 3ow skape,
  But that 3e don synne.
To lettyn a prest in hys messe,
Al aloud myth fare the wersse,
  Out of woo to wyne.
Of the wyvys gun thei wete,
Qwat hee spokyn as hee sete
  Sent Austyn besyde.
Be here answer hee wyste wel
Thei hadde spokyn mykyl unseyl,
  Hee myghtyn it not hyde.
Narratio de virtute missarum. (fol. 77, v°.)

Sumtyme ther was a poure man,
I xal 3ou telle, as I can,
That labouryd and travaylyd for hus lyf;
He had a good woman to hus wyf.
The poure man, I 3ou say,
Was temptyd with a fend nyth and day;
He was in poynt to for-doun hymselfe
Aboutyn a ten tyme or .xij.
Hys wyf was evermore at hus hand,
And so sche gan hym withstand.
She was wys of here werk,
And preyid hym for to gon to kerk,
Of here persone to ben shreve;
Therafter they xuldyn the better leve.
This man tok hys wyvys reed,
And to the persone gan hym sped,
And told hym al hys evyl dede,
And preyid hym to redyn hym sum rede.
The persone thout of that cas,
He sau ful perlyous it was;
3yf he for-dede hymself so,
He were for-lore for ever mo.
He bad that man al that 3er
Comyn every day a messe to her;
"And 3yf thu wylt do so,
Thi destene thu xalt over-go."
The poure man seyd, nay,
Hym most travaylyn every day;
He hadde non other levyng,
But of hys dayis travaylyng.
"3yf I xuld a messe cum to,
That dayis werk me most for-go."
The persone seyd, "be my fay!"
I xal 3ef the a peny every day,
And cum and here thin messe snelle,
Quan I rynge the messe belle."
The poure man, withoutyn nay,
Com to messe every day
Quan he herde the belle rynge,
And had a peny to hys spendyng.
Thus he contynuyd al that 3ere,
Com every day a messe to here;
And quan the messe was do,
Wente a3en hus laboure to;
Tyl it was ny the 3erys ende,
A feyre there was holdyn hende,
This poure man had suyn to selle,
And theder he wold, as I 3u telle.
On morwe he ros and gan hym dresse;
Hys wyf bad hym bydyn and here messe.
He answerd and seyd, nay,
He xuld here messe by the way;
Ther stod a chyrch as he xuld gon,
Ther wolde here hys messe done.
"For 3yf I byde the personus masse,
The feyre xal be mekyl passe."
He tok hys suyn and forth gan gone,
For by the chyrch hys thouth was one.
Quan he com at the chyrche 3ate,
He fond a clerk stondynge ther-ate.
The poure man seye the clerk to:
"Is here ony messe to do?"
The clerk seye, "Nay, i-wys,
Of a messe thu myth well mys."
The poure man seye a3en there,
"A messe wolde I fayn here."
The clerk seye, "So mote I the!
I have herd this day .iii.
Quat wylt thu 3eve, so Cryst the save!
And tak the qwych thu wylt have."
The man seye, "So mote I the!
A peny xal I 3evyn the."
He seye, "Nay, withoutyn lak,
No lece than the tabard on thi bak."
The man seye, "That were me lot for-bere;
Be neyn I have but symplul gere!
But rather than I xulde fayl,
Have it here for thi travayl?"
He kest of his tabbard anon;
The clerk gan it on done.
The clerk seye, "So mote [I] the!
I have herd messes .iii.;
On of the Trinyte that is most,
Anothere of the Holy Gost,
The .iii. of oure lady fre;
Tak qwych thu wylt to the."
The man seye, "So mot I the!
I holde me to the Trinyte."
The clerk seye, "Cryst the save!
And graunte the al the mede that I xuld have!
The man went fort with hys suyn,
And dede hys feyre wel an fyn;
And as he cam homward ayn,
He herde mekyl cry an dyn.
Summe crydyn and seydyn, alas!
Ther was fallyn a ferly cas;
A man that never was evyl of play;
Hadde for-done hymself that day.
Than was it the clerk that I of tolde,
That had the medes of the messe solde;
Here he hadde the destenee
That the poure man xulde abe.
Than the man thoute in hus prevyte,
That was hys owyn destene,
And throu the vertu of the masse
I was away fro hym passe.
He went hom and dede hym shrype,
And was a good man al bus lyve.
Be this example men moun se
Quat vertuelys in the messe be;
Therefore I rede, be my fay!
We heren messe qwyl we may,
And do summe messys for to seyne
To bryngyn our frenedes out of peyne.
Now God that suffrod for us ded,
And lefty here thi body in bred,
Thu 3yf us grace to servyn the,
Here in erthe qwyl we be.
Amen! Amen! for charyte!

(fol. 87, r°.)

A place, as man may se,
Quan a chyld to scole xal set bc,
A bok hym is browt,
Naylyd on a brede of tre,
That men callyt an abece,
Pratylych i-wrout.
Wroult is on the bok withoute
. v. paraphys grete and stoute,
Rolyd in rose-red;
That is set withoutyn doute
In tokenyng of Cristes ded.
Red letter in parchemyn
Makyth a chyld good and fyn
Lettrys to loke and se.
Be this bok men may dyvyn
That Cristes body was ful of pyne,
That deyid on rode tre.
On tre he was don ful blythe,  
With grete paraffys, that ben wondes .v.,  
As ȝe mon understonde.  
Loke in hys body, mayde and wyfe,  
Qwon hee gun naylys dryve  
In fot and in honde;  
Hond and fot thur was ful woo,  
And thur were lettrys many moo  
Within and withoute.  
With red wondes and strokes blo  
He was dryve fro top to the too,  
Hys sayre body aboute.  
About this a pece I wyl spede,  
That I myth this lettrys rede,  
Withoutyn ony dystaunce.  
But God that let hys body spreade  
Upon the rode for manyes nede,  
In hevene us alle avaunce!  
God with spere was wondyd for us,  
Fals Judas to mendyn hys purs  
To ded hath hymn sold.  
On Goodfryday clerkys seyn thus,  
Mortuus est, ded is Jhesus,  
In ston is ded and cold.

The latter piece is the introduction to a poem of near 200 lines, of which each paragraph begins with the different letters of the alphabet in succession.

Wrt.

DEATH AND ITS PRECURSORS.

From MS. Harl. 7392, a common-place book on vellum of the fourteenth century.

f. 79, r°.  
Kinge I sitte and loke aboute,  
To-morwen y mai beon withoute:  
Who is me? a kinge ich was;  
This world ich lovede, bote that I las.  
Nouth longe gon I was ful riche,  
Now is riche and pore i-liche.  
Ich shal beo kinge, that men shulle seo,  
When thou wrecche ded shalt beo.

f. 191, r°.  
Alle his frendes he shal beo loth,  
And helud shal ben with a cloth;  
Hyse eres shullen dewen;
RELIQUIÆ ANTIQUEÆ. 65

And his eyen shullen dymmen;
And his nese shal sharpen;
And his skyn shal starken;
And his hew shal falewen;
And his tonge shal stameren; (other famelen)
And his lippes shulle bliken;
And his hondes shulle quaken;
And his teth shulle ratelen;
And his throte shal roten;
And his feet shullen streken;
And his herte shal breken;
And of al this wordles b[l]isse
Ne wold y yeve a pese i-wis;
Thou that art so proud,
Ne shalt thou have bute a clout.

HIII,

THE SEVEN BEASTS OF SIN, AND THEIR WHELPS.

From the Rule of Nuns, by Simon de Ghent, in MS. Cotton. Nero. A. XIV. fol. 50, v*. of the middle of the thirteenth century. Two other copies are preserved in the British Museum, MSS. Cotton. Titus D. XVIII. and Cleop. C. VI. The latter MS. is the oldest of the three. We intend on future occasions to give Extracts from the other MSS. In Magdalen College, Oxford, is preserved a Latin translation of this book.

Holy men Ð holi wummen beoð of alle vondunges swuðest ofte i-tempted, Ð han to goddre heale; vor Þe vihte ageines han, heo bigiteð þe blisfulke kempene crune. Lo! þauh hwu he meneð ham bi Jeremie: persecutores nostri velociores aquilis celi, super montes persecuti sunt nos; in deserto insidiati sunt nobis. þet is, ure wiðerwines beoð swiðture þen þe earnes; up Þe hulle heo cluben eft er us, Þ þer fuhten mid us, Þ get iðe wildernesse heo aspieden us to sleen. Ure wiðerwines beoð þreo: þe veond, þe world, Þ ure owune vleshs, ase ich er seide. Lihtliche ne mei me nout ðeherhule i-cnowne hwuc of þeos þreo weorðeð him; vor everichon helpeð oþer, þauh þe veond kundeliche egged us to atternesse, as to prude, to over-howe, to onde, Þ to wreððe, Þ to hore attri kundles, þet beoð her after i-nemmed, þet flesh put propremen towerward swettes, Þ towerward eise, Þ toward softnesse, ant te world bit mon giscen wordes weole Þ wunne Þ wurschiphe, Þ oþer swuche ginegoven, þet bidweolieð þang men to luviæ one scheadewe. þeos wiðerwines, he setið, vuluded us on hulle, Þ awaited us Þe
wilderneesse, hu heo us muwen hermen. - Hul, pet is heih lif, pet
pes deoles assauz beo3 ofte strengest; wildernesse, pet is on-
lich lif of ancre wuninge, vor also ase in wildernesse, beo3
alle wilde bestes, j nulle3 nout i-polen monnes neihechunge,
auh fleo3 hwon heo ham i-hered3 opec i-seo3, also schulen
ancren over alle opec wommen beon wilde o pisse wise, j peonne
beo3 heo over alle opec leovest to ure loverde, j swezest him
punche3 ham; vor of alle flesches peonne is wilde deores
flesch leovest j swezest. I pisse wildernesse wende ure
loverdes folc, ase Exode telle3, toward tet eadie londe of Jeru-
salem, pet he ham hefde bihoten. And ge, mine levee sustren,
wended3 bi tnen ilke weie toward to heie Jerusalem, to pe ki-
ndom j he have3 bihoten his i-corene. God3 pauh ful warliche,
vor i pisse wildernesse beo3 monie uvele bestes; liun of prude,
neddre of attri onde, unicorne of wrecde, beore of dead slouhde,
vox of giscunge, suwe of givernesse, scorpium mid teel of
stinkinde lecherie, pet is golnesse. Her beo3 nu a-reawe i-told
pe seoven heaved sunnen.

pe liun of prude have3 swu3de monie hweolpes, j ich chulle
nemmen summe. Vana gloria hette pe forme, pet is hwo se
let wel of ei ping pet heo der, j wolde habben word þeron, j is
wel i-paiued gif heo is i-preised, j mis i-paiued gif heo nis i-told
swuch ase heo wolde. pe opec hweolp hette indignatio, pet
is hwo se punche3 hokerlich of out ðet heo i-sih3 bi opec, ier
i-hered3, opec vorhowe3 chastiement, opec lowure lore. pe
pridd heo3 hweol is Ipocrisis, pet is þeo pet make3 hire betere
þen heo beo. pe vorde3 is, presumptio, pet is þeo ðet nime3
more an hond þen heo mei overcumen, opec entremete3 hire of
þinge pet to hire ne valle3. pe vifte hweolp hette inobedi-
ence, pet is þet child þet ne buh3 nout his eldre, underling his
prelat, parochian his preost, meiden hire dame, everich lowure
his herre. pe sixte hweolp is loquacitas, þeo vede3 þesne
hweolp pet beo3 of muchel speche, gelpe3, j deme3 opec,
lauhu3ðer ower hwules, gabbe3, upbreide3, chide3, vikeled3,
sturied3 leihtres. pe seove3de hweolp is blasphemie; þisses
hweolpes nurice is þet swere3 greate oðes, oðer bitterliche
kursed3, opec misse3 bi God, opec bi his haluwen, nor eni þing
þe he pole3, i-sih3, oþer i-hered3. pe eihtede3 hweolp is im-
pacience; þesne hweolp fet hwo se nis nout polemod agean alle
wowes, j in alle uveles. pe nige3de hweolp is contumace; j
þesne hweolp fet hwo se onwil ine þinge ðet heo have3 unter-
numen vorto donne, beo hit god, beo hit uvel, so ðet non wisure
read ne mei bringen hire ut of hire riote. Monie opec þer beo3
þet cume3 of weole, j of wunne, of heie kunne, of feire clopes,
of wit, of white, of strencde. Of heie live waxed3 prude, j of
holi þeauwes. Monie mo hweolpes þen ich habbe i-nempned
havēd ſe liuin of prude i-hweolped; auh abuten ſeos ſenched astudieð wel swuðe, vor ich go lihtliche over, ne do bute nemnīe hām. Auh ge everihiwar hwar se ich go swuðest forð, bileave ge ſe lengure, vor ſer ich ſepri on, awūðeð ſene ſepr twelwe. Ťwo se havēd eni ſepeau of ſeo ſet ich er nemde, ſer hām i-liche, heo havēd prude sikerliche, hu se ever hire kurtel beo i-scheaped, ſer i-seouwed, heo is liunes make ſet ich habbe i-speken of, ſet ſis wode weolpes widdinne hire brestee.

pe nedde of attri onde havēd seove kundles. *Ingratitudo*; ſesne kundel bret hwo se nis nout i-cnowen of god dede, auh teilest lütel þerof, oþer vorgieted mid alle: god dede ich sigge nout one þet mon deþ him, auh þet God deþ him, oþer havēd i-don him, oþer him oþer hire, more þen heo understande. Gif heo hire wel bilpouhte, of þisse unþeauwe me nimed to lütel gøme, ant is þauh of alle on lovbst God, ſet mest agean his grace. ſe ſer kundel is, *rancor sive odium*, þet is, hatunge ſer great heorte; ſet bret þesne kundel in hire brestee, al is attri to gode, þet heo ever wurcheð. ſe pridde kundel is of-punchunge of opes god. ſe veorðe is gledschipe of his uvel, lauhwen oþer gabben gi him mis biveolle. ſe viðte is wreiunge. ſe xiðte, babsiunge. ſe soveðe, upbrud oþer schornunge. Hwar æse eni of þeos was, oþer is, þer was oþer is þe kundel, oþer þe olde moder, of þe attri neddre of onde.

pe unicornne of wrecche þet bereð on his neose þene horne, þet he anseseð mide alle þeo ſet he areached, havēd xið hweolpes; þe vormeste is cheaste, oþer strif; þe oþer is wodescife; þe pridde is schenful upbrud; þe veorðe is wariunge; þe viðte is dunt; þe xiðte is wil ſet him uveli i-tidde, oþer on him sulf, oþer on his freond, oþer on his eihthe.

pe bore of hevi slohude haveð þeos hweolpes. *Torpor* is þe vorme, þet is wlech heorte, þet schulde leiten al o leie, ine luve of ure lovered. þe ſer is, *pusillanimitas*, þet is to poure i-heartet ḳ to herde mid alle, eni heit þing to undermine, ine hope of gode helpe, ḳ ine truste of his grace, ḳ nout of hire strenceð. ſe pridde is *cordis gravitas*; þesne hweolp haveð hwo se wurcheð god, ḳ deð hit taub mid one deade ḳ mid one hevie heorte. ñe veorðe hweolp is idelnesse, þet is hwo se stant mid alle. þe viðte is heorte gruchunghe. ſe xiðte is a dead scoruwwe vor lure of eie worldliche þinge, oþer of freond, oþer vor eni undeone, bute vor sunne one. þe seoveðe is, gemeleaschipe, oþer to söggen, oþer to don, oþer to bisecn bivoren, oþer te þenchen aftar, oþer mis witen ei þing þet heo havēd to witene. þe eihtoðe is unhope; þes laste bore hweolp is grimmest of alle, vor hit to-cheowēd ḳ to-vret Godes milde milce, ḳ his muchele merci, ḳ his unnimete grace.
pe vox of giscunge haveð þeos hweolpes; tricherie; Þ gile; þeosfæ; reflac; wite; Þ herrure strendæ; vals-witnesse, ðeber ofð; simonie; gavel; oker; vesteðipe of geoue, ðeber of love; monsleiht ðeber hule. þeos unþeawes beoð to voxæ vor monie reisuns e-fneade. Two ich chulle siggen; muche gile is ðeðe voxæ, Þ so is ine giscunge, of worldliche bigeate; and an ðeber reisun is, þe vox awurieð all enne floc, þauh he ne muwe bute one vrechliche vorswoluwen, also giscæð a gissare þet moni pusunt muhten bi flutten, auh þauh his heorte berste, he ne mei bruken on him sulf bute one monnes dole. Al Þet mon ðeber wummon wilneð more þen heo mei gnedeliche leden hire lif bi, everich efter Þet heo is, al is giscunge Þ rote of deadlich sunne. Þet is riht religiun, þet everich etter his stat, boruwe et tisse vrakele worlde so lutele so heo ever mei, of mete, of clofe, of eibte, Þ of all worldliche pinges. Understoendeð wel ðis word þ ðich ou sigge everich etter his stat; vor hit is i-veðred, þet is i-charged, ge moten makien ðed wute ge in monie wordes muche strendæ; þenchen longe þer abuten, Þ bïðet ilke o word, understoend monie wordes þet limpeð þerto, vor git ich scholde writen alle, hwonne come ich to ende?

þe suwe of givernesse, þet is glutunie, haveð pigges þus in-nemmed; to erliche hette þet on; þet ðeber, to estliche; þet bïðde, to vrechliche; þet feorðe hette to mucel; þet ðifte, to ofte ine drunche, more þen ine mete. þus beoð þeos pigges in-nemned. Ich speke scheortliche of ham, vor ich nam nout of dred, mine leove sustren, þet ge ham veden.

þe scorpion of lecherie, þet is of golnesse, haveð swuche kundles, þet in one wel i-cowune muðe hore summers nome ne sit nout vor to nemmen, vor þe nome one muhte hurten alle wel i-cowune earen, þ fulen alle clene heorten. þeo me mei nemmen wel, hwas nomen me i-cnowes wel, þe heo beoð more herm is to monie, al to kude; ase hordom; eaubruche: meide-lure; Þ icest, þet is bitwhwe sibbe, vlesliche ðeber gostliche, þet is i monie i-deled: on is ful wil vorted on þet fulðe, mid skilles gettunge, þet is, hwonne þe schil Þ te heorte ne wit-sigged nout, auh likeð wel þ grimeð al þet tet flechs to prokeð, Þ helpen ðeber pideward boen waite Þ witnesse þerof, hunten þer efter, mid wouhinge, mid togginge, ðeber mid eni tollunge, mid gigge leithre, mid horeien, mid eni lihte lates, mid geoue, mid tollinde wordes, ðeber mid luve speche, cos, unhende gro-punges; þet beoð heaved sunnen, luzien tide, ðer time, ðeber stude, vorto kumen ine swuche keite, ðeber swuche vorrideles, þet me mot ferbuen. Hwo se nule ðeðe muchele ful ðe venliche vallen, ase seint Austin seieð: ommissis occasionibus, qui solent aditum aperire peccatis, potest conscientia esse incoluntis; þet is, hwo se wule hire inwit witen clene Þ
RELIGIAE ANTIQUE.

AN ASTROLOGICAL PREDICTION.

From MS. Ashm. Oxon. 423, fol. 190, containing "a letter sent to a freind at London, concerninge the great Ecclipsce, March 29, 1652." This prediction of the great Fire in 1666, and the mention of Pye-Corner, is very singular.

Shall London after this be burnt, Sir? Where
Will the fire first begin? At Westminster
Or at Pye-Corner, Sir, among the Cookes?
If starres can't tell you, pray, what say your bookeys?

Hill.

OLD ENGLISH MEASURES OF WEIGHT.

From MS. Cotton. Claudius E. VIII. fol. 8, r. of the fourteenth century, written at Norwich, apparently.

Sex waxpunde makiet .j. ledpound. .xiiij. ledpunde .j. fotmel.
.xxxiiij. fotmel .j. fothir of Brislowe, ys have .cc. and .xxviiij'.
wexpound.

Sex waxpunde makiet .j. leedpound. .xvij. leedpunde .j. leed bole. .xvij. leed boles. .j. fothir of the Northleondes, ys haat .xc. and .xiiij. leed punde, that beeth .xix. hundryd and foure and fourti wexpunde, and ys avet more bi six and thritti leed punde, that beeth to hundred and sextene wexpunde.

Sevène waxpund makiet onleve ponde one waye, twelwe weyen on fothir, this avet two thousand and .ix. score and foure wexpund, that beeth thre hundryd and twelfive leedpound, this his more than that of the Norethland be foure and thritti more of leedpoundes, that beeth foure and twenti lasse.

Wrt.

A SONG OF 'LOVE-LONGING.'

From a 12mo. manuscript on paper of the latter part of the fifteenth century, MS. Sloan. 1584, f. 85. r. Until this song was in type, it had escaped our observation that it has been printed by Rilson.

Grewys ys my sorowe,
Both evyne and moro!
Unto my selfe alone
Thus do I make moune:
That unkyndnes haith kyllyd me,
And putt me to this peyne;
Alas! what remedy!
That I cannot refreyne.

Whan other men doyth sleype,
Thene do I syght and weype,
All ragins in my bed,
As one for paynes neyre ded,
That unkyndnes have kylyd me,
And putt me to this payne,
Alas! what remedy?
That I cannott refreyne.

My harte ytt have no reste,
Butt styll with peynes oppreste;
And yett, of all my smart,
Ytt grevith moste my harte,
That unkyndnes shuld kyll me
And putt me to this payne;
Alas! what remedy?
That I cannott refreyne.

Wo worth trust untrusty!
Wo worth love unlovyd!
Wo worth hape unblamyd!
Wo worth fautt unnamyd!
Thus unkyndly to kyll me,
And putt me to this payn;
Now, alas! what remedy?
That I cannott refrayne.

Alas! I lyve to longe,
My paynes be so stronge;
For comforth have I none;
God wott! I wold fayne be gone!
For unkyndnes haith kyllyd me,
And putt me to thys payne;
Alas! what remedy?
That I cannott refrayne.

Ifs ony wyght be here,
That byeth love so dere,
Come nere, lye dowe by me,
And weype for company;
For unkyndnes haith kyllyd me,
And putt me to this payne;
Alas! what remedy!
That I cannott refrayne.
My foes, whiche love me nott,  
Bewayle my deth, I wott!  
And he that love me beste,  
Hyme selfe my deth haith dreste;  
What unkyndnes shuld kyle me,  
If this were nott my Payne?  
Alas! what remedy?  
That I cannott refreyne.

My last wyll here I make;  
To God my soule I betake;  
And my wrechyd body  
As erth in a hole to lye;  
For unkyndnes to kyle me,  
And putt me to this Payne,  
Alas! what remedy?  
That I cannot refreyne.

O harte! I the bequyeth  
To hyme that is my deth,  
Yff that no harte haith he,  
My harte his schal be;  
Thought unkyndnes haith kyled me,  
And putt me to this Payne;  
Yett yf my body dye,  
My hertt cannott refrayne.

Placebo, dilexi!  
Com weype this obsequye,  
My mowrmarus, dolfully,  
Come weype this psalmody!  
Of unkyndnes haith kyllyd me,  
And putt me to this Payne;  
Behold this wrechid body,  
That your unkyndnes haith slayne.

Now I besych all ye,  
Namely that lovers be,  
My love my deth forguye,  
And soffer hyme to lyve;  
Thought unkyndnes haith kyllyd me,  
And putt me to this Payne;  
Yett haid I rether dye.  
For his sake ons agayne.

My tombe ytt schal be blewe,  
In tokyne that I was trewe;  
To bringe my love frome doute,
Itt shal be wryttynge abowte,
That unkyndnes haith kyllyd me,
And putt me to this payne;
Behold this wrecid body,
That your unkyndnes haith slayne!

O lady! lerne by me,
Sley nott love wylfully,
For fer love waxyth denty.
Unkyndnes to kyle me,
Or putt love to this payne;
I ware the better dye,
For loves sake agayne.

Grevus is my soro;
Butt deth ys my boro;
For to my selfe alone
Thus do I make my mone,
That unkyndnes haith kyllyd me,
And passyd is my payne;
Pray for this ded body,
That your unkyndnes haith slayne!

Finis. Amen!

Hull.

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POPULAR SONGS.

From MS. Harl. No. 5396, on paper, of the reign of Henry VI., the same
MS which contains the Tournament of Tottenham. The second of these
songs is remarkably analogous to the one already given from a Cambridge
MS. in the present volume, p. 27. The titles are written in a later hand.

1. Good Rule ys out of Remembrance, fol. 18, r*.

Lord God, what ys this wordys fare
But ryal revel and gret aray?
Evyr spend and nothyng spare!
Sone wyl hyt wast and were [a]way.
When plente may no lenger play,
And Gode hym grochyth of his governans,
That mesur may no lenger pay,
Gode rule ys not of remembrauns.

When plente may no lenger pay,
He schal then wyth hym abyde,
A dreadful man bothe nyxt and day,
With careful hert hys hed may hyde.

K
But now on dayes hyt dos betyde;
For unto man hyt ys gret grevans,
Fro hys worshyp thus for to slyde,
For caus gode rule ys out of remembrans.
Ho so wyl yn the somur seson
   Gadur and grype ar that he grynde,
The wynter afty, be weye of reson,
   He wyl not be ful far behende.
Thus mesur, man, have yn thy mynde,
Thurgh gode rule and just purvyans,
   Hyt ys no craft to be to kynde,
Thynk on gode rule and gode governans.
With wele and worship and gode welefare,
   Mekyl wast and letyll wynne,
Sone yt wyl make an howsolde bare,
   With gret spendyng out and yn.
Tryst better thy selfe then thy kyn,
For to a man hyt ys ful gret grevans,
   Sodenly fro maheade for to ryn,
For caus of gode rule and gode governans.
Avyse the, man, or thu begyn,
   That thu have no nede for to playne,
Loke what astate that thu stondys yn,
   For poverete ys a prevy payn.
Thof thu wene that hope to the be gayn,
Of lordys and ladeys and her plesans,
   If thu ber the the hyer for payn,
Then is gode rule out of remembrans.
In pryde and poverete ys grete dysse,
   Therfor be war of haddywyyst,
For nother of them may other plese,
   Every man may not have hys owen lyst.
In God therfor put all thy tryst,
For old envy makyth newe dystayns,
   I hold that man ryst wele i-blyst
That on gode rule can remembrauns.
Hadd[y]wyyst comys ever to late,
   Whan ther lakkyd bothe lok and keye;
What nedyth a man to spar the gate,
   Whan ther ys nothyng yn the weye?
With a penyles purs for to pleye,
Lat scho can the pepul amawns,
   Sum man had as lefe to dye,
F[or] on gode rule he has no remembrauns.
RELIQUE ÀNTIQUE.

A bare berd wyl sone be shave,
   Ther as ys but lyttyl here abut;
I mene by them that mekyll wold have,
   And bene bothe pore and eke prowde,
Redy to ryd yn every rowte;
Hyt ys now but newe aquentaunce,
   They ley to wed bothe panne, lavos, and spoute,
With them gode rule ys not of remembras.

Sum pepyl that levyn now on dayes,
   Ar mekyll set on galantnesse :
I lekken them truly unto the wawes
   Of the se, that ar full of trowbulnesse.
Have they here pryde and ryalnesse,
They rech ne nym of plesans,
   The end therof wyl turn to hevynesse,
Becaus god rule ys out of remembras.

What nedys a man to delve depe,
   Ther as ys no sede for to sowe;
The pot ys esy for to kepe,
   When the fat ys over blowe.
Nether for hye ne for lowe,
Kombur not thyselfe with lewode governans;
   To mych bend may breke thy bowe;
Therfor on gode rule have thu remembras.

He that hys worschyp here wyl have,
   And lyf afty'r hys owne degre,
In honeste hys worschyp most he save,
   And yn hevyn shal be hys prosp[er]yte.
Now God that dyed on a tre,
3yf us grace to do after hys ordynans!
Thys tale I tell by you and me,
For ensampul of gode governans.

II. *Turne up hur halter and let hur go.* f. 20, r°.

I not what I shall syng nor say,
   I man for-sakyn, no worth the whyle!
Ho may hold that wyll away?
   My soveren laid has don me gyle.
I have bethogt me upon a wyle,
Sythen that hur hert ys turnyd me fro,
   I hold yt the best for drede of gyle,
Turne up hur halster and let hur go.
I have lyngyre lang her mane day,
   For a berde that was so fle;
I man aferde last she well me tray,
   Be dyvers tokenys that I se.
   But sythyn hyt wyll non other be,
That I knowe that she well so,
   A man of wyysdam thus conselde me,
To turn up hur haltur and late hur go.
When I enformyd hur fyrst with love,
   This was the langage I sayd hur tyll:
     "Withoutyn help of hym that syttys above,
       Fayre mastrys, se, for soure love I spylle.
       And truly se shall have all soure wyll,
     3yf se will love me nomo."
   In hyr I knowe no maner of yll,
To torne up hur halter and lat hur go.
Sche grantyd me to love agayn,
   Hur hert to me she can unbynde;
And privyly tetwyx us twayne
   A knot of love we knyt yn kynde.
   But now another has smetyn me blynde;
Allas! what schal I say for wo?
   Truly yt renys yn my mynde
To turn up hur halter and lat hur go.
If anay man stonde yn thys cas,
   That fantaseys fall hys hert withyn,
Put hem awey wyl thu hast space,
   Love not to sore I rede the be lynne.
   As sone as ever sche do bygynne
For to turne hur hert the fro;
   Truly I knowe no better gynne,
Then turne up hur halter and lat hur go.
Thu joye thy selfe and make the strong,
   Let hur no refe the mete nor drynk.
Thu may syke and sorw so long,
   Tyll hyt have broght the to pyttes brynke.
   Whedyr she ever flete or synke,
Late never thy feturs fal the fro;
   I lekyn hym to the lapwynke,
Ther turn up hur halter and lat hur go.
I schal tell 30w wo herby I mene;
   Me were lothe any woman to dysplese:
Stryve 3é never ageyn the streme;
   If a man be warnyd he ys wele at ese.
RELIQUÆ ANTIQUE.

Put the never to-for yn prese,
Hyt ys a catel that dothe man wo.
I hold that man ry3t wele at ese,
That can turn up hur halter and lat hur go.

I wold say forther, and I derst,
Of thys man 3e wot wele wat;
Of all metell I hold women the worst,
But hyt was not I that told 3ow that.
They wyl graunt 3ou at a skap,
And say they be 3ourys for ever more;
And with a fals tryp wol cast 3ou on the bak:
Therfor turn up hur halter and lat hur go.

They ben ful trewe, blame have I than;
I pray God save ther cottyd lappys!
Thei be full plesyng tyll a man;
Thanke me, women, I claw your bakkis;
But 3et be war of after clappys,
When 3e gaddyn to and fro;
And for drede of syde wappys,
Turn up hur halter and lat hur go.

But I knowe non syche truly;
Therfor luf whyl 3e gode lyst;
For they wyl do ful plesandly,
Had they onys 3our mowth kyst.
But 3et be war of haddywyst;
Be not to bold, thof I say so;
For she wyl deseyve the even in fyst:
Therfor turn up hur halter, and lat hur go.

All maner men that ben wyse,
Be rulyd su[m]what after me;
In 3oure wyts be oft to nyse,
And of 3oure love be not to fre.
But ever after, as 3e se,
As gode love wol come as go;
And wayte a tyme, yf neede be,
And turn up hur halter and lat hur go.

III.  *Alas that any kyndeman wantys gode*  fol. 39, v°.

I herd a playnt of grete pyte,
Thurgh a park as I con passe,
Of a gome that gayned no gle,
And 3et he gelmyd as any glas.
All in wo wrapped he was;
That wyw wepyd as he were wode,
   Full ofte he sykyd and sayd, allas!
That ony kyndeman wantys gode.

Under a holy I me hyd,
   Of that hathell more to here;
How he hys care so kyndlykyd
   With cold carpyng and unclere.
He prayd to God, bryng hym on bere,
As he bou hyt hym with hys blode!
Save desteny of our dryghtyn dere,
Allas! that kyndeman wantys gode.

Sum tym, he said, I was a syre,
   Ther wold no sorow in me synk;
With gentylmen was my desyre
   At dees to dyne and eke to drynk;
And now I am a ruful rynke,
But he me rych that raght on rode;
   Therfore I say rygt as me thynke,
Allas! that kyndeman wantys gode.

And thus, for wontyng of worldes wele,
   I walk as wyw withouten wyt;
Sum tym hele I festys fele,
   But now me faylys of that fytt.
I trowe that knot was on me knyt,
Or I at kyrk had caghth my code;
   Therfo[re] I synge, and sayt 3yt,
Allas! that kyndeman wantys gode.

When wyes walke unto the wyne,
   Then as a wich I walke away;
That puttes me to pytous pyne,
   I have no penyes for to pay;
But as foule dos in a fray,
Or ellys tho fyshc that fayles fode;
   Therfor I synge, and eke I lay,
Allas! that kyndeman wantys gode.

Have caytenys and obynys in a kest,
   That my3t a kyndom cach fro care;
Or 3et of florens ful tho fyyst,
   For it schal ne tho better fare.
That makys me for to dreewe and dare,
I may not stand as I ere stode;
   Therfor I syng with sykyng sare,
Allas! that kyndeman wantys gode.
Mornynge wyl . . . . . . . . .
But take the grace that God has n...
And thank hym oft as I d[o] . . . .
Of al that ever he has me sente;
And ask mercy in myne entente
Of hym that boz me with hys blod,
The blys of heynyn that we myzt hent,
That schall us never want gode.

Wrt.

OF WOMEN'S HORNS.

Here gymneth a dyte of womenhis hornys.
Off God and kynde procedith al bewte;
Crafft may shewe a foreyn apparence;
But nature ay must have the sovereynte.
Thyng countirfeet hath noon existence.
Twen gold and gossomer is greet dyfference;
Trewe metalle requeryth noon allay;
Unto purpos by cleer experyence,
Beute wol shewe, thogh hornys wer away.
Ryche attyres of stonyz and perve,
Charbonclys, rubyes of moost excellence,
Shewe in darknesse lyght wher so they be,
But ther natural hevenly influence.
Doublettyzs of glass yeve a gret evydence,
Thyng counterfeet wol fayler at assay;
On this mater concludyng in sentence,
Beute wol shewe, thogh hornes were away.
Aleyyn remembreth, his compleynyt who lyst see,
In his book of famous eloquence;
Clad al in flours and blossmes of a tre
He sauhe nature in hir moost excellence,
Upon hir hed a kerche of Valence,
Noon other richesse of counterfet array;
T'exemplfyse by kyndely provyndence,
Beute wol shewe, thogh hornes were away.
Famous poetis of antyquyte,
In Grece and Troye renomed of prudence,
Wrot of Queen Heleyne and Penelope,
Of Pollycne, with hir chast innocence;
For wyves trewe calle Lucrece to presence;
That they wer faire ther can no man sey nay;
Kynde wrouht hem with so gret dylygence,
Ther beute kouth hornys wer cast away.
Clerkys recorde, by gret auctoryte,
Hornes wer yove to bestys for dyffence;
A thynge contrarye to femynyte,
To be maad sturdy of resystence.
But arche wives, egre in ther vyolence,
Fers as tygres for to make affray,
They have despit, and ageyn concyence,
Lyst not of pryde, then hornes cast away.

L'envoye.

Noble princessis, this litel schort dyte,
Rudely compyled, lat it be noon offence
To your womanly mercifulle pyte,
Though it be rad in your audyence;
Peysed every thynge in your just advertence,
So it be noon dyspleasaunce to your pay;
Under support of your pacyence,
Yeveth example hornes to cast away.

Grettest of vertues ys humlyyte,
As Salamon seith sonne of sapynce,
Most was accepted onto the Deyte,
Taketh heed herof, yevetho to his wordis credence,
How Maria, whiche hadde a premynence
Above alle women, in Bedlem whan she lay,
At Cristys birthe no clooth of gret dispence,
She wered a kovercheef, hornes wer cast away.

Of birthe she was hihest of degre,
To whom alle angellis dyd obedyence;
Of Davidis lyne wich sprang out of Jesse,
In whom alle vertues by just convenyence,
Maad stable in God by gostly confyndence,
This rose of Jericho, ther growhNon suyche in May,
Pore in spirit, parfit in pacyence,
In whom alle hornes of pride wer put away.

Modyr of Jhesu, myroud of chastyte,
In woord nor thouht that severd dyd offence;
Trewe examplire of virgynyte,
Hed spryng and welle of parfit contynence;
Was never clerk by rethoryk nor scyence
Koude all hir vertues rcherse onto this day;
Noble pryncessis of meek benyvolence,
Be example of hir hornes cast away.

It may be as well to mention that in this MS. is a copy of Lidgate's ballad of Jak Hare, printed at p. 13, of the present volume, and entitled here "a tale of froward Maymond."

Hull.
BURLESQUES, IN PROSE AND VERSE.

From a MS. in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh, (MS. Jac. V. 7, 27.)

of the fifteenth century.

I.

Herkyn to my tale that I schall to yow schew,
For of seche mervels have ye hard bot few;
Yf any of them be ontrue that I schall tell yow aftur,
Then wax I as pore as tho byschop of Chestur.
As I rode from Durram to Dowre I fond by tho hee strete
A foxt and a fulmarde had .xv. fete;
Tho scate scalldyd tho rydlyng and turnede of hys skyn;
At tho kyrgke dore called tho codlyng, and badd lett hym yn.
Tho samond sang tho hee mas, tho heyring was hys clarke,
On tho orgons playde tho porpas, ther was a mere warke.
Ther was a grete offeryng in that kyrgke that dey;
Ther was that I schall reykyn in a gud arey.
Ther were wesels and waspases offeryng carte-saduls;
Muscetes and marlyons, laduls and cawdurses;
Tho pyke and tho perche, tho symen and tho roche,
Tho plesse and tho macrelle yit were there moo;
Tho hadoke hyde hym, behynd he wolde not be;
With hym rote tho stok-fysch that was semely to se.
Yett were there moo, yf I truly tell my tale;
A cunger and a kokall rote on a plugue mall;
Tho turbot and tho thornebacke and tho grete whall;
Tho oystur hade to horschone, and offerd therwithall;
Tho crabe, and tho lopster ther were withall.
I toke a peyny of my purse, and offerd to hom all.
For this offerand was made, tho sothe yf I schall sey,
When Mydsomer evyn fell on Palmes sounddey.
Fordurmore I went, and moo marvels I founde;
A norchon by tho fyre rostynge a greyhownde.
Ther was dyverse meytes, reckyn hom yf I schall;
Ther was raw bakon, and new sowerde all.
Tho breme went round abowe, and lette hom all blode;
Tho sow sate on hye benke, and harpyd Robyn-Howde;
Tho foxt fydylyd, tho ratton rybybyd, tho larke noty with all;
Tho hombull-be hondyld tho horne-pype, for hur fyngurs were small.
Ther were whetstones and sanopes choppyd in cole;
Sowters in serropes, and sadduleres in sew;
Mylnestons in mortrews have I sene bot fewe;
Gryndylstones in grwell with tho blw brothes;
Ther was pestells in porres, and laduls in lorres;
Mollificant olera durissima crusta. Fryndis this is to saye to your lewde undurstandyng, that hoote wortes erased crusses makeyn soft hard wortes. The helpe and the grace of the grey gose that gosse on the grene, and the wysdam of the watur wynde mylne, with the gud grace of the galon pytcher, and all the salt sawsegis that ben sothen in Northofolke apon seyturdaye, be with hus now at owre begynnyng, and helpe hus in owre endyng, and qwyte yow of blys and bothe your een, that never schall have endyng. Amen.

My leve cursyd creatures, ther was wonus a whyse whose name was Kateryn Fyste, and sche was crafty in curte, and wede cowde carve. Thyris sche sende aftur the iij. ssynodes of Rome, to wytte why, wherfore, and for what case, that Alely a was closud or the cope come wonus abowtte.

Why hopes thu nort for sothe that ther stode wonus a coke on Seynt Pale stepull toppe, and drewe up the strapuls of his brech. How preves thu that? Be all the iij. doctors of Wynberehylles, that is to saye, Vertas, Gadatryme, Trumpas, and Dadylrymsert, the whych iij. doctors saye ther was onus a holde wyse hadde a coke to hyr son, and he lokd owt of an olde duf-cowtte, and warnyd and chargerd that no mon schulde be so harde nodur to ryde nor to goo on Seynte Paule stepull toppe, bot yf he rode on a iij. fotyd stole, or ellus that he broght with hym a warant of his necke, and yett the lewde letherand lurdon went forthe and mette viij. acurs of londe betwyx Dover and Qwykkesand, and he broght an acur in his recke from the Tour of London unto the Tour of Babilon, and as he went be the wey he had a foole sall, and he fell down at the castyll of Dover into a gruell potte, and brake bothe his schynnus. And because he hadde spylt his potage, the toos that he had on his feete feymyd all on red blod.

Therof come trypyng to the kyng of Hongre, that all pepull which myyth not lyyttely come to the Playn of Salesbere, but
the fox and the grey convent, schuld pray for all the olde schu
solys that ben rostyd in the kyngus dysche on seterday, the
whych hemppe gresse and alyns that is nedefull and spedefull
bothe to yow and to me, y pray you everychone with all the
hart in my hele, sey a pater noster and an ave for seyn cheytre.
Mollyfincant olera durissima crusta, etc. These wordus that
y have reheresd above be with hus now and ever more. Amen.
My leve cursed catyves, ther was wonus a kyng, and he had
weddyd a yonge olde qwene, and this qwene had a chylde, and
the chylde was sent to Sylbe the Sage, prayng that Sibell the
Sage schuld gyve to it the same blessyng that God gave hur,
becase sche bote hym be the hele.

Hereof spekus a worthi doctur, Radagundys superatibus
potatorum nolite timere. This worthi doctur reherus and
seys he saw wonus a nole wyfe gwo .vij. yer be the sey-syde,
and of all that seyd .vij. yere sche had no more for to do but for
to take a fart in a schowepette.

Syrs, y rede also that ther was wonus a kyng, and he made
a gret fest, and he had .iiij. kyngus at his feyst, and these .iiij.
kyngus ete but of wone gruell dysche, and thei ete so mykull
that ther balys brast, and owt of ther balys come .iiij. and
xx. oxon playng at the sword and bokelar, and ther wer laft
no moo on lyve but .iiij. rede heyrpnges. And these .iiij. reyd
herynge bled .ix. days and .ix. ny3tus, as it had ben the
cawkons of horse-schone.

Syrs, what tyme that God and Seynt Petur come to Rome,
Petur askud Adam a full greyt dowftull question, and seyd,
"Adam, Adam, why ete thu the appull unpared?" "For
sothe," quod he, "for y had no wardyns fryde." And Petur
saw the fyr, and dreed hym, and stepped into a plomtre that
hangd ful of rypte reddle cherys. And ther he see all the
perretes on the see. Ther he saw stedus and stockfesche pryk-
yng swose in the watur. Ther he saw hennus and herynus
that huntod aftur hartus in heggys. Ther hee see elys rostyn
larkus. Ther he se how haddocus wer don on the pelare, for
wrong rostyn of may buttur; and ther he se how bakers boke
butter to grece with olde munkus botsus. Ther he se how the
fox prechyd, and charged, and commanded that noo mon
schuld be so harde nowdur be daye ne be ny3t for to pyssse
wakone.

And also that every mon schuld tye his ratons and his myse
with a hors ny3t-cappe, that is to sey, with a hors haltur.
Syrurus, thynke not lonke and y schall telle yow a sleveles
reson, and make a neynd a-non. Drynke thu to me, and y to
the, and halde the coppe in are. Why mowre in are then in
bemy? For sothe every clarke that can reede and syng seythe
that are gothe befor bemy, and ye thu have a grete blacke
bolle in thi honde, and hit be full of gud ale, and thu leyve any thyng therin, thu puttes thi sowe into grette pyne. And therto acordes too worthi precchers, Jacke a Throme and Jone Brest-Bale: these men seyd in the bibull that an ill drynkeris unpossibull hevone for to wynne; for God luffus nodur hors nor mare, but mere men that in the cuppe con stare. And them that all nyght wyll sytte up and drynke, them forgymes he ther synne. Syrs, and all the sottes of this town wer dont in a dungeon, and the devyll hem among with his club in his hande, he wold make hom all to cry misere nostri unser soter babilorne leva fuse blockstyk filiorum et conquivister, and of a sowter have greyt myster. "A revette boot trynkele," seyd the sotur, when he boot of is wyfe thombe harde be the elbow, quod Jack Strawe. Amen.

III.

The mone in the mornynge merely rose,
When the sonne and the sevon sterres softlye wer leyd
In a slommuryng of slepe for-slokond with ale;
A haswyfse of Holbrucke owt hormus blu,
For all tho pekke was forbedon paryng of chese.
Theo reynus of Radforde wer redy at a ronser,
For to expond the spavens of the spade halfe.
Tom the Tepler tryde in the gospell
What schuld fall of the fournes in thè frosty murnyng,
At the batell of Brakonwete, ther as the beyre justyd,
Sym Saer and the swynkote thei wer sworne brodurne.
The hare and harthestone hurtuld to-geydurn,
Whyte the hombul-be hod was hacked al to cloutus.
The schalmode the scheldrake and schepe trumpyd;
[The] hogge with his horneypye hyod hym belyve,
And dansyd on the downghyll, whyte all-thei dey lastyd,
With Magot and Margory and Malyn hur syssstur.
The prest into the place prycy for to wynne;
Kene men of combur komen belyve,
For to mote of mychewhat more then a luttul,
How Reynall and Robyn-Hod runnon at the gleyve.

... eight women neer,
And makyd hom with chyld;
Tho kynde of men wher thei hit tane,
For of hom selfe had thei never nane,
Be meydon Mare mylde.
Therof seyus clerkus, y wotte how,
That it not be rehersyd now,
As Cryst fro schame me schyld.

W. T.
A BULESQUE.

From MS. Porkington, No. 10. f. 162. written in the reign of Edw. IV. on vell. and paper, preserved in the library of W. O. Gore, Esq. of Shropshire. The following copy of another MS. of the first of the foregoing burlesques, was kindly communicated by Sir Frederick Madden,

Herkons to my tale, that I schalle here schow,
For of syche merewels I have herde fowe;
Yf ane of them be a ly, that I telle here auture,
I wolde I were as bare as the beschope of Chester!
As I went frowe Dowyre to Dorram, I met by the stret
A fox and a folmert had .xv. fette.
The skat stalkyde one hylle, and tyte of here skynne;
The codlyng calde at the churche dore, and bad let him in.
The samun sanng the hy mas, the heyrnyng was the clark,
The porpos at the organs, ther was a golly wark.
Ther was a gret offyrnyng that ylke day,
For ther was alle that I rekun up one this a-ray:
Waspis and eysturis, and gret cart-sadyllys,
Moskettus in mortrous, caudrons and ladyls,
The pekerel and the perch, the mennous and the roche,
The borbotus and the stykylbakys, the fiondyre and the loche.
The haudok hyde behynde, sen wolde he not be,
With hym rode the gornarde, symly for to se.
3et was ther mor, the sothe yf I yow telle,
The conegure and the wessylle rode one a plou3-whylle;
The kelynge and the thornbake, and the gret whalle.
The crabe and the loppysstere 3eyt were thei ther alle,
Eyche one toke a penne of ther purch, and offyrde at the mas,
The eyster offyrde .ij. d. and sayde he wolde pay no las.
When thei this offyrng made, the sothe yf I yow say,
The Pame sonday be-fele that 3ere one Mydesunday.
3eyt forthermore as I roode, moo mervels I saw,
I sawe where a marchand rostysde a semmeow.
Ther where dyvers mettus, rekyn them yf I couthe,
Saue I never non syche, by northe nore by so[u]the.
Ther whas rostysde bakon, moulyde brede, nw soure alle,
Whettesons and fyre-brondys choppyde in kelle.
Soutteries in sortope, sadelers in scowe,
Mylardys in mortrous, syche have I sen ful foue.
Ther wer mylstonnis in molde, with cart-whyllus in durryde,
Ther wer stedis of Spayn welle poudyrt in past,
They wer fasside with charkolle, for that was noo wast.
Ther were tynkerris in tartlottus, the met was fulle gooede.
The sowe sate one him* benche, and harppyde Robyn Hoode.

* Sic MS.
The schulerde schowtttyde in a schalmas, the torbot trompyde to that,
The ratton rybybye, the fox fedylde, therto claryide the catte. *
With a synfan songe the snyt, the laverok louttyde withalle,
The humbul-be haundylt a horne-pype, her fyngurs wer smalle.
The goos gagult ever more, the gam was better to here,
Herde [I] noo syche mastryes this .vii. 3ere.
Then ther com masfattus in mortaros alle soow,
Borhammys and beynsteyyllys, for thei my3 not goo,
Potstykis and paunyaris, and gret long battus,
Hammrys and horne sponmys, and scroude mosselde cattus.
Mockeforcus and dressyngcuynus com trottyng one sparrous;
The hare come with a long gode, drywyng the harrous.
Ther com trynkettus and tournyng-stonys, and elson bladys,
Colrakus and copstolus, one gret whyle-barrous,
.xx. salt ellys, and eych of them a scheyf arrous,
Ratouns and rattus, and long cart-whellys.†
Gnyttus and snayllus cam routtyng in schyppus.
To fòrmys and a stole rade one a mas-boke,
Fyfty fyre-brondus, and eyche of them a croke.
Dore-bundys stalkyng one stylttus, in ther hondus gret oke[s],
The storgyn stode be-hynde the dore scharpyng stakys.
Alle this I sawe that I have here tolde,
And monny moo mervellus uppon Cottyswolde.
But I them foregat as I went by the way,
Therfor at this tym no more can I tel nor saye.
But God, as he made us, and mend us he may,
Save us and sende us sum drynk or we dye.

Explycyt trutallis, etc.

* Cakts in the MS.  † Sic MS. perhaps for wheppys (whips).

HYMNS AND ANTIPHONES.

Written by William Herebert, a Franciscan friar and famous preacher
about 1830. From a MS. on vellum, written with his own hand, formerly
in the possession of Mr. Fermor of Tumose, in Oxfordshire, and afterwards
in that of Mr. Heber, in the sale catalogue of whose books (1835) it was
numbered 1470.

Hostis Herodes impie.

Herodes, thou wyikked fo, wharof ys thy dredinge?
And why art thou so sore agast of Cristes to-cominge?
The reveth he nouth erthlich god, that maketh ous hevene
kynges.
Ibant magi.
The kynges wenden here way and foloweden the sterre,
And sothfast lyth wyth sterre lyth southen vrom so verre,
And sheuden wel that he ys God, in gold, and stor, and mirre.

Lavacra puri gurgitis.
Crist, y-cleped hevene lomb, so com to seynt Jon,
And of hym was y-wasqe that sunne nadde non,
To halewen our vollouth water, that sunne havet vor-don.

Novum genus potentiae.
A newe myghte he cudde, ther he was at a feste,
He made vulle wyth shyr water six cannes by the lest,
Bote the water turnde into wyn, thorou Crystes oune heste.

Gloria tibi, domine.
Wele, Loverd, bee myd the, that shewedest the to-day,
Wyth the vadur and the holy gost, withouten endeday.

II.

Vexilla regis prodeunt, etc.
The kynges baneres beth forth y-lad ;
The rode tokne is nou to-sprad.
Whar he that wrouth havet al monkinne,
An-honged was vor oure sinne.

Quo vulneratus insuper.
Ther he was wounded vurst and y-swonge,
Wyth sharpe spere to herte y-stonge,
To washen ous of sinne clene,
Water and blod ther ronne at ene.

Implerta sunt quae concinit.
Y-volvuld ys Davidthes sawe,
That sothe was prophete of the olde lawe,
That sayde, "Men, 3e mowen y-se
Hou Godes trone ys rode tre."

Arbor decorae et fulgida.
H[3]! troe that art so vayr y-kud,
And wyth kynges pourpre y-shrud ;
Of wourthy stok y-kore thou were,
That so holy limmes oup bere.
Beata cyjus brachiis.
Blessed be thou that havest y-bore
The wordles raunsoun that was vor-lore;
Thou art y-maked Crystes weye,
Thorou the he tok of helle preye.

O cruza, ave.
Ha! croyz, myn hope, onliche my trust,
The nouthe ich grete wyth al my lust;
The mylde gode sped in rithfolnesse,
To sunfolde men sheu mylsfolnesse.

Te summa Deus.
A! God, the hey3e trinite,
Alle gostes her3y3e the!
Hoem that thou bouhcest on rode troe,
Hoere wissere evermore thou boe. Amen.

N. H.

A BILL OF DINNER FARE,
For a feast at Oxford in October, 1452; from MS. Cotton. Tit. B. XI. fol. 21, v°.

Primus Cursus. A sutteltee; the bore hed and the bulle.
Bravne and mustarde. Frumenty with venysoun. Fesaunt
in brase. Swan with chawduen. Capon of grece. Heruns-
Lesse damask. Frutour lumbert. A sutteltee.

Venysoun bake. Fryed mete in past. Lesshe lumbert. A
frutour. A sutteltee.

Quynces bake. Viant in past. A frutour. Lesshe. A
sutteltee.

This was the service at the coman... of maister Nevell,
the sone of the [erle] of Saresbury, whiche commenced a[t]
Oxenford the... day of Oct... the yere of our Lord m°. cccc.
li. and the y[ere] of Kyng H. v° the xxxj° the.

Hill.
"A HYMN TO THE VIRGIN."

From MS. Egerton (in Brit. Mus.) No. 613, fol. 2, ro. of the thirteenth century.

Of on that is so fayr and brîst,
\[velut maris stella,\]
Brîster than the day is li3t,
\[parens et puella.\]
Ic crie to the, thou se to me,
Levedy, preye thi sone for me,
\[tam pia,\]
That ic mote come to the,
\[Maria.\]

Al this world was for-lore
\[Eva peccatrice,\]
Tyl our Lord was y-bore
\[de te genitrice.\]
With ave it went away,
Thuster nyth and comz the day
\[salutis ;\]
The welle springet hut of the
\[virtutis.\]

Levedi, flour of alle thing,
\[rosa sine spina,\]
Thu bere Jhesu hevene king,
\[gratia divina ;\]
Of alle thu berst the pris,
Levedi, quene of parays
\[electa.\]
Mayde milde, moder es
\[effecta.\]

Of kare conseil thou ert best,
\[felix fecundata,\]
Of alle wery thu ert rest,
\[mater honorata.\]
Bisek him wiz milde mod,
That for ous allesad is blod
\[in cruce,\]
That we moten komen til him
\[in luce.\]

Wel he wot he is thi sone,
\[ventre quem portasti,\]
RELIQUIÆ ANTIQUEÆ.

He wyl nout werne the thi bone
parvum quem lactasti,
So bende and so god he his,
He havet brout ous to blis
superni,
That havez hi-dut the foule put
infern
Explicit cantus iste.  
Wrt.

PROVERBIAL DISTICHES.

The following lines occur among other miscellaneous scraps, on the last page of a copy of the Massa Compotti, in the possession of J. O. Halliwell, Esq. (Blth. Hal. No. 58, f. 35, vo.) where they seem to have been written about the beginning of the fifteenth century. The first couplet is remarkable for preserving the epithets bestowed on those, who either mumbled, skipped, or 'leaped' over the Psalms, in chanting.

Ecclesiae tres sunt, qui servitium male fallunt;
Momylers, forscyppers, ovrelepers, non bene psallunt.

Nos aper auditu, linx visu, simia gustu,
Vultur odoratu præcellit, aranea tactu.

ANGLO-SAXON MEASURES OF TIME.

From MS. Cotton. Titus, D. xxvii. fol. 25, vo. of the first half of the eleventh century.

sis is full ger, twelf monbas fulle þ endlufan dagas þ six
tida þ is ðonne ðreo hund daga þ fif þ sixtig daga þ fœhrðan
dægæs, þ syndon six tida, þæs bidþ twa þ fifti wucena,
þ eahtæ þusend tida þ seovan hund þ sixti, hund eahtæg
þusenda hwila þ six hund, ða man hateþ minuta, þ seovan
þusenda þ six hund, þonne bidþ þæs eac þara beorhtan hwila
þreo hund þusenda þ fifi þusenda þif hund þ twentig, þonne
þæs bidþ þif þortig þusenda þrida þ feowertig. On anre æsen
neahlicre tide beod þeower punctas tén minuta fiftene partes
feowertig momenta be sumra manna tale.

Wrt.
CARMINA JOCOSA.

From MS. Harl. No. 3362, fol. 47, r. of the fifteenth century. They are chiefly curious as presenting us with some early specimens of English Macaronic verse. It is a singular circumstance that two lines of the second are still popular among school-boys in the following modified form.

Tres fratres coeli navigabant roundabout Ely;
Omnes drownderunt qui swimaway non potuerunt.

The expressions concealed by the cypher, as in the MS., are rather gross, and do not speak much for the morals of the Carmelites of Cambridge, to whom they evidently refer.

Flen, flyys, and freris populum domini male cædunt,
Thyslis and breris crescentia gramina lædunt;
Christe, nolens guerras, sed cuncta pace tuerris,
Destrue per terras breris, flen, flyzes, and freris.
Flen, flyzes, and freris, foul falle hem thyss fyfthen 3eris,
For non that her ys lovit flen, flyzes, ne freris.

Fratres Carmeli navigant in a bothe apud Eli,
Non sunt in cælī, quia gxddbov xxxkxzt pg ifmk,
Omnes drencherunt, quia sterisman non habuerunt,
Fratres cum knyvves goth about and txxkxxv nfookt xxxkkt,

Ex Eli veniens præsenti sede locatur,
Nec rex nec sapiens, Salomon tamen ille vocatur.

Pediculus cum sex pedibus me mordet ubique,
Si possum capere, tokl tobl debet ipse habere.
Si tibi strok detur, wyth a round strok evacuetur;
Et si revertetur, loke tu quod retribuetur.

Est mea mens mota pro te, speciosa Magota.

Verum dixit anus, quod piscis olet triduanus;
Ejus de more simili fœtet hospes odore.

Est in quadrupede pes quintus, in æquore pulvis,
In cirpo nodus, in muliere fides.

Cum premo, re retrahit, stringit con, inque sigillat,
Sub silet, ob spoliat, sed de gravat, ex manifestat.

Thus, pix, cum sepo, sagmen, cum virgine cera,
Ex hiis attractus bonus est ad vulnera factus.

Frigore Frix frixit, quia Tros trux tubera traxit, 
Trosque truces Traces secuit necuitque minaces.

Taurus in herba ludit, et optat tangere limpham. 
Rumbo murena extat Thamæia plena. 

VERSES ON THE CONQUEROR'S FOUNDING 
BATTLE ABBEY.

The following verses are written on the margin of a MS. in Merton 
College Library, Oxford, Q. 2. 18, f. 160, which contains a copy of the old 
law-book called 'Britton,' and many antient Statutes of the Realm, of the 
age of Edward I. or II. They seem to have been set down about the middle 
of the fourteenth century, and probably not long before the year 1366, which 
was to have been the period of this vain prediction.

Anglorum regna Bastard bello superavit, 
Ac monasterium rex construere properavit; 
Jejunans, orans, volens de sobole scire, 
Divum responsum rex promeretur audire: 
"Quot pedibus stabit ecclesia Batallia longa, 
Tot annis tua posteritas stabit in Angla."* 
Quam licet ecclesiam prolongasse volueru, 
Trecentos pedes excedere non potueru. 

*Niger.

*M Sic MS.

MORAL PROVERBS.

From MS. Harl. 3810, Pars. I. f. 13, vo. of fifteenth century.

For the begynynge of wysdom is 
For to drede Goddys ryztwysnes.

He that in youte no vertu usit, 
In age alle honure hym refrusit.

Ever the hiere that thou art, 
Ever the lower be thy hert.

Be swyftte to here, and slow to speke, 
Late to wrathe, and lothe to . . . .

Deme the best of every doute, 
Tyl the truthe be tryed out.

Thinke on the ende or thu begyn, 
And thou schalt never be thrall to syn. 

Hull.
RELIGIO ANTIQUAE.

PROGNOSTICATIONS.


Januarii 25°. Clara dies Pauli bona tempora denotat anni;
Si nix, vel pluvia, designat tempora chara;
Si fiant venti, designat praelia genti;
Si fiant nebulae, periant animalia quæque.

Februarii 2do. Imber si datur, Virgo dum purificatur,
Inde notatur quod hyemps abinde fugatur;
Si sol det radium, frigus erit nimium.*

Julii 2°. Si pluat in festo Processi et Martiniani,
Imber erit grandis, et suffocatio grani.
4°. Martini magni translatio si pluviam det,
Quadranginta dies continuere solet,

Augusti 6°. In Sexti festo venti validi memori esto;
Si sit nulla quies, farra valere scies.

Hull.

* Cole has added in the margin the following variation of this saying,

Si sol splendescat Maria purificante,
Major erit glacies post festum, quam fuit ante.

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WELSH GLOSSES.

From MS. Cotton Vespas. A. xlv. fol. 7, r°, of the end of the twelfth or beginning of the thirteenth century. Besides the p and b, the writer more often uses the Saxon r than the modern w.


Sponsus, gurpriot. Sponsa, benen. Infans, mab aflaaur. Vir,

cansgrueg (vel freg). Uxor, greg (vel freg) cansgur. Anus,

gruah. Adolescens, gurjouene. Juvenis, younc. Paterfamilias,

Consiliu, cusul. Concionator, datheluur. Operarius, oberor.
Faber vel cudo, gof. Ophitiva, gofail. Ferrarius, heinior.

Lignarius; sainpren. Aurifer, eure. Argentarius, gueidpur
argans. Erarius, guedidur cober. Rusticus, treuedic. Arator,
araederur. Ars, crest. Artifex; crestor. Opus, gueid. Opifer,
inguinor. Architectus, weidwurti. Piscator, piscadur: Rethe,

Auceps, idne. Lagueus, maglen. Trapezeta, vel numularius,

Potens, galluidoc. Gigan, enchinethel. Namus, cor. Fidis,
corden. Citharista, teleinor. Cithara, telein. Tubicen, Barth
hirgorn. Tuba, hirgorn. Tubicen, wiphit. Musa, wib. Fidicen,

Cornu, corn. Fistula, wibonoul. Licticen, kemat combricam:

Linthus, tillcorn. Poeta, pridit. Mimus, vel scrrua, Barth.

Salator, lappior. Saltatriz, lappiores. Mercator, vel negoci-
ator, guicgur. Merx, paroe. Pirata, ancredpur mor. Classis,
luu listri. Navis, lester. Remus, ruif. Remex, vel naua,


Velum, guil. Malus, guern. Clavius, leu, pi, obil. Medicus,
medhec. Medicina, medhecnaid. Arswa, vel ustulatio, losc.

Potio, diot. Unguentum, urat. Malagma, tairnant. Salinat-
or, haloinor. Sutor, cheereor. Sartor, seuyad. Dispensator, maer,


Infidelis, dislaian. Felix, fodic. Contentiosius, strifo. Injuri-

osus, caminsic. Piger, dioc. Hebes, talsoch. Parasitus, gouhoc,
vel wilcure. Augur, chuiiloc. Incendantor, wurcheniat. Ven-


Theolaniarius, tollor. Bonum, da. Malum, drog. Dispendedum,
vel dampnum, diobenes. Jacitura, collet. Commodum, les. Rea,

Villa, snod. Inauris, scinen. Incola, treuedic doer. Avena,

denunchut. Peregrinus, pigirin. Colonus, treuedic. Agricola,
guithiat ereu. Messor, middil. Messis, hitauduer. Acervus,
Reliquiae Antiquae.

Nomina Avium.


Nomina Piscium.


Nomina Ferarum.

Nomina Herbarum.


Nomina Arborum.


The few variations here inclosed in brackets, are in the MS. inserted between the lines by a hand very little more modern than that which wrote the original. The orthography of the MS. has been carefully observed.

Wrt.

HYMNS AND BALLADS.

From MS. Egerton, No. 613, (in the British Museum) written perhaps before the middle of the thirteenth century,

fol. 1, v*, each stanza written in four lines.

Somer is comen and winter is gon,
    this day beginniz to longe,
And this foules everichon,
    joye hem wit songe!
    So stronge kare me bint,
    Al wit joye that is funde
    in londe,
    Al for a child
That is so milde
    of honde,
    That child that is so milde and wlong,
    and eke of grete munde,
Voye (?) in boskes and in bank
    i-sout me hau; a stunde!
    I-funde he hevede me
    For an appel of a tre
    i-bunde,
    He brac the bond
That was so strong
    wit wunde.
That child that was, so wilde and wlong,

to me alute lowe;

Fram me to Giwes he was sold,

ne cuthen hey him nout cnowe;

"Do we" sayden he,

"Nail we him opon a tre

alowe,

Ac arst we sullen scin in him

ay rowe."

Jhesu is the childes name,

king of al londe!

Of the king he meden game,

and smitten him wit honde.

To fonden him opon a tre,

He jeven him wundres to and thre

in honden;

Of bitter drink he senden him

a sonde.

Det he nom ho rode tre,

the lif of us alle!

... it nowit other be

bote we scolden walle,

And walle in helle dep

Nere nevere so swet

wit alle!

Ne miitte savi castel, tur,

ne halle.

Mayde and moder that a-stod,

Marie ful of grace,

vallen in the place.

The trace ran of, he bled

Chan gedere, fles and blod

and face;

He was to-drawe,

So dur i-slawe

in chace.

Det he nam, the suete man,

wel heye opon the rode,

He wes hure sunnes everichon

mid is swete blode.

Mid fode he lute adun,

And brace the gates of that prisun

that stode;

And ches here out that there

were gode.
RELIGUE ANTIQUE.

He ros him one the thridde day,
    and sette him on is trone;
He wule come a domes day
    to dem us everichic one.
Grone he may and wepen ay,
The man thae deiet witoute lay,
    alone.
Grante ous Crist
Wit thai uprist
    to-gene.  Amen.

fol. 2. v°. written as prose.

Blessed beo thu, lavedi,
    ful of hovene blisse,
Swete flur of parais,
    moder of milternisse;
Thu praye Jhesu Crist thi sone,
    that he me i-wisse,
Thare a londe al swo ihc beo,
    that he me ne i-misse.

Of the, faire lavedi, min oreisun
    ich wile biginnen!
Thi deore swete sunnes love
    thu lere me to winnen.
Wel ofte ich sike and sorwe make,
    ne mai ich nevere blinnen,
Bote thu, thruh thin milde mod,
    bringe me out of sunne.

Ofte ihc seke merci,
    thin swete name ich calle:
Mi flehs is foul, this world is fals,
    thu loke that ich ne falle.
Lavedi freo, thu schild me
    fram the pine of helle!
And send me into that blisse
    that tungne ne mai tellen.

Mine werkes, lavedi,
    heo makieth me ful won;
Wel ofte ich clepie and calle,
    thu i-her me for than.
Bote ic chabbe the help of the,
    other I ne kan;
Help thu me, ful wel thu mist,
    thu helpest moni a man.
RELIQUIÆ ANTIGÆ.

I-blessed beo thu, lavedi,
so fair and so briht;
Al min hope is uppon the
bi dai and bi nicht.
Helpe, thruh thin milde mode,
for wel wel thu mist,
That ich nevere for feondes sake
fur-go thin eche liht.

Briht and scene quen of hovene,
ich bidde thin sunnes hore;
The sunnes that ich habbe i-cun,
heo rewweth me ful sore.
Wel ofte ich chabbe the fur-saken,
the wil ich never eft more;
Lavedi, for thine sake,
treuthen feondes lore.

I-blessed beo thu, lavedi,
so feir and so hende;
Thu praie Jhesu Crist thi sone,
that he me i-sende,
Whare a londe al swo ich beo,
er ich honne wende,
That ich mote in parais
wonien withuten ende.

Brich and scene quen of storre,
so me liht and lere,
In this false fikele world
so me led and steore,
That ich at min ende dai
ne habbe non feond to sere;
Jhesu, mit ti swete blod,
 thu bohtest me ful dere.

Jhesu, seinte Marie sone.
thu i-her thin moder bone;
To the ne dar I clepien noht,
to hire ich make min mene;
Thu do that ich for hire sake
beo i-maked so clene,
That ich noht at dai of dome
beo flemed of thin exsene.
En une matine me levoye l'autre er,  
Pensif de amorettes ke fet apreiser;  
Bou mun quer deit estre e od lui demurer,  
Kar tute ma joie vent de ben amer.

Mei ke suy ameruse, ne suy à blamer;  
Kar je ay tel amy ke n'ad paynt de per;  
Il est si tres beus, e si franc de quer,  
Ke en trest tut le munde ne trovera sun per.

Mun tres duz amy, ke m'avez doné  
De vus si graunt joie e reconförté,  
De vostre tres duz amor m'avez enamoré,  
Ke pur ren ke veie ne dei estre grevé.

Mun tres duz amy, à vus me comaunt,  
Ke me donasstes sen de vus amer taunt;  
E vus pri ke me eidez ke me seif duraunt,  
Ke je ai là graunt joye dunt sui atendaunt.

_Amen._

ibid. written also in prose.

Litel uo it eniman on trewe love bi stodet,  
Bute oure swete leve di that muchel therof haud fondet;  
The love of hire hit lassted swthe longe,  
He œaweth ws plist he wele hus underfonge.  
Owre mo is mi lif, and ic in grete thoute;  
I thenche of hire that al hure blisse hus broute.

fol. 6 ve. written as prose.

Costi regis filia,  
Tua te familia  
    veneratur,  
    et precatur  
Tua patrocinia.  
    Virgo pura.  
    Fac futura  
    nos frui laetitia.

Tu de tribu regia  
Producens exordia,  
    sola Christi  
    delegisti  
Subire connubia  
    Virgo pura.
Adhuc annis tenera,
Suspiras ad supera,
et devota
mente tota
Tendis ad coelestia.
Virgo pura.

Pro fide catholica
Flagella non modica
pertulisti,
nec flexisti
Mentem per supplicia.
Virgo pura.

Dum gens Christo credula
Cogitur ad ydola
adoranda,
tu nefanda
Probas hæc daemonia.
Virgo pura.

Conclusos in propria
Artis eloquentia
das peritos,
requisitos
Per multa confinia.
Virgo pura.

Qui dum complent ultima
Per ignis duci in ima,
coma, veste,
simul teste,
Non patent incendia.
Virgo pura.

Uxor per te regia
Regis cum militia
Christo credit;
et se dedit
Volens ad martyria.
Virgo pura.

Mira dei gratia,
Rotarum dum pondera
dissolvuntur,
conteruntur
Impiorum milia.
Virgo pura.
Dum lictoris spicula
Subis post pericula,
 pro cruore
 novo more
Lactis manant flumina.
Virgo pura.

On the same page, still written as prose.

Tres duce Katerine, sez nostre mescine.
De une pucele chanteray,
 Ke tut jur de quer ameray;
 Si le vus di, kar ben le sai
 Ke mut fu nette e fine.
 Tres.

Estreite fu de noble gent,
 Si seynte escripture ne ment;
 Kar reis esteit sun pere e gent,
 E sa mere reine.
 Tres.

Mut esteit de bon corage;
 Kar Deu servi en sun age,
 Ke la garda de damage,
 Si la fet sa veisine.
 Tres.

Mut soufri pur Deu hubblement,
 Graunt pasiun e gref turmen[t],
 Meinte aspre flael vifement,
 Au jos e à l’eschine.
 Tres.

Mès Deu tresben l’aguerduna,
 Kaunt de sa mein la corona,
 E s’amie l’apela,
 Cele seinte meschine.
 Tres.

Trop fet apreiser par reysun
 La bele, quant e la prisun
 Venqui Maxence le felun,
 Ce fu la Katerine.
 Tres.

N’est pas merveille, kar verité
 Aveit od sei e amisté;
 Si out en li humiliité,
 De vertu la racine.
 Tres.
RELIQUÆ ANTIQUÆ.

Deu! kaunt à jugement vendrum,
Graunt mester de lui averum,
E pur ce eyns crier Deum
À la pucéle entoine.
Tres.

Si cum ele ad Maxence vencu,
Plus vilement unques mès ne fu,
Ke ele seyt par sa graunt vertu
De nos peccet mescine.
Tres duce Katerine,
Seez nostre mescine.

Fol. 30, v, written in a later hand, of about the beginning of the fourteenth century

De la soryste ne di-ge mye!
Ke elle ne (ac) hardy cum lyon.
Ele meyne hoveka reys,
Prés de cuntes e baruns;
Tus jurs meyne bone vye.
Va, soryte.

Mut fut hardy le soryt,
Kaunt ele se cumbati, ne frat.
Je la ferray aver robe
De karlet how de autre drap.
Kar ele me at en sa baylye.
Va sorys, Deu, etc.

De la soryste ne ay-je quere,
Ke ele veyne à ma meysun.
Ele maungera me heses,
E tuz le quyr de me purune;
Kar autre chose ne ay-je mye.
Va sorys, etc.

Mut fut petit le sorys,
Kaunt ele entra e mun cervere,
Deu la doynt la male vye,
Kant ele denea de mun blé.
Kar ele me at en sa baylye,
Va, soryte, Deu te maudye!

Kaunt le sorys er malades,
Je la ferray confessser.
Mai (!) la maundera le prettre,
Ci li fray oue ly parler.
Kar ele me at en sa baylye.
Va, sorys, Deu te maudye!
RELIQUIÆ ANTIQUÆ.

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Kaunt le sorys er mort,
   Je le seray enterer;
Quynse jours how treys simeynes
   Pur li fray le seynner soner.
Kar ele esteit de bone vye.
   Va, soryte, Deu te maudye!

The writing is in some places almost erased, and in others so ill written that it is not easy to decipher.

Wt.

RECEIPTS FOR COLOURS, &c.

From MS. Sloane, 1313, fol. 196, r, of the fifteenth century.

Reed.

Tempur rug plom, or vermyloun, with gleyr of egges or with gummed watir, or with thynne cole, that is to say the clere therof.

Wt.

Tempur blank chalke, plum or ceruse, with gleyre or thinne cole; loke thy maters be wel y-grounde.

To done away mool or spot from clothe.

Washe thy clothe with the brothe of grey pesene, wel y-hooled; vel sic, ley upon the moole of thy clothe blake sope me deleed with otis, and bowke well the clothe afturwarde.

To make murmour bryzt.

Stryke wel theron blak sope, and let the sope lye theron al a nyzt, and on the morow wepe hit away.

Gold Watur.

Grynde vytryole, sal gemme, and sal armonacer, an unce of eche; sethe in a quart of wyn til hit be wastid half away; let hit kele, and write therwithe.

Cyse for gold.

R. clark and brend chalke, and grynde hem well togedur with gleyr of an ey; kepe hit as thike as thou mey, tempur hit with faire watyr, put hit in an horn, stere hit with a stykke, and worche therwith when it is cold.

To done away what is y-wreten in velyn or parchement without any pomyce.

Take the juyst of rewe and of nettyl, in Marche, in Averel, or in May, and medyl hit with chese, mylke of a kow, or of shepe, put therto unqueynt lym, medle hem wel togedur, and
make therof a lofe, and drye hit at the scne, and make therof powdur. When thou wolt do awey the lettre, wete a pensel with spotil or with watur, and moist therwith the lettres that thou wolt do awey, and then cast the powder therupon, and with thi nai thow maist done awey the lettres that hit schal nothyng been a-sene, without any apezurement. This medecyn, y-made with chese or mylke of a kow, is good for velym; and, of a sepe, good for parchement.

Hull.

THE PROVERBS OF HENDYNG.

From MS. Harl. No. 2253, fol. 125, r, of the reign of Edward II.

Mon that wol of wysdam heren,
At wyse Hendyng he may lernen,
That wes Marcolves sone;
   Gode thankes ant monie thewes
   For te teche fele shrewes,
For that wes ever is wone.
Jhesu Crist, al folkes red,
That for us alle tholeded ded
   Upon the rode tre,
Lene us alle to ben wys,
Ant to ende in his servys!
   Amen, par charité!
‘God beginning maketh god endyng,’
Quoth Hendyng.

Wyt ant wysdom lurneth serne,
Ant loke that none other werne
   To be wys ant hende;
For betere were to bue wis,
Then for te where feh ant grys,
   Wher so mon shal ende.
‘Wyt ant wysdom is god warysoun.’
Quoth Hendyng.

Ne may no mon that is in londe,
For nothyng that he con fonde,
   Wonen at home ant spede;
So fele thewes for te leorne,
Ase he that hath y-sotht seorne
   In wel fele theode.
‘Ase fele thede, ase fele thewes;’
Quoth Hendyng.
Ne bue thi child never so duere,
Ant hit wolle unthewes lerne,
   Bet hit other whyle;
Mote hit al habben is wille,
Woltou nultou hit wol spille,
   Ant bicone a fule.
' Luef child lore byhoveth;'
   Quoth Hendyng.

Such lores ase thou lernest,
After that thou sist ant herest,
   Mon, in thyne zouthe,
Shule the on elde folewe,
Bothe an eve ant a-morewe,
   Ant bue the fol couthe.
'Whosezong lerneth, olt he ne leseth;'
   Quoth Hendyng.

3ef the biste a sunne don,
Ant thy thoht bue al theron,
   3et is god to blynde;
For when the hete is overcome,
Ant thou have thy wyt y-nome,
   Hit shal the lyke wynne.
'Let lust overgon, eft hit shal the lyke;'
   Quoth Hendyng.

3ef thou art of thobtes lyht,
Ant thou falle for un-might
   In a wycked synne;
Loke that thou do hit so selde,
In that sunne that thou ne elde,
   That thou ne dege therinne.
'Betere is eye sor, then al blynd;'
   Quoth Hendyng.

Me may lere a sely fode,
That is ever toward gode,
   With a lutel lore;
3ef me nul him forther teche,
Thenne is herte wol areche
   For te lerne more.
'Sely chyld is sone y-lered;'
   Quoth Hendyng.

3ef thou wolt fleyshe lust overcome,
Thou most fist ant fle y-lome,
   With eye ant with huerte;
Of fleysh lust cometh shame,
Thath hit thunche the body game,
   Hit doth the soule smerte.
   'Wel fyght, that wel fyght,'
   Quoth Hendyng.

Wis mon holt is wordes ynne;
For he nul no gle bygynne,
   Er he have tempred is pype.
Sot is sot, ant that is sene;
For he wol speke wordes grene,
   Er then hue buen rype.
   'Sottes bolt is sone shote,'
   Quoth Hendyng.

Tel thou never thy fo-mon
Shome ne teone that the is on,
   Thi care ne thy wo;
For he wol fonde, 3ef he may,
Both by nyhtes ant by day,
   Of on to make two.
   'Tel thou never thy fo that thy fotaketh,'
   Quoth Hendyng.

3ef thou havest bred ant ale,
Ne put thou nout al in thy male,
   Thou del it sum aboute.
Be thou fre of thy meeles,
Wher so me eny mete deles,
   Gest thou nout withoute.
   'Betere is appel y-ceve then y-ete,'
   Quoth Hendyng.

Alle whyle ich wes on erthe,
Never lykede me my werthe,
   For none wynes fylle;
Bote myn ant myn owen won,
Wyn ant water, stokes ant ston,
   Al goth to my wille.
   'Este bueth onne brondes,'
   Quoth Hendyng.

3ef the lacketh mete other clotht,
Ne make the nout for thy to wroght,
   That thou byde borewe;
For he that haveth is god ploth,
Ant of worldes wele y-noh,
   Ne wot he of no sorewe.
   'Gredy is the godles,'
   Quoth Hendyng.
3ef thou art riche ant wel y-told,
Ne be thou notht therefor to bold,
   Ne wax thou nout to wilde;
Ah ber the seyr in al thynge,
Ant thou might habbe blessynge,
   Ant be meke ant mykde.
   'When the coppie is follest, thenne ber hire feryrest;'
   Quoth Hendyng.

3ef thou art an old mon,
Tac thou the no song wommon
   For te be thi spouse;
For love thou hire ner so muche,
Hue wol telle to the lute
   In thin oune house.
   'Moni mon syngeth
When he hom bringeth
   Is songge wyf;
Wyste wot he brohte,
Wepen he mohte,
   Er his lyf syth.'
   Quoth Hendyng.

Thah thou muche thenche,
   Ne spek thou nout al;
Bynd thine tonge
   With bonene wal,
Let hit don synke,
   Ther hit up swal;
Thenne myght thou fynde
Frend over al.
   'Tonge breketh bon,
   Ant nad hire selve non;'
   Quoth Hendyng.

Hit is mony gedelyng,
When me hym 3eveth a lutel thynge,
   Waxen wol un-sath;
Hy telle he deth wel by me,
That me 3eveth a lutel fe,
   Ant oweth me riht naht.
   'That me lutel 3eveth, he my lyfys on;'
   Quoth Hendyng.

Mon that is luef don ylle,
When the world goth after is wylle,
   Sore may him drede;
For 3ef hit tyde so that he falle,
Men shal of is owen galle
   Shenchyn him at nede.
   'The bet the be, the bet the byse;'
   Quoth Hendyng.

Thah the wolde wel bycome
For te make houses roume,
   Thou most nede abyde,
Ant in a lutel house woue,
For te thou fele that thou mowe
   Withouten evel pryde.
   'Under boske shal men weder abide;'
   Quoth Hendyng.

Holde ich no mon for un-sele,
Otherwhyle thah he fele
   Sumthyn that him smerte:
For when mon is in treye ant tene,
Thenne hereth God ys bene
   That he byd myd herte.
   'When the bale is hest,
Thenne is the bote nest;'
   Quoth Hendyng.

Drath thyn hond sone aȝeyn,
ȝef men the doth a wycke theyn
   Ther thyn ahte is lend;
So that child withdraweth is hond,
From the fur ant the brond,
   That hath byfore bue brenn.
   'Brend child fur dredeth;'
   Quoth Hendyng.

Such mon have ich lend my cloth,
That hath maked me ful wroth,
   Er hit come aȝeyn.
Ah he that me ene serveth so,
Ant he eft bidde mo,
   He shal me fynde un-ȝeyn.
   'Selde cometh lone lahynde home;'
   Quoth Hendyng.

ȝef thou trost to borewyng,
The shal fayle mony thyng,
   Loth when the ware;
ȝef thou have thin oun won,
Thenne is thy treye overgon,
Al wythoute care.
‘Owen ys owen, and other mennes edneth;’
Quoth Hendyng.

This worldes love ys a wrecche,
Whose hit here me ne recche,
Thah y speke heye;
For y se that on brother
Lutel recche of that other,
Be he out of ys ege.
‘Fer from ege, fer from herte;’
Quoth Hendyng.

Thah uch mon byswyke me,
That of my god maketh him fre
For te gete word,
Ant himself is the meste qued,
That may breke eny bred
At ys oune boord.
‘Of un-boht hude men kerveth brod thong;’
Quoth Hendyng.

Moni mon seith, were he ryche,
Ne shulde non be me y-lyche
To be god ant fre;
For when he hath oht bygeten,
Al the fredome is forseten
Ant leyd under kne.
‘He is fre of hors that ner nade non;’
Quoth Hendyng.

Moni mon mid a lutel ahte
3eveth is dohter an un-mahte,
Ant lutel is the bettre;
Ant myhte withoute fere,
Wis mon se he were,
Wel hire have bysette.
‘Lyhtl chep luthere zeldes;’
Quoth Hendyng.

Strong ys ahte for te gete,
Ant wicke when me hit shal lete,
‘Wys mon, takes thou 3eme;
Al to dere is botht that ware,
That ne may wythoute care
Monnes herte queume.
‘Dere is botht the hony that is licked of the thorne;’
Quoth Hendyng.
Mon, that munteth over fiod,
While that the wynd ys wod
   Abyde fayre ant stille ;
Abyd stille 3ef that thou may,
Ant thou shalt have another day
   Weder after wille.
  ' Wel abit that wel may tholye ;'
      [Quoth Hendyng.]

That y telle an evel lype,
Mon that doth him into shype
   Whil the weder is wod ;
For be he come to the depe,
He may wrynge hond ant wepe,
   Ant be of drery mod.
  ' Ofte rap reweth ;'
      Quoth Hendyng.

Mihte the luther mon
Don al the wonder that he con,
   Al the world for-ferde,
He fareth so doth the luther grom,
That men ever beteth on
   With one smerte 3erde.
  ' Of alle mester men mest me hongeth theves ;'
      Quoth Hendyng.

Wicke mon ant wicke wyf,
When hue ledeth wicke lyf,
   Ant buen in wicked synne ;
Hue ne shule hit so wende,
That hit ne shal atte ende
   Showe himself wythyynne.
  ' Ever out cometh wythynne web ;'
      Quoth Hendyng.

Betere were a ryche mon
For te spouse a god womon,
   Thath hue be sum del pore,
Then to brynge into his hous
A proud quene ant daungerous,
   That is sum del hore .
  ' Moni mon for londe wyveth to shonde ;'
      Quoth Hendyng.

Ne leve no mon child ne wyf,
When he shal wende of this lyf,
   Ant drawe to the dethe ;
RELIQUIÆ ANTICAÆ.

For mowe he the bones bydelve,
Ant the afte welde hem selve,
Of thi soule huem ys eth.
‘Frendles ys the dide;’
Quoth Hendyng.

The glotoun ther he fynt god ale,
He put so muche in ys male,
Ne leteth he for non eye;
So longe he doth uch mon ryht,
That he wendeth hom by nyht,
Ant lyth ded by the weye.
‘Drynk eft lasse, ant go by lyhte hom;’
Quoth Hendyng.

Riche ant pore, zonge ant olde,
Whil 3e habbeth wyt at wold,
Secheth ore soule bote;
For when 3e wenetth alrebest
For te have ro ant rest,
The ax ys at the rote.
‘Hope of long lyf
Gyleth mony god wyf;’
Quoth Hendyng.

Hendyng seith soth of mony thynge;
Jhesu Crist hevene kyng
Us to blisse brynge!
For his sweete moder love,
That sit in hevene us above,
3eve us god endynge! Amen.

Hill.

THE SONG OF THE SCHOOL-BOY,
AT CHRISTMAS.

From MS. Sloane, No. 1684, of the beginning of the sixteenth century,
or latter part of the fifteenth, fol. 33, r , written in Lincolnshire or Not-
inghamshire, perhaps, to judge by the mention of persons and places, in
the neighbourhood of Grantham or Newark.

Ante finem termini baculus portamus,
Capud hastiarii frangere debemus;
Si preceptor nos petit quo debemus ire,
Breviter respondemus, non est tibi scire.
O pro nobilis doctore, now we youe pray,
Ut velitis concedere to gyff hus leff to play.
RELQUIE ANTIQUAE.

Nunc proponimus ire, withoht any ney,
Scolam dissolve, I tell itt youe in fey.
Sicut istud festum merth is for to make,
Accipimus nostram diem owr leve for to take.
Post natale festum, full sor shall we qwake,
Quum nos revenimus latens for to make.
Ergo nos rogamus, hartyly and holle,
Ut isto die possimus to brek up the scole.

HULL.

NOTE ON THE MSS. OF PETRONIUS.

In the hand-writing of the late Mr. Douce; kindly communicated by Sir Henry Ellis.

The printed copies of Petronius must be divided into three classes, in order to prevent that confusion which would otherwise inevitably ensue.

These are, 1, A fragment, first published at Venice, 1499, 4to.

2, The feast of Trimalchio, first printed at Padaua, from a MS. discovered at Trau in Dalmatia.

3, The entire work, printed from a supposed MS. said to have been discovered at Belgrade in 1688. All the supplemental matter in this edition was undoubtedly forged by M. Nodol, who first printed it at Rotterdam in 1693.

No. 1, as appears from the title of it in the Dalmatian MS., is nothing more than Books XV. and XVI. of the original work, and there is even reason to suppose that it is only an abridgment of those, the title being "fragmentum ex lib. XV. etc."

No. 2. This important MS. had been preserved a long time at Trau in Dalmatia, in the family of the Cippii, whose name is written on the first leaf. It is a folio, written on paper, and dated 30 Novem. 1423. It contains Tibullus, Propertius, and Catullus; a poem on Sappho and Phaon; the fragment No. 1, agreeing with the printed copy, except that all the obscenities have been carefully expunged; the feast of Trimalchio, beginning "Venerat jam tertius dies;" "Moreto, liber Virgili pueri;" and lastly, in a more modern hand, "Claudiani carmen de Phœnice."
Statilius first discovered the feast of Trimalchio in this MS., and afterwards got possession of it. At the instance of many persons, and particularly of Pope Alexander VII. he published it at Padua in 1664. Being immediately reprinted at Paris, it was attacked by some violent and wrong-headed critics, among whom Wagenseil, a young man of promising abilities, took the lead, boldly affirming that Statilius had fabricated the whole. In due time the editor put forth a very masterly and satisfactory defence, which induced M. Valois, one of the ablest of the objectors, to change his opinion, as appears from the preface to his edition of 1677.

On the death of Statilius, the MS. fell into the hands of a Dalmatian, who thinking to make a large sum of money by it, went to Rome, but not succeeding in his attempt to dispose of it, and wanting to raise a supply, pawned it to Peter Paul Marianus. This person afterwards endeavoured to sell it to the Abbé Louvois for the King of France's Library, but asking too large a sum, no bargain was concluded. On the death of Marianus, father Montfaucon in 1703, by the assistance of a friend, bought it of his heirs for the French Library, at a reasonable price.

Independently of the internal evidence of this MS., the circumstance of the mention of Trimalchio's feast in Johannes Sarisburiensis de Nugis Curialium, a writer of the twelfth century, would be sufficiently decisive in its favour. I have traced upwards of twenty MSS. in different libraries (not one in England), but from the careless manner in which they are mentioned, it is impossible to know what part of Petronius's work they contain. The feast of Trimalchio, however, is not specifically mentioned in any other than the Dalmatian MS.

On the whole, it appears that we are in possession but of a small part of Petronius's work, and it is therefore exceedingly unfair to contend that what we have is not the satire sent in the pacquet to Nero, as mentioned in Tacitus. Those who have done so must have conceived that Petronius remained entire, as poor Meibomius did.

It is hardly worth while to say anything more about Nodol's forgery, the history of which is briefly this. In 1688 he pretended to have got information, by means of a German nobleman, that a Mons. Dupin, a person in the Emp. of Germany's service, had procured a MS. Petronius from a Greek renegado at Belgrade—that he therefore employed a merchant of Frankfort then residing at Belgrade, to bribe Dupin's secretary to get a copy of this MS., stated to be upwards of a thousand years old.
In this affair not a single party's name was mentioned, except Dupin's, also a forgery, because when the work was published, he would naturally have made some stir in such an affair. It is supposed that Nodol conceived the idea of this forgery from having read in Patin's Letters that some learned man had filled up the chasms in Petronius, but suppressed the publication on account of the author's licentiousness. Whoever examines Nodol's work will find it full of Gallicisms and Barbarisms; and indeed he must have been a bad Latin scholar, when he translated a passage of Solinus "bis sinistra manu praehavit" by "he fought twice with his left hand."

MAXIMON.

From MS. Har. No. 2253. fol. 82, r', written in the reign of Edw. II.

Herkne to my ron,
As ich ou telle con,
   Of elde al hou it gos,
Of a mody mon,
Hihte Maxumon,
   Soth withoute les.
Clerc he was ful god,
So moni mon understod.
   Nou herkne hou it wes.

Ys wille he hevede y-noh,
Purpre and pal he droh,
   Ant other murti7es mo.
He wes the feyrest mon,
With-outer Absalon,
   That setihe wes ant tho.
Tho laste is lyf so longe,
That he bigan unstronge,
   As mony tides so.
Him con rewe sore
Al is wilde lore,
   For elde him dude so wo;

So sone as elde him com
Ys boc an honde he nom,
   Ant gan of reuthes rede.
Of his herte ord
He made moni word,
   Ant of is lyves dede.
He gan mene is mone;
So feble were is bone,
Ys hew bigon to wede.
So clene he was y-gon,
That heu ne hade he none:
Ys herte gan to blede.

"Care and kunde of elde
Maketh mi body felde,
That y ne mai stonde upright;
Ant min herte unbolde,
Ant mi body to colde,
That er thou wes so lyht.
Ant mi body thunne,
Such is worldes wunne,
This day me thinketh nyht.

Riche y was of londe,
Ant mon of fayrest honde,
That wes bote a stounde.
Mi meyn that wes so strong,
Mi middel samal ant long,
Y-broht it is to grounde.

For thi y grunte ant grone,
When y go myn one,
Ant thenke on childes dede.
Al this wylyde wone,
Nis hit bote a lone,
Her beth blissse guede.
To wepen ant to grone,
To make muche mone,
That we doth for nede.
Ant under the stone,
With fleish ant with bone,
Wormes shule we fede.

Ther y stod in a snowe,
Wel heze upon a lowe,
Y was a wilde mon;
Hunten herd y blowe,
Hertes gonne rowe,
Stunte me ne ston.

Nou hit nis nout so;
Y lerne for te go,
Ant stonde ant syke sore.
My wele is went to wo,
Ant so beth other mo,
That lyved habbeth sore.
So lighst a y wes tho,
Ant wilde as eny ro,
Er y bygon to hore!
Reuthful is my red,
Ne shulde me be gled,
Me reweth sythe sore.

With hunger y am feed;
Heo seith y spille breed,
My wif that shulde be;
Myn herte is hevy so led;
Me were levere be ded;
Then lyves for te be.
Hit is ful soth y-sed,
The mon that haveth dred,
His frendes wile him flie.

Tho I was strong ant wis,
Ant werede feir ant grys,
Ich havede friendes tho;
Fol soth i-seid it ys,
The mon that is of pris
He haveth frendes mo.
My myht no wyht nys;
Y-gon hit is y-wys,
He buge me of wo.
Men wyste non y-wis,
That werede veyr ant grys,
Y-thryven ase y was tho;
That havede more of his,
Nou hit so nout nys,
Ah al hit is a-go.

So gentil ne so chis,
Ne mon of more pris,
Ful wo nou me may be;
The world wrecchede is,
Ant that he wyten y-wis,
My frendes nulleth me se.

Fayr y was ant fre,
Ant semly for te se;
That lasteth hutel stounde.
Gladdere mon with gle.
Ne mihte never be
Thurh al Godes mounds.
Elde unhende is he;
He chaungeth al my ble,
    Ant bugeth me to grounde.
When y shal benne te,
Y not whider y fle,
    For thi y sike unbestounde.

Y sike ant sorewe sore;
Ne may y be namore
    Mon as y was tho;
Ys hit no whith sore,
That y bigon to hore:
    Elde is nou my so.
Y wake as water in wore,
Jhesu Crist thin ore!
    Why is me so wo?

Thicke y was ant riht,
Of wordes wis ant lyht,
    As ich understonde;
Of belte y wes briht,
Ant lovelych y-diht,
    Ant fayrest mon of londe.

When foules singeth on rys,
Y mourne ant sorewe y-wis,
    That unnethe y go.
This world wicked is,
Ant that 3e wyten y-wys,
    Hit is by-falle so.

Reuthful is my red;
Hue maketh me selde gled,
    My wyf that shulde be;
Y dude as hue me bad,
Of me hue is a-sad;
    Evele mote hue the!
Hue clepeth me spille-bred;
Sorewe upon hyre hed,
    For hue nul me y-se.
Ycham hevy so led;
Betere me were ded,
    Then thus alyve to be.

Ase ich rod thourh Rome,
Richest alre home,
    With murthes as ycholde,
Ledys wyht so swon,
Maidnes shene so bon,
    Me come to bi-holde:
Ant seyden on after on,
    "3ent ryd Maximon,
    With is burnes bolde."
Nou nis non of the,
That wolleth me y-se
    In mine clothes olde.
This world is wok ant les;
    Y nam noht as ych wes,
    Ych wot by myne chere;
For gent ich wes ant chys,
    Ant mon of muche prys,
    Ant leof to ben y-fere.
Ther nes clercl ne knyht,
    Ne mon of more myht,
    That levere wes in londe.
Y-stunt is al my syht;
This day me thuncheth nyht,
    Such is the world to fonde.
Fair ich wes of hewe,
    Ant of love trewe,
    That lasteth luten stounde.
They that me y-knewe,
Hem may sore rewe,
    Soth hit is y-founde.
Of nothing that y se
Ne gladieth me no gle,
    Myn herte breketh a tuo;
For ich wes on the,
That woned wes glad to be
    In londe that wes tho.
Nou icham liche a tre,
    That loren hath is ble,
    Ne groweth hit na mo.
For thah icholde flee,
    Y not wyder te;
    Elde me worcheth wo.
Stunt is al mi plawe,
That y was woned to drawe,
    Whil y wes so lyht.
Y wolde y were in rest,
Lowe leid in chest;
My blisse is forlouren.
For mornay make me rest,
The while that hit lest;
  Nou wo is me thersore!
Ne gladieth me no gest,
Ne murgath me no fest,
  Alas, that y wes bore!

This lond me thuncheth west;
Deth y doute mest,
  Whider that y shall te,
Whet helpeth hit y-told ?
Y waxe blo ant colde,
Of lyve y wolde be.

When bloomes breketh on brere,
Murthes to me were,
  Ant blythe y was of mod.
Care ant kunde y-sere
Chaungeth al mi chere,
  Ant mengeth al my blod.
To longe ichave ben here
Bi mo then sixty zere,
  So y me understod;
Icholde that ych were
Al so y never nere,
  My lyf is nothyng god.

Myn neb that wes so bryht
So eny sterre lyht,
  Fain is ant won;
My body that wes so wyht,
Styf hit stod upryht,
  I wes a mody mon.
My mayn ant eke mi myht,
Stunt is al mi syht,
  Lerneth nou of thon :
Nis non so kene knyht,
That so he byth y-dyht,
  When elde hym cometh on.

Mi body that wes strong,
Mi middel smal ant long,
  Y-broht hit is to grounde.
Nou nabbe y nout that song,
That speche, ne that song,
  Mi lif nys bote a stounde.
Thah y be men among,
Y gladie for no song,
Of haveke ne of hounde.
My deth icholde fle,
For icham on of the
That de3eth bouthe wounde.
Ne con y me no red;
Myn herte is hevi so led
Ant wel faste y-bounde;
Ich wes of feyre leynthe;
A-gon is al my streynthe,
In armes ant in honde.

Er ich were thus old,
Ich wes of speche bold,
Ne recchi wo hit here,
Nou icham old ant cold,
Wet helpeth more y-told,
Of lyve ycholde ich were.

Gentil ich wes ant freo
Wildore then the leo,
Er y bygon to hore;
Nou y nam nout so;
My weole is turnd to wo,
Ant hath y-be ful 3ore.

Ant so bueth other mo,
That lyveden nou ant tho,
Ne reccheth of weole ne wo:
Deth is that y munne,
Me seggeth that hit is sunne,
God brynge us out of tho.

Amen, par charite!
Ant so mote hit be!
CHARMS FOR THE TOOTH-ACHE.

Taken from a MS. written on paper, in the library of Lincoln Cathedral, marked A. 1, 17, and compiled by one Robert Thornton of the North Riding of Yorkshire, probably between the years 1430-1440.—fol. 176.

I.

A charme for the tethe-werke.

Say the charme thris, to it be sayd ix. tymes, and ay thris at a charemynge.

I conjoure the, laythely beste, with that ilke spere,
That Longyous in his hand gane bere,
And also with ane hatte of thorne,
That one my Lordis hede was borne,
With alle the wordis mare and lesse,
With the Office of the Messe,
With my Lorde and his xii. postilles,
With oure Lady and her x. maydenys,
Saynt Margrete, the haly quene,
Saynt Katerin, the haly virgyne,
ix. tymes Goddis forbott, thou wikkyde worme,
The ther thou make any restynge,
Bot awaye mot thou wende,
To the erde and the stane!

II.

Thre gude brether are 3e,
Gud gatis gange 3e,
Haly thynges seke 3e;
He says, wille 3e telle me,
He sais, blissee, Lorde, mot 3e be;
It may never getyone be,
Lorde, bot 3our willis be.
Settis doune appone 3our knee,
Gretly athe suere 3e me,
By Mary moder mylke so fre;
There es no man that ever hase nede,
3e schalle hym charme, and aske no mede,
And here salle I lere it the.
As the Jewis wondide me,
Thay wende to wonde me fra the grunde,
I helyd my selfe bathe hale and sounde.
Ga to the cragge of Olyvete,
Take oyle de bayes, that es so swete,
And thris abowte this worme 3e strayke,*
This bethe the worme that schotte noghte,
Ne kankire noghte, ne falowe noghte;
And als clere hale fra the grounde,
Als Jhesu dide with his faire wondis
The Fadir and the Sone and the Haly Gaste,†
And Goddis forbott, thou wikkyde worme,
That ever thou make any risynge,†
Bot awaye mote thou wende to the erthe and the stane.

Myn.

* A line seems to be wanting here.  † A line appears to be lost here.
† In the MS., over this word is written or any sugorne.

CHARACTERISTICS OF DIFFERENT NATIONS.

From MS. No. 139 in the Library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge,
of the fourteenth century.

Invidia Judæorum; ira Britonum: perfidia Persarum;
spurcitia Sclavorum; fallacia Græcorum; rapacitas Romanorum;
astutia Aëgyptiorum; prudentia Hebræorum; sævitas
Saracenorum; stabilitas Persarum; solertia Aëgyptiorum;
levitas Caldaæorum; sapientia Græcorum; varietas Afrorum;
gravitas Romanorum; gula Gallorum; largitas Longobardorum;
vana gloria Longobardorum; sobrietas Gottorum; crudelitas
Hunorum; sagacitas Caldaæorum; inmunditia Sabi-
orum; ingenium Affricorum; feroxitas Francorum; firmitas
Gallorum; stultitia Saxonum; fortitudo Francorum; hebetu-
do Bavariorm; instantia Saxonum; luxuria Vascanorum;
agilitas Walcarorum; vinolentia Hispaniarum; magnanimi-
tas Pictorum; duritia Pictorum; hospitalitas Britonum;
argutia Hispaniarum; libido Suevorum; duritia et superbia
Pictavorum.

Hilll.

FAITH AND REASON.

From MS. Sloane, No. 3534, fol. 3, v°. apparently of the latter part of the
fifteenth century, or perhaps of the beginning of the sixteenth (at latest.)

Hoc mens ipsa stupet, quod non sua ratio cernet,
Quomodo virgo pia genetrix sit sancta Maria,
Ac Deus almus homo; sed credat ratio miro;
Namque fides superest, cum perfida ratio subsit.

Pecok.

Witte hath wondir that resoun ne telle kan,
How maidene is modir and God is man;
Leve thy resoun, and bileve in the wondir:
For feith is aboven, and reson is undir.

Wrt.
ENGLISH SERMONS

Of the beginning of the thirteenth century, from MS. Trin. Coll. Cambridge, B. 14, 52.

*Maria virgo assumpta est ad ethereum thalamum.* On of pe holie writes pe ben red herinne to dai bringen us blisfulle tidinges, of an edie meiden, pe was i-feren bispus pe hevenliche kinge, seid pe hes fette hom. Lusted nu wich maiden y is, hwat he hatte, hware he was fet, hwo hire ledde, wu, hwider, cumen gif we mugen cumen after, pan pe we ben alle boden pider. Of this maiden specb pe holie boc, se: *Hece est virgo virginum, regina celorum, domina angelorum, mater et filia regis regum omnium.* Pis maiden bar ure loverd Jhesu Crist, ure ale fader, of hire holie lichame, nons hire maidhod perefore noht awemmed. Hie is pe hevenliches kinges dohter, ec his moder, alre maidene maide, hevene quen, engene lafdi. Hire is to name Maria, quod est interpretatum stella maris, pat is on Englis sa-stere. Pan pe sa-farinde men se pe sa-stere, hie wuten sone wuderward hie sullen we holden, for pe sterres liht is hem god tacben. *Mundus mari comparabitur, quia fluctus erigit, naves obruit: ita mundus effudit, dum opes conferit; refruit, dum auferit, turbine, i. ultione divina vel fraude diabolica, turbatur; discordiarum motus concitat, ecclesiaram pacem perturbat.* Pis worlde is cleped sa, pe flowerd y ebbed swo dox ec pis worlde; flowerd panne he worlde wurme (?) gieve, y ebbed panne hie hit eft binime. Stormes falled in pe sa, to worpe hit; y godes wrake came on pis worlde to wrekende on sunfulle men here guttes, for peen on riwise men pen hem neign wunien, binime hem hwile orf, hwile oder aihete, hwile here hele, hwile here ogen lif, hwile latte devel hem on fele wise, haremed hem, shende, wechted among hem fitte, win, fordraed sode luf, struede rihtede blyve. And also pe sa-storre shat of hire pe liht, pe lihted sa-sarinde men, also pis edie maiden, seinte Marie, of hire holie licame shede so de liht, pe lihted alle brihte pinges on eorde ec on hevene, alse S. Johannes sai on his godspel: *Erat lux vera que i.o.h.n.i.h.m.* He is so de liht, pe lihted alle men, pe on pis worlde cumede, aleomed ben: and for pis leome is holie maiden cleped sa-stere. He was fet of weste wunienge, har he funden was, s. in terra desertae, in loco horroris et vaste solitudines, pat is to seien, on weste londe, on grisliche stede. Weste is cleped londe is longe tilde atleien, wildernesses ges pare manie rotes onne wacset. Pis worldes biwest is efned to wastene, for he hit is ferren atleien holie tilde. *Hinc ex quo veteres emigravere coloni,* avre sefen the ealde
tilli henn wenden. pe hwile pe hie here waren, he wetiden pe eorde; j wurpen god sad paranon, j hit wacxs, j wel peagh, j brahte forð blostimes sele j manie. Ac se on hie henen wenden, atai j lond unwend, j bicam waste, j was roted over al, j swo bicam wildernesse. Nu wunied par inne fueles, j wilde deor, j wurmes. pis lond pe ich nu of speke, is j mennisse pe nu live; pe old tilien waren pe holie lorðewes, prophetes, apostles, popes, archebissopes, bissopes, prestes, pe holie lif laden, pe tilien wenden pis lond y up j was ar dun, panne hie mid here wise word turneden mannes herte fram eordeliche pankis to hevenliche pank, fram unihte to rihte, fram hordom to clenness, from alle ivele lustes to luven God j heren him, and after j sewen on pis lond. Godes word for sede, j hit morede on here heorte, j weacs, j wel peagh. panne j folc Godes word gierneliche listes, j fastliche held, j ter after here lif laden. Ac nu is j lond tille atlein, j i-furen was, for j hit sholden tilien, po pe lorðewes of holie chireche, pe sewen gerneluker pe defles sed, pan ure wolverdes Jesu Crist, j mid forbisse of here fule liflode beden men to helle j naht to hevene. Godes sed is Godes word, pe men tilien in chireche on salmes, j on songes, j on redinges, j lorspelles, j on holdebedes pe lorde men selde, j gemelesliche sowen we defles sed [pet] isidel, j unnet, j ivele word, hoker, j scorn, spel, j leos, j cheast, j twispeche, j curs, j leasinges, j sware, j alle swikele speches, j othere. Fele lerdemen spoken also lewede, also ure drihten seide purh anes prophetes mufes: Erit sicut populus sacrdos, prest sal leden his lif also lewed man. j swo hie doð nuðe, j sumdel werc; for pe lewede man wurðed his spude mid cloðes more pan mid him selven; j prest naht sis (sic) chireche pe is his spude, ac his daie pe is his hore, awlienð hire mid cloðes, more pan him selven. pe chire cloðes ben to-brokene j ealde, j hisse wives shule ben hole j newe; his alter cloð great j sole, j hire chemise smal j hwit; j te albe sol, j hire smoc hwit; pe haveð line spard, j hire winpel wit, oðer maked geleu mid saffran; pe meshakele of medeme fustain, j hire mentel grene oðer burnet; pe corporeals sole j unshaplicie, hire hand-clodes j hire bord-clodes makede wite j lustliche on to siene; pe caliz of tin, j hire nap of mazere j ring of golde. And is pe prest swo muchele forcuðere ðane pe lewede, swo he wurðed his hore more þen his spuse. Prestes ben po pe apostel of specð, pus queðende: Quorum Deus venter est; here wombe is here Crist; j alle ivele forbsine hie ippen of hem selven, j te lewede men hem gierneliche foligen, j teð forð geres after wilde deor, sume after beore, sume after wulve, sume after oðer deor; and also pe fugeles fram ð stede to oðer, j ne ben nafre stede-
faste, swo doth pis manisse flieót fram ivele to welse, on speche Ʌ on dede, Ʌ bringeót on here heorte oregel, Ʌ wraeðe, Ʌ onde, Ʌ hatinge, Ʌ oðer ivele lustes. Alse wuremes breden on wilderne, Ʌ is pis wworld, Ʌ pis grisliche stede on to wunien, for here w hunger, Ʌ purst, elde, unhole, flit, Ʌ win, ece, Ʌ smertinge, sorinesse, werinesse, Ʌ oðre wowe muchel. Of swilch mai grisen men þe ani god cuñnen. Eft sone on þis biwiste is muchel weste of holie mihte; al riht is leid, Ʌ wogh arered, alse þe wise queð: Nusquam tuta fides, non hospes ab hospite tutus; nis nower non trewde, for nis the gist siker of þe husebonde, ne noðer of oðer; non soct a nuro, ne þe aldesfader of hi oðem; fratrumque gratia rara est, selde leveð þe broðer Ʌ oðer; filius ante diem patrones inquirit annos, þe sune wussheð þe fader deáð, ar his dai cume; immineit exitio vir conjugis, illa mariti, wif wolde þe hire loved dead ware, Ʌ he þe hire ware. Of þesse waste Ʌ grisliche stede was þis holi maiete set, þe Ʌ ich of speke, Ʌ is ure lafdi seintte Marie; Ʌ hire fette þe hevenliche king, alse þe prophete seid on his stefne: Tenuiest manum dexterram mean, etc., þu helde mi riht hond, þeg ledest me on þine wille, Ʌ understode me mid wurdshipe. Ter ascendit; primo quidem passibus corporis ante templum ab ino quindecim graduum, usque ad summum; secundo in templo passibus mentis de virtute in virtute, ubi videtur Deus deorum in Syon; tercio corpore et anima assumpta in celum. þreo siðes steche þis holi maiden; erest lichamliche, þo hie was þreo gier heold, biforen þe temple on þer sterre of fInThe steples, fro nepewarde to uveward, widohte namnes helpe; oðer siðes hie stehg in þe temple gostliche, fram mighte to mihte, forte þe hire alle mihtene loverd biheold, alse hie hit wolde; þe priddde siðe, hie stehg þis dai þo engles hire beren mið soule Ʌ mid lichame into þan hevenliche breve, par heo was wurdliche Ʌ understonden. Ʌ Salomon þe wise þe wes fele hundred wintre þer bifore king in Jerusalem sebh þese wunderliche strenge, als suterliche alse þe þis dai were, Ʌ wundredde þer ofte, Ʌ seide: Que est ista que ascendit sicut aurora consurgens, pulcra ut luna, electa ut sol? hwat is þis þe asthgh Ʌ alse dai rieme, fair alse mone, i-corein alse sunne? Ùre lafdi S. M., alse wisliche alse hie þis dai was hoven into hevene, bere ure arende to ure loverd Jhesu Crist, þe gihte us eche blisse in hevene. Q. ipse. p. d. qui v. et r. per o. s. s. Amen.

II. Dominica tertia.

Nox precessit, die autem appropinquabit. Hure heiest lordan after ure loverd Jhesu Crist, this is ure loverd sainte Powel, munegeð us to riihtchen ur liflode, Ʌ wisseð us on wilche wise Ʌ seid þe we haven riht par to, Ʌ seid hwu, þus quedende: Nox
precessit, dies autem, etc.;; the niht is forð gon, þai neihecheð. Þæt for þi hit is riht þæt we forleten ðe forsaken nihtliche deden, þo ben þe werkes of þiernesse, þer scruden us mid wapnen of lihte, þe heð sôfeste bîlevé, þie brihtnesse, swo þe we gon a dai bicumeliche; Non in commessionibus et ebríetátibus, non in cub. et in pud., non in contentione et emulacione, sed in horum oppositis;; and noh on derke wedes. Ac her we seien cow of þese derke wedes; þat þe holie apostle meneð, þo he nemede niht þæt nihtes dede, þæte leochtes wapne. Nox accipitur multis modís, sed hic pro insídelitate. Niht bitocneð her unbîleuve, þa is aiware aleid, þæte leve ærerde gode ðonc, þæte næles get is sume þærfere of unbîleve i-fîld on one stede, þa swo faste bun- den, þa swo biwunde þaranne, þe no prest ne no bissop ne mai him chastien, ne mid forbode, ne mid scrífa, ne mid cursinge; Þæt þe is liðer costume þæt man leveð get, þæt þe is after clepenge, þæt ascinge, þæt uncunne, þæt warenge, þæt handeselne, þæt time, þæt hwate, þæt fele swülche develes craftes. þæt þæte wrecne man þæt swülche þing him mai letten, of þe God him haveð munt, ac æle þo þe leveð þæt swülche þing hem mughe furðrie ðere letten, ben cursed of Godes muðe, þe þus sæð on the holie boc: Maledictus homo qui confidit in homine, cursed be þæte man þe leveth upon hwate. Ac ic wile segen, undernimeð hit hwat makeð swülche letten. We ræðe on boc þæt elch man haveð to sere on engel of hevene on his riht half, þæt him wisseð þæt muneged evre to don god, þæt on his lifte half an wereged gost, þæt him avre tacheð to ufele, þæt þe þe deved. He makeð þæt unbîlefulle man to leven swülche wigeles, swo ic ar embe spac, þæte mide he him bi- cherðe, þæte binimeð him hevene welæ, þæte bringeð him on helle wowe. Crist us þar witð ælde, þæte healde us rihte bîleve, þæt elch man þe hit haveð, þæte geve hine þo þe hit naveð nochte. þæte werc of þiernesse, þe ben alle hevieve sennæ, þæte swülche ðære so þæte apstole her nemde, also ben over-etes, þæte untimeliche eten, at huse, þæt at ferne, þæt at feste, þæte masthwat at ilce laded metisupe, for þar man ne can his muðes meðæte, ne cunnæ nele, ne his wombe met. þæte þe he cunde of mete, he nele cunde of drinke, er he be swo i-veid þæte he falle defte to honde. þæte þridde is þæt man sit an even at drinke, þæte ligge longe a moregen, þæte slâpliche ariseð, þæte late to chireche god. þæte forðe is unrihte luve, þæt is hordom, þæte mid-liggunge þe men drigen bitwenen hem, butæ gef he ben lageliche bispusede, þæt is unriht þæte untimeliche þæte mid unselde; for hordom ne haveð non time ne scule, ac is defles hersumnesse; ve forðe gef man haveð to done mid his rihte spuse on unsele, oðer an untime þan man faste sal oðer halgen, he sînegeð gretliche; for þæte holie boc hit forbet. þæte fifte is chest, þæte cheþ, þæte twifolde speche, þæte ilch flitting of worde. þæte sixte is þæt man eggeð his negebure to
other to spoken him harm, other same, 7 have's nic elch wi6 other, 7 make's him to forese his aichte, other of his rihhte. 7ese
ben 7e six werkes of pesternesse, 7e 7e holie apostele forbet so swide; for elch man 7e hem do6, bute he hem forlete, 7ete ar his ende dai, he sal forlesen ech e liht 7 blisse 7 lif, 7 haven an helle ech e pine 7 pesternesse mid deflen. Crist us
pure wi6 silde, gef is wille be! 7e dai 7e 7e apostle of spec6
is ure rihhte blyve, 7 is ure sowle liht. 7e wapnes of his lihte
ben six werkes of bryhtnesse, 7e hatten pus: temperantia, 
modica potio, strenuitas, continentia, per invicem oratio, invi-
cem dilectio. 7et formeste is rihhte medeme mel; 7e man 7e
hit medede rht, 7e sune6 ale6 gistnge, 7 idel wil, 7 have6
riht mel-tid, 7 nutte6 trimeliche metes, 7 gemen6 his mu6es
mede, 7 of his wombe mete. 7at o6er is emliche drinke,
nacht for te quenchen his ludere wil, ne his lust, 7e miswune
have6 on broht, ac for to beten his burstes nede. 7e oriddle is
7 man be waker, 7 liht, 7 snel, 7 seli, 7 erliche rise, 7 genliche
seche chireche. 7at seord6 is, 7 man 7e spuse have6, his
golliche deden wi6-teo, swo hit be untime, 7 7o 7e be6 unbi-
pused forleten mid alle. 7at fifte is, 7 elch man for other
bidde, alse for him selven. 7at sixte is, 7 elch man luvie o6er
al swo als he him selven, peih he swo.swide ne unge. Isstex
opera dicuntur et vestes et arma; vestes quia nos ornant apud
Deum et homines; arma, quia mundiunt apud hostes. 7ese six
werkes of bryhtnesse ben cleped lihtes scrud, for 7 hie srude6
7 huihte6 to-genes Gode 7 to-genes manne elch 7e hie do6; 7 ec he ben nemned lihtes wapne, for elch man 7e hie do6
were6 him selven par hide wi6 man-kinnes unwine. 7e
laverd sainte Poul, 7e us lare6 pus, 7e muneged us to forleten
7e six werkes of pesternesse 7e bilige to nihte, 7 to done 7e
six dede, 7e ich later nemnede, 7e bilige to bryhtnesse, he
pingie us to 7e holie fader of hevene, 7 he geve us milte 7
streng6e to forletene pesternesse, 7 to folgie bryhtnesse. Qui
vivit et regnat, etc.
RELIGIÆ ANTIQUE.

NAMES OF THE HARE.

The following very curious composition is taken from a collection of English and Anglo-Norman poems written in the reign of Edward I., and preserved in MS. Digby 86, Bodleian Library, 4to. vellum, fol. 168.

Les noms de un levre en Engleis.

The mon that the hare i-met,
Ne shal him nevere be the bet,
Bote if he lei doun on londe
That he bereth in his honde,
Be hit staf, be hit bouwe,
And blesse him with his helbowe;
And mid wel goed devosioun
He shal saien on oreisoun
In the worship of the hare,
Thenne mai he wel fare.

The hare, the scotart,
The bigge, the bouchart,
The scotelwine, the skikart,
The turpin, the tirart,
The wei-betere, the ballart,
The go-bi-dich, the soillart,
The wimount, the babbart,
The stele-awai, the momelart,
The evele i-met, the babbart,
The scot, the deubert,
The gras-bitere, the goibert,
The late-at-hom, the swikebert,
The frendlese, the wodecat,
The brodlokere, the bromkat,
The purblinde, the fursecat,
The louting, the westlokere,
The waldemlie, the sid-lokere,
And eke the roulekere;
The stobhert, the long-here,
The strau der, the lekere,
The wilde der, the lepere,
The shoerte der, the lerkere,
The wint-swifft, the sculkere,
The hare-serd, the heg-roukere,
The deudinge, the deu-hoppere,
The sitere, the gras-hoppere,
The fitelfot, the foldsittere,
The liȝt-fot, the fernsittere,  
The cawel-hert, the worttroppere,  
The go-bi-grounde, the sittest-ille,  
The pintail, the toure-hohulle;  
The coue-arise,  
The make-agrise,  
The wîte-wombe,  
The go-mit-lombe,  
The choumbe, the chauart,  
The chiche, the court,  
The make-fare, the breke-forewart,  
The fnattart, the pollart,  
His hei nome is srewart;  
The hert with the lethene hornes,  
The der tha woneth in the cornes,  
The der that alle men scorbes,  
The der that nonom ne dar nemnen.

When thou havest al this i-said,  
Thenne is the hare miȝtte alaid;  
Thenne miȝt thou wenden forth,  
Est and west, and south and north,  
Wedrewardes so mon wile,  
The man that con ani skile.  
Have nou godne dai, sire hare,  
God the letc so wel fare,  
That thou come to me ded,  
Other in ciue other in bred!  
Amen!

———

DIALOGUE BETWEEN HENRY DE LACY AND WALTER BIBLESWORTH, ON THE CRUSADE.

From MS. Fairfax, No. 24, in the Bodleian Library, vellum, 4to., written about A. D. 1300.

(Fol. 19.) Co est la pleinte par entre mis sire Henry de Lacy, Counte de Nychole, & sire Wauter de Bybelesworthe, pur la Croiserie en la Terre Sêinte.

Ceo commence le Counte.

Sire Gauter, dire vus voil
Un mien bosoing, dont trop m'en deol,
& si me loez à choiser;
Jeo aim oncore, cum faire soil,
Cele au cler vys, au ryaunt oil,
Dont ja ne mi quer departir.
Ore sui croisée, pur Deu servir,
& si utre mer vois pur lui guerpir,
Sanz recoverir perc son akoil,
& si demur, bien pus sentir,
Fors lui me deyvent tuz hair,
Car de tuz honurs mi despoil.

*Respont sire Gauter.*
Beau sire quens, jeo truis en un foil,
Qe amur ressemble au chevrefoil,
Qe en destreignaunt fait setchir
Le plus bel arbre de un haut broil,
& pus ausi cum en somoil,
Sanz porter fruit le fait murrir.
Mais qe voudra l'arbre garir,
& faire le ben revenir,
Les cordes coupe pres du soil;
Lors purrunt les braunches fluir,
& li fust à grant ben venir;
Ensi le ferez, à mon voil.

*Item quens Henry.*
Hay ! sire Gauter, de ci qe à Vernoil,
N'a dame de si bel akoil,
Cum est cele qe tant desir;
& pur cee me lermént mi oil,
& pri à Deu, à mi genoil,
Qe ja n'en puissom départyr.
Meuz voil à sa douczour partyr,
Qe de estre utre mer martyr;
Car de lui tuit mi bien akoil.
Ore en face Deu son plaisir,
Car jeo ne ai talent ne loisir,
Qe vers Damasse passe mon soil.

*Respont sire Gauter.*
Sire quens, ausi cum un remoil,
Pur vus mon vys des lermes moil,
De cee qe ensi vus vei perir;
Vostre amur veine mult desvoil,
Car ausi cum li cerfs en soil,
En fol espoir vus vei gisyr,
Quant vus laissez à desservir
La joye, qe ne peut faillir,
Pur un fou delyt plein d'orgoil.
RELIGIOE ANTIQUE.

Tost vus deveroient maubaillir,
Li maufée à lur assaillir,
Car de verre est votre garoil.

Quens Henry.

Alez, Gauter, qe Deu vus meint,
Là ou son Filz murrust & meint,
Qe jeo ne mi pus oncore aler;
Car un désir ci me purceint,
Qe pur estre là un cors saint,
Jeo ne m'ì voudroie trover.
Il me covient ci demurrer,
Pur ma douce amie honouer,
Par force d'amour qe tut veint;
Car jeo ne purroie endurer,
De veir ses beaus oiz plorer,
Pur assez menos demurroit meint.

R. sire Gauter.

Sire quens, mult avez le quer feint,
Quant un fou regard vus destreint,
Tant qe voillez celui laisser
Qui fust de un glayve au quer enpeint,
& de cler saunc son beau cors teint,
Pur vus du fu d'enfern getter.
Mult melz le deveriez vus amer,
Qe cele qe vus veut mener
Au fu d'enfern qe ja ne esteint;
Mais qe se veut ben purpenser,
Cil qì de gré se veut noier,
N'en doit par raisoun estre pleint, &c.

Mdn.

A POEM ON THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS.

From a MS. in the Library of Jesus College, Cambridge, Q. r. 3, of the
fifteenth century, on vellum.

De Septem peccatis Mortalibus.

Superbia.

Who that wylle abyde in helle,
He most do as me hym telle.
I bost and brag ay with the best;
To mayntene syn I am full prest;
Myn awn wylle I wylle have ay,
Thof God and gode men alle bid nay.
Invidia.

I am full sory in my hert
Off other mens welesfare and whert;
I ban and bakbyte wykkedly,
And hynder alle that I may sikerly.

Ira.

I chide and feght and manas fast;
All my fomen I wylle doun kast;
Mercy on thaym I wylle none have,
Bot vengeance take, so God me save!

Accidia.

I yrk fulle sore with Goddes servyse;
Godenes wyrk I wyll on no wyse;
Idelnes and slepe I luf ay best,
For in thaym I fynde most rest.

Avaritia.

I covet ay, and wyles oft cast,
How that I may be riche in hast;
Full fast I hald alle that I wynne,
Alle if my part be left thereinne.

Gula.

I luf my wombe over alle thynge;
Hym most to plesse is my likynge;
I have no rest nyght nor day,
To he be served alle to his pay.

Luxuria.

I luf soule lust and lichory,
Fornication and adowtry;
For synfulle lust I wylle not fle,
If I for it in helle ay be.

A SONG ON DEATH.

From a MS. in the Public Library of the University of Cambridge, Es. vi. 29, written about the year 1400.

Esto memor mortis, jam porta fit omnibus ortis,
Sæpe sibi juvenes accipit ante senes.
Syth alle that in thy world hath been,
in rerum natura,
Or in thy wyde worlde was seen
in humana cura,
Alle schalle passe withouten ween
via mortis dura;
God graunte that mannys soule be cleen,
pænas non passura!
Whan thou lefte wevys,
veniet mors te superare;
Thus thy grave grevys,
ergo mortis memorare.
Unde vir extolleris?
Thow schalte be wormes mete;
qui quamdiu vixeris
Thy synnys wolde thou not let.
Quamvis dives fueris,
And of power grete,
cum morte percuteris,
Helpe may thow noon gete.
Si dives fias,
Do thyself gode man wyth thy bandis;
post necis ergo vias,
Ful fewe Wolfe lose the of thy bandis.
Thys auȝt wele to fel thy pryde,
quod es moriturus;
Thow knowest nether tyme ne tyde
qua es decessurus.
Wormes schalle ete the bakke and syde,
inde sis securus;
As thou hast wrouȝt in thy world wyde,
sic es recepturus.
Thus dethe the ledeth
terræ timulo* quasi nudum;
Dethe no man dreydyth;
mors terminat hiccine ludum.
Nam nulli vult parcere
Dethe that ys yndere,
pro argenti munere,

* Sic MS. apparently for tumulo.
Ne for noon fayre prayere;
    sed dum rapit propere,
He chaunges eche manys chere,
    in peccati scelere
Yif he be fownden here.
    Sic cum dampnatis
Helle to thy mede thou wynnes,
That never blynnes
    pro peccatis sceleratis.
Whan y thenk upon my dede,
    tunc sum contristatus,
And wexe as hevy as any lede
    meos ob reatus.
Dede torneth into wrecchidhede
    viros magni ætatis;
Than may nothynge stonde in stede
    Mundi dominatis.
Wyth full bare bonys,
    mundi rebus cariturus,
Thus from thyss wonys
    transit nunquam rediturus.
    Caro, vermis ferculum,
Thenk on the pynes of helle;
    mors habet spiculum
That smyteth man fulle felle;
    te ponet ad timulum
Tyl domesday to dwelle;
    hoc relinquis sæculum,
There nys not ellis to telle.
    Mors cito cuncta rapit,
Therfor man thank on thy werkys;
Thus sey thees clerkys,
    mors cito cuncta rapit.
God that deydest on the tree
    pro nostra salute,
And arose after dayes three
    divina virtute,
Yif us grace synne to flee,
    stante juven[tu]te,
On domysday that we may see
    vultum tuum tute!
Delful dethe, drede y the,
    veniet quia nescio quando;
Be redy therefor y warne the,
    De te peccata fugando.

Hilli.
THE ABBOT OF GLOUCESTER’S FEAST.

From MS. Harl. No. 913, fol. 10, r°. of the beginning of the fourteenth century. The MS. was written in Ireland, apparently by a Monk of Kildare. See for an account of it, Mr. Croton Croker’s Popular Songs of Ireland, p. 277.

Quondam fuit factus festus;
Et vocatus ad commestus
Abbas, prior de Glovcestrus,
cum totus familia.

Abbas ire sede sursum,
Et prioris juxta ipsun;
Ego semper stavi dorsum,
inter rascalilia.

Vinum venit sanguinatis
Ad prioris et abbatis;
Nichil nobis paupertatis,
sed ad dives omnia.

Abbas bibit ad prioris:
Date vinum ad majoris,
Possit esse de minoris,
ssi se habet gratia.

Non est bonum sic potare,
Et conventus nichil dare;
Quia volunt nos clamare
durum in capitula.

Surge, cito recedamus;
Hostes nostros relinquamus,
Et currino jam precamus,
ibimus in claustria.

Post completum redeamus,
Et currinum combibamus;
Atque simul conlaetamus
in talis convivia.

Estne aliquid in currino?
Immo certe plenum vino.
Ego tibi nunc propino
de bona concordia.

Dixit abbas ad prioris,
“Tu es homo boni moris,
Quia semper sanioris
michi das consilia.”
Post completum rediere,
Et currum combibere,
Potaverunt usque flere
    propter potus plurima.
Prior dixit ad abbatis,
"Ipsi habent vinum satis;
Vultis dare paupertatis
    noster potus omnia?"
Quid nos spectat paupertatis;
Habet parum, habet satis,
Postquam venit non vocatis,
    ad noster convivia.
Si nutritum esset bene.
Nec ad cibus nec ad cæne
Venisset pro marcis denæ,
    nisi per precaria."
Habet tantum de hic potus,
Quod conventus bibit totus,
Et cognatus et ignotus,
    de œbris servisia.
Abbas vomit et prioris;
Vomis cadit super floris;
Ego pauper steti foris,
    et non sum lætitia.
Rumor venit ad antistis,
Quod abbatis fecit istis;
Totum monstrat ad ministris,
    Quod fecit convivia.
"Hoc est meum consulatis,
Quod utrumque deponatis,
Et prioris et abbatis,
    ad sua piloria.
Per hoc erit castigatis,
Omnis noster subjugatis,
Prior, clerus, at abbatis,
    ne plus potent nimia."
"Absit!" dicit alter clerus,
"Quia bibit parum merus,
Quod punitur tam severus
    per noster consortia.
Esset enim hæc riotus,
Quod pro stultus horum potus,
Sustineret clerus totus
    pudor et scandalia.
Volunt omnes quidem jura,
Quod per meum forfectura
Alter nullus fert lasura,
    sed pro sua vitia;
Sed sic instat in privatis,
Bis sex marcas det abbatis,
Prior denis, et est satis,
    ut non sit infamia.

Placet hoc ad nos antistantis,
Dent ad præsens nummos istis,
Sed si potant, ut audistantis,
    numquam habet supera.”

Dixit abbass ad prioris,
    “Date michi de liquoris,
Status erit melioris,
    si habebit gratia.”

Dixit prior ad abbatis,
    “Habes modo bibe satis,
Non est bonum ebriatis,
    ire post in clausuria.”

Unus... de majorum,
Bonus lector et cantorum,
Irascati ad priorum
    dixit ista folia:

    “Prior, vos non intendatis,
Quantum sumus laboratis,
In cantare et legatis,
    per ista festalia.

O abbatis et priore,
Nichil datis de liquore;
Non est vobis de pudore?
    tu es avaritia.

Vos nec nobis nichil datis,
Nec abbatem parvitatei,
Facit noster sociatis
    sua curialia.

Qui stat, videt ne cadatis,
Multos enim de prelatis
Sunt deorum deponatis
    propter avaritia.

Propter cordis strictitatis,
Sunt superbi descendatis,
Et sic propter parvitatei
    perdere magnalia.
Rogo Deus majestatis,
Qui nos fecit et creatis,
Ut hoc vinum quod bibatis
possit vos strangulia."

Ad hoc verbum prior cursus,
Furabatur sicut ursus,
Unam vicem atque rursus
momordavit labia.

Tandem dixit ad.....,
"...... vilis, garcione,
Quondam discus de pulmone
fuit tibi gaudia.

Nunc tu es canonizatus,
Et de nichil elevatus,
Sicut regem vis pascatus,
et in major copia.

Habes justum et micheam,
Et servisiam frumentem,
Unde regis posset eam
bibit cum letitia.

Nullum carnes commedatis,
Neque pisces perfruatis,
Lactem quoque denegatis,
sic te facit sobria.

Nullum tibi sit tabellum,
Neque tibi sit scabellum,
Mensa tibi sit patellum
non habeus mappalia.

Super terram sic sedebis,
Nec abinde removebis,
Velis nolis sic manebis,
in haec refectoria.

Post haec dies accedatis
Ad prioris et abbatis,
Disciplinas assumatis,
fac flектamus genua.

Sic devote prosternatis,
Ac deinde lacrimatis,
Dorsum nudum extendatis,
caret te laetitia.

Ibi palam confiteris,
Quod tu male delinqueris,
Et sic pardonem consequeris,
in nostra capitula.
Tunc proinde tu cavebis
Malum loqui, sic tacebis,
Prælatores non spernebis,
contra tuum regula."

Wrt.

JUDAS.

From a MS. in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge, (B. 14, 39.)
of the thirteenth century.

Hit wes upon a Scere-thorsday that ure Loved aros,
ful milde were the wordes he spec to Judas:
"Judas, thou most to Jurselem oure mete for to bugge,
thritti platen of selver thou bere up o-thi rugge."
Thou comest fer ithe brode strete, fer ithe brode strete;
summe of thine tunesmen ther thou meist i-mete.
I-mette wid is soster the swikele wimon;
"Judas, thou were wrthe me stende the wid ston,
for the false prophete that tou bilevest upon."
"Be stille, lewe soster, thin herte the to-breke!
wiste min Loved Crist, ful wel he wolde be wrek."n
"Judas, go thou on the roc, heie upon the ston,
lei thin heved i-my barm, slep thou the anon."
Sone so Judas of slepe was awake,
thritti platen of selver from hym weren i-take.
He drou hymselfe bi the cop, that al it lavede a blode;
the Jewes out of Jurselem awenden he were wode.
Foret hym com the riche Jeu that heiste Pilatus;
"wolte sulle thi Loved that hette Jesus?"
"I nul sulle my Loved nones cunnes eiste,
bote hit be for the thrithi platen that he me bitaiste."
"Wolte sulle thi Lord Crist for enes cunnes golde?"
"Nay, bot hit be for the platen that he habben wolde."
In him com ur Lord Crist gon as is postles seten at mete;
"Wou sitte ye, postles, ant wi nule ye ete?
ic am i-boust ant i-sold to-day for oure mete."
Up stod him Judas, "Lord am i that . . . . . ?*
I nas never othe stude ther me the evel spec."
Up him stod Peter, ant spec wid al is miste,
"thau Pilatus him come wid ten hundred cnistes,
yet ic wolde, Loved, for thi love fiste."
"Still thou be, Peter, wel I the i-cnowe;
thou wolt fursake me thrien, ar the coc him crowe.

* A word appears to be omitted in the MS.
ANTIENT INTERLOCUTORY POEM

Taken from a parchment roll, written on both sides. On the recto is a satirical Norman-French poem, written at the close of the 13th century, which has been printed in Wright's "Political Songs," 4to. p. 59. On the verso is the English poem now printed, in a hand of the beginning of the 14th century. It is, perhaps, one of the earliest specimens remaining of this species of dramatic composition. The dialectical peculiarities throughout are very remarkable. It ends, unfortunately, imperfect. In all probability, had we the remainder, it would prove to be the same story as that of Dame Sirth, of which another and contemporary English version is printed in the British Bibliographer, vol. iv. from Ms. Digby 88. The original of this tale is to be sought in the East, (see Scott's Tales from the Arabic, &c. 8vo. 1800, p. 100.) whence it found its way into the work of Petrus Alphonsus, and the Latin Gesta Romanorum, cap. 28. For other references see Schmidt's Notes on his edition of Alphonsus, pp. 133—134, 4to. Berl. 1827. It only remains to add, that the original roll is in the possession of the Rev. R. Yerburgh, D. D. Vicar of Sleaford, Lincolnshire, and is written so illegibly, as to make the transcript in some few words very doubtful.

_Hic incipit Interludium de Clerico et Puella._

_Clericus._ Damishel, reste wel.

_Puella._ Sir, welcum, by Saynt Michel!

_Clericus._ Wer esty sire, wer esty dame?

_Puella._ By Gode, es noner her at hame.

_Clericus._ Wel wor suile a man to life,

That suile a may mithe have to wyfe!

_Puella._ Do way, by Crist and Leonard,

No wily luic, na clerclaylard,

Na kep herbherg, clercl, in huse no y flore

Bot his hers ly wit-uten dore.

Go forth thi way, god sire,

For her hastu losye al thi wile.

_Clericus._ Nu, nu, by Crist and by sant Jhon,

In al thi land ne wis hi none,

Mayden, that hi luf mor than the,

Hif me mithe ever the bether be.

For the hy sory nicht and day,

Y may say, hay wayleuay!

Y luf the mar than mi lif,

Thu hates me mar than gayt dos'chuief.

That es noute for mys-gilt,

Certhes, for thi luf ham hi spilt.

A, suythe mayden, reu ef me

That es ty lufr, land ay salbe.

For the luf of [the] y mod of efne;

Thu mend thi mode, and her my stevene.
Puella. By Crist of heven and sant Jone!
Clerc of scole ne kepi non;
For many god wymman haf that don scam.
By Crist, thu michitis haf be at hame.

Clericus. Synt it nothir gat may be,
Jhesu Crist, by-tethy the,
And send neulit bot thar inne,
That thi be lesit of al my pyne.

Puella. Go nu, truan, go nu, go,
For mikel thu canstuu of sory and wo.

Clericus. God te blis, Mome Helwis.

Mome Elwis. Son, welcum, by san Dinis!

Clericus. Hic am comin to the, Mome,
Thu hel me noth, thu say me sone.
Hic am a clerch that hauntes scole,
Y hidy my lif wyt mikel dole;
Me wor lever to be dedh,
Than led the lif that hyc ledh,
For ay mayden with and schen,
Payer ho lond hawy non syen.
Tho hat mayden Malkyn, y wene;
Nu thu wost quam y mene,
Tho wonys at the tounes ende,
That suyt lif, so fayr and hende.
Bot if tho wil hir mod amende,
Neuly Crist my ded me send.
Men send me hyder, vyt uten fayle,
To haf thi help anty cunsayle.
Thar for amy cumen here,
That thu salt be my herand-bere,
To mac me and that mayden sayct,
And hi sal gef the of my nayct,
So that never al thi lyf
Saltu be the better wyf.
So help me Crist! and by may sped,
Rithe saltu haf thi mede.

Mome Elwis. A, son, wat saystu! benedicite,
Lift hup thi hand, and blis the.
For it es boyt syn and scam,
That thu on me hafs layt thys blam.
For hic am an ald quyne and a lam.
Y led my lyf wit Godis love.*
Wit my roc y me fede,
Cani do non othir dede,
Bot my pater noster and my crede,

* A line is perhaps wanting here.
HENRY II. AND THE CISTERCIAN ABBOT.

From the Speculum Ecclesiæ of Giraldaus Cambrensis, MS. Cotton. Tibérius, B. xiii, fol. 93, v°. This curious story is by far the earliest instance of the curious legend of the king’s intercourse with his subjects in disguise, which has been so oft repeated in ballads, such as that of the king and the shepherd, in Hartshorne’s Metrical Tales, and other works. The present anecdote may perhaps be regarded less as a true story, than as a proof that such ballads existed as early as the twelfth century. The writer of these lines has the intention of publishing the Speculum Ecclesiæ as entire as the condition of the MS. will permit.

Accidet autem aliquando, cum Anglorum rex H. secundus in locis silvestribus studio venationis indulgeret, quod eventu casuali in ferarum persecutione vehementi longius a suis omnibus aberrasset, adeo ut nocte superveniente tandem ad domum quandam ordinis Cisterciensis in silvæ cujusdam margine sitam hospitaturus accederet. Qui satis hospitaliter ilico, non tamen ut rex quoniam hoc ignorabant, sed miles de familia regis et sequela, susceptus fuit. Post cenam autem juxta loci naturam et domus facultatem honorifice datam, abbas ipse cum monachis aliquot ad ipsum amplius honorandum advenit, rogans etiam et affectuose supplicans quatinus erga dominum regem, quem propter negotia domus aditus in crastino fuit, ut magis ei propitius foret, adjuvaret. Ille vero se hoc ut facturum et negotia domus erga dominum regem expediturum pro posse prompta voluntate promisit. Abbas autem ut militis animum exhilararet, ipsumque sibi placabilem magis efficeret, calices ei crebros de potu electo more Angli-
cano propinari fecit. Ipsumet quoque, quatinus ad melius potandum militem provocaret et efficacius invitaret, loco wesheil ait ei pril. Ille vero ignorans quid respondere deberet, edoctus ab abbate, pro drincheil respondit ei wril. Et sic provocantes ad invicem et compotantes, cum monachis et fratribus assentientibus et servientibus, ingeminate pril et wril et alternatim sepius usque noctis ad horam profundioris inculcae non destiterunt. His itaque sub hoc tenore completis, menbrisque demum sopori datis, surgens summo manu sub formam militiae rex manitus ad horam, ad curiam familiarique suum propter absentiam dominique sui ex inopinato carentiam stupidam non mediocritur effectam et animi consternatam, in opido quodam a quo pridie mane venationis causa discesserat parum inde distante incunctanter accessit, et cum gaudio magnorum suorum omnium magni suspicat, et tamquam qui perierat inventus laetabantur intravit. Ubi itaque majestatem regiam denuo resumpserat, praecipit illico quatinus abbas dicit domus quam cito veniret, absque impedimento quielit aditum et accessum cum monachis suis ad ipsum haberet. Abbas autem juris sui non contemper existens, sed verbis et promissis hospitis sui fidem habens, ad curiam satis matutinus et non morosus adventit. Hostiarii vero tam exteriores quam interniores juxta praecessum regis portas omnes et januas ei quam cito apertum usque ad edes ulteriores talamoque penitentiae ubi rex erat, ipsum cum monachis suis duobus ad ipsum conduxerunt. Rex autem ut abbatem vidit, ipsum ad se vocans, eique liber-aliter et curialiter assurgens, ad latus suum eundem apposuit, statimque dixit ei quod negotium domus suas propter quod venerat i . . . . . proponeret. Quo facto, negotioque statim abbatis ad libitum et volum et domus suae proprae utilitatem totaliter expedito, abbatem recedere volentem et cum gratiarum actione plurima prout decuit licentiam accipientem, secum ad prandium rex [retin]uit. Cumque a latere i[psius] situs ad mensam cum honore fuisset, post fercula splendida praetiosae pocula, rex abbatem erigendo calicem aureum et amplum in hunc verba convent: "Abbas pater, dico tibi pril." Abbas autem, hoc audito, pudore nimium plurimo percussus atque tremore, gratiam regis et misericordiam suppliciter ut ei parceret et summa cum humilitate postulavit. Rex vero per oculos Dei jurans, sicut consuevit, et verbum affirmans, ait "quia sicut heri comedendo simul ataque bibendo mutuisque provocationibus nos invicem ad bene potandum imitandi boni per omnia socii fuimus, sic et nunc erimus; et sicut ad nutum vestrum in domo vestra vobis morem tunc gessimus, sic sequum est et justum ut nobis morem in domo nostra per ejusdem quoque provocationis verba, scilicet
hesterna pril et wril, morem gerere satagatis." Compulsus
sic de[mum] rege cogente, quamquam verecundus in tanta
audiencia plurimum et invitus, respondit regi wril. Et sic inter
regem et abbatem crebrius ex hinc, interque milites et mo-
nachos necnon et rege jubente per aulam et curiam, undi
. . . . . . tam pril et wril, alter [alterum . . . m] utuis vocibus-
que jocundis et clamosis provocando communiter exaltare non
cessarent. Sic igitur ex hospitis tanti casualiter advecti
fortuita presentia crevit dicta domus forsan in mundana sub-
stantia, sed male decrevit apud bonos viros et discretos omnes,
talem potandae provocationem et tam inordinatum, primum in
abbatia, postmodum autem admirationem irrisoriam in curia
factam, audientes.

Wrt.

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LE VENERY DE TWETY.

From the Cottonian Manuscript, Vespasian B. xii. of the fifteenth century.

Warton in his History of English Poetry, 4to. Edit. vol. ii. p. 221. mentions
a Manuscript in the possession of Mr. Turner of Tasmere in Oxfordshire,
entitled "Le Art de Venerie lequelle maistre Guillaume Twici venour le
roy d'Angleterre fist en son temps pur apprendre autres,"* of which the fol-
lowing Tract appears to be an English translation. It occurs among the
Cottonian Manuscripts in the Museum, in a hand which is not older than
the time of Henry the Fifth, though Twici or Twety was the chief huntsman
to King Edward the Second, in whose time the French work was unques-
tionably written.

Of John Gifforde, whose name occurs in the "Explicit" with Twety's,
little information, it is probable, can be obtained. In the Patent Rolls and
different Inquisitions, one or more John Giffords will be found, but with no
mention attached that can at all show their connection with the Huntsman.

Another Treatise on hunting called "The Master of the Game," occurs
in the same Manuscript and hand with the English Twety, of which it was
in reality an enlargement. This latter Treatise was the work of Edward,
Duke of York, who was slain at the Battle of Agincourt.

The Rhymes prefixed to the present Tract do not really belong to it. The
divisions represented by stars, are in the original filled with limnings of the
different animals.

Dame Juliana Berners's Treatise on Hunting is only a metrical version of
Twety's Tract; with howe and there a little enlargement. Her descriptions,
and her terms of hunting, are the same verbatim.

Alle suche dysport as voydith ydilnesse
It syttyth every gentilman to knowe;
For myrthe annexed is to gentilnesse.

* This MS. is now preserved in the rich collection of Sir Thomas Phillips,
Bart., who has printed privately the French original of the tract here
Qwerfore among alle other, as y trowe,
To knowe the craft of hontyng and to blowe,
As thys book shall witnesse, is one the beste;
For it is bolsum, plesaunt, and honest.
And for to sette yonge hunteryys in the way,
To venery y caste me fyrst to go,
Of wheche .iij. bestis be, that is to say
The hare, the herte, the wulfhe, the wylde boor also,
Of venery for sothe ther be no moe;
And so it shewethere in portetewre;
Where every best is set in hys figure.

And ther ben othyr bestis .v. of chase;
The buk the first, the do the secunde,
The fox the thryde, whiche ofte hath hard grace,
The ferthe the martyn, and the last the roo;
And sothe to say ther be no mo of tho;
And cause why that men shulde the more be sure,
They shewen here also in portreture.
And cause why they be set in portreture
Is this, like as lecteture put thynge in mende,
Of lerned men, ryght so a peyntyde fygure
Remembryth men unlernyd in hys kende,
And in wryghtyng for soothe the same I fynde.
Therfore, sith lerned may lerne in this book,
Be ymages shal the lewd, if he wole look.

And .iij. other bestis ben of gret disposrt,
That ben neyther of venery ne chace;
In huntyng ofte thei do gret comfort,
As aftir ye shal here in other place,
The grey is one therof with hyse slepy pace,
The cat an other, the otre one also;
Now rede this book and ye shal fynde yt so.

Incipit Twety.
Tylle alle tho that wyl of venery lere, y shall hem teche as
y have lernyd of maystris that is disputyd and endyd, that is
for to say, maystere Johan Gyfford and William Twety, that
were wyth kyng Edward the secunde.

Of the Hare.

Now wylle we begynne atte hare, and why she is most mer-
veylous best of the world, and wherfore that she bereth grece

printed in English. It may be observed that in the Cottonian MS. the t is
clearly distinguished from the c, and no doubt can exist on the orthography
of the words Twety, troched, &c. Edd.
and grotheyth, and roungeth, and doth nother best in thyself, and at one tyme he [is] male and other tyme female, and therefore may alle men blow at hir as at othir bestis, that is to say at herte, at boor, and at wolf. If it be alway male, a man may blowe hir for to lede, but it [is] to wete that all the Fayre wordis of venery reyseth of hire when ye hym shul seke.

Of Questyones.

Syr huntere, how many bestis acquill? Syr, the buk and the doo, the male fox and the female, and alle othir vermyyn as many as be put in the book. And how many braches? Sire, alle that be acquylez. How many bestis be escorches, and how many arracies? Alle the bestis that beryth suet and fime ben escorches, and alle that bere grece and freyn be arracies, saf the hare, for he beryth grece and crothyth and not freyns. How many bestis bere os, and how many ergos? The hert berith os above the boor, and the buk berith ergos. The boor frist he is a pyg as long as he is with his dame, and whene his dame leveth hym then he is called a gorgeaunt, and the .iij. yere he is callyd an hoggaster, and when they be of .iiiij. yere age they shall departe fro the sounder for age, and when he goth soole than is he callyd a boor.

Of the Hert.

Now wyl we speke of the hert, and speke we of his degrees; that is to say, the fyrst yere he is a calfe, the secunde yere a broket, the .iij. yere a spayer, the .iiiij. yere a stagg, the v. yere a greet stagg, the .vj. yere a hert at the fyrst hed; but that ne fallith not in jugement of huntersse, for the gret dyversyte that is fownde of hem, for alleway we calle of the fyirst hed tyl that he be of x. of the lasse. And fyrst whan an hert hath fourched, and then aultelere ryall, and surryall, and forched one the one syde, and troched on that other syde, than is he an hert of .x. and of the more. And whan that he hath alle that I have namyd before, to that he hath troched on boote parties of the hed, he is of .xij. and of that lasse. And if it be so that he have troched of that o partye .iij. and on that other partye .iiiij., he is of .xij. of the more; he may be of .xiiiij. alle hool, for in that poyn, ye shall not fynde .iij. acordyng to .xiiiij. Whan he hath troched on that one partye .iiiij. and on the other .v., than is he of .xvj. of defaunte. Whan he is trochid on bothe sydes .v., than is he of .xvj. atte fulle. And when he is troched on that one syde of .v. and of that other .vj., he is of .xvij. of defaunte, and whan he is troched on bothe sydes of .vj. than is he of .xxiij. atte fulle. And when he goth wexyng tyl he come to .xxxij. yere, than is he callyd an hert resygne, for cause his hed aftir that tyme wexith no furtheere.
Of Blowing.

Syre huntere, for how many bestis shall a man blow the meane? For iiij. males and for one female, that is to say, for an hert, the boor, the wolff male, and alle so the wolff female, as we as to here husband. How shall we blowe when ye han sen the hert? I shall blowe after one mote, ij motes, and if myn howndes come not hastily to me as y wolde, I shall blowe iiiij. motes, and for to hast hem to me and for to warne the gentelys that the hert is sene, than shall I rechace on myn houndis iiiij. tymes, and when he is ferre from me, than shall y chase hym in thys maner, Trout, trout, tro ro rot, trout, trout, tro ro rot, trou ro rot, trou ro rot. Syr huntere, why blowe ye so? For cause that the hert is seen, an y wet nevere wheder that myn hundys be become fro myn meyne. And what maner of chase clepe ye that? We clepe it the chase of the forloyne. I chase with my houndis that be huntyng. Another chase ther is, and that is clepid the perfyzt. Than ye shall begynne to blowe a long mote, and afterward ij. shorte motes in this maner, Trout, trout, and than trout, tro ro rot, begynnyng with a long mote, for every man that is abowe yow, and can skyle of venery may knowe in what poynyt ye be in yowre game be your horn. Another chase ther is when a man hath set up archerys and greyhoundes, and the best be founde, and passe out the boundys, and myne houndes after; than shall y blowe on this maner a mote, and afterward the rechace upon my houndys that be past the boundys. Whech be the boundes? Ther as the boundes ben thei that we assignyd, as y have sayd to-fore. Syr huntere, wolde ye sech this chase? Ya, syr; if it be a best in streth or in chace, and myn houndes passe out over the boundes, and if ye wyl not that they chace eny lengere, I shall blowe a mote, and afterward I shall strake after myn houndes for to have hem ayn. Of wheche bestys shall be strepid, and which flayn? how many bestis berth lether, and how many skyn? Alle that be estorches, that is to say, the skyn flayn, beryth lether, and alle that be arracies, that is to say the skyn pullyd ovr the hed, beryth skyn; and when the chevest is take, there ye shall seye howe, herrowe. In the tyme of grece begynneth alle way atte the fest of the Nativyte of Saynt Johan baptist.

Of the Hare Huntyng.

And if ye hounete at the hare, ye shall sey atte uncoupelyng, hors de couple, avaut; and after iiij. tymes, Sohow, sohow, sohow. And ye shall seye, Sa, sa, cy, avaut, sohow. And if ye se that your houndes have good wyl to renne, and be seer from you, ye shalle sey thus, how amy, how amy, swe, mon amy, shefe. And if eny fynde of hym, where he hath ben,
Rycher or Bemond, ye shall sey, oiez à Bemond le vayllaunt, que quide trovere le coward, ou le court cow. And if ye se that hath be there at pasture, if it be tyme of grene corne, and you fynde wel of hym, ye shalle seye, là, douce amy, là il a esté, for hym sohow. And than ye shull blowe .iiij. motes, yf your hund ne chace not wel hym, there one and ther another, as he hath pasturyd hym, ye shall say, Illeosque, illeosque, illeosque. Alwey whan they fynde wele of hym, and then ye shul keste out assyggge al abowte the feld, for to se where he be go out of the pasture, or ellis to his forme. For he shal not be gladly there, as he was pastured hym, but if it be in tyme of, and afterward if that ony hound fynde of hym, or ony mysyng where he hath been, Ha! oy toutz cy esté il, venez arere, sohow, sa, sa, cy, adesto, sohow, and than sa, sa, cy avaut. Whan that ye se another y-go out of the forme, as in playnfeld, or lond yerd, or in wode, and your houndes fynde wel of hym, ye shull saye, là, douce amy, là est-il venuz pur lue segere, sohow, and Illeosque, sy, douce amy, sy, valaut, sohow, sohow. And than whan ye come there as ye trowe that he be dwellyng, and ye seme weel of hym, ye shall say, là, douce amy, là est-il venuz pur meyndir, sohow. And then whan they ensemble wele fote hym, and they trowe wele to fynde hym, ye shul saye, Here, how, here, douce, how, here, pur les sans de luy. And when he is meved, ye shul change your speche and blowyng booth too, and ye shul saye, as I have sayd to yow afore, ofte tyl he be ded, and whan the hare is take, and your houndes have ronne wele to hym ye shul blowe afterward, and ye shul yef to your houndes the halow, and that is the syde, the shul-dres, the nekke, and the hed, and the loyne shal to kechonne.

Of the Hert dyvers questions.

And whan the hert is take, ye shal blowe .iiij. motys, and shal be defeted as of other bestes, and if your houndes be bold, and have slayn the hert with streynth of huntyng, ye shul have the skyn, and he that undoth hym shal have the shulldre, be lawe of venery, and the houndes shall be rewardid with the nekke and with the bewelis, with the fee, and thei shal be etyn undir the skyn, and theryfore it is clepid the quarre, and the hed shal be brout hom to the lord, and the skyn; the nex, the gargiron, above the tayle, forched on the ryght honde. Than blow at the dor of halle the pryse.

Of the Buk.

And whan the buk is i-take, ye shul blowe pryse, and reward your houndes of the paunch and the bowellis.
Of the Boor.

And when the boor is i-take, he be deffetyd al value, and he shal have .xxxij. hasteletys, and ye shal jif your houndys the bowells boyled with breed, and it is callyd reward, for cause that it is etyn on the erthe and not on the skyn. The knyghtis be not enchaces ne gadered, but they be there that they huntyd to-fore the houndes. Whan ye shal be bore alle hool hom, the houndes shal be rewardid with the fete, and the body shal to the kechyn.

A Question.

And alle maner of bestis that ben enchayde, has o maner of specie, but sohow gothe to all manner of chaces, and couplyng and dyscouplyng; but if yowre houndes renne to one chace, that is to seye, ruseyt or hamylon, or croiseth, or dwell, and they conne not put it no ferthere, ye shal seye, Ho, so, amy, so, venez à couplerle, sa, aree, sohow. Sohow is moche to say as sabow, for because that it is short to say, we say al wey sohow.

Of Herdis, of Sundre, of Beverys, of the Seson of Bestis.

How many herdes be there of bestes of venery? Sire, of hertis, of bisseis, of bukes, and of doos. A soundre of wylde swyne. A bevy of roos. The sesoun of the fox begynnyth at the natyvite of owre Lady, and duryth til the Annunciation. And the hare is alwey in seson to be chasyd. And if yowre houndes chase the hare or the hert, and the houndes be at defaunt, ye shal say in this maner, then, Sohow, hossame, hossame, stou, ho, ho, sa, hossame, ariere, sohow. And if your houndes renne wele at the fox, or atte the buk, and the be at defaunt, ye shal sey in another maner, Ho, ho, ore, sauëf, à luy, dorne, à luy, ho ho osséyn, sa ariere, sohow, sohow, venez à couplier.

Explicit le venery de Twety, and of mayster Johan Giffarde.

THE FOUR VIRTUES.

From MS. Q. R. 29, in the Library of Jesus College, Cambridge; a 12mo. volume of the twelfth century, on vellum.

Collaterales quatuor virtutum.

Prudentia habet in dextro latere astutiam et versutiam; in sinistro autem hebitudinem mentis. Justitia namque habet in dextro latere pleonesiam, hoc est plus justo; in sinistro vero meonesyam, hoc est minus justo. Fortitudo itaque habet in dextro latere audaciam, in sinistro ignaviam. Temperantia igitur habet in dextro latere castitatem et continentiam; in sinistro vero lxxxrkbm et lkbbdknmf.
THE LADY AND HER DOGS,

_Vez cy solaz de un dame,_
_Courtesyse e de bone fame,_

Je _say_ un dame de bone purveunce,
Si _vous_ assentez à sa ordenaunce,
K'avan _t_ la paske florie vus justerez de launce
Par tuit en sa graunges sauns nul desturbaunce.
Ele est une dame ke tret à grant tresor,
Meuz wut un allouhe hou un espervor sor
Ke trente mere berbiz ho tuit lur estor,
E plus ad cher un kenet ke nul vache hou tor.
Vous ke avez cheens dout estes encombrez,
Alez à la dame, si vous allegez;
Vus ke avez treteueles ke vendre ne poez,
Alés à la dame, sy vous en deliverez.
Ele est bone marchaunt e been avisée,
Sys deneres vus dourra pur un cher darré;
Souffit à ly ke eyt sa volontée,
E sy nul en grouce, ne avera for maugré.
Ky vousit par mal sa chaumbre visiter,
De quisez e mustilers avereit le mesteer,
Hou la chape seynt Pere de Roumme enprunter;
Kar il eert assayli de kenet e leverer,
Là troverez les kenez sayllaunz cum grisifoun,
E les graunz leverez raumpaunz cum lyoun;
Mes se garde ben le granger de krostoun,
Par la semeyne de lour lyveresoun.
Il avera payn musy ho cerveise asseiz egre,
Bure assez reste, moruhe assez megre;
Le cheens averount brouheis de blauken payn saunz egre,
Pur se sunt jolis e seins e halegre.
E ceo est been enplâé en ceus ke sunt vaillaunz,
 Meyndres e greyndres mout travillaunz,
Les unes pernent wybez, les autres mouche volaunz,
Les uns chaudent le liz, les autres gardent baunz.
Si vous avez robe de escharlete tayllé,
Baylez à chaufelit, e il le fra mourré.
E si vostre pellure par kas seyt decirré,
Bayller a terebagge, par ly eert redrecé.
La dame par matyn va à l'église,
E de tres chapeleyns ke fount le servise
Fere tele eschaunges, un seul ne prise
Deus lyncus chauz pur un freyde chemyse.
Sovent aveent ke clerk hou chapeleyn,
Ho l’un souler chaucé, l’autre en la meyn,
Se haste ver la chapele pur soner le seyn;
Il eert en la mercy ky là vendra dreyrn.
   Avaunt ke les euz seyent descoues,
Enhauent les notes de porter les nues ;
Mès lur devocioun souent assez cruhes,
Taunt cum lur jaumbes esteuent les nus.
Taunt est la dame de messe enamourée,
Ke sy dys hou dousce seyent leyns chaunteë,
Ne lerreit un soule à souen eyndegrée,
Ne uncor le giblet ke sey trousse.
   Trop y ad sourkar, dyt la juvencele
Ke derere les autres demurt en la chapele ;
Plus vaudreit en chaumba ho la vertuele.
Ke escoter de cee clers sy lounge favèle.
   Kaunt in principio avant se mette en place,
“Ha!” dit la juvencele, “cy veent bele grace ;
Cesti nous coungeye, cesty nous enchace,
E vers nostre chaumba nous aprent la trace.”
En cele chaumba troverés une assemblé
De bone genti femmes e been enteschée.
Sy n’est une soul de Blaunkeneye née,
Mès de la More de Blak hou sunt enparentée.
En la sale troverez prest ky abandonne
Manger e beyvre au matin e à nonne,
E tut le jour troverez ke le cheker sonne,
A cele ke meynteent Dieu sa grace donne.  Amen.

STANS Puer ad MENSAM.


My dere childe, first thiself enable
With all thin herte to vertuouz disciplyne
Afor thi soverayne standing at the table,
Dispose thi youth aftir my doctryne ;
To all nurtore thi correge to enclyne.
First when thu spekist be not rekles,
Kepe feete and fngeris and handes still in pese.

Be symple of chere, cast not thi looke aside,
Gase not aboute turnyng over all ;
Ageyne the post lat not thi bake abide,
Make not thi myrrroure also of the wall;
Pike not thi nose, and in especiall
Be right well ware, and set hereon thi thought,
To-for thi soverain cracche ne rube nought.

Who speks to the in ony maner place,
Lumbissishly cast not thi hede a-down,
Bot with sad chere looke hym in the face;
Walke demurly by streitis in the towne,
And advertise of wisdome and reson.
With dissolute laughters thou doo noon offence
To-fore thi sovereyne, whill he is in presence.

Pare clene thi nailes, thi handis wassh also
To-for mete and when thu doost arise;
Sit in that place thu arte assigned to;
Prese not to high in no manner wise;
And till thu see afor the thi service,
Be not to hasty on brede for to bite,
Of gredyynes lest men the wolde a-wite.

Grennyng and mowes at table eschewe;
Crye not to loude; kepe honestly silence;
T'enboce thi jowes with brede it is not due;
With full mouth speke not, lest thu do offence;
Drinke not briddles for hast nor necligence;
Kepe clene thi lippes fro fatt of flesh or fysshe;
Wype fayre thi spoon, leve it not in thi dische.

Off brede y-bite no soppis that thu make;
Loude for to suppe it is ageyn gentilnes;
With mouth embrewed thi cuppe thou not take;
In ale ne wynne with honde leve no fatnes;
Foul not thi naprie for no reklesnes;
Nevyr at met be warre gynne no stryve;
Thy teth also ne pike not with thi knyff.

Off honest myrthe lat be thi daiaunce;
Swere noon othes, spek no rebaudry;
The best morseell, have this in remembraunce,
Hole to thiself alway do not applye;
Part with thi felawe, for that is curtasie:
Lade not thi trenchoure with many remissailes;
And fro blaknes alway kepe thi nailes.

Off curtasie also geyn the lawe,
Which sou dishonest for to doon offence;
Of olde surfettes abraid not thi felawe;
Toward thi soverain alway thin advertence;
Play with no knyff, take hede to my sentence;
At mete and soper kepe the still and soft;
Eke to and fro meve not thi foote to oft.
Drope not thy brest with sauce ne with potage;
Bring no knyves unskoured to the table;
Fyll not thy spoone, leest in the carriage
It wente beside, which were not comendable;
Be quyke and redye, meke and servyable,
Well a-waytyng to fulflyl anoon
What thy soverain commandith the to done.

And whare so be thu dyne or supe,
Of gentillnes take salt with thy knyse;
And be well ware thu blowe not in the cupe;
Reverence thi felawis, begynne wyth tham no stryff;
To thy power kepe pees all thy life;
Interrupt not, wherre so that thu wende,
No mans tale, till he have made an ende.

With thy fyngere marke not thy tale;
Be well avysed, namly in tender age,
To drynke by mesure both vyne and alle;
Be not copious also of thy language;
As tyme requireth, shewe out of thy visage,
To glad ne sory, bot kepe the awene twayne,
For losse or lucre or any case sodeyne.

Be meke in mesure, not hasty bot tretable;
Over mych is not worth in no thing;
To childe longith not to be vengeable,
Soone mevid and sone foryeving,
As it is remembred by olde writyng,
Wrath of childe is sone over-gone,
With an appill parties be maade at one.

In childe nowe myrth and nowe debate,
In theire querell is no grete violence;
Nowe play, nowe wepyng, selde in oon estate;
To there pleyntes gyff no grete credence.
A rodd reformyth all theire insolence;
In theire corage no rancoure doth abide;
Who sparith the yerde, all vertue set a-side.

Goo, litill bill, bareyne of eloquence,
Pray young childre that the shall see or rede,
Thof that thu be compendious of sentence,
Of thi clausis for to take heede,
Which to all vertue shall thare youth lede;
Of the writyng thof thaire be no date,
If ought be mysse in worde, sillable, or dede,
Put all defaute upon John Lidgate.

E. H. Hunter.
POETIC DESCRIPTION OF DURHAM.

From a MS. in the public library of the University of Cambridge, Ff. 1, 27, 13th cent. at the end of the Chronicle of Simeon of Durham. Twysden, in his edition of that historian, col. 78, has given these verses. The absence of Ъ and the constant use of Ъ, seem to indicate a northern dialect.

De situ Dunelmi et de sanctorum reliquis quæ ibidem continetur carmen compositum.

Is ðeos burch breome
cyninges heafud
geond Breoten-rice, Osuualdes engle-leo,
steappa ge-staðolad, Þ Aidan bispoc,
stanas ymbutan Eadberch Þ Eadfrith,
wundrum ge-wæxen; æðele ge-feres.
Weor ymb-earnas, Is ær inne midd heom
ea þrum stronge, Æðelwold bispoc,
Þ ær inne wunað, Þ breoma bozera Beda,
fela fisca kyhn Þ Boisil abbot,
on floda ge-monge; þæ clene Cubberthe
Þ ær ge-wexen is on ge-cheðe
wuda fæstern micel; lerdæ lustum,
þæ in sem wycum, ðæ he wis lara
wilda deor monige, wel-ge-nom eardæð
In Deope-dalum æt ðem eadige.
deora un-gerim. In sem minstre un-arimeda
Is in ðere byricac reliquia ðe monia
bearnum ge-cyðed, wundrum ge-wurðað,
ðæ ærfeasta des ðe writ segged,
eaðig Cubberch, mid ðene drihtnes
Þ ðes clene wer domes bideð.

PATER NOSTER, CREED, &c.

From MS. Gg. IV. 32, Bib. Publ. Cantab. temp. Hen. IV. This volume appears to have been the common-place book of a parish priest.

Oratio Dominica.

Oure fader in hevene riche,
Thin name be i-blesced evere i-liche,
Led us, Loverd, into thi blisce,
Let us nevre thin riche misse.
Let us, Loverd, underfon
That thin wille be evere i-don,
Also hit is in hevene
In erthe be hit evene.
The hevene bred that lasteth ay
3if us, Loverd, this ilke day;
For3if us, Loverd, in oure bone
All that we havene here misdone,
Also wisliche ase we forgiven
Hwiles we in this worlde liven
Al that us is here misdo,
And we biseken the thereto,
Led us, Loverd, to non fondinge,
And ssclind us fram alle evel thine. Amen.

Speculum humani generis.
Sori is the fore
Fram bedde to the flore,
And wers is the flette
Fram flore to the pette,
And for senne thine
From pette to the pine;
Weilawei and wolawo!
Thanne is joye al over-go.

Be the lefother be the loth,
This worldes wele al a-goth,
Under night and under day
Thine daies fluten away,
Thise beth tuye thinges stronge
That everich man holdeth in honde.

Suo sit fairhed in womman sot,
Suo the geldene begh in suynes throt,
Bituene hope and drede
Schal man his lif right lede.

Cimbolum in Anglica lingua.
I bileve in God fader in hevene,
Almighthi, that in dayes severne
Hevene and erthe haveth wroght,
And al that tharinne is, of noght;
And in Jhesu Crist sone his
One, that oure Loverd is,
That thorgh the holi gostes might
Kenned was and flessc tok right,
And of mayden Marie boren
To sauven tho that were for-loreth,
And tholedle after for sennes mine
Under Ponce Pilate pine,
Sore and smarte, stark and stronge,  
And sithen on rode was an-honge,  
Bi his wille, and deide on tre,  
His bodi was bered, as owth be  
Man and wyman that is ded,  
Thus overkam Jhesu the qued.  
His soule after to helle lighte,  
And out of pine thorgh his mighte  
Tho Gode tok that he ther soghte,  
And into Paradis hem broghte.  
Up he rose the thridde day  
Out of the throwe ther he lay,  
Hol mon and sond, withouten lak,  
With his disciples rede and spak.  
Up to hevene after he stegh  
His fader side he sit wel negh  
On almighty Godes right hond,  
Hevene and helle, water and lond,  
For to deme, quike and dede,  
He scall come to gode and quede.  
The Holy Ghost I leve wel,  
And Holi Cherche everi del,  
Of holi halewen mendenesse,  
And of sennes forzevenesse,  
Thorgh the mighte of Jhesu Crist,  
And onoure flessches uprist,  
And on the lif withouten indinge,  
Jhesu Crist us thider bringe!  

Amen.

Hull.

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AN ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

From MS. Ee. iv. 35, in the Cambridge Public Library, a folio volume of English poetry of the fifteenth century.

In Ynghond ther ys a schepecote, the whiche schepekekote hayt ix. dorys, and at yevery dor standet ix. ramys, and every ram hat ix. ewys, and yevery ewe hathe ix. lambs, and yevery lambe hayt ix. hornes, and yevery horne hayt ix. tyndes; what ys the somme of alle thos belle?

Hull.

w
SATIRE ON THE LADIES.

From MS. Reg. 8 E, xvii, fol. 108, v', of the thirteenth century.

*Ici commence la jesté des dames.*

Quei diroms des dames kaunt vienent à festes,
Les unes des autres avisent les testes,
Portent les boces cum cornues bestes;
Si nule seit descornue, de cele font les gestes.

Des braz font la joie kaunt entrent en chambre,
Moustrent les cover chefs de seye e de chambre,
Atachent les botons de coral e de l'ambre,
Ne tesent de ganler tant cum sont en chambre.

Ilokes mandent les bruoys, si seent à disner,
Gettent les barbez la bouche pur overer;
Si entrast à icel houre un nice esquier,
De un privé escharm ne put pas ben failler.

Deus vistes vallez unt asset à fere,
De servir à totes de chescun à plere;
Un à la cuisine lur viande à quere,
Autre à la botelerie le bon vin à trere.

Kaunt eles ount diné tot à leisir,
S'aerdent ensemble pur privément parler;
La une de l'autre entice le quor,
Si aucune priveté put alocher.

Kaunt houre est à manger, avalent les degrez,
Entrent en sale coyement jointez;
Ilok put hom veer la bele ensembles,
Ke tot sanz envie ne passera la journée.

Kaunt à la table à manger sont assis,
Reen ne manguent de kaunke là est mys;
Mout se tenent en pes e moustrent lor vis,
Ke plus est regardée cele porte le prys.

Kaunt eles ount moustre ce ke est par devant,
Trovent acheson d'escouper arere bank,
Ke les genz pussent veer l'overaigne grant
Ke gyst par derere, ke muscé fu avant.

Kaunt levent de la table, ne di pas del manger,
Kar poy ont mangé, ce fist leur bon disner,
Entrent donke en chambre pur entresolacer,
De soutillété de overaigne donk covient treiter.

Lors viennent en place les overaignes ridées,
Le eymer de Alemaigne, e les overes perçées,
L'overe sarrazynoys, e l'ovre peynée,
Que l'entaylleure e l'ovre enleynnée,
Li perroun e ly melice e li diaspree,
Li bastoun e li peynet e li gernettée,
E li double samyt n'y est pas obliée,
E li ovre de redencr ont sovent manỳée.
   Ccel ke plus en seet sera lour listresce;
Les autres li escouten sansz nule peresce.
Là ne dorment mie cum font à la messe,
Pur la prise de vanité dont ont grant leesce.
   Pus s'en vount à l'oustel, retornent de la feste,
E tant tost si changent la bele lusante teste,
   Ccel ke fu si fresche jà devient si reste,
Ke le marchant se repent ki achata cele beste.
   Pus font la folye ke mult fet á charger,
Kaunt à nule feste deivent retourner,
Ben long tems avant coment despescer,
Garlauandesches e trescourres e tot renoveler.
   Lors changent la couchure, diversent le champ;
Ore mettent les perles où furent plates avant;
De un leon recoupé funt egle volant,
De un cyn entaillye un levere tapisant.
   Mès ke lour atyr jà tant ben seyt fet,
Kaunt une fez est veu de ren ne lour plest.
Tel est ore envie et tant orgoil en crest,
   Ke la fille le provost la dame contrefest.
   Ici finist la geste des dames.

Wrt.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

Selected from a paper MS. in 4to. of the fifteenth century, preserved in the
Cambridge Public Library—Ee. i. 13.

For to make boke-gleue.—Take the sowndys of stok-fysch,
and sethe hem in worte, or ellys in thynne ale, tyl that they be
tendyr; thanne take them and ley hem in a lynen cloth, and
presse out the water tyl they be herd and drye; than cut hem
on pecys, and let hem drye up.

For to make horn-glewe.—Take pecys of velym, and put hem
in stondynge watyr to the tyme they be nere sothyn; than
streyne the watyr thorow a lynen cloth into a basyn, the thyk-
nesse of halff an enche; and whan yt ys cold, cut yt owt in
pecys, and put yt on a thred, and drye yt in the sunne.

For to make clene thy boke yt be dehowlyd or squaged.—
Take a sceyvr of old broun bred of the crummys, and rub
thy boke therwith sore up and downe, and yt shal clense yt.

For to make wernysch.—Take a galon of good ale, and put
thereto iij. ounces of gumme of Arabyke, and Boyle a galon
into a quarte, and kepe yt welle.
For to wryte golde.—Take grey pomys, grynde yt smalle, temper yt with gleyre as rede ynke ys, and wryte therwith; and qwhan yt ys drye, rub theron gold or sylver, and as the metal ys so yt wylle be sene, and than borne yt with a tosch of a calf.

For to wryte secretly that no man kan rede yt.—Take gallys, and breke hem, and ley hem in stondyng watyr a nyght; wryte with that water, and let it drye, and whan thou wylt rede yt, take vytryole, and make yt in pouder; put yt in a moyst cloth, and rub that thou hast wretyn, and yt shal aper that thou mayst rede yt.

For to make glas bryght.—Take synderys and watyr, and temper hem togedyr, and rub thi glas, and yt schal be clere. Or ellys, take venegar and watyr medelyd togedyr, and wasch thy glas therwyth.

Hull.

POEM ON THE ALPHABET.

From a MS. in the Cambridge University Library, Gg. V. 35; of the eleventh century, on vellum.

Incipitum versus cujusdam Scoti de Alfabeto.

A. Principium vocis veterumque inventio prima, Nomen habens domini, sum felix voce pelasga, Exequeant item dira interjectio dicor,

B. Principium libri, mutis caput alter et ordo Tertia felicis vere sum sylaba semper; Si me Graece legas, viridi tum nascor in horto.

C. Principium celci primis et luna figuris; Et me clerus amat, legeris si Graece Latinus. Littera sum terrae pedibus praecripta quaternis.

D. Ablati casus vox sum, et pars septima linguae; Omnitens nomen et habens us bannita juncta, Sum medium mille, et veterum quoque nota Deorum.

E. Pars ego mutorum vere vocalis habebor; Altera deceptae quondam sum sylaba matris; Pars quoque sum plena, et vocis quinta Latine.

F. Semisonus dicor, liquidis ut muta ministro; Nescio quid cause est cur me sic ebrius odit. Nox perit et tenebrae, si me de flumine tollas.

G. Si solam legeris, tunc clarus Caesar habebor; Si duplicem legeris, Romanus præsul habebor; Post me quinta sonat parvum vocalis in ore.
H. Nomen habens vacuum, fragilém depórtō figuram, Non nisi per versus minae manet ualla potestas; Hoc tantum valui linguis spiramina ferre.

I. Sum numeros primus, juvenum contentio magna; Spreta figura mihi est etiam, sed mira potestas; Me tamen hand dominus voluit de lege perire.

K. Dux ego per primos primae vocalis habebor, Meque meo penitus pepulerunt jure moderni; Nunc caput Afrorum merui vel mensis haberii.

L. Si me Graece legas, totum sine sorde videbis; Nec frustra, quoniam per carmina sæpe liquesco. Sed tamen agricola in curvo me vertice portat.

M. In metris jugiter cum sim vocalibus escā, Suadeo de musis tollas me nongentricis, Ne atra figura tuos tenebris obtuscet ocellos.

N. Vox sum certa sonans qua res monstratur adesse; Tollere me multi quaerunt de nomine frustra. Vim quoque sic solitam phiteo de carmine prodens.

O. Littera sæpe choris sensum signata canentum, Curro vias multas, manibus sed fixa manebo; Perque meam formam sæclorum vertitur ordo.

P. Me sine nulla potest hominum concordia cerni; Nota potentis eram plebis præscripta columnis; Sic quoque nota fui patrum bis scripta priorum.

Q. Sola mihi virtus vocalem vincere quintam; Qua sine non nascer ego, hanc occido nefande; Qua propter justē memet respuere quaternae.

R. Est nomen durum, sed virtus durior illo; Idcirco placuit me non mollire camēnī; Nota tamen fueram populos vincentis et orbem.

S. Nota fui patrum proprie et virtutis in odis, Sed modo jam melius domini sum nota secunda; Et me Phæbus amat posuitque in ordine lucis.

T. Angelus en voluit poni me in fronte gementum, Caetera turba neci misere dum tota dabatur; Te precor hoc legitans proprio me nomine signa.

V. Forma manet semper, virtus mihi sed variatur; Utraque sum vere nullo discrimine formae; Nec me Graecus habet scriptam, sed me duo complemt.

X. Forma mihi simplex, sed certe dupplā potestas. Aere me puro præscribit pennā volantis; Per me sæpe patet numerus de lege sacratus. Finit.
SCRAPS OF VERSE.

From a Manuscript in the Library of St. Paul’s Cathedral; a miscellaneous theological volume of the fifteenth century, under the press-mark, 9 D. xix.

_Fol. 78, r°._

To the chylde makyng,
To the maner of beryng,
To the myght of his helpyng,
Throwh hym the world ys i-right
Holden in myght and ryght.

_Fol. 270, v°._

Prayes to God sorofully to forgyff 30w 30wr syn;
Prayes to God mekely to bryng 30w to blys that he is in;
Prayes to God hertly that he kep 30w fro 30wr enemys,
That thay of 30w the over home ne wyn.

_Fol. 271, v°._

I schalle pray for hys sowle, that God gyff hym rest;
And schalle hop for hys sowle, for that con I best.
He wold not do for hymself whyls he was on lyve,
And if I do for hys sowle, small moste I thryve.

_Wanne the hillus smoken,
Thanne Babilon schal have an eende;
But whan they brenne as tho fyyr,
Thanne eertie schal henus weende;
Whenne tho watres rennen hem froo,
The pepul schal turne to eerthe a3eyne;
And yf ye bliden aboute over,
Alle men schul be slayne._

Hill.

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_C LOVE._

From MS. Trin. Coll. Cant. B. 15, 17, last leaf, of the reign of Edward III.

Crist made to man a fair present,
His body body with love y-brent,
That blissful body his lyf hath sent,
For love of man whom sin hath blent.
O, love! love! what hastow ment?
Me thynketh that love to wraththe is went.
Thi loveliche hondes love hath to-rent,
And thi lythe armes wel streyte y-tent;
Thi brest is bare, thi body is bent,
For wrong hath wonne, and right is shent.
Thi mylde bones love hath to-drawe;
Thi nayles, thi feet ben al to-gnawe.
The lord of love love hath now slawe.
Whan love is strong, love hath no lawe.
His herte is rent, his body is blent,
Upon the roode tree;
Wrong is went, the devel is shent,
Crist, thoru3 the my3t of thee.
For that herte is leyd to wedde;
Swich was the love that herte us kedde;
That herte brast, that herte bledde,
That herte blood oure soules fedde.
That herte he yef for treuthe of love;
Therfore in hym one is trewe love,
For love of thee that herte is yove,
Keep thou that herte, and thou art above.

Love, love, wher shaltow won\?
Thy wonyng stede is thee bynome.
For Cristes that was thyn home,
He is deed, now hastow none.

Love, love, why dostow so?
Love, thow brekest myn herte a-two.

Love hath shewed his grete my3t;
For love hath maad day of the my3t.
Love hath slawe the kyng of ry3t,
And love hath ended the stronge fy3t.

So muchel love was nevere noon;
That witeth ful wel Marie and Jhon,
And also witeth thei everichon
That love with hym is maad aton.

Love maketh, Crist, thyn herte myn;
So maketh love myn herte thyn.
Thanne shal my love be trewe and fyn,
And love in love shal make fyn. Amen.
A CHARTER IN VERSE.

From MS. Cotton. Julius F. X, fol. 154, a modern transcript.

Inter Record. de termino Sancti Hillarii Anno Regni Regis Edvardi Secundi xviimo. penes Thes. et Camerar. Scaccarii Rem. inter alla continentur sic

Charta Sancti Edwardi Regis
de concessione ballivae sua.

Iche Edward Kynge
Have yeoven of my forest the keping,
Of the Hundred of Chelmer ant Dansing,
To Randolph Peperking ant to his kyndlyng,
With hart ant hynd, do ant bokke,
Hare ant foxe, catt ant brocke,
With fowle with his flocke,
Partriche, fesant henne ant fesant cocke,
With grene ant wilde, stob ant stokke,
To kepen ant to yeomen by all her myght
Bothe by day [ant] eke by nyght;
Ant houndes for to holde,
Gode ant swift ant bold,
Four greyhoundes ant six raches
For hare ant fox ant wilde cattes;
Ant therof iche made hym my book,
Witnes the bishop Wolston,
Ant book-y-lered many on,
An Sweyn of Essex our brother,
Ant teken hym many other,
Ant our steward Howelyn
That besought me for hym.*

G. J. A.

* The word and is represented in these lines in the original by a contraction, except in line 10, where it is spelt ant, a very common form in MSS. of the reign of Ed. II.—Wrt.

WHAT IS WOMAN?

From MS. Ec. II. 33, Bib. Publ. Cantab., of the thirteenth century.

Quid est mulier? Amicitia inimica; inefluguabilis pæna; necessarium malum; naturalis temptatio; desiderabilis calamitas; domesticum periculum; delectabile detrimentum; mali nata, boni colore dipicta; janua diaboli; via iniquitatis; scorpionis percussus notitiumque genus femina. Ex eis ab initio aucupatum est peccatum.

Hill.
RELIQUIAE ANTIQUAE.

PATERNOSTER AND AVE.

From a MS. in the Cambridge Public Library, Hn. VI. 11, of the thirteenth century, on vellum.

Hure fader, that art in hevene, blessed be thi name,
Thin holi heveriche mote us cumen to frame,
Thi wil be don in hevene and in erthe ii same,
To day us yif ure liifi bred that ilke dai we craven,
And foryst us oure dettes, so stronge so we hes haven,
Also we don alle men that in oure dettes aren,
And lede us noht in fonding, bote sulde us fro harm and fro schame,
And fro alle kennes iveles, thuruh thin holi name. Amen.

Heyl Marie! of grace i-fild,
And of God himself i-teld,
Blisceth be thou among winmen,
For thu art of Davi kingses kin,
Blesced be the frut of thi wombe,
For it is Goddes owene lombe.

Hull.

LOVE SONG.


My woofull hert thus clad in payn
Wote natt welle what do nor seyn,
Longe absens grevyth me so;
For lakke of syght nere and I fleyr,
All joy myne hert hath in dissedeyn,
Comfort fro me is go.
Then thogh I wold me owght complain
Of my sorwe and grete payn,
Who shold comfort me do?
Ther is nothinge can make me to be fayn,
But the syght of hym agayn
That cawsis my woo.
None but he may me susteyn,
He is my comfort in all payn,
I love hym and no moo;
To hym I woll be trywe and playn,
And evyr his owne in serteyn,
Tyll deth departe us to.
My hert shall I never fro hym refrayn,
I gave hitt hym withowte constrayn,
Evyr to contenwe so.

Hull.
THE PROVERBS OF KING ALFRED.

From MS. Trin. Coll. Camb. B. 14, 39, of the beginning of the thirteenth century. There was also a copy in MS. Cotton. Galba, A. xix. which unfortunately perished in the fire. Wanley (p. 231) and Speelman (VitÆlfr. p. 127) have preserved some lines of it, which give some various readings. There is another copy in a MS. at Oxford, of which Sir Frederic Madden has kindly given a transcript, printed here at the foot of the pages.

At Siforde
setin kinhis monie,
fele bisco, is,
γ fele booc-lerede,
herles prude
γ cnites egleche.
per was erl Alfred,
of pe lawe swipe wis,
γ heke Alfred
Englene herde,
Englene derling;
in Enkelonde he was king.
hem he gon lerin,
so we mugen i-herin,
whu we gure lif lede sulin.
Alfred he was in Enkelonde a king,
wel swipe strong γ lufsum þing.
He was king γ cleric,
ful wel he lovede Godis werce;
he was wis on his word,
γ war on his werke;
he was þe wisiste mon
þad was in Engelonde on.


Incipit documenta regis Alfredi.

At Sévorde
sete theynes monye,
fele biscoes,
and feole boke l-ered,
œrites prute,
knites egleche.
Thar wes the eorl Alveich
of thare lawe swithe wis,
and ek Ealved,
Englene hurde,
Englene durlyng;
on Englene londe he wes kyng.

Heom he bi-gon lere,
so ye mawe i-hure,
hw hi heore lif
lede schoilien.
Alfred he wes in Englene lond
and king wel swithe strong;
he wes king and he was cleric,
wel he luede Godes werk;
he wes wis on his word,
and war on his werke;
he wes the wysiste mon
that wes Engle londe on.
Thus queth Álfred,
Englène frover;
Wolde ye, mi leode,
lusten éure lovearde,
he óu wolde wyssye
wisliche thinges;
hw ye myhte worlde
wrthshipes welde,
and ek éure saule
sonnen to Criste.
Wyse were the wordes
the sçyde the king Álfred.

Mildeliche ich munye,
myne leove freond,
povre and riche,
leode myne,
that ye alle adréde

tur dryhten Crist,
luvyen hine and lykyen;
for he is loverd of lyf;
he is one God
over alle godnesse;
he is one gleaw
over alle glednesse;
he is one blisse
over alle blitnesse;
he is one monen
mildest mayster;
he is one folkes
fader and frower;
he is one rhtwis,
and so riche king,
that him ne schal beo wone
nought of his wille,
wo him her on wyrde
wrpin þenkety

*þus quad Alfred,
Engiene frovere:
May no riche king
ben onder Crist selves,
bote þif he be booc-lerid,
þ he writes wel kenne;
þ bote he cuuue letteris,
lokin him selven
wu he sule his lond
laweliche holden.

*þus quad Helfred:
þe herl þe hþelinge,
pþ ben under þe king,
þe lond to leden
mid lavelich i-dedyn;
boþe þe clerþe þe cnit
demen evenliche rict.
For after pat mon souit,
als suyiche sal he mouin,
þ everiches monnes dom
to his oge dure cherried.

*þus quad Alfred:
þe cnith biowith
kerliche to cnouen,
for to weriin þe lond of here
þ of hereegong,
þat þe riche habbe gryt,
þ þe cherril be in frit
his sedis to souin,
his medis to mowen,

we hine her on worlde
wrthie thencheth.

Thus queth Alverd,
Engiene wrover:
Ne may non ryhtwes king
under Cristes scolwen,
bute if he beo
in boke i-lered,
and he his wyttes
swithe wel kune,
and he cuuue lettres
lokis him seolf one,
how he schule his lond
laweliche holda.

Thus queth Alverd:
The corl and the ethelyng
i-bureth under gode king,

that lond to leden
myd laweliche deden;
and the clerþe and the knyhte,
he schulle demen evelych riht,
The povere and the ryche
demen i-lyche.
Hwyche so the mon soweth,
al swych he schal mowe;
and everyches monnes dom
to his owe dure churrith.
Tham knyhte bi-hoveth
kelethc on to fóne,
for to werie that lond
with hunege and with heriunge,
that the chreche habbe gryth,
and the choir beo in frith,
his sedes to sowen,
his medes to mowen,
his plouhis to drivin, to ure alre bi-lif; pis is pe cnichs lage, loke pat hit wel fare.

† bus quad Helfred:
Wid widutin wisdom is wele ful unwrd, for pau o mon b[ad]de hunt sevinti acreis, ſe al heged sagin mid rede golde, ſe golde greu so gres deit on ſe reipe, ne were i... wele nout ſe vurpere, bote he him fremede frend y-werche. For wad is g[old] bute ston, bute id habbe wis mon!

† bus quad Alfred:
Sulde nefere guge mon given him to hůvele, poch he is gile wel ne like..., neſpech he ne welde al ſad he wolde;

and his plouthe beo i-dryve, to ure alre bihowe. This is thes knyhtes lawe, loke he that hit wel fare.

Thus queth Alved:
The mon the on his youthe yerce leorneth wit and wisdom, and i-writhen rede, he may beon on elde wenliche lorton. And the that nule one youthe yerce leorny wit and wydom and i-writhen rede, that him euch on elde sore rewe. Thonne cumeth elde and unhelthe, thenne beoth his wéne ful wrothe i-sene, bothe heo beoth bi-swike, and eke hi beoth a-swunde.

Thus queth Alved.
Wyth-nte wydsome is weole wel unwarth; for they o mon abte hunt sevinti acres, and he hi hadde i-sowen alle myd reade golde, and the gold grewe so gres doth on eorthe, nere be for his weole never the further, bute he him of frumthe freond i-werche. For hwat is gold bute ston, bute if hit havelth wismon?

Thus queth Alved:
Ne scolde never yongmon howyen to swithe, thei him his wyse wel ne lykis, ne thei he ne welde al that he wolde.
for God may given wanne he wele
goed after yvil,
wele after wrake;
ge wel him pet mot scapen.

bus quad Alfred:
Stron\lge it his to rogen
agen pe se flod,
so it is to swinkin
again hineselphe,
.ch is him augepe
pe suinch was,
wanen her on werlde
welpe to winnen,
.he muge on helde
hednesse holdin,
ne mist his welpe
werchin Godis wille,
..enne his his guewe
swipe wel bitogen.

bus quad Alfred:
Gif pu havest welpe a wold,
i-wis gerlde ne þin wil nevre for-
al to wlonc wur-
[Ah]te nis non elderere stren,
ac it is Godis love,
wanne hitis his wille,
wer fro we sullen wenden,
\j ure ogene lif
mid sorw letin,
panne scullen ure fon
to ure fe gripen,
welden ure madmes,
\j lutil us bimenen.

bus quad Alfred:
Monimon wenit
pat he wenen ne þarf,

For God may yeve themhe we wule
god after uvele,
wele after wowe;
wel is him that hit i-schapen is.

Thus seyth Alved:
Strong hit is to rowwe
ayyn the se that floweth,
so hit is to swynke
ayyn unylime.
The mon the on his youthe two
swinketh,
and worldes weole her i-winth,
that he may on elde
idelnesse holde,
and ek myd his worldes weole
god i-queene er he quelle,
youthe and al that he haveth i-drowe
is themhe wel bi-towe.

Thus quath Alved:
Monymon weneth,
that he wene ne tharf,
longer livis,
ac him scal legen pat wrench;
for wanne he is lif alre beste trowen,
henne sal he letin lif his ogene.
Nis no wurt woxen
on woode no on felde,
pet eivre mughe pe lif up helde.
Wot no mon pe time
wanne he sal henne rimen,
ne no mon hen hende
wen he sal henne wenden.
Drittin hit one wot,
domis lovird,
wenne we ure lif
letin scullen.

Thus queth Alfret:
Leve pu pe nout to swipe
up pe se flod;
gif pu hawest madmes monie,
moch gold silvir,
it sollen wurpen to nout,
to duste it sullin driven.
Dristin sal livin evre;
monimon for is gold
havid Godis eire,
þuruch is silver
is saule he for-lesed.

longes lyves,
ac him lyeth the wrench;
for thanne his lyves
are best luved,
thenne he schal leten
lyf his owe.
For nys no wert uexynde
a wude ne a velde,
that ever muwe thas feye
forth up-holde.
Not no mon thene tyme
hwanne he schal heonne turne;
nemo mon thene ende
hwanne he schal heonne wende;
Dryhten hit one wot,
dowethes loverd,
hwanne ure lif
leten schule.

Thus queth Alved:
Yf tho seolver and gold
yet and weldest in this world,
ever upon eorthe
to wlonk thyn wythe.
Ayhte nys non ildre i-streon;

ac hit is Godes love,
hwanne it is his wille,
thar of we schulle wende,
and ure owes lyf
myd alle for-leten,
thanne schulle ure i-fon
to ure vouh gripen,
welden ure maythenes,
and leten us byhinde.

Thus queth Alved:
Ne i-lef thu nought to fele
uppe the seé that foweth.
If thu hafst madmes
monye and i-nowe,
gold and seolver,
hit schal guyde to nought;
to duste hit schal dryven.
Dryhten schal libben evere.
Monlymon for his gold
haveth Godes urre,
and for his seolver
hym seolver for-yemeth,
for-yeteth and for-leseth.
Betere him were
i-borin þat he nere.

Þ þus quad Alfred:
justlike lustine
. . lef dere,
þ ich her gu wille leren
wenes mine,
wit þ wisdome.
þe alle wæþe on ure god,
siker he may,
þ hwo hem nu senden.
For þopc his wæþe þim at-go,
is wid ne wen him newere fro.
Ne may he newir for-farin,
hwo him to fere haveth,
hwilis þat is lij
lesthen may.

Þ þus quad Alfred:
gif þu havist sorwe,
ne say þu hit þin arege;
seiþ þin sadilbowe,
þ ridþe singendre.
panne saie þe mon
þat ti wise ne can,
þad þe þine wise
wel þe likit.
Sorege gif þu havist,
þ ten arege hit sed,
bí-foren he þe bimened,
bí-hindin he þe scarnd.
þu hit mist seien swich mon,
þad it þe ful wel on,

Betere him by come
i-boren that he nere.

Thus queth Alfred:
Lusteth ye me, leode,
ower is the neode,
and ich eu willi lere
wit and wisdom
that alle thing over goth.
Syker he may sitte
the hyne haveth to i-verse;
for theyh his eyhte him a-go,
his wit ne a-goð hym never mo.
For ne may he for-vara,
the hyne haveth to vere,
the wile his owe lyf,

1- este mote.

Thus queth Alfred:
If thu havest scerwe,
ne seye thu hit noþht than arewe.
Seyne hit thine sadel-bowe,
and ryd the singiuðe forth;
thenne wele wene,
that thine wise ne con,
that the thine wise wel lyke.
scerwe if thu havest,
and the erewe hit wot,
by-fore he the moneth,
by-hynde he the teleth.
Thu hit myht segge swyhcþ mon,
that the ful wel on,
swich mon þu naist seien þi sor,
he wolde þad þu hevedest mór.
for-þi hit in þin herte... one,
for-hele hit wid þin arege,
let þu nevere þin arege witin
al þer þin herte þenket.

þus quad Alfred:
Wis child is fadiris blisse.
Gif it so hitidit
þat þu chil weldest,
þe wile þat hit is liþil
þu lere him monnis þewis;
þanne hit is woxin,
he sal wenne þerto;
þanne sal þe child
þas þe bet worpen.
Ac gif þu les him welden
al his owene willi,
þanne he comit to helde,
sore it sal him rewen;
þe he sal banne þat widt
þat him first tagte.
þanne sal þi child
þi forbod over-gangin.
Beter þe þere child
þat þu ne havedest;
for betere is child unboren,
þenne unbeten.

þus quad Alfred:
Drunken þ undrunkin
þeper is wisdome wel god,
þarf no mon drinkin þe lasse
þan he be wid ale wis;
ac he drinkit
þ desiet þere a morge,
so þat he for-drunken
desiende werchet.
He sal ligent long a nict,
litil sal he schlepen;
him sugh sorege to,

wyth-ute echere ore,
he on the muchele more;
by-hud hit on thire heorte,

that the eft ne smeorte;
ne let thu hyne wite,
al that thine heorte by-wite.
so dey pe salit on fles
suket þuru is liche,
so dot liche blod;
þ his morge sclep
sal ben umchilestín,
were þe swo on even
þevele haved y-dróken.

þ pus quad Alfred;
Ne sa þu þi wif
bi hire white chesen,
ne for non athte þine bury
bringhen her, þu hire costes cuþe;
for moni mon fer athte
ivele i-hasted,
þ ofte mon on faire
fokel chesed.
Wo is him þat ivel wif
brinhit to is cot-líf;
so his olyve,
þai ivel wived,
for he sa him ofte
dreli maken.

þ pus quad Alfred:
Wurpu nevere swo wod,
ne so drunken,
þat evere sai þu þi wif
al þat þi wille be.
For hif hue segen þe
biforen þine somen alle,
þ þu hire mit worde
wraged havedest,

Thus queth Alfrēd:
Ne schal tu nevere thi wif
by hire wyte chese; 
for never none thinge
that heo to the bryneþeth.
Ac leorne hire custe,
heo cutheth hi wel sone.
For monymon for ayhte
uveli æþhteth; 
and ofte mon of Fayre
frakele i-choeseth.
Wo is him that uvel wif
bryneþeth to his cotlyf;
so him is a lytte,
that uvele y-wyþeth;
for he schal uppem eorthe

dreori i-wurthe.
Monymon singeth,
that wif hom bryneþeth;
wiste he hwat he brouhte,
wepen he myhte.

Thus queth Alfrēd:
Ne wurth thu never so wod,
ne so wyn drunke,
that evere segge thine wif
alle thine wille.
For if thu i-saye the bi-vore
thine i-vo alle,
and thu hi myd worde
i-wretheþed havedest,
he ne sold it leten
for ſinke livinhinde,
ſat he ne solde ſe up-breidin
of ſine bale sipes.
Wiſmon is word wod,
ſe havit tunke to swist,
ſane he hire selve wel wolde,
ne maie he it nowit welden.

**pus quad Alvered:**
wurpu nevere so wod,
ne so desi of ſi mod,
ſad evere sige ſi frend
al ſat ſe likit,
ne alle ſe ſonkes
ſat ſu poch havist;
for ofte sibbie men
foken hem bituenen,
ſe if it so bilimpit
to le ſat ge wurpen,
ſanne wot ſi fend
ſad her wiste ſi frend.
Betere ſe bicom
ſi word were helden,
for ſe ne mud mamaylt
more ſanne hiptsolde,
ſanne sculen his heren
eſe it i-heren.

**pus quad Alvred:**
Mani mon wenit
ſat he weniſ in ne ſarſ,
frend ſad he habbe,
ſer mon him faire bi-hait,
ſeſet him faire bi-foren,
fokeſ al henden.
So mon mai wel ſe lengest helden,
giv ſu nevere leven alle monnis spechen,
ne alle ſe ſinke
ſat ſu herest sinken;
for moni mon havith fikil mod,
ſe he is monne cuſi.
Ne saltu nevere kwenen.  
wanne he þe wole bipecben.

Þ pus quad Alvred:  
Moni appel is wid-uten grene,  
brít one leme,  
Þ bittere wid-innen.  
So his moni wimmon  
in hire faire buren,  
schene under schete,  
Þ þocke hie is in an stondes wile.  
Swo is moni gadeling  
godelike on horse,  
wlancl on werge,  
Þ unwurp on wike.

Þ pus quad Alvred:  
Idilscepe Þ orgul prude,  
þat lerit gung wif  
leþere þewes,  
Þ often to þenchen  
don þat he ne scolde.  
Gif he for-swaken,  
swoti þuer sgo hie ne þocht,  
ac þoch hit is ivel to bewen  
þat tertre ben ne wille;  
for ofte mused þe catt  
after the moder.  
Wose lat is wif his maister wurpen,  
sal he never ben his wordes loverd;  
ac he sal him rere dreige,  
Þ moni tene selliche hawen:  
selden sal he ben on sele.

Thus queth Alfred:  
Idelsclipe and over prute,  
that lereth yong wif uvele thewes,  
and ofte that wolde do,  
that heo ne scholede,  
thene unhethe llhte,  
leten heo myhete.  
If heo ofte a swote  
for-swunke were,  
theyh hit is uvel to buwe  
that beo vule treowe.  
For ofte mutheth the kat  
after hire moder.  
The mon that let wymmon  
his maister l-wurthe,  
ne schal he never been l-hurd  
his wordes loverd;  
ac heo hine schal steorne  
to-trayn and to-teone;  
and selde wurth he blythe and gled,  
the mon that is his wives qued.  
Mony appel is bryht with-ute,  
and biter with-inne;  
so is mony wymmon  
on byre fader buren,  
schene under schete,  
and theyh heo is schendful;  
so is mony gedelyng  
godlyche on horse;  
and is theyh hatel wurth:  
wonk bi the glede,  
and uvel at thare neode.
RELIQUIÆ ANTIQUÆ.

1 þus quad Alfreverd:
Gif þu frend bi-gete
mid þi fre bigete,
loke þat þu him þeine
mid alle þe uues þines.
loke þat he þe be mide
bi-foren þ bi-hinden,
þe bett he sal þe reden
at alle þine neden.
þ on him þu maist þe tresten,
þif is troyþe degh.
Ac gif þu havist a frend to day,
þ to moreuin drivist him auei,
þenne bes þu one,
al so þu her were;
þ þanne is þi fe for-loren,
þ þi frend boþen.
betere þe bcome frend
þat þu newedest.

1 þus quad Alfred:
þurch sage mon is wis,
þ þurh selþe mon is gleu,
þurch lesin mon is loð,
þ þurh luþere wrenches unwurþ.
þ hokede honden make þen mon
is hewit to lesen.
Ler þu þe never
over mukil to leþen;
ac loke þine nexte,
he is ate nede god;
þ frendchiþe o werlde
fairest to wurchen,
wid povere þ wid riche,
wid alle men i-liche,
þanne maist þu sikerliche
seli sittin,
þ fareþ over londe,
hwar so bet þi wille.

1 þus quad Alved:
Gif þu havist duge,
þ drichen þe senden,
ne þeng þu nevere þi lif
to narruliche leden,
ne þine faires
to faste holden.
For wer hachte is hid,
þer is armpe i-noch;
þi siker ich it te saige,
letet gif þe liket,
swich mon mai after þi god welden,
ofte binnen þine burie
blipewenden,
þad he ne wele heren
mid ennpe monegen;
ac evvere him of-þinket,
þen he þe þenked.

þus quad Alvred;
Vretu noth to swiþe
þe word of þine wive;
for þanne hue bed i-wuarped (?)
mid wordes ðepre mid dedes,
wimmon weped for mod
ofter þanne fro eni god,
þi ofte lude þi stille
for to wurchen hire wille.
Hueweped ðepre wile,
þen hue þe wille biwilen.
Salamon hid hawit i-sait,
hue can moni yvel reid.
Hue ne mai hit non ðepir don,
for wel herliche hue hit bi-gan.
þe mon þad hire red foloweip,
he bringeþ him to seruge;
for hit is said in lede,
cold red is quene red.
Hi ne sawe it nocht bi þan,
þat god þing is god wimmon;
þe mon þad michte hire cnoswen,
þi chesen hire from ðepere.

Thus queth Alfred:
Evre thu be thine lyve,
the word of thine wyve
to swithe thu ne ærede,
If heo beo i-weththep
myd wordes other myd dede,
wymmon wepeth for mod
oftes than for any god;
and ofte lude and stille
for to vordrye hire wiþe.
Heo wepeth other hwile
for to do the gyte.
Salamon hit hæbeth i-sed,
that wymmon can wel uvelne red:
the hire red foloweth,
heo bryngether hine to scorewe:
For hit sewith in the loth,
as acumus for-teeth;
hit is i-furn i-seyd,
that cold red is quene red;
hu he yvelde
that foloweth hire reþe.
Ich hit ne segge nouht for than
that god thing nys god wymmon,
the mon the hi may i-choose,
and i-covere over oþere.
Thus queth Alfrede:

Monymon wenment, that he weny ne tharf, freond that he habbe, thar me him vayre bi-hat, seyth him vayre bi-vore and frakels bi-hynde; so me may thane lote lengost lede. Ne l-lef thu never thane mon, that is of feole speche; ne alle the thinges that thu i-herest singe. Mony mon haveth swikelene muth, milde and monne for-cuth; nole he the cuthe, hwenne he the wule bi-kache.

Thus queth Alfrede:

Thurh sawe mon is wise, and thurh his eth mon is gleu; thurh leisage mon is lot, and thurh luther wrenches and un-wurth; and thurh hokede honde that he bereth, him seolwe he for-vareth. From leysinge thu the wune, and alle uuthewesthu the bi-schune; so myht thu on theode leof beon in alle leode. And luwe thynge nextré, he is at the noede god; at chepyngge and at chyreche, freond thu the i-wurch, wyth l-owere and with riche, with alle monne i-lyche; thanne myht thu sikeleriche sely styte, and ek faren over lond, be hwider so beoth thi wilre.

Thus queth Alfrede:

Alle world ayhte shullie bi-cumen to monhte, and yuches cannes madmes to mixe schulen i-multen, and ure owe lif lutel hwele i-iste. For theyh o mon wolde at the worde, and at the wunne the ther inne wunyeth, ne myhte he thar myde his lif none hwele holde. Ac al he schal for-leten on a litel stunde; and schal ure blisse to balewe us i-wurthe, bute if we wurceth wyllen Cristes.

Nu bithenche we thanne us selve, ure lif to ledeu, so Crist us gynnth lere; thanne mawe we wenem that he wule us wrathie. For so seyde Salomon the wise, the mon that her wel deth, he cunneth thar he lyen foth on his lyves ende, he hit schal a-vynde.

Thus queth Alfrede:

Ne gabbage thu, ne schotte, ne chid thu wyth none sotte; ne myd manyes cannes tales ne chid thu with nenne dwales; ne never thu ne bigynne to telle thine tylthings at nones fremannes borde, ne have thu to vale worde. Mid fwe worde wismon fele bliken wel con; and sottes bolt is lone i-scohte;
For-Þi ich telle him for a dote,
ðad sait al is y-wille,
þanne he sulde ben stille:
for ofte tunke brekit bon,
Þ navid hire selwe non.

Þus quad Alvred:
Elde cumid to tune,
mid fele unkeþe costes;
Þ doþe þe man to helden,
þat him selwe ne maiþe him noch wenden.
Hit makit him wel unmeke,
þ binimit him is miste.
Þif it swo bitided,
þat þu her so lange abidist,
Þ þu in þine held werldes
welþe weldest,
þi duþeþe giv þu delen
þine dere frend,
hwile þine dages dugen,
þ þu þe selwen live moue.
Have þu none leve
þe þad after þe bileved,
to sone ne to douter,
ne to none of þine foster.
For fewe frend we sculen vinden,
þanne we henne funden:
þor he þat is ute bi-loken,
he is inne sone for-geten.

Þus quad Alvred:
Gif þu i þin helde best

for-thi ich holde hine for dote
that sayth al his wille,
thanne he scholde beon stille:
for ofte tunge breketh bon,
theyh heo seolfe nabhbe non.

Thus queth Alvered:
Wis child is fader blisse.
If hit so bi-tydeth
that thu bern i-bliest,
the hwile hit is lutel
ler him mon thewes;
thanne hit is weyrnde
hit schal wende thar to,
the betere hit schal i-wurthe
ever buwe sorthe.
Ac if thu him lest welde,
werende on worlde,
lude and stille,

his owene wille;
þwanne cumeth ealde,
ne myht thu hyne a-welde,
thanne deth hit sone
that the bith un-y-queme;
ofer-howeth thin l-bod,
and maketh the ofte sory mod.
Betere the were
i-boren that he nere;
for betere is child unborne,
thane unbuhsam.
The mon the spareth yeorde,
and yonge childe;
and let hit arulye,
that he hit areche ne may;
that him schal on ealde
sore reowe. Amen.

Explicitum dicta regis Alveredi.
welpes bi-delid,

ŋ ū ne cunne þe leden
mid none cunnes listis,
ne ū ne moge mid strenghe
þe selwen steren,
panne þanke þi loverd
of alle is love,
ŋ of alle þine owene live,
ŋ of þe dagis licht,
ŋ of alle murþe
þad he for mon makede.
ŋ hweder so ū þu hwendes,
sei ū aten ende,
wrþe þad i-wurþe,
i-wurþe Godes wille.

þus quad Alvred :
werldes welpþe
to wurmes scal wurþien,
ŋ alle cunne madmes
to nocht sulen melten,
ŋ þure lif sal lutel lasten.
For ðu mon weldest
al þis middellert,
ŋ alle þe welpþe
þad þe inne wonit,
ne nust þu þi lif lengen
none wile,
bote al þu it salt leten
one lutele stunde,
ŋ al þi blisse
to bale sal i-wurþen,
bote þis þu wurþche
wille to Criste.
For bipeng þe we mus us selwen
to leden ure lif,
so God us ginnid leten,
þenne muge we wenen
þad he us wile wurþen.
For swo saide Salomon,
þe wise Salomon:
wis is þad wel dop
hwile he is in þis werld,
bop evere at þen ende
he comid þer he hit findit.
pus quad Alvred:
Sone min swo leve,
site me nu bisides,
j hich pe wilde sagen
sope pewes.
Sone min, ich fala (sic)
pad min hert failewidp,
j min wite is wan,
j min herte woc,
mine dagis arren nei done,
j we sulen unc to delen;
wenden ich me sal
to pis ophir werde,
j pu salt bileven,
in alle mine welpe.
Sone min, ich pe bidde,
pu ard mi barin dere,
pad pu pi folck be fader,
j for loverd;
fader be pu wid child,
j be pu wudewis frend,
pe arme gume pu froveren,
j pe woke gume pu coveren,
pe wronke givve pu ristin
mid alle pine mistin;
j let the sune mid lawe,
j lowien pe sulen Drísten,
j ower alle ophir pinke
God be pe ful minde,
j bide pad he pe rede
at alle pine dedis.
pe bet sal pe filsten
to don al pine wille.

pus quad Alvred:
Sone min so dere,
do so ich pe lere;
be pu wis on pi word,
j war o pine speche,
penne sulen pe lowien
leden alle.
pe gunge mon do pu lawe,
pad helde lat is lond hawen.
Drunken mon pif pu mestes,
in weis ope in stretes,
pu gef him pe weie reme
j let him ford gliden.
Reliquiae Antiquae.

\( \text{\textit{penne mist pu pi lond}} \)
\( \text{mit frendchipe helden.} \)
\( \text{Sone, pu best bus pe fot} \)
\( \text{of bismare word,} \)
\( \gamma \text{ bet him siwen pe mide,} \)
\( \gamma \text{ pad him givve to smerten.} \)
\( \gamma \text{ baren, ich pe bidde,} \)
\( \beta \text{ if pu on benche sitthest,} \)
\( \gamma \text{ pu pen beuir hore sixst} \)
\( \text{pe bi-foren stonden,} \)
\( \text{buch pe from pi sete,} \)
\( \gamma \text{ bide him sone pe to,} \)
\( \text{panne welle he sawin} \)
\( \text{sone one his worde,} \)
\( \text{wel worpe pe wid,} \)
\( \text{pad pe first taite.} \)
\( \text{Sete panne seipin} \)
\( \text{besiden him selven,} \)
\( \text{for of him pu mist leren} \)
\( \text{listes \( \gamma \) fele peues,} \)
\( \text{pe baldure pu mist ben;} \)
\( \text{for lere pu his reides,} \)
\( \text{for the heldermon me mai of riden,} \)
\( \text{betere \( \text{\textit{penne of reden.}} \) \)

\( \text{\textit{\( \text{\textbf{\textit{bus quad Alvred}} \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \) \)
RELIQUIÆ ANTICÆ.

he wole·stelin þin haite þy keren,
þ listeliche on·suerten;
so longer he nolle be bi,
he nolle brinhin on þy tuenti
to nout, for sope ich tellit þe:
þ oper he wole liven þy hokerful ben,
þuru hoker þy lesing þe alopèd
alle men þat ben þy·cnowed.
Ac min þe to þe asable mon,
þat word þy dede bi·sette con,
þy mulþeplien heure god,
a sug fere þe his help in mod.

Þ þus quad Alved:
Leve sone dere,
ne ches þu nevere to fere
litelle mon, ne long, ne red,
þif þu wld don after mi red.
Þ þe luttele mon he his so reit,
ne mai non him wonin nei;
so word he wole him selven teir,
þat his lovird maister he wolde beir;
bute he mote himselven pruden,
he wole maken fule luden;
he wole grennen, cocken, þy chiden,
þy hewere faren mid unladen.
þif þu me wld i·leven,
ne mai me never him quemen.

Þ þe lonke mon is leþe bei,
selde comid is herte rei;
he havit stoni herte,
ox þing him ne smerteþ;
b þord dages he is aferd,
of sticke þy ston in huge werd.
þif he fallit in þe fen,
he þewit ut after men;
þif he slit in to a dige,
he is ded witerliche.

Þ þe rede mon he is a quet;
for he wole þe þin uvil red;
he is cocker, þef, þy horeling,
scolde, of wrecchedome he is king.
Hic ne sige nout bi þan,
þat moni ne ben gentile man;
þuru þis lore þy genteleri,
he amendit huge companie.

Wrt.
A POEM ON BLOOD-LETTING.

From a 12mo. volume of the end of the 14th century, in the possession of C. W. Loscombe, Esq.

Maystris that uthyth blode letyng,
And therwyth giteth zowr leyng,
Here 3e may lere wysdom ful gode,
In what place 3e schulle let blode
In man, woman, and in childe,
For evelyg that ben wyk and wilde.
Weynis ther ben xxx.\(d\) and two
That on a man mot ben undo;
.xvj. in the heved ful rizt,
And .xvj. beneth in zow i-pyzt.
In what place thay schal be founde,
I schal 3ow telle in a stounde.
Besydis the ere ther ben two,
That on a man mot ben undo
To kepe hys heved fro evyly turnyng,
And fro the scalle, wythout lesyng.
Two at the templys thay mot blede
For stoppyng of kynde, as I rede.
And on is in the mydde for-hevede,
For lepre sausfleme mot blede.
Abowe the nose thare is on,
For fuethynge mot be undon;
And also whan eyhen ben sore,
And for resyng gout everemore.
Two they ben at the eyhen ende,
Whan they beth bleryt for to amende,
And for that cometh of smokynghe,
I wol tel yow no lesynghe,
At the holle of the zrot ther ben two,
That for lepre and streyt breyt mot be undo.
In the lyppys .iiiij. ther ben gode to bledene,
As I yow telle now bydene
Two by the eyhen abowen also,
I telle yow there ben two
For sor of tho mowthe to blede,
What hyt is I fynde as I rede.
Two under the tongue wythout lese
Mot blede for the squynase;
And whan the townge is akynghe
Thro3t eny maner swollynge.
Now I hawe tole of .xvj.
That longeth to the heved, I weyn;
Of as many I schal yow say,
That hel were bet, in fay.

In every harme ther ben fywe
Gode to blede to man and wyve.
_Sephelica_ is that on i-wys,
The heved weyn i-clepyt is,
That body apleyt and the heved,
_He clansyt fro that ille weyd._
In the by3t of the harme also
_An3yr hys that mot be undo,
_Baselyca_ hys name is,
Leythe he setyt thare i-wys;
Forsothe he clansyt the lyvere aryt,
And alle the membrys beneth the astreyt.
The medyl weyn betuen ham two
The _coral_ is clepyt also;
That veyn clansit wythoute doute
Abowe, beynthe, within and without.
_Fro basylica_, that I of tolde,
_A branche veyn spryngeth up ful bolde;
To the thowme goth that on branche,
The cardiale he wol stanche;
That other branche ful ry3t goyt
To the lytil fyngere, without anoyt,
Hyt is a weyn of noble fame,
_Salva tell_ . . . * is hys name,
There is no veyne that clansyt so clene
Stoppynge of lyver ne of splene.
Byneth the knokelys of the fete
_Wyth two weynis thow my3t mete,
Wythin settyt _domestica_,
_Wythoute settyt salvatica_;
_Domistica_ clanseth ful welle
The blader within every delle,
_Salvatica_ withoute dowte
Clenseth ful wel for the goute.
A woman schal in the harme blede
For stoppyng of hure flowryrs at nede;
A man schal blede ther also
The emeraydis for to undo;
Thys veynis 3yf thu use as I yow say,
The fever quarteyn thu schal do away.

* A letter or two seem to be erased after _tell_, though I am not sure that there is any omission.
JOHN ARDERNE'S ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF.

From the English treatise de Fistula in Ano, in MS. Sloane. 663, fol. 124, r°. of the fifteenth century. This is one of the best manuscripts of the English version, and I am indebted for the choice of it to the politeness of one of the keepers of the Manuscripts in the British Museum, who also informed me that, upon collation of a great number of manuscripts, he had found that this tract is only a portion of a larger treatise.

Johan Arderne fro the first pestelence that was in the yere of our Lord 1349, duelled in Newerke in Notinghamshire unto the yere of our Lord 1370, and ther I helid many men of fistula in ano; of which the first was Sir Adam Everyngham of Laxton in the Clay bysde Tukkesförd, whiche Sir Adam for sothe was in Gascone with Sir Henry that tyme named herle of Derby, and after was made Duke of Lancastre, a noble and worthy lord. The forsaid Sir Adam forsok severend fistulam in ano, made for to aske counsell at all the lechez and corurgienz that he myghte fynd in Gascone, at Burdeux, at Briggerac, Tolows, and Neyybon, and Peyters, and many other placez, and all forsok hym for uncurable; whiche y-se and y-herde, the forsaid Adam hastied for to torne home to his contree, and when he come home he did of al his knyghtly clothes, and cladde mournyng clothes in purpose of abydyng dissolvying or lesyng of his body beyng nyʒ to hym. At the last I forsaid Johan Arderne y-soʒ, and covenant y-made, come to hym and did my cure to hym, and, our Lorde beyng mene, I heled hym perfytily within halfe a yere, and afterward hole and sound he ledde a glad life 30 yere and more. For whiche cure I gate myche honour and loyng thurʒ all Ynglond; and the forsaid Duke of Lancaster and many other gentilez wondred therof. Afterward I cured Hugon Derlyng of Fowick of Balne by Snythe. Afterward I cured Johan Schefeld of Rightwell aside Tekill. Afterward I cured Sir Raynald Grey lord of Wilton in Walez, and lord of Schirlond bysde Chesterfelde, whiche asked consel at the moste famose
lechez of Ynglond, and none availed hym. Afterward I cured Sir Henry Blakborne clerk, Tresorer of the lord Prince of Walez. Afterward I cured Adam Oumfray of Schelford by-side Notyngham, and Sir Johan prest of the same toune, And Johan of Holle of Schirlande, and Sir Thomas Hamelden persone of Langare in the vale of Benare. Afterward I heled Sir Johan Macey persone of Stoppore in Chestreshire. Afterward I cured frere Thomas Gunny, custode of the Frere Mynours of Zorke. Afterward in the yere of our Lord 1370, I come to London and ther I cured Johan Colyn maire of Northampton, that asked consel at many lechez. Afterward I heled or cured Hew Denny, fischmanger of London, in Brygggestrete, and William Polle, and Raufe Dowble, and one that was called Thomas Browne, that had 15 holez by whiche went oute wynde with egestiouz ordour, that is to sey 8 holez of the to party of the ersse, and 7 on the tother syde, of whiche some holez was distaunte fro the towel by the space of the hand-brede of a manne, so that bothe his buttokz was so ulcerate and putrefied within that the quieter and filthe went outhiche day als myche as ane egg schel miȝt take. Afterward I cured 4 frerez prechours, that is to sey, frere Johan Writell, frere Johan Haket, frere Petre Browne, frere Thomas Apperley, and a yong man called Thomas Voke, of whiche forseen somme had only one holy distaunte fro the towell by one ynche, or by tuo, or by thre, and other had 4 or 5 holez procedyng to the codde of the testiclez. And many other maners, of which the tellyng war ful hard. All these forseen cured I afore the makeynge of this boke, our Lord Jhesu y-blissed! God knoweth that I lye noȝt, and therfor no man dout of this, thof al olde famour men and full clere in studie have confessed tham that they fand noȝt the way of curacion in this case. For God, that is deler or rewarder of wis dome, hath hit many things fro wyse men and slyȝe, whiche he vouchsafe afterward for to schew to symple men. Therfor al men that ar to come afterward, witte that alde maisterez war noȝt bisie ne pertinacez in sekyng and serchyng of this forsaide cure. Butt for they myȝt noȝt take the hardines of it at the first frout, thai kest it utterly byhind thai bak; of whiche for soth som demed it holy for to be incurable, other applied doutful opynyons. Therfor, for als myche in harde things it spedeth to studiers for to preserve and abide, and for to turne subtily thair wittez, for it is opned not to tham that ar passand, bot to tham that ar perseverand. Therfor to the honour of God Almighty that hath opned witte to me that y schuld synde tresour hidde in the felde of studiers, that long tyme and pantygyn breste I have swette and travailed full bisily and per-
tincely in dinamidiis. As my faculté sufficeth withoute faire spekyng of endityng, I have brot for to schew it openly tham that cometh after,oure Lord beyng me in this boke, noxt that I schew myslf more worthi of longyng of siche a gifte than other, but that I greve noxt God, and for the dragme that he hathe giffen to me that I be noxt constryned for treson. Therfor I pray that the grace of the holy gost be to the werke, that he vouchsafe for to spede it, that tho things which in wyrkyng trewly I am ofte tymes experte I may plenerly explane tham in this litel boke.*

Hill.

* Mr. Hunter tells me that this treatise by Arderne is printed at the end of a translation of a medical treatise of Arcerus, 4to. London 1588. On reference I find that that edition is much abridged from the original.

THE PROVERBS OF HENDING.

Another copy of the poem which we have printed under this title at p. 169 of the present volume occurs in MS. Gg. I. 1, fol. 475, v*, Bib. Publ. Cantab. of the reign of Ed. II. It commences as follows—

*Ici commence le livre de Hending.*

Jhesu Crist al folkis rede,
That for us alle tholed dede
Apon the rode tre,
Lern us alle to be wise,
And to hendi in Godis servise!
Amen, par charité!
Wel is him that wel ende mai,
Quod Hending.

Ne mai no man that is in londe,
For nothing that he mai fonde,
Wonin at home and spede,
So fele thewis for to lerne,
So he that had i-sowt yerne
Aventures in fele dede.
Also fele dedis also fele thewis,
Quod Hending.

Ne be thi childe nevir so dere,
And he wil nul thewis lere,
Bete him othir wele;
BELIQUE ANTIQUA.

Thes thou letist him havin his wille,
Wiltou niltow he wil spille
And becomin a file.
Sothe childe behoid lore, and leve childe
som del more,

Quod Hending.

Soche lore as man vil lerne,
And nim hit into herte yerne
Man in his youthe,
Hi sul him and elde folow,
Both avene and eke a-morw
To be him wel cowthe.
He is i-blessid o so Goddis mowthe, that god
 craft lernt in is thougthe,

Quod Hending.

&c. &c. &c.

Hwll.

FRAGMENT OF A POEM ON THE VIRTUES
OF HERBS.

From a MS. on vellum of the fourteenth century, now in the possession of
C. W. Loscombe, Esq.

To God that is owre best leche
Owre hele holy we be-teche,
And to that mayden mylde Marie,
Modur ful of mercye.
Gode vertu I sende yow hasshe,
In worde, in ston, and in grasshe;
No wondur that man fallyt therto
In tryst to keverit be of wo.
Bothe Ypocras and Galiene,
Platiari and Constancienc,
Macer, Plimie, and other moo,
Gode recorde berreth therto,
That herbes helpeth man to leche.
Of on the best schale be owre speche
That evere was fonde in boke of kynde;
Man, at nede hawe it in mynde.
This herbe is callit rosemarine,
Of vertu that is gode and fyne:
Bot alle the vertues telle I ne cane,
No I trawe no ertheley man.
Now summe of ham wylle I telle,
An 3e wyl a stowne dwelle,
As I in boke wryten fonde
Of doctowrus of dyverse londe,
That everiche telles in hys degree
As he hath preved in hys contree;
And 3et is preved every 3ere,
To helpe mane in hys mystere.
Alle that ever I preved have
Ben fowden sothe, so God me save!
An so sayen other that worche hit can,
That hele hyt 3eves to many man.

Bot slywynge and the rote of rosmaynyne
Man may set welle and fyne
Betwene Apryle and the May,
In neetis fen and of the way;
And also befor the Mychaelmasse
The same to set leve thu hasse;
Wyth horse fenne thu hellyt welle,
That colde grewe hyt never a delle.
Alle so in Apryle do the seede,
Ther blak erthe may hyt fede.
The blake forst, the northeren wynde,
To thyse herbe beth unkynende.
Helle hyt wel wyth alle thy mayn,
And kep fro colde, that hyt be not sleyn.
Hyte wyllte the help when hyt spronge,
Therfor thi trawalle theynk not longe.
Hyt hotte is in the secunde degree,
Drye in the thredde, sayt Platearee.
The fyst virtu is gode and fyne
Of the gloriose rosmaryne;
Alle colde eweles help hyt may
Wythin the body, who can asay;
Bot fyrst the body most purget ben
Wyth jorepygra Galyn,
Other wyth summe gode purgacion
That is of hot complexion.
The flowre is of a gode lose,
That men calleth autose.
The flowres Boyle in water clere,
Drynk erly and last after sopere,
Hyt schal the clanse and kepe with wynne
Of all hot eweles thi body wythinne.
Alle so seeth hyt in wyt wyne,
And wesse the wysage wel therinne,
Hyt schal make the hole and clere,
Fayre and rody bothe i-fere.

Take poudyr of that same flowre,
And bere wyth the in everi howre,
And thu shalt be mery and lythe,
Graciowse and i-loved in al sythe.

Of rosemaryni is grene tree,
Berne a col and bere wyth the,
And lappe hylt in a lynnyn colthe;
Thost hit grewe, be thu nost wrothe;
Rubbe thi tethe therwyth at nede,
And thu shalt have wel gode spede.
For al wormes hylt wol slee,
And make wenym away to flee.

Jyff thow hawe colde in thi hede
Throwth kowthe and poose that the dos lede,
Loke the barke, and therof brenne,
And finny thi visage wel therinne,
The smoke thu fowge at mowthe and noese,
Hyt wille the help of the poose.

Seeth the rote in vynacre of wyne,
And lette a theef wesse his fete thereinne,
He no schal that tyde have myst ne strenthe
No harme to do on brede ne lengthe,
No man robbe ne no thyng stelle;
No man dare drede with him to dele.

The flowrys fastynge with ry brede,
Or other, ete, hit is my rede;
Wyth hony meyng hyt wel to hepe,
Fro falleng ewyl hit schal the kepe.

Also lay flowris on thy bedde;
Thu schalt be i-helpit, I dare the wedde,
Fro drecychgne and fro ferdful swevenys,
Bothe by dayes and on evenys.

Moche of this herbe to see the thu take
In water, and a bathe thow make;
Hyt schal the make ly3t and joly,
And also lykyng and 3owuly.

Of thys herbe telles Galiene,
That in hys contree was a quene,
Gowtus and croket as he hath tolde,
And eke sixty 3ere olde;
Sor and feyl, where men hyr sey,
Scho semyth wel for to dey;
Of rosmaryn scho toke sex powde,
And grownde hyt wel in a stownde,
And bathed hir threyes everi day,
Nyne mowthes, as I herde say,
And afterwarde anoynyte wel hyr hede
Wyth gode bame, as I rede;
Away fel alle that olde fleshe,
And 3owge i-sprong tender and nesshe;
So fresshe to be scho then bigan,
Scho covetytede couplede be to man,
For

[A few leaves of the MS. missing.]

MAN HIS OWN WOE.


Myn owene wo.

I may say, and so may mo,
I wyte mysylfe myne owene woo.

In my 3owthe full wynde y was,
Myself that tyme kowthe I not knowe;
I wolde have my wyll in every place,
And that hath browste me now full lowe.
Thenke, Jhesu, I am thy thyn owne;
For me were thy sythes bloe:
To chastysse me thou dydest hit, I trowe;
I wyte myself myne owene woo.

I made covienautte trewe to be,
When y fyrste crystened was;
I wente to the worlde, and turned fro the,
And folowede the fend and his trace.
Fro wrath and envy wolde ye not passe,
With covetyse y was bawste also.
My flesh hadde his wyll, alas!
I wyte myself myne owene woo.

Now y wote I was full wyldde,
For my wyll passede my wytte;
I was full sturdy, and thou full mylde,
Lorde! how I knowe well hytte,
Of thy blysse I were full qwytte,
3yf I hadde after that I have do;
But to thy mercy I truste 3ytte,
And wyte myselfe myne owene woo.

Lorde! I hadde no drede of the,
Thy grace wente away therfore;
But, Lord! syth thou knowest me,
Thow woldest not that I were forlore.
For me thou suffrest paynes sore,
Thow art my frend, and I thy foo:
Mercy, Lorde! I woll no more;
I wyte myselfe myne owene woo.

Hy3e I was in herte and prowde,
And in clothynghe wonther gay;
I lokede that men sholde to me lowte,
Wheresoever I wente, by ny3e or day.
To Fayre wymmen I toke gode aray,
Alle myne entente toke I therfo;
A3eyns thy techynege I sayde nay;
I wyte myselfe myne owene woo.

I trustede more unto my good,
Thenne to Godde that hit me sente.
Welthe made me full hy3e of mode,
Luste and lykynge me over-wente.
To gete good I wolde not stynte,
I ne row3te how I come therto;
To the pore now3t I 3af ne lente;
I wyte myselfe myne owene woo.

There ben thre pointes of myschef,
That be confusioun to mony a monne,
The whych worchen the sowle gref;
I shall hem telle as I kanne.
Pore prowde that lytull have,
And wolde be rayde as ryche menne go;
3yf they do folye, and be tane,
They may wyte hemselfe here owen woo.

Ryche manne a thefe ys another,
That of covetyse woll not slake;
What he with wronge begyle his brother,
In blysse full sone shall be forsake.
Byfore God for thefte hit ys take,
All that with wronge he wynmeth so;
But he the radure amendes make,
He shall wyte hymself his owene wo.
Olde manne lechoure, that ys the thrydde;  
For his complexyoun wexeth colde,  
Hit bryngeth the sowle payne amydde,  
Hit stynketh on God mony a folde.  
These thre that I have of tolde,  
Be plesyng to the fende oure fo;  
Hem to sesen he ys bolde,  
He may wyte hymself his owene wo.

Mony defawtes God may fynde  
In us that shulde his servantes be;  
He sheweth us love, we ben unkynde,  
Certes the more to blame be we.  
Some staren brothe, and may hit not se,  
By many a clerke hit fareth so;  
Ther the love of God woll not be,  
They may wyte hemselfe here owene wo.

In thre poynte I dare well sayne  
God shold be worshepped in all thynge,  
With rytestewenesse, and mercy, ther be twayne,  
The thrydde ys clennesse of lyvynge.  
To men that have holy cherche in kepynge,  
Hit ys his charge, and to lorde also;  
And for they do agayns Goddus byddyng,  
They may wyte hemselfe hire owene wo.

Wronge ys sette ther ryhte shulde be;  
Mercy for manhode ys put away;  
Lechery hathe made clennes to fle;  
He dare not byde nyght nor day.  
Thus the fende, I dare well say,  
Wolde make our frend our full fo;  
Manne! amende the whyll thou may,  
Or wyte thyselfe thyne owene wo.

It ys no wonthur thow3 thou be wo,  
Thyn owene wyll thou wylt seuwe;  
Thy lorde byddyng thou wylt not do;  
Thow art fals and untrewe.  
Sythen he fyndeth the all thynge newe,  
And thou servest the fende and gost hym fro,  
But thou amende, hit shalle the rewe,  
And wyte thyselfe thyne owen wo.

Mon, take hede what thou art,  
But wormes mete, thou woste welle this;  
Whenne the erthe hathe take his parte,
Heven or helle thou shalt have, i-wys.
3yf thou do wele, thou goste to blyssye;
3yf thou do evell, unto thy so.
Love thy Lorde God, and thyng on this,
Or wyte thyself thyne owen wo.

Now Jhesu Cryste, our Savyour,
From our fon thou us defende;
In all our neede be our socour,
Ere that tyme we hennes wende.
And sendes grace here to amende,
Hys blysse that we may come to;
For to have so gode an ende,
That we may amende our wo.

Hull.

VARIOUS HEIGHTS OF MEN.

From MS. Lambeth, No. 306, fol. 177, vo, b. of the reign of Edward IV.

The longitude of men solowyng.
Moyses xij. fote and viij. ynches and half.
Cryste vj. fote and iij. ynches.
Our Lady vj. fote and viij. ynches.
Crystoferus xvj. fote and viij. ynches.
Knyng Alysaunder iiiij. fote and v. ynches.
Colbronde xvj. fote and iij. ynches and half.
Syr Ey. x. fote iij. ynches and half.
Seynt Thomas of Caunterbury, vij. fote save a
ynche.
Long Mores, a man of Yrelonde borne, and ser-
vaunt to Knyng Edward the iiiijth. vj. fote
and x. ynches and half

Hull.

HYMN TO THE VIRGIN.

From MS. Harl. 4657, early in fourteenth century, written as prose

En Mai ki fet flurir les prez,
et pullulare gramina,
E cist oysels chauntent asse 
jocunda modulamina, 
Li amaunt ki aiment vanitez 
quærent sibi solamina, 
Je met ver wus mes pensers, 
o gloriosa domina.

En wus espair solaz truver, 
propinatrix solaminum, 
Ki sovent soliez alegger 
gravatos mole criminum. 
Surement poet il esperer 
medicinam peccaminum, 
Ki ducement voet reclamer 
te lucis ante terminum.

Duce rose, sul saunz per, 
virgo decora facie, 
En ki se pount amirer 
cives cælestis patriæ, 
En wus voet Deus esprover 
vires suæ potentæ, 
Quant se forca de wus furmer, 
spendor paternæ glorïæ.

Taunt de bunte en wus assist, 
et tanta speciositas, 
Ke à pain mendif remist 
neque prodigalitas. 
Mès quant si grant enpres pris 
illius liberalitas, 
De wus coe crai le consail prist, 
o lux beata trinitas.

Dame, sur tutes le pris avez, 
et gaudes privilegio, 
De honur, valu, e buntez, 
et hæc requirit ratio; 
Quant cil ki pur nus arusé 
cruore fuit proprio, 
De wus nasqui, li desiré, 
Jhesu nostra redemptio.

Mere, pur la duzur 
Jhesu dilecti filii, 
Ki nasqui quit par vertu 
ab omni labe vitii, 
2 Α
A BALLAD.


Up son and mery wethir, somer drawith here.
Somtyme y lovid, so do y yit.
In stedfast wyse and not to flit,
But in danger my love was knyt,
A pitous thyng to here.

For when y offerid my service,
I to obey in humble wyse,
As ferfevth as y coude devise
In countenaunce and chere.

Grete payne for nought y dide endure,
Al for that wyckid creature,
He and no mo y you ensure
Overtrow al my mater.

But now y thancke of his sand,
I am escapid from his band,
And fre to pas by se and land,
And sure fro yere to yere.

Now may y ete, drynde, and play,
Walke up and doune fro day to day,
And herkyn what this lovers say,
And laugh at ther manere.

When y shal slepe, y have good rest;
Somtyme y had not alther best,
But ar that y cam to this fest,
Y bought hit al to dere.

Al that affray ys clene agoo,
Not only that but many mo;
And sith I am escàpid so,
I thencke to hold me here.
RELQUIAE ANTIQUAE.

But al the crue that suffren smert,
I wold thay sped lyke your desert,
That thay myght syng with mery hert
This song withouten fere.

Hill.

A CHRISTMAS CARROL.

From MS. II. iv. 11. in the Cambridge Public Library, of the fifteenth
century, fol. penult. v°.

Puer nobis natus est de Virgine Maria.

Lystenyt, lordyngs, more and lees,
I bryng yow tydynd of gladnes,
As Gabriel beryt wytnes;
dicam vobis quia.

I bryng yow tydynges that [arn] fwul gowde;
Now es borne a blyesful sowde,
That bowt us alle upon the rode
sua morte pia.

For the trespas of Adam,
Fro ys fader Jhesu ho cam,
Here in herthe howre kende he nam,
sua mente pia.

Mayde moder, swete virgine,
Was godnys may no man divine,
Sche bare a schild wyt wot pyne,
teste profecia.

Mari moder, that ys so fre,
Wyt herte mylde y pray to the,
Fro the fend thou kepe me
 tua prece pia. Hilll.

FOOD FOR NIGHTINGALES.

From a MS. in Lambeth Palace Library, No. 306, fol. 177, v°. written in the
reign of Edward the Fourth.

Dyete for a Nyghtyngale.

Fyrst take and geve hym yelow antes, otherwyse called
pysmerys, as nere as ye may, and the white ante or pysmers
egges be best bothe wynter and somer, ij. tymes of the day an handful of bothe. Also geve hym of these sowes that crepe with many fete, and falle oute of howce rovys. Also geve hym whyte wormes that breede betwene the barke and the tre.

Hill.

FABLE OF THE WOLF AND THE COUNTRY-WOMAN.

From MS. Dd. xi. 78, Bib. Publ. Cantab. fol. 149, v. Of the reign of Henry III. It is the same in substance as the first fable of Avienus.

Fabula de rustica et lupo.

Jurat anus fenti puero ni supprimat iram,
   Esca lupo dabitur: stat lupus ante fores.
Sic anus una semel dat promissum minasque;
   Promissum sperat hic: timet ille minas.
Hic juramenti spem concipit, ille timorem;
   Hic spe fraudatur, ille timore silet.
Motus cunarem, vox matris, tedia flendi,
   Sopit eum, mulcet somnpia, membra gravat.
Sic superata puer sompno dat lumina; sic est
   Hujus spes ejus evacuata metu.
Hic redit illusus: lupa conjux, "quis tibi," dixit,
   "Defectus prædae? quæ tibi causa famis?"
Cui lupus, "illusit fallax me fæmina jurans
   Viscera visceraeus pascere nostra suis."
Qui falli meruit, exemplo discat in isto
   Fæminæ fidei non adhibere fide.

Hill.

THE PATER NOSTER IN ANGLO-SAXON.


Fader ure þe giert on heosena, sy þin nama ge-hagod, cume þin riche, sy þin willa on georða swo swo on heosena, ure deghwamlicia hlaf gyt us to deg, þfor-gyt us ure gyltas swo swo we for-gyfæ þam þe wið us a-gyltað, þ ne lede us on costnunga, ac a-lys us of yfele. Amen, sy hit swo.

Wrt.
PROVERBS.

From MS. ii. iii. 26, fol. ult. r°, in the Cambridge Public Library, of the fifteenth century.

Whos conscience is combed and stondith nott clene,
Of another manis dedis the wursse woll he deme.

Deme nott my dedis, thogh thyne be noght;
Say whate thow wilte, knowyst nott my thought.

Deme the beste of every dowte,
Tyll the throwth be tryed oute.

A harde thyng hit is, y-wys,
To deme a thyng that unknownen is.

Aqueyntanse of lordschip wyll y noght,
For furste or laste dere hit woll be bowght.

Hill.

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A PROPHECY OF THE FALL OF REEVES ABBEY.


Two men came riding over Hackney hay,
The one of a blacke horse, the other on a gray;
The one unto the other did say,
Loe yonder stood Reves, that faire abbay!

Henry Cavton, a monke, somtimes of Reves Abbey in Yorkshire, affirmed that he had often read this in a MS. belonging to that abbay, containing many prophesies, and was extant there before the time of the dissolution. But when he, or any of his fellows, redde it, they used to throwe the book away in anger as thinking it impossible ever to come to passe.—E. B.

Hill.

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AN HONOUR TO LONDON.

From MS. Lansd. 762. fol. 7 v°, of the reign of Henry V.

London ! thoue arte of townes a per se,
Soveraigne of cities, most symbliest by sight,
Of high renowne, riches, and royaltie,
Of lordis, barons, and many goody knyght,
Of most delectable lusty ladyes bright,
Of famous prelatis in habitis claricall,
Of marchawntis of substawnce and myght;
London! thowe arte the flowre of cities all.

Gladdeth a man, thowe lusty Troynomond,
Citie that sometime cleped was Newe Troye,
In all this erth imperiall, as thowe stonde,
Princis of townys of plesure and of joye.
A richer resteth under no cristen roye,
For manly powre with craftis naturall,
Furmeth noon fairer syn the flode of Noe;
London! thowe arte the flowre of cities all.

Jem of all joye, jasper of jocunditie,
Most myghtie carbuncle of vertue and valure,
Stronge Troy in vigure and treunytie,
Of royll cities rose and geraflour.
Empres of townys exalted in honour,
In beautie bering the trone imperiall,
Swete paradise precelling in plesure;
London! thowe arte the flowre of cities all.

Above all rivers thy river hath renowne,
Whose boriall stremys plesaunt and preclare
Under thy lusty wallys renneth a-downe,
Where many a swan swymeth with wynge fare.
Where many a barge doth rowe and sayle with are,
Where many a ship resteth with top royll.
O towne of townis patron! and not compare!
London! thowe arte the flowre of cities all.

Upon thy lusty bridge, with pillers white,
Been marchauntis full royll to beholde;
Upon thy stretyis goth many a semely knyght,
In velvet gowyns and chaynys of gold.
By Julius C Moss thy towre founded of olde,
Maye be the howce of Mars victoriall,
Whose artillery with tonge maye not be tolde.
London! thowe arte the flowre of cities all.

Stronge be the walles abowte the stondis,
Wise be the people that within the dwelles,
Fresshe is thy river, with his lusty strandis,
Blithe be thy chirches, wele sownyng are thy belles.
Rich be thy marchauntis in substaunce that excelles,
Faire be thy wives, right lovesom, white, and small,
Clere be thy virgyns, lusty under kellys.
London! thowe arte the flowre of cities all.
RELIXIÆ ANTIQUEÆ.

Thy famous maire by sure governaunce,
With swerde of justize the ruleth prudently,
No lorde of Parys, Denys, or Floraunce,
In dignitie or honour goth hym nygh.
He is example right lodester and guy,
Principall patron and rose originall,
Above all maieres as maister most worthy.
London! thowe arte the flowre of cities all.

Hull.

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FAITH AND REASON.

From MS. Harl. 541, fol. 207, vo, of the close of the fifteenth century.
Similar lines are printed at p. 127 of the present volume.

Wytte hath wonder how reson telle can
That mayd is mother and God is man,
Oure noble sacrament yn thre thinges on.
In this leeve reson, beleve thou the wondere;
There feith is lord, reson gothe undre.

Gregorius. Fides non habet meritum, ubi humana ratio probet experimentum.

Hull.

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OLD ENGLISH PROVERBS.

From Harl. MS. 2321 of the Sixteenth century.

fol. 146. Neyther barrell better herring.
A large thonce of another mans hide.
The cat doth love the fishe, but she will not wett her foote.
That which the eye seeth not, the hart doth not rue.
Cast the beam out of thie owne eye, then thou maiest see a mothe in another mans.
Need makes the old wife trott.
As long as I am riche reputed,
With solem vyce I am saluted;
But wealthe away once woorne,
Not one wyll say good morne.
fol. 147. When I lented was a frend,
    When I asked was unkinde.
A little in the morning, nothing at noone,
And a light supper doth make to live longe.
Evill gotten, wors spent.

fol. 148. A foole's bolt is some shott.
Riches are gotten with labor, holden with seare,
And lost with greyse and excessive care.
When thou hast gathered all that thou may,
Thou shalt departe, and knowest not what day.

fol. 149. He hath need of a long spoone that eateth with the
    Devill.
While the grasse growes the steede starves.
Put not in this world to much trust,
The riches whereof will turne to dust.

G. J. A.

A BESTIARY,

From MS. Arundel, No. 292, fol. 4, ¼. (in the British Museum) of the
earlier part of the thirteenth century. I have already communicated it to the
Altdeutsche Blätter, vol. 2, Leipzig, 1887, a work which is in the hands of
few Englishmen. It has been re-collated on the original MS. for the pre-
sent edition. This poem is a close translation of the Latin Physiologus of
Theobaldus or Thetbaldis. In the MS. it is written as prose.

Natura leonis j

łe leun stant on hille,
and he man hunten'here,
öser borg his nese smel,
smake ñat he negge,
bi wilc weie so he wile
to dele nísær wenden,
alle hise fet steppes
after him he filleð,
dragë dust wið his stert
ðer he steppeð,
öser dust öser deu,
ñat he ne cumne is finden,
driveð dun to his den
ðar he him bergen wille.

j

An öser kinde he haveð,
wanne he is i-kindled
stille lið se leun,
ne stireð he nout of slepe
til se sunne haveð sine
fries him abuten,
sanne reiseð his fader him
mit te rem bat he makeð.

Sigha.
se dridde lage haveð se leun,
sanne he lieð to slepen
sal he nevre luken
se lides of hise egen.

Significacio prime nature.
Welle heg is tat hil,
bat is heven riche,
ure Loverd is te leun,
se lived ser abuven;
wu so him likede
to ligten her on erðe,
migte nevre divel witen,
ðog he be derne hunte,
hu he dun come,
ne wu he dennede him
in bat defte meiden,
Marie bi name,
se him bar to manne frame.

Sigha. et Sigha.
So ure drigten ded was,
and dolven, also his wille was,
in a ston stille he lai
til it kam se dridde dai,
his fader him fïstnedere swo
bat he ros fro dede so,
us to lif holden,
wakeð so his wille is,
so birde for his folde;
he is birde, we ben sep;
silden he us wille,
if we heren to his word
dat we ne gon nowor wille,

Natura aquile.
Kiðen i wille se ernes kinde,
also ic it o boke rede,
wu he neweth his guðhede,
2 b
hu he turned ut of elde,
sièn his limes arn unwelde,
sièn his bec is al to-wrong,
sièn his fligl is al unstrong,
and his egen dimme;
here wu he newed him.
A welle he seke dhat springed ai
bohe bi nigt and bi dai,
ør over he flege, and up he te,
til dhat he de hevene se,
ůrg skies sexe and sevene
til he cume d to hevene;
so rigt so he cunne
he hove in the sunne;
de sunne swide al his fligl,
and oc it make d his egen brigt,
hise sedres fallen for de hete,
and he dun mide to the wete
falle d in dhat welle grund,
ør he wurde heil and sund,
and cume d ut al neuve,
ne were his bec untrewe.
His bec is get biforn wrong,
dog his limes senden strong,
ne maig he tilen him non fade
him self to none gode,
ůanne ge d he to a ston,
and he bile d øer on,
billed til his bec biforn
have d de wrench de forloren,
sièn wid his rigte bille
taked mete dhat he wilc.

Significacio.

Al is man so is tis ern,
wulde ge nu listen,
old in hisen sinnes dern,
or he bicumeth cristens;
and tus he newed him his man,
ůanne he nime d to kirke,
or he it bistenken can,
hise egen weren mirke;
forsaket øore Satanas,
and ilk sinful dede;
taked him to Jhesu Crist,
for he sal ben his mede;
leveð on ure love[r]d Crist,
and lereð prestes lore;
of hise egen wereð ðe mist,
wiles he dreccheð ðore.
His hope is al to Gode-ward,
and of his luve he lereð;
ðat is te sunne sikerlike,
ðus his sigte he bereð;
naked falleð in ðe sunt fat,
and cumeð ut al newe,
buten a litel; wat is tat?
His muð is get untrewe;
his muð is get wel unkud
wid pater noster and crede;
fare he norð, er fare he suð,
leren he sal his nede;
bidden bone to Gode,
and tus his muð rigten;
tilen him so ðe sowles fode,
ðurg grace off ure drigten.

Natura serpentin.

An wirm ist o werle,
wel man it knoweð,
neddre is it te name:
ðus he him neweð,
ðanne he is for-broken and for-broiden,
and in his elde al for-wurden.
Fasteð til his fel him slakeð,
ten daies fulle,
ðat he is lene and mainles
and ivele mai gangen;
he crepeð cripelande forð,
his craft he ðus kideð,
sekeð a ston ðat a ðirl is on,
narwe buten he nedèð him,
nimeð unnedes ðurg,
for his fel he ðer letede;
his flies forð crepeð,
walked to ðe water-ward,
wile ðanne drinken.
Oc he speweð or al ðe venim
ðat in his brest is bred
fro his birde time,
drinked siðen i-nog,
and tus he him neweð.


\[Significacio.\]

Knov cristene man
wat tu Crist higest
atte kirke dure,
\(\sigma\)ar \(\sigma\)u cristned were:
\(\sigma\)u higtes to leven on him,
and hise lages luvien,
to helden wit herte
\(\sigma\)e bodes of holi k(i)rke.
If \(\sigma\)u havest it broken,
al \(\sigma\)u for-bre\(\sigma\)es,
for-wur\(\sigma\)es and for-gelv\(\sigma\)es,
eche lif to wolden,
elded art fro eche blis,
so \(\sigma\)is wirm o werlde is;
newe \(\sigma\)e fordi
so \(\sigma\)e neddre do\(\sigma\)
\(\sigma\) it is tened.
Feste \(\sigma\)e of stededefastnesse,
and ful of \(\sigma\)ewes;
and help \(\sigma\)e povre men
\(\sigma\)e gangen abuten.
Ne deme \(\sigma\)e nog wurdi,
Sat tu dure loken
up to ðe hevene-ward;
oc walke wið ðe erðe
mildelike among men;
no mod ðu ne cune,
mod ne mannes uncost;
oc swic ef sineginge;
and bote bid tu ðe ai,
boðe bi night and bi dai,
Sat tu milce mote haven
of ðine misdedes.
ðís lif bitoknede ðe sti
Sat te neddre gangeð bi,
and tis is ðe ðirl of ðe ston
Sat tu salt ðurg gon.
Let ðin filðe fro ðe,
so ðe wirm his fel doð;
go ðu ēan to Godes hus
ðe godspell to heren,
Sat is soule drink,
sinnes quenching.
Oc or sei ðu in scrisfe
to ðe prest sinnes tine;
segðe ðus of ði brest filde,
and feste ðe forðward
fast at tin herte,
Sat tu firmest higtes.
ðus art tu ging and newe;
forðward be ðu trewe.
Nedeth ðe ðe devel nogt,
for he ne mai ðe deren nogt;
oc he fleð fro ðe
so neddre fro de nakede.
On ðe cloðede ðe neddre is cof,
and te devel cliver on sinnes;
ai ðe sindful
bisetten he wile,
and wið al mankin
he haveð nið and win;
wat, if he leve have
of ure heven loverd
for to deren us,
so he ure eldere or dede;
do we ðe bodi in ðe bale,
and bergen ðe soule,
Sat is ure heved gevelic,
helde we it wurdling.
Natura formice.

Se mire is magti,
mikel ge swinkeð
in sumer and in softe weder,
so we ofte sen haven;
in se hervest
hardilike gangeð,
and renned rapelike,
and restede hire seldum,
and secheð hire fode
ser ge it mai finden,
gadderil ilkines sed
boden of wude and of wod,
of corn and of gres,
bat ire to haven es,
haleð to hire hole,
bat sijen hire helpeð
far ge wile ben winter agen;
cave ge haveð to crepen in,
bat winter hire ne derie;
mete in hire hule bat
bat ge muge biliven.
husge tileð ðar,
wiles ge time haveð,
so it her telleð;
oc finde ge se wete,
corn bat hire qwemeð,
al ge for-leteð his ober seð
bat ic er seide;
ne bit ge nowt se barlic
beren abuten;
oc suneð it and sakeð forð,
so it same were.
Get is wunder of his wirm
more ðanne man weneð,
se corn bat ge to cave bereð,
al get bit o-twinne,
bat it ne for-wurðe
ne waxe hire fro,
er ge it eten wille.

Significacio.

Se mire muneð us
mete to tilen,
long livenoðe,
ðis little wile
Reliquiae Antiquæ.

Se we on his werld wumen:
for sumne we of wenden,
sumne is ure winter;
we sulen hunger haven
and harde sures,
buten we ben war here.
Do we for-zi so doo zi der,
zi Anne be we derne
on zat dai zat dom sal ben,
zat it ne us harde repe:
seke we ure lives fod,
zat we ben siker dere,
so zis wirm in winter is,
zan ge ne tile zummore.
Se mire suned zee barlic,
zanne ge finte te wete;
ze olde lage we ogen to sunen,
ze newe we haven moten.
ze corn zat ge to cave bere, 
all ge it bit o-twinne,
ze lage us lere to don god,
and forbede us sinne.
It ben us ebriche bodes,
and bekned evelette;
it fet zee licham and te gost
oc nowt o gevelike;
ure loverd Crist it lene us
zat his lage us fede,
nu and o domes-dei,
and tanne we haven nede.

Natura cervi.

Se hert havez kindes two,
and forbisnes oc al so:
Sus it is on boke set,
Sut man cleped Fisiologet.
He dragez zee neddre of de ston
Surg his nese up on on,
of zee stoc er of zee ston,
for it wile Ser-under gon;
and swelez it wel swixe,
Ser-of him brinnez siben
of zat attrie zing,
wizinnen he havez brenning:
he leped Anne wi z mikel list,
of swet water he havez Crist;
he drinkez water gredilike
til he is ful wel sikerlike,
ne haveð sat venim non mignt
to deren him siðen non wigt.
Oc he werpeð er hise hornes
in wude er in Sornes,
and gengid him Þus Þis wilde der,
Þge haven nu lered her.

Significacio prima.
Alle we atter dragen off ure eldere,
Þe broken drig tinnes word Þurg Þeneddre;
Þer Þurg haveð mankin
boðen nið and win,
kolsipe and gisting,
girvenesse and wissing,
pride and over-wene;
swilc atter i-mene.
Oftes we brennen in mod,
and wurðen so we weren wod;
Þanne we Þris brennen;
bihoveð us to rennen
to Cristes quike welle,
Þat we ne gon to helle;
drinken his wissing,
it quenchet ic singing;
for-werpen pride everil del,
so hert doð hise horns;
gingen us tris to gode-ward,
and gemen us siðen forð-ward.

Natura i̇a.
Þe hertes haven another kinde,
Þat us og alle to ben minde.
Alle he arn off one mode;
for if he fer fecchen fode,
and he over water ten,
wile non at nede other slem;
oc on swimmeð bi-forn,
and alle Þe other solegen,
weðer so he swimmeð er he wadeð:
is non at nede Þat other lateð,
oc leigeth his skin-bon
on Þores lend-bon.
Gef him Þat biforn teð
bilimpes for to tirgen,
alle Þe other cumen mide,
and helpen him for to herien,
beren him of sat water grund
up to se lond al heil and sund,
and forðen here nede:
ðis wune he haven hem bitwen,
ðog he an hundred to giddre ben.

Significacio ij
ðe hertes costes we ogen to munen,
ne og ur non oder to sunen,
oc evrile luven oder,
also he were his broder,
wurðen stedefast his wine,
ligten him of his birdene,
helpen him at his nede;
God giveð ðer-fore mede:
we sulen haven hevenriche,
gef we ben twixen us ben briche:
ðus is ure loverdes lage,
luvelike to fillen,
herof have we mikel ned,
þat we ðar wið ne dillen.

Natura wulpis.
A wilde der is
þat is ful of þele wiles,
fox is hire to name,
for hire queðsipe;
husebondes hire haten,
for hire harm dedes:
ðe coc and te capun
ge feccheð ofte in þe tun,
and te gandre and te gos,
bi þe necke and bi þe noz,
haleð is to hire hole;
for-ði man hire hatieð,
hatien and hulen
boðe men and fulis.
Listneð nu a wunder,
þat tis der doð for hunger:
 godð o felde to a furg,
and falleð þar-inne,
in eried lond er in erð chine.
for to bilirten fugeles;
ze steroð ge nocht of þe stede
a god stund deies,
oc dareð so ge ded were,
ze drageð ge non onde:
2 c
Se raven is swiðe redi,
weneð sat ge rotiei,
and oþre fules hire fallen bi
for to winnen fode,
derflike wiðuten dred;
he wenen sat ge ded beð,
he wullen on ðis foxes fel;
and ge it wel feleð,
ligtlike ge lepeð up
and letteð hem sone,
gelt hem here billing
raðe wið illing,
te-togged and te-tireð hem
mid hire teð sarpe,
fret hire fille,
and godð ban ðer ge wille.

Significacio.
Twifold forbisne in ðis der
to frame we mugen finden her,
warsipe and wisdom
wið devel and wið ível man;
ðe devel dereð dernelike,
he lat he ne wile us noxt biswike,
he lat he ne wile us don non louð,
and bringeð us in a sinne and ter he us sloð,
he bit us don ure bukes wille,
eten and drinken wið unskil,
and in ure skempting
he deð raðe a foxing,
he billeð one ðe foxes fel
wo so tellèd idel spel,
and he tireð on his ket
wo so him wið sinne fet,
and devel gelt swak billing
wið same and wið sending,
and for his sinfule werk
ledeð man to helle merk.

Significacio.
ðe devel is tus ðe i-like
mið ivele breides and wið spik;
and man al so ðe foxes name
arn wurði to haven same;
for wo so seieð ðer god,
and ðenkeð ível on his mod,
fox he is and fend i-wis,
RELIGIÆ ANTIQUE.

Se boc ne legeð nopt of ðis;
so was Herodes fox and flerd,
ðo Crist kam in to ðis middel-erd,
he seide he wulde him leven on,
and ðogte he wulde him for-don.

Natura iranee (sic).
Seftes sop ure seppande,
sene is on werlde,
leise and loldike, (sic)
ðus we it leven,
mani-kines ðing
alle manne to wissing.
ðe spinnere on hire swid ge weveð,
fecteð atte hus rof,
hire fo dredes
o rof er on ovese,
so hire is on elde;
werpeð ðus hire web,
and weveð on hire wise.
ðanne ge it hoveð al i-digt.
ðeðen ge driveð,
hitt hire in hire hole,
oc ai ge it biholdeð
til ðat ðer fieges ðaren
and fallen ðer-inne,
wideren in ðat web,
and wilen ut wenden;
ðanne renneð ge rapelike,
for ge is ai redi,
nimeð anon to ðe net
and nimeð hem ðere,
bitterlike ge hem bit
and here bane wurðeð,
drepeð and drikkeð here blod,
doð ge hire non ðer god,
butere fret hire fille,
and dareð siðen stille.

Significacio.
Dis wirm bitokneð ðe man
ðat ðer biwikeð
on stede er on stalle,
stille er lude,
in mot er in market,
er oni ðer wise,
he him bit
Can he him bale selle\(\text{r}\),  
and he drinke\(\text{d}\) his blod  
wanne he him dreve\(\text{d}\),  
and se frete\(\text{d}\) hem al,  
\(\text{\textasciitilde}\)an he him ivel werke\(\text{d}\).

**Natura cete grandie.**

Ceticsgrande is a fis  
\(\text{\textasciitilde}\)e moste \(\text{\textasciitilde}\)at in water is;  
\(\text{\textasciitilde}\)at tu wuldes seien get,  
gef \(\text{\textasciitilde}\)u it soge wan it flet,  
\(\text{\textasciitilde}\)at it were an eilond  
\(\text{\textasciitilde}\)at sete one \(\text{\textasciitilde}\)e se sond.  
\(\text{\textasciitilde}\)is fis \(\text{\textasciitilde}\)at is unride,  
\(\text{\textasciitilde}\)anne him hungred \(\text{\textasciitilde}\)e gape\(\text{d}\) wide,  
ut of his \(\text{\textasciitilde}\)rote it smit an onde,  
\(\text{\textasciitilde}\)e sweetteste \(\text{\textasciitilde}\)ing \(\text{\textasciitilde}\)at is o londe;  
\(\text{\textasciitilde}\)er fore \(\text{\textasciitilde}\)bire fisses to him dragen,  
wanc he it felen he aren fagen,  
hc cumen and hoven in his mu\(\text{\textasciitilde}\),  
of his swike he arn unc\(\text{\textasciitilde}\);  
\(\text{\textasciitilde}\)is cete \(\text{\textasciitilde}\)anne hise chaveles luke\(\text{d}\),  
\(\text{\textasciitilde}\)ise fisses alle in suk\(\text{d}\),  
\(\text{\textasciitilde}\)e smale he wile \(\text{\textasciitilde}\)us biswiken,  
\(\text{\textasciitilde}\)e grete maig he nogt bigripen.  
\(\text{\textasciitilde}\)is fis wun\(\text{d}\) wiv \(\text{\textasciitilde}\)e se grund,  
and live\(\text{d}\) \(\text{\textasciitilde}\)er evre heil and sund,  
til it cumeth \(\text{\textasciitilde}\)e time  
\(\text{\textasciitilde}\)at storm stire\(\text{d}\) al \(\text{\textasciitilde}\)e se,  
\(\text{\textasciitilde}\)anne sumer and winter winnen;  
ne mai it wunen \(\text{\textasciitilde}\)er-inne,  
so drovi is te sees grund,  
ne mai he wunen \(\text{\textasciitilde}\)er \(\text{\textasciitilde}\)at stund,  
oc stire\(\text{d}\) up and hove\(\text{d}\) stille;  
wiles \(\text{\textasciitilde}\)ar weder is so ille,  
\(\text{\textasciitilde}\)e sipes \(\text{\textasciitilde}\)at arn on se for-driven,  
lo\(\text{\textasciitilde}\) hem is ded, and lef to liven,  
biloken hem and sen \(\text{\textasciitilde}\)is fis,  
an eilond he wenen it is,  
\(\text{\textasciitilde}\)er-of he aren swi\(\text{d}\)e fagen,  
and mid here mtig \(\text{\textasciitilde}\)ar to he dragen,  
sipes on festen,  
and alle up gangen;  
of ston mid stel in \(\text{\textasciitilde}\)e tunder  
wel to brennen one \(\text{\textasciitilde}\)is wunder,  
warnen hem wel and heten and drinken;
Reliquiae Antiquae.

Se fir he feleth and doth hem sinken,
for sone he diveoth dun to grunde,
he drepeoth hem alle wisten wunde.

Significacio.
Diss devel is mikel wið wil and magt,
so wicches haven in here craft,
he doth men hungren and haven Christ,
and mani other sinful list,
colleet men to him wið his onde,
wo so him folget he findeoth sonde;
so arn the little in leve lage,
the mikel ne maig he to him dragen:
the mikel, I mene the stedefast
in rigte leve mid fles and gast.
wo so listneoth devels lore,
on leng the it sal him repen sore;
wo so festeoth hope on him,
he sal him folgen to helle dim.

Natura Sirene.

In the se senden
selcudes manie;
the mereman is
a meiden i-like
on brest and on bodi,
oc al thes ge is bunden,
fro the novle niderward
ne is ge no man like,
oc fis to fuliwis
mid finnes waxen.
the wunder wuneth
in wankel stede,
ther the water sinketh,
sipes ge sinketh,
and scaede thes werkeoth.
Mirie ge singeth thes mere,
and haveoth manie stefnes,
manie and sille,
oc it ben wel ille;
sipmen here steringe forgeten
for hire stefninge,
slumeren and slepen,
and to late waken,
the sipes sinken mitte suk,
ne cumen he nummorr up.
Oc wise men and warre
RELIQUE ANTIQUE.

agen cunen chare,
ofte arn at-brosten,
mid he brest ovel;
he haven herd told of his mere
vat tus unie mete,
half man and half fis,
sum sing toknebi his.

Significacio.
Fele men haven se tokning
of his forbisnede sing,
wiouten weren wulves fel,
wiinnen arn he wulves al;
he spoken godcundhede,
and wikke is here dede;
here dede is al uncuð
wif sat speked here muð;
twifold arn on mode,
he sweren bi se rode,
bi se sunne and bi se mone,
and he se legen sone,
mid here sage and mid here song
he se swiken ser i-mong,
sein agte wif swiking,
bi soule wif lesing.

Natura elephantis.
Elpes arn in Inde riche,
on bodi borlic berges i-like;
he to gaddre gon o wolde,
so sep sat cumen ut of folde,
and behinden he hem sampnen
banne he sulen o're strenen;
oc he arn so kolde of kinde
sat no golsipe is hem minde,
til he neten of a gres,
se name is mandragores,
siden he bigeton on,
and two ger he ser-mide gon.
Sog he o're hundred ger
on werlde more wuneden her,
bigeten he nevernor non,
so kold is hem siden blod and bon;
banne ge sal hire kindles beren,
in water ge sal stonden,
in water to mid side,
Sat wanne hire harde tide,
Sat ge ne falle nider noigt,
Sat is most in hire sogn,
For he ne haven no li
Sat he mugen risen wi.
Hu he reste him his der,
Sanne he walke wide,
Herkne wu it tellte her,
For he is al unride.
A tre he seke to fulige wis,
Sat is strong and stedefast is,
And lene him trostlike ser-bi,
Sanne he is of walke weri.
Se hunte haveh biholden his,
Se him wille swiken,
Wor his beste wune is,
To don hise willen;
Sageh his tre and under set,
O he wise sat he mai bet,
Hile it wel sat he it nes war,
Sanne he makeh ser to char,
Him selven sit olon bihalt,
Wecher his gin him out biwart.
Sanne cumeh his elp unride,
And leneh him up on his side,
Clepeh bi he tre in se sadue,
And fallen boden so to gaddre;
Gef ser is noman sanne he falleh,
He remeh and helpe calleh,
Remeh reufulike on his wise,
Hopeh he sal burg helpe risen;
Sanne cume ser on gandande,
Hopeh he sal him don ut standen,
Fikeh and fondeh al his mitg,
Ne mai he it forden no weit;
He canne san non ocher,
Oc o remeh mid his brøder,
Manie and mickle cume ser sesacande,
Wenen him on stall maken,
Oc for he helpe of hem alle
Ne mai he cumen so on stalle;
Sanne remen he alle a rem,
So hornes blast ocher belles drem,
For here mickle reming
Rennande cume a gungling,
Rase to him luteh,
his snute him under puteð,
and mitte helpe of hem alle
his elp he reisen on stalle;
and tus at-brested his huntes breid,
o ðe wise ðat ic have gu seid.

Significacio.
ðus fel Adam burg a tre,
ure firste fader, ðat fele we;
Moyses wulde him reisen,
migte it no wigt forðen;
after him prophetes alle
migte her non him make on stalle,
on stalle, ði seie, ðer he er stod,
to haven heven-riche god.
He suggeden and sorgeden and weren in ðogt,
wu he migten him helpen out;
ðo remeden he alle under stevene
alle hege up to ðe hevene,
for here care and here calling
hem cam to Crist heven king;
he ðe is ai in hevene mikel,
wurð her man, and tus was litel,
droping dolede in ure manhede,
and tus Adam he under gede,
reisde him up, and mankin,
ðat was fallen to helle dim.

Natura turturis.
In boke is ðe turtres lif
writen o rime, wu lagelike
ge holdeð luve al hire lif time;
gef ge ones make havelñ,
fro him ne wile ge siðen:
muneð wimmen hire lif,
ic it wile gu reden;
bi hire make ge sit o nigt,
o dei ge godñ and flegeth.
wo so seid he sundren out,
ði seie ðat he legeth.
Oc if hire make were ded,
and ge widue wore,
ðanne flegeth ge one and fareð,
non oðer wile ge more;
buten one godñ and one sit,
and hire olde luve abit,
RELIQUIÆ ANTIQUEÆ.

in herte haveöl him nigt and dai,
so he were o-live ai.

Significacio.
List ilk lesful man her-to,
and her-of ofte reche:
ure sowle atte kirke dure
ches hire Crist to meche,
he is ure sole spuse,
lufe we him wiöl migte,
and wende we nevre fro him-ward
be dai ne be nigte;
 söz he be fro ure sigte faren,
be we him alle trewe,
non oöer loverd ne luve we
ne non luve newe;
leve we öat he lived ai
up on heven-riche,
and ööen he sal cumen eft,
and ben us alle briche,
for to demen alle men,
oc nout on gevenlike,
hise loöe men sulen to helle faren,
hise leve to his riche.

Natura panere.
Panter is an wilde der,
is non fairere on werlde her;
he is blac so bro of qual,
mio wite spottes sapen al,
wit and trendled als a wel,
and itt bicumeöl him swide wel.
Wor so he wuneöl his panter,
he fedöl him al mid oöer der,
of só öe he wile he nimeöl öe cul
and set him wel til he is ful.
In his hole söen stille
öre dages he slepen wille,
öan after öe öridde dai
he roseöl and remeöl lude so he mai,
ut of his örote cumööl a smel
mid his rem forööl over al,
öat over cumeth halweie
wiöl swetnesse, ic gu seie,
and al öat evre smelleöl swete,

2 Ϫ
be it drie be it wete,
for se swetnessse off his onde,
wor so he walkeð o londe,
wor so he walked, er wor so he wuneð,
ilk der se him hereð to him cumeð,
and folegeð him up one se wold,
for se swetnesse se ic gu have told.
Se dragunes one ne stiren nout
wiles te panter remeð ogt,
oc dare stille in here pit,
als so he weren of dede offrigt.

Significacio.
Crist is tokned Surg his der,
wos kinde we haven told gu her;
for he is faier over alle men,
so even sterre over erse fen;
ful wel he tauned his luve to man,
wan he Surg holi spel him wan,
and longe he lai her in an hole,
wel him dat he it wulde solen;
se daies slep he al on on,
Sanne he ded was in blod and bon,
up he ros and remede in wis
of helle pine, of hevene blis,
and steg to hevene uvenest,
Ser wuneð wið fader and holi gast.
Amonges men a swete mel
he let her of his holi spel,
wor Surg we mugen folgen him
into his godcundance fin.
And ßat wirm ure widerwine,
wor so of Godes word is ßine,
ne dar he stiren, ne noman deren,
Ser wile he lage and luve beren.

Natura columbe et significacio.
Se culver haveð costes gode,
alle wes ogen to haven in mode,
sevène costes in hire kinde,
alle it ogen to ben us minde,
ge ne haveð in hire non galle,
simple and softe be we alle;
ge ne liveð nögt bilagt;
ilc robbinge do we of hac.
Se wirm ge leteð and liveð bi se sed,
of Cristes lore we have ned;
wið oðre briddles ge doð as moder,
so og ur ilk to don wið oðer;
woining and groning is lic hire song,
bimene we us, we haven done wrong.
In water ge is wis of hevekes come,
and we in boke wið devles nome;
in hole of ston ge makeð hire nest,
in Cristes milce ure hope is best.

Wrt,

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BALLADS.

From MS. Harl. 7578, fol. 18, r², fifteenth century.

Moost souveraine lord, o blesith Crist Jeshu!
From oure enemy delivere us and our foon!
Unth[e]r whoos grace and unther whose vertu
We been assureth whereso we ride or goon.
Nowe, Lord, that arte two, three, and oon,
Kepe and preserve unther thy mighty hande
The king, the queene, the peple, and the lande.

And blessed Lord, of thine benignité
Considre and seeoure affliction,
And lat thine eye on mercy on us see,
Us to relie in tribulacion;
And shadowe us, Lorde, with thy proteccion,
And ay preserve unther thy mighty hande
The king, the queene, the peple, and the londe.

And, good Lord, beholde and eke adverte
Of thy mercy and thy grete grace
The inwarde sorowes of oure troubled herte,
And loke upon us with a benynge face,
And late thy winges of pité use embrace,
And ay preserve unther thy mighty hande
The kinge, the quene, thy peple, and thy lande.

Mekely forthy the synnes olde and newe
Off thy peple and their grete affence;
And, good Lord, uppon theire gelthes rewe,
And theire the merites by done not recompense,
But reconsile hem with thine indulgence;
And aye preserve unther thy mighty hande
The king, the quene, thy peple, and thy lande.
And, good Lord, have here our orisons,
Whanne we to the for helpe clepe and calle,
Here our compleynes and lementacions,
And do socoure to our offences alle;
Be our defence that no mischeffe ne falle;
And ay preserve unther thy mighty hande
The kinge, the quene, the peple, and thy londe.

Thou Sonne of God ay lastinge and eterne,
Have mercy oon us and forgte us nought,
And of thy grace guide us and governe,
And reconsile that thou so dere has bought;
With love and dreede embrace our inwarde thought;
And ay preserve unther thy mighty hande
The king, the quene, the peple, and the lande.

In this life here and perpetually
To kepe us, Lorde, that thou not disdayne,
For alle our truste stante in thy mercy,
Hopinge by grace we shal therto atteyne,
Thy passion shalle kepe us oute of payne;
And ay preserve unther thy mighty honde
The kinge, the quene, the peple, and the londe.

Here us, Lord, whanne we to the preye,
And here us, Lord, in mischeef and in nede;
And Criste Jhesu be mercie us conveye,
Whiche oon the croos lyste for oure sake bleede,
Fortune this reme, and make it wel to spede,
Benigne Jhesu preserve eke with thine honde
The kinge, the quene, the people, and thy londe.

L'envoie.

And, Lord, amonge alle remembraunce,
Our Henry, thy awen chose knight,
Borne to enherite the region of Fraunce
By trewe discent and be title of right,
Nowe, good Lord, conserve him thorugh thy might,
And preserve unther thy mighty hande
Him and his moder, the peele and thy londe.

Late him in vertu ay encrese and shine,
Worthy thorow vertu to be put in memorie;
And forgte not his moder Katheryne,
Where thou sittest in thine heven glorie;
Yif to thine knight conqueste and victorie,
And preserve unther thy mighty honde
Him and his moder, the peple and thine lande.
Be thou his counseile and his soverayne rede;  
So as he waxeth, with vertu him avaunce;  
And, blessed Lord, be thou both helpe and spede,  
To alle that laboure for his enheritaunce,  
Both in this rewme and in the grounde of Fraunce,  
And preserve unther thy mighty honde  
Him and his moder, thy peple and thy londe.

In short tyme that thou may atteyne,  
Withoute lettynge, or any perturbaunce,  
To be corowned with worthy crownes tweyne;  
Firste in this lande, and afterwarde in Fraunce;  
And give him grace to lyve in thy plesaunce,  
And aye preserve unthir thy mighty honde  
Him and his moder, thy peple and thy londe.

MS. Harl. 7578, fol. 16, r°, 15th century.

Somme tyme [this] worlde was stedfast and stable,  
That manyw worde was obligacion;  
And now it is so fals and so disc eyvable,  
That worde and dede as in conclusion  
Is nothinge like, for torneth up so don  
Ys alle thise worlde for neede and wilfulnesse,  
That alle is loste for lake of stedfastnesse.

What maketh this worlde to be so variable,  
But lust that folke han in destension?  
For amonge us nowe a man is holde unable,  
But if he can be some conclusion  
Doo his neighebour wronge or opression.  
What causeth this but wilful wretchednesse,  
That alle is loste for lakk of stedfastnesse?

Trought is putte doune, reson is holden fable,  
Vertu hath nowe non dominacion,  
Pitee exiled, no man is merciable,  
Thurgh covetyse is blente discreccion,  
The worlde hath made permutacion  
Fro right to wronge, frorought to fikelness,  
That alle is loste for lake of stedfastnesse.

O, prince, desire to be honorable,  
Chrrsse he thine folke and hate extorcion;  
Suffir no thinge that may be reprovable  
To thine estate donne in thine region,  
Schewe furth thine swerde of castigacion;  
Dreed God, doo lawe, love struth and worthynesse,  
And weed thine folke agayne to stedfastnesse.

Hilli.
THE MASTER OF OXFORD'S CATECHISM.

From MS. Lansdowne, No. 782, written in the reign of Henry V.

Questions bitwene the Maister of Oxinford and his Scoler.

The Clerkys question. Say me where was God whan he made heven and erthe? The Maisters answer. I saye, in the fether ende of the wynde. C. Tell me what worde God first spake? M. Be thowe made light, and light was made. C. Whate is God? M. He is God, that all thinges made, and all thinges hath in his power. C. In how many dayes made God all thingis? M. In six dayes. The first daye he made light; the second daye he made all thinges that helden heven; the thirde daye he made water and erthe; the fourth daye he made the firmament of heven; the vjth daye he made sterrys; the viijth day he made almaner bestis, fowlis, and the see, and Adam, the first man. C. Whereof was Adam made? M. Of viij. thingis: the first of erthe, the second of fire, the iiiijth of wynde, the iiiijth of cloudys, the vijth of aire wherethrough he speketh and thinketh, the viijth of dewe wherby he sweeth, the viijth of flowres, wherof Adam hath his ien, the viijth is salt wheyrof Adam hath salt teres. C. Wherof was founde the name of Adam? M. Of fowre sterres, this been the namys, Arcax, Dux, Arostolym, and Momfumbres. C. Of whate state was Adam whan he was made? M. A man of xxx. wynter of age. C. And of whate length was Adam? M. Of iiiij. score and vj. enchys. C. How longe lived Adam in this worlde? M. ix. c. and xxxijj wynter, and afterwarde in hel till the passion of our lord God. C. Of whate age was Adam whan he begat his first childe? M. An c. and xxx. wynter, and had a son that hight Seth, and that Seth had a son that hight Enos, and the forsaid Seth lived ix. c. and x. wynter, and Enos his son lived ix. c. and v. wynter. And that Enos had a son that hight Canaan, and that Canaan lived ix. c. x. wynter. And that Canaan had a son than hight Malek, and that Malek lived ix. c. and v. wynter, and that Malek had a son that hight Jared, and that Jared lived ix. c. xlij. wynter, and that Jared had a son that hight Matusidall, and that Matusidall lived ix. c. and xlix. wynter, and that Matusidall had a son that hight Laneck, and that Laneck lived vij. c. and xlvij. wynter, and that Laneck had a son that hight Noe, and that Noe had iiij. sonnyss, the whiche forsaid Noe lived ix. c. xl. wynter, and his iiij. sonnyss hight Sem, Cam, and Japheth. And Sem had xxx. children, and Cam had xxx.
children, and Japheth had xij. children. C. Whate was he that never was borne, and was buried in his mothers wombe, and sens was cristeden and saved? M. That was our father Adam. C. Howe longe was Adam in Paradise? M. vij. yere, and at vij. yeres ende he trespassed ayenst God for the apple that he hethe on a Fridaye, and an angell drove him owte. C. Howe many wynter was Adam whan our Lorde was doon on the crosse? M. That was v. m'. cc. and xxxij. yere. C. What hicht Noes wyf? M. Dalida; and the wif of Sem, Cateslinna; and the wif of Cam, Laterecta; and the wif of Japheth, Aurca. And other iij. names, Ollia, Olina, and Olybana. C. Wherof was made Noes ship? M. Of a tre that was clepyd Chy. C. And whate length was Noes ship? M. Fifty fadem of bredeth, and cc. fadem of length, and xxx. fadem of hith. C. Howe many wynter was Noes ship in makyng? M. iiiij. score yeres. C. Howe longe dured Noes flodde? M. xl. dayes and xl. nightys. C. Howe many children had Adam and Eve? M. xxx. men children and xxx. wymen children. C. Whate citie is there the son goth to reste? M. A citie that is called Sarica. C. Whate be the beste erbes that God loved? M. The rose and the lilie. C. Whate fowlw loved God best? M. The dove, for God sent his spiret from heven in likenes of a dove. C. Which is the best water that ever was? M. Flom Jordan, for God was baptised therein. C. Where be the anjelles that God put out of heven and bycam devilles? M. Som into hell, and som reyned in the skye, and som in the erth, and som in waters and in wodys. C. How many waters been there? M. ij. salte waters, and ij. freshe waters. C. Who made first ploughis? M. Cam, that was Noes son. C. Why bereth not stonys froyt as trees? M. For Cayme slough his brother Abell with the bone of an asse cheke. C. Whate is the best thinge and the worsteamonge men? M. Worde is beste and warste. C. Of whate thinges be men most ferde? M. Men be moste ferde of deth. C. Whate are the iij. thinges that men may not live without? [M.] Wynde, fire, water, and erth. C. Where resteth a manys soule, whan he shall slepe? M. In the brynge, or in the blode, or in the harte. C. Where lieth Moises body? M. Beside the howce that highg Enfegor. C. Why is the erth cursed, and the see blissed? M. For Noe and Abraham, and for cristenyng that God commaundde. C. Who sat first vines? M. Noe set the first vines. C. Who cleped first God? M. The devyll. C. Which is the heighest thinge bering? M. Syn is the heighest. C. Which thinge is it that som loveth, and som hateth? M. That is jugement. C. Which be the iij. thingis that never was full nor never shalbe? M. The first is erth,
the second is fire, the third is hell, the fourth is a covitous man. C. How many manner of birdis been there, and how many of fisches? M. liijj. of fowles, and xxxvj. of fisches. C. Which was the first clerke that ever was? M. Elias was the first. C. Whate hight the iiij. waters that renneth through paradise! M. The one hight Fyson, the other Egeon, the iiijde hight Tygrys, and the iiijth Effraton. Thise been milke, hony, oyll, and wyne. C. Wherefore is the son rede at even? M. For he gothe toward hell. C. Who made first cities? M. Marcusius the gyaunt. C. How many langagis been there? M. lxijj., and so many discipules had God without his appostoles.

Wrt.

MICELLANEOUS SCRAPS.

From the same MS. fol. 2. vo.

Computatio Subscripto de feodis militum fuit factum in anno regis Henrici quinti, iiijto.

Ther been in England xxxvj. shires, liij. m1. and lxxx. townes, xl. m1. and xj. parishes, lx. m1. cc. xv. knightes fees, wherof religious have xxvij. m1. and xv. fees. The somme of the xvth of all England is xxxvij m1. ix. xxx. li. xj. d. ob. in clere, without colectours dispensis, that is iiijc. xxij. li. vj. s. viij. d. The length of England from Scottland to Tonnesse conteyneth viijc. myles. The bredeth therof from Saint Davis in Wales unto Dover, iiic. myles and l. The circuite therof, iiij. m1. and xl. myles.

Weight and Mesure.

By the discrecion and ordynauce of oure Lorde the king weight and mesure were made. It is to be knowen that an Englisse penny, which is called a rounede sterlyng, and without clyppynge, shall weye xvij. cornys of whete taken owte of the middyl of the ere. And xx. maken an ounce; xij. ounces maken a pounde, which is xx. s. of sterlinges. And viij. pounde of whete maken a galon of wyne; and viij. galondys maken a London busshele, which is the eight parte of a quarter.
lepe upon; of a fox, a faire tayle, shorte eres, with a good
trotte; of an hare, a grete eye, a drye heed, and wele rennyng;
of an asse, a bigge chynne, a flat leg, and a good hone. Wele
traveled wymen or wele traveled horsses were never good.

Aryse erly,
Serve God devoutely,
And the worlde besely,
Doo thy work wisely,
Yeve thyng almes secretly,
Goo by the waye sadly,
Answer the people demuerly,
Goo to thy mete apetitely,
Sit therat discretely,
Of thy tung be not to liberally,
Arise therfrom temperally,
Go to thy supper soberly,
And to thy bed morally,
Be in thyng inne jocundely,
Please thy love duely,
And slepe suerly.

Who that maketh in Cristemas a dogge to his larder,
And in Marche a sowe to his gardyne,
And in Maye a fole of a wise mannes councell,
He shall never have good larder, faire gardeyn, nor wele
kepte councell.

Far from thy kyn cast the,
Wreth not thy neighbor next the,
In a good corne contrey rest the,
And sit downe, Robyn, and rest the.

Who that byldeth his howse all of salos,
And prikketh a blynde horsse over the folowes,
And suffereth his wif to seke many halos,
God sende hym the blisse of everlasting galos!

There been thre things full harde to be knowen which waye
they woll drawe. The first is of a birde sitting upon a bough.
The second is of a vessell in the see. And the thirde is the
wayne of a yonge man.

Two wymen in one howse,
Two cattles and one mowce,
Two dogges and one bone,
Maye never accorde in one.

Wrt,
A BALLAD.

From MS. Harl. 7333. fol. 192, r², a., fifteenth century.

_Halsam squire made thes ij. balades._

The worlde so wyde, the ayer so remuabke,
The sely man so litle of stature,
The groue and grounde of clothing so mutable,
The fuyre so hoete and sotile of nature,
The water never in oon, what creatour
That made is of thes foure thus flettynge
May stedfastee bee, as here is leyvynge?
The more I goo, the forthere I am behynde;
The more behynde, the nerrer my weyes ende;
The more I seche, the worse kan I fynde;
The more presente, the fIrther oute of my mynde;
Is this fortune, not I, or in fortune,
Thaughe J goo loosse, I tyed am with a lorygne.

_Here begynnethe a dialoque betwene man and dethe._

_[This is in Latin._]

_Hill._

CREED, PATER NOSTER, &c.

In English verse, from MS. Arundel, 292, fol. 3, r², and v², of the earther
part of the thirteenth century.

_Credo in Deum._

I leve in Godd al-micthen fader,
Satt hevene and erbe made to gar:
And in Jhesu Crist his leve sun,
Ure oenelic loverd, ik him mune,
Satt of de holigost bikenedd was,
Of Marie se maiden boren he was,
Pinedd under Ponce Pilate,
On rode nailedd for mannes sake,
Sar Solede he deadd widuten wold,
And biriedd was in de roche cold;
Dun til helle licten he gan,
Se sridde dai off deadd at-kam,
To hevene he steg in ure manliche,
Sar sitte he in his faderes riche,
O domes dai sal he cumen agen
To demen dede and lives men:
I leve on se hali gast,
Al holi chirche stedestaf,
Men off alle holi kinne,
And forgivenesse of mannes sinne,
Up-risinge of alle men,
And eche lif I leve. Amen.

_Pater Noster._

Fader ure statt art in hevene blisse,
Sin hege name itt wurbe blissed,
Cumen itt mote si kingdom,
Sin hali wil it be al don
In hevene and in erbe all so,
So itt sall ben ful wel ic tro;
Gif us alle one bis dai
Ure bred of iche dai
And forgive us ure sinne
Als we don ure winderwenes;
Leet us nocht in fondeing falle,
Ooc fro ivel su sild us alle. Amen.

_Ave Maria._

Marie ful off grace, weel de be,
Godd of hevene be wið se,
Oure alle wimmen blissed tu be,
So be se bern datt is boren of se.

_In manus tuas._

Loverd Godd, in hondes tine
I bique se soule mine,
Su me boastest wið si deadd,
Loverd Godd of soðfastheedd.

† Wanne I senke singes se,
Ne mai hi nevre blîde ben;
Se ton is dat I sal awei,
Se toðer is I ne wot wilk dei,
Se fridde is mi moste kare,
I ne wot wider I sal faren.

‡ If man him biðocte,
Inderlike and ofte,
Wu arde is te fore
Fro bedde to flore,
Wu reuful is te flitte
THE THIRTY-TWO FOLLIES.

From MS. Gg. 1. 1, fol. 629, r°, Bib. Publ. Cantab. temp. Edw. II.

*Ici commencent les xxxij. folies.*

Ke nul bien ne set, et nul veut apprendre;
Ke mut acceit, e n’ad dunt rendre;
Ke taunt doune, e rien ne reteint;
Ke mut promette, e ne donne nient;
Ke tant parle qe nul ne li escute;
Ke tant manace ke nul ne li doute;
Ke tant jure que nul ne li creit;
Ke demaunde quanke il veit;
Ke à enfaut ou à fol son conseil cunt;
Ke pur autri honur sei meime met à hunte;
Ke rien n’ad en burs, e tut bargaine;
Ke ascient pert, e nient ne gaine;
Ke tant fet en un jour, que ne puët à simaine;
Ke pur estrange eschace, le soen demaine;
Ke autre blasme, dunt il meimes est cupable;
Ke trop se fie en chose que n’est mi estable;
Ke felun cunust, e li coyst à sei;
Ke à souen seignur trop se desrai;
Ke en bone pees desire la guere;
Ke se entremette de chose dunt n’ad qe fere;
Ke fol est, e plus sol se fet;
Ke se enjauyt de souen melfet;
Ke n’ad qe li serve, ne li meime ne veut;
Ke trop se mape, kaunt fere ne le estoet;
Ke bien pout elire, e de gré se prent à pire;
Ke tut quide veindre par mut mesdire;
Ke tant se avaunce, qe nul ne li loe,
Ke pur autri le soen desavoe;
Ke rien ne veut fere, ne autre ne let;
Ke quide qe bien seït quanke li plet;
Ke tut en prent, e nient ne escheve;
Ke sanz reison sun bon amy greve.
RELIQUIAE ANTIQUEAE.

ITINERARY FROM VENICE TO JOPPA.

From MS. Sloan. 683. fol. 42, r°. of the fifteenth century.

A Venetiis ad Parentium sunt 100 mi. Italica
A Parentio ad Corphonam 700.
A Corphona ad Modonam 300.
A Modona ad Cretam 300.
A Creta ad Rhodum 300.
A Rhodo ad Cyprum 300.
A Cypro ad Joppen tridui navigatione.

Hill.

A SONG.

From MS. Harl. 7371 of the sixteenth century.

Nos vagabunduli,
Læti, jucunduli,
Tara tantara teino.

Edimus libere,
Canimus lepide,
Tara &c.

Risu dissolvimus,
Pannis obvulvimus,
Tara &c.

Multum in joculis,
Crebro in poculis,
Tara &c.

Dolo consuimus,
Nihil metuimus,
Tara &c.

Pennus non deficit,
Praeda nos reficit,
Tara &c.

Frater catholice,
Vir apostolice,
Tara &c.

Dic que volueris
Fient que juseris,
Tara &c.

Omnes metuuite
Partes gramaticæ,
Tara &c.

Quadruplic nebulæ
Adest, et spolio,
Tara &c.

Data licencia,
Crescit amentia,
Tara &c.

Papa sic præcipit,
Frater non decipit,
Tara &c.

Chare fratercule,
Vale et tempore,
Tara &c.

Quando revertitur,
Congratulabimur,
Tara &c.

Nosmet respicimus,
El vale dicimus,
Tara &c.

Corporum noxibus,
Cordium amplexibus,
Tara tantara teyno.

Hill.
A SONG.

From MS. Cotton. Vespas. A. xxv. fol. 50, v°, temp. Hen. VIII.

So longe may a droppe fall
That it may perse a stone;
So longe trowthe may thrall,
That it shall scarce be known.

So longe may poweres wynke,
To lawgh at this or that,
That untruthe shall not shrynke
To say she cares not whatte.

So longe errore may raigne,
And untruthe soo increase,
That it shal be mutche payne
The same agayne to cease.

So longe lies may be cryed
Unto the peoples eares,
That whan truthe shal be tried,
Ytt may be with some teares,

So longe we may goo seke
For that which is not farre,
Till ended be the week,
And we never the narre.

So longe we may be blynde,
Yf we sele not the greese,
That harde wil be to fynde
For our disease reese.

So longe we may forgete
Owre dutie unto God,
That pore we shal be bette,
And yet see not the rodde.

So longe we may in vaine
Forsake the way and pathe,
That grete shal be our paine,
Whan God shall shew his wrath.

So longe may God permytte
Us wretches to offende,
That it shall passe mans wytt
The fawte for to amende.
So longe, if we have grace,
Goddes mercy we may crave,
That in dew tyme and space
I truste we shall it have.

Hull.

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A BURLESQUE SONG.

of this song are almost defaced in the MS. and very difficult to decypher.

Newes! newes! newes! newes!
Ye never herd so many newes!

A . . . . . upon a strawe,
Cudlyng of my cowe,
Ther came to me jake-dawe,
Newes! newes!

Our dame mylked the mares talle,
The cate was lykyng the potte;
Our mayd came out wyt a flayle,
And layd her under fat.
Newes! newes!

In ther came our next neyghbur,
Frome whens I can not tell;
But ther begane a hard scouer,
"Have yow any musterd to sell?"
Newes! newes!

A cowe had stolyn a clafe away,
And put her in a sake;
Forsoth I sel no puddynges to day,
Mayssters, what doo youe lake?
Newes! newes!

Robyne is gone to Hu[n]tyngton,
To bye our gore a flayle;
Lyke Spip, my yongest son,
Was huntyng of a snalle.
Newes! newes!
RELIQUIAE ANTIQUE.

Our mayd John was her to-morowe,
I wote not where she berwend(?)
Our cate lyet syke,
And take ye gret sorowe.

Hill.

SATIRE ON THE BLACKSMITHS.

From MS. Arundel. 292, f. 72, v°. fourteenth century, written as prose.

Swart smekyd smethys smateryd with smoke
Dryve me to deth wyth den of her dyntes;
Swech noys on nyghtes ne herd men never,
What knavene cry and clatering of knockes,
The cammede kongons cryen after col! col!
And blowen here bellewys that al here brayn brestes.
Huf! puf! seith that on, haf! paf! that other,
Thei spyttyyn and spraulyyn and spellyn* many spelles.
Thei gnauen and gnacchen, they gnorys to-gydyere,
And holdyn hem hote with here hard hamers.
Of a bole hyde ben here barm-fellys,
Here schankes ben schakeled for the fere flunderys,
Hevy hamerys thei han that hard ben handled,
Stark strokes thei sryken on a stelyd stokke,
Lus! bus! las! das! rowtyyn be rowe,
Swech dolful a dreme the devyl it to-dryve!
The mayister longith a lityl, and lascheth a lesse,
Twineth hem tweyn and towchith a treble,
Tik! tak! hic! hac! tiket! taket! tyk! tak!
Lus! bus! lus! das! swych lyf thei ledyn,
Alle clothe merys, Cryst hem gyve sorwe!
May no man for brenwateres on nyght han hys rest.

* An interlinear gloss in a later hand has echo of hem at others.

Wt.
THE THRUSH AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

From MS. Digby, 86, at Oxford, written in the reign of Edward I.

Ci comence le cument par entre le mauvis et la russinole.

Somer is comen with love to toune,
With blostme and with brides roune,
    The note of hasel springeth;
The dewes darkneth in the dale,
For longing of the niȝttingale,
    This loweles murie singeth.

Hic herde a strif bitweies two,
That on of wele, that other of wo,
    Bitwene two i-fere;
That on hereth wimmen that hoe beth hende,
That other hem wole withe miȝte shende,
    That strif ȝe mowen i-here.

The niȝttingale is on bi nome,
That wol shilden hem from shome,
    Of skathe hoe wele hem skere:
The threstelcock hem kepeth ay,
He seith bi niȝte and eke bi day
    That hy beth fendes i-tere.

"For hy biswiketh euchar mon
That mest bileveth hem ouppon;
    They hy ben milde of chere,
Hoe beth fikele and flas to fonde,
Hoe werethe wo in euchar londe,
    Hit were betere that hy nere."

"Hit is sheme to blame levedy,
For hy beth hende of corteisy,
    Ich rede that thou lete:
Ne wes nevere bruche so strong
I-broke with riȝte ne with wrong,
    That mon ne miȝte bete.

Hy gladieth hem that beth wrove,
Bothe the heyde and the lowe,
    Mid some hy cunne hem grete:
This world nere nout, ȝif wimen nere
I-maked hoe wes to mones fere,
    Nis nothing al so swete."
"I ne may wimen herien nohut,
For hy beth swikele and false of thobut,
   Also ich am ounderstonde;
Hy beth feire and briȝt on hewe,
Here thoust is fals and ountrerwe,
   Ful ȝare ich have hem fonde.

Alisaundre the king meneth of hem;
In the world nes non so crafti mon,
   Ne non so riche of londe,
I take witnesse of monie and fele,
That riche weren of worldes wele,
   Muche wes hem the shonde."

The nijtingale hoe wes wroth:
"Fowel, me thinketh thou art me loth,
   Sweche tales for to showe:
Among a thousand leviedes i-tolde,
Ther nis non wickede i-holde,
   Ther hy sitteth on rowe.

Hy beth of herte meke and milde;
Hemself hy cunne from shome shilde,
   Withinne boures wowe;
And swettoust thing in armes to wre,
The mon that holdeth hem in gle
   Fowel, wi ne art thou hit i-nowe."

"Gentil fowel, seist thou hit me,
Ich habbe with hem in boure i-be,
   I-haved al mine wille;
Hy willeth for a luitel mede,
Don as unsou ineffe dade,
   Here soules for to spille."

"Fowel, me thinketh thou art les,
They thou be milde and softe of thes,
   Thou seyst thine wille;
I take witnesse of Adam,
That wes oure furste man,
   That fond hem wyde and ille."

"Threstelcok, thou art wod,
Other thou const too litel good,
   This wimen for to shende:
Hit is the swetteste driwerie,
And mest hoe commen of curteisie,
   Nis nothing also hende."
The mest murthe that mon haveth here,
Wenne hoe is maked to his fere
    In armes for to wende.
Hit is shome to blame levedi;
For hem thou shalt gon sori,
    Of londe ich wille the sende.”

“Ništìngale, thou hastest wrong,
Wolt thou me senden of this lond,
    For ich holde with the riʒte,
I take witnesse of sire Wawain,
That Jhesu Crist ʒaf miʒt and main,
    And strengthe for to fiʒte.

So wide so he hevede i-gon,
Trewc ne founde he nevere non
    Bi daye ne bi niʒte.
Fowel, for thi false mouth,
Thi sawe shal ben wide couth,
    I rede the fle with miʒte.

Ich habbe leve to ben here,
In orchard and in erbere,
    Mine songes for to singe;
Herdi nevere bi no levedi,
Hote hendinese and curteysi,
    And joye hy gunnen me bringe.

Of muchele murthe hy telleth me,
Fere, also I telle the,
    Hy liveth in longinginge.
Fowel, thou sitest on hazel bou,
Thou lastest hem, thou havest wou,
    Thi word shal wide springe.

Hit springeth wide, wel ich wot,
Hou tel hit him that hit not,
    This sawes ne beth nout newe
Fowel, herkne to mi sawe,
Ich wile the telle of here lawe,
    Thou ne kepest nout hem, I knowe.

Thenk on Constantines quene,
Foul wel hire semede fow and grene,
    Hou sore hit son hire rewe:
Hoe fedde a crupel in hire bour,
And helede him with covertour,
    Loke war wimmen ben trewe.”
"Threstelkoc, thou havest wrong, 
Also I sugge one mi song,  
And that men witeth wide;  
Hy beth briȝtto re ounder shawe,  
Then the day, wenne hit dawe  
In longe someres tide.

Come thou hevere in here londe,  
Hy shulen don the in prisoun stronge,  
And ther thou shalt abide.  
The lesinges that thou havest maked,  
Ther thou shalt hem forsake,  
And shome the shal bitide."

"Niȝttingale, thou seist thine wille,  
Thou seist that winnen shulen me spille,  
Datheit wo hit wolde!  
In holi bok hit is i-founde,  
Hy bringeth moni mon to grounde,  
That prude weren and bolde.

Thenk oupon Saunsum the stronge,  
Hou muchel is wif him dude to wronge,  
Ich wot that hoe him solde.  
Hit is that worste hord of pris,  
That Jhesu makede in paraies,  
In tresour for to holde."

Tho seide the niȝttingale,  
"Fowel, wel redi is thi tale,  
Herkne to mi lore;  
Hit is flour that lasteth longe,  
And mest i-herd in everi londe,  
And lovelich ounder gore.

In the worlde nis non so gōdleche,  
So milde of thoute, so feir of speche,  
To hele monnes sore:  
Fowel, thou rewes al mi thohut,  
Thou dost evele, ne semeth the nohut,  
Ne do thou so nammore."

"Niȝttingale, thou art ounwis,  
On hem to leggen so michel pris,  
Thi mede shal ben lene;  
Among on houndret ne beth five,  
Nouther of maidnes ne of wife,  
That holdeth hem al clene."
That by ne wercheth wo in londe, 
Other bringeth men to shonde, 
   And that is wel i-seene. 
And they we sitten therfore to striven, 
Bothe of madness and of wive, 
   Soth ne seist thou ene."

"O fowel, thi mouth the haveth i-shend, 
Thoru wam wel al this world i-wend 
   Of a maide meke and milde; 
Of hire sprong that holi bern, 
That boren wes in Bedlehem, 
   And temeth al that is wilde.

Hoe ne weste of sunne ne of shame, 
Marie wes ire rięte name, 
   Crist hire i-shilde; 
Fowel for thi false sawe, 
For beddi the this wode shawe, 
   Thou fare into the filde."

"Nięttingale, I wes woed, 
Other I couthe to luitel goed, 
   With the for to strive: 
I suge that icham overcome, 
Thoru hire that bar that holi some, 
   That soffrede woundes five.

Hi swerie bi his holi name, 
Ne shal I nevere suggen shame 
   Bi maidnes ne bi wive; 
Hout of this londe willi te, 
Ne rechi nevere weder I fle, 
   Awai ich wille drive."

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MORAL ADMONITIONS.

From MS. Lansd. 769, fol. 9, r°, of the fifteenth century.

Thise been the ix. answers which God gave to a certeyn creture that desired to wit whate thinge was moost plesure to hym in this worlde.

1. Yeve thy almes unto poore folke whilest thowe livest, for that pleaseth me more than thowe gavest a grete hill of golde after thy deth.
2. Yeve out teres for thy synnys and for my passion, for that pleaseth me more than thoue wepte for worldly thinges as much water as in the see.

3. Suffre noyious wordis with a meke harte, for that pleaseth me more than thoue bete thy body with as many roddys as grown in an hundred wodys.

4. Meke thyself and breke thy slepe and yelde owte prayers, for that pleaseth me more than thoue sentest xij. men of thyne owne coste to the Holy Lande.

5. Have compassion the seeke and poore, for that pleaseth me more than thoue fastest fifty wynter brede and water.

6. Saye no bakbiting wordis, but shon from them, for that pleaseth me more than thoue yedest barefote that men myght folowe thye stappis of blode.

7. Love thy nayghber, and turne alle that he saithe or dothe to good, for that pleaseth me more than yf thoue every daye enspired to heven.

8. Whatesower thoue aske, aske it firste of God, for that pleaseth me more than yf my Moder and all the Saintes in heven praied for the.

9. Me onely love, and alle other for me, for that pleaseth me more than yf thoue every daye goo upon a whele stikking fulle of nayles that shulde prik thy body through.

Hilll.

LIST OF ERRORS CHARGED AGAINST THE VAUDOIS IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

From MS. Cotton. Julius D, xi. fol. 84, r° in a hand of the fourteenth century.

Errores Valdensium.

Primus, quod ecclesia Romana est domus mendaciai et a Deo reprobata.

Item, quod soli Deo est obediendum.

Item, quod papa non habet tantam potestatem quam sanctus Petrus, nisi sit ita sanctus sicut sanctus Petrus.

Item, quod censura ecclesiae Romanae non est timenda, quia ejus praelati non possunt aliquid solvere vel ligare.

Item, quod ordines Romanae ecclesiae non sunt a Deo sed a traditione hominum.

Item, quod mali sacerdotes curiae Romanae non possunt conficere corpus Christi, quare non est credendum, venerandum, et percipiendum ut tale.
RELIQUIÆ ANTIQUÆ.

Item, quod etiam laicus de secta ipsorum potest conficere, imo etiam mulier.

Item, quod non est nisi semel in anno conficiendum, modumque nefandissimum habent.

Item, quod ipsi sunt missi a Deo cum potestate apostolorum.

Item, quod ipsi possunt sine licentia cujuscunque prædicare.

Item, quod plus habet de auctoritate bonus laicus quam malus sacerdos, quia quantum habet quis de bonitate tantum habet de auctoritate.

Item, quod mere laici etiam conjugati de ipsorum secta possunt confessiones audire.

Item, quod omne juramentum est peccatum mortale.

Item, quod omne mendacium peccatum mortale est.

Item, quod non est credendum purgatorium post hanc vitam.

Item, quod orationes, missæ, elemosinæ, et alia suffragia facta pro defunctis, non valent, quia non sunt nisi propter avaritiam inventa.

Item, quod non ulla sunt vel fuerunt miracula in curia Romana.

Item, quod indulgentiæ summorum pontificum et aliorum prælatorum nichil valent.

Item, quod sanit non audiunt orationes nostras, nec est ad ipsos recurrendum.

Item, quod peregrinationes in nullo proficiunt.

Item, quod solus dies dominicus est feriandus, quia aliæ festa sunt festicula.

Item, quod non est crucibus nec ymaginibus defferendum, quia sunt ydola.

Item, quod sacramenta ecclesiae propter quæstum sunt inventa, et propter quæstum ministrantur.

Item, quod bonitas vel malitia ministrorum auget vel diminuit virtutem sacramentorum.

Item, judicare hominem ad mortem quacunque de causa est peccatum mortale.

Item, quod decimæ sacerdotibus Romanæ ecclesiae non sunt persolvendæ.

Item, quod ecclesia Romana ex invidia et malitia persequitur ipsos, quia veritatem docent.

Item, quod nullus extra sectam ipsorum salvatur.

Item, decelando ipsos, quia ipsorum magistros detegere est inexpiable peccatum.

Item, quod non sunt dicendæ orationes quarum actores ignorantur.

Item, quod non est dicenda Ave Maria, quia ejus actor ignoratur.

Item, habent etiam inter se mixtum abominabile, et perversa docmata ad hoc apta, sed non reperitur quod abutantur in partibus istis a multis temporibus.
Item, in aliquibus aliis partibus appareat eis daemon sub specie
et figura cati, quern sub cauda sigillatim osculatur.
Item, in aliis partibus super unum baculum certo unguento
perunctum equitant, et ad loca assignata ubi velu-
erint congregantur in momento dum volunt. Sed is-
ta in istis partibus non inveniuntur.

SOONG ON WOMAN.

From MS. Lambeth, 306, fol. 135, of the fifteenth century.

Women, women, love of women
Make bare purs with some men.
Some be nyse as a nanne hene,
"it al thei be nat so;
Some be lewde, some all be shreude,
Go schrewes wher thei goo.

Sum be nyse, and some be fonde,
And some be tyme y undirstonde,
And some cane take brede of a manys honde;
Yit all thei be nat so.

Some cane part withouten hire,
And some make bate in eviri chire,
And some cheke-mate withoute sire;
Yit all they be nat so.
Some be lewde, and some be schreued;
Go wher they go.

Some be browne, and some be whit,
And some be tender as accripe;
And some of theym be chiriy ripe;
Yit all thei be not soo.
Sume be lewde, &c.

Some of them be treue of love,
Benethe the gerdelle, but nat above;
And in a hode above cane chove;
Yit all thei do nat soo.
Some be lewde, &c.

Some cane whister, and some cane crie;
Some cane flater, and some cane lye;
And some can sette the moke awrie;
Yit all thei do nat soo.
Sume be lewde, &c.
HELIQUAE ANTIQUAE.

He that made this songe full good,
Came of the northe and of the sothern blode,
And somewhat kyne to Robyn Hode;
Yit all we be nat soo.
Some be lewde, &c.

HILL.

TETRASTICHS.

From a collection of wooden fortune cards, of the time of Queen Elizabeth,
in the possession of Charles Babbage, Esq.

Thou art the hapiest man alyve,
For everye thinge dothe make the thryve;
Yet maye thy wyffe thy maister bee,
Wherfor take thryfte and all ffor mee.

And he that reades thys verse even nowe
Maye hope to have a lowringe lowe,
Whose lookes are nothinge lyked soo badde,
As ys her tonge to make hym madde.

Aske thou thy wyffe yFFE she can tell,
Whether thou in maryage hast spede well;
And lett her speake as she dothe knowe,
For xx. pounde she wyll saye noo.

A wyffe that maryethe husbandes three,
Was never wyshedo therto by mee;
I wolde my wyffe sholde rather dyee,
Then for my death to wep or cryee.

Iff that a batcheler thou bee,
Kepe the soo style, be ruled by mee,
Leste that repentance, all to latte,
Rewarde the withe a broken patte.

Iff thou be younge then marye not yett,
Iff thou be olde thou haste more wytt;
For younge mens wyves wyll not bee taught,
And olde mens wyves bee good for naught.

I shrowe hys hart that maryed mee,
My wyffe and I cann never agree;
A knavishe quene by Jis I doo sweare,
The good mans bretche shee thinkes to were.

Receave thy hape as fortune sendeth,
But God yt ys that fortunne lendeth;

2 a
Wherfore yff thow a shrewest hast gotte,
Thinke with thyselfe yt ys thy lotte.

Take upp thy fortune wyth the good hope,
Wyth rythches thou doste fyle thy lappe;
Yet lesse were better for thy store,
Thy quyentnes sholde be the more.

Thou hast a shrowe to thy good man,
Perhaps an unthryfte to; what than?
Kepe hym as longe as he cann lyve,
And at hys ende hys paseport geve.

Thou maist bee poore: and what for that?
Howe yt thou hadest neither cape nor hatte!
Thy mynde maye yet so quyet bee,
That thou maist wyne as much as iij.

Thys woman maye have husbandes fyve,
But never whilst shee ys alyve;
Yet dothe shee hoope soo well to spedde,
Geve upp thy hoope, yt shall not nedde.  

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BURLESQUE RECEIPT.

From a copy of Caxton's Mirour of the World, or th'ymage of the same, fol. Lond. 1481, in the King's Library in the British Museum, fol. ult. v', written by some owner of the book in the year 1520.

A good medesyn yff a mayd have lost her madened to
make her a mayd ageyn.

Yff a song woman had a c. men take,
I can her ageyne a mayd make,
With a lytyle medesynye
That ys wertows frely fyne,
So that she wylle yt take.
She must be wondyrly ffed,
And leyd in an esy bed,
In a hot hows;
She must be wondyrly fed and welle
Wyth the good chekenys and grewel,
And wyth the good fat swynys sowse;
She must have i... ed and a lowse, (?)
Wyth the sound of a belle
She must have the ney3ynge of a mere,
And ix. li' of gnattys smere,  
And do as I yow telle.  
She must have allso  
The oyll of a mytys too,  
With the kreke of a henne,  
And the ly3the of a glaweworme in the derke,  
With ix. skynnys of a larke,  
And the lanche of a wrenne,  
She must have of the wyntyrs ny3hte  
vij. myle of the mone-lych3  
Fast knyt in a bladder;  
3e must medyl ther among  
vij. Wellsshemens song,  
And hang yt on a lader;  
She must have the left fot of an ele,  
Wyth the krekynge of a cart-whelle,  
Wele hoylyd on a herdyll;  
3e must caste ther upon  
The mary of a whe3stone,  
And the lenthe of Judas gerdylle.  

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VERSES.

From the copy of Caxton's Game of Chesse, fol. Lond. 1474, in the King's Library, in the British Museum; written by John Wilson, temp. Hen. VII.

In word and eke in dede  
Obey thy livinge Lorde,  
Him serve with feare and drede,  
Namely whiche is thy God.  
Within thy hearte and minde  
Judge no evill of thy freinde;  
Love God with all thy hearte,  
So shalte thou not fele the smarte  
Of Goddes most cruell rodde;  
Never put thy truste from God.  

Fintis, quod Willson.  

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POPULAR MAXIMS.

From MS. Lansd. 210, fol. 80, v*, time of Mary.

The sayng of olde Housbendmen.

That the hasty or tymly sowyng  
Somtyme yt saylyth,
Butt to late sowyng
    Seldom or never wyll prevyth.

Many a man wyll go bare,
And take moche kark and care,
And hard he wyll fare,
    Alle the days of hys lyfe;
And after comyth a knave,
The worst of a thraue,
And alle he shalle have
    For weddyng of hys wyffe.

QUALITIES OF A GENTLEMAN.

From MS. Sloan. 775, fol. 55, v*, of the 15th century.

In whom is trauethe, pettee, fredome, and hardynesse,
    He is a man inhereyte to gentylmene.
Off thisse virtues iiiij. who lakkyth iiij.,
    He aught never gentylmane called to be.

SONG.

From MS. Harl. 4294, of the fiftenth century.

He hathe myne hart everydele,
That cane love true, and kepe yt wele.

Sit amones the knyghtes alle,
At te counselle but ye be calle,
And see and sey nott alle;
    Whatsoever ye thynk avyse ye wele.

In bower amones the byrdes bryghte
Spare thy tong and spend thy syghte,
    . . . . . . ace, be nott to lyghte;
Whatsoever, &c.

When thou goo to the nale,
Synge as a nyghtyngele;
Beware to whom thou telle thy tale.
    Whatsoever, &c.

Laughe never with no lewd crye,
Rage nott for no velony,
    . . . . . . rybaudy.
Whatsoever, &c.
And thow goo unto the wyne,
And thow thynk yt good and fyne,
Take thy leve whane yt ys tyme.
    Whateuer, &c.

With thy tong thou mayst thyselfe spylle,
And with tonge thou mayst have alle thy [wylle];
Her and se, and kepe the style.
    Whateuer, &c.

Hilll.

THE HARROWING OF HELL.

Since I published an edition of this early miracle-play, I have discovered another copy, of the time of Edward I., in MS. Digby, 86; and as the prologue contains several variations from the other copies, it may with propriety find a place in this collection.

_Hou Jhesu Crist herowede helle,
Of harde gates ich wille telle._

Leve frend, nou beth stille,
Lesteth that ich tellen wille,
Ou Jhesu fader him bithoute,
And Adam hout of helle broute.
In helle was Adam and Eve,
That weren Jhesu Crist wel leve;
And Seint Johan the Baptist,
That was newen Jhesu Crist;
Davit the prophet and Abraham,
For the sunnes of Adem;
And moni other holi mon,
Mo then ich ou tellen con;
Till Jhesu fader nom flies and blod
Of the maiden Marie god,
And suth then was don ful michel some,
Bonden and beten and maked ful lome,
Tille that Gode Friday at non,
Thenne he was on rode i-don,
His honden from his body wonden,
Nit here miâste hoe him shenden,
To helle sone he nom gate
Adam and Eve hout to take;
Tho the he to helle cam,
Suche wordes he bigan.

_Hilll._
PRICES OF ARTICLES IN THE REIGN OF ELIZABETH.

From the common-place book of Roger Columbell, of Darby Hall, Derbyshire, Addit. MS. in Mus. Brit. No. 6702. Many of the entries are dated in 1588.

Fol. 84.

Mem. that I payd Wyllam Halley, the xxxth daye of June, 1586, the last payment for my three new windoes about then finished, 9s. 6d., and for the same worke I had delivered hym before at severall tymes 31s. 8d., so that for thys worke I have now payde hym hys dewe covenant, which was 40s., and ijd. more, wherof the towe great windoes be to be mesured by foute, contayne 5 skore and one foute, which weare at 3d. every foote just 25s. 3d., and the little window I take to be 18thene foute, which wear 4s. 6d. to be hewen by greatt by lyke priye.

Stuff bought at Darby agaynst my dawghter Tranthes weddingle, God prosper hyr! vid. the... of September, 1587.

In primis, acetclothe of j. yrde. di. and d. q... 17s. 6d.
It' 18thene yards of lace prise... 6s.
It' di. j. oz. of sylke... 12d.
It' for 3 dosen buttons... 9d.
It' j yard & di. of fusston... 18d.

Sume 26s. 9d.

It' for Peter, ij yards sylle rashe... 6s. 8d.
For j dosen & di. of greate buttons for him... 18d.
For half j. elne mockade for Tranthe... 14d.
For di. a yard of fusstian... 6d.
j qr. of taftata to lyne hyr pinions... 6d.
For halfe one elne of lawne for her... 3s. 3d.
For fringe & lace for a peticote... 2s.
j. qr. & di. of fringe lace... 5d.
That time spent... 3d.

Summa 16s. 3d.
Summa totalis 43s.

For ij payre of Jersey hoose... 13s. 4d.
For 4 elnes changable taftata for hyr gowne... 54s.
For lace, silke, and sfrindge for the same gowne... 38s.
For fusstian ij. yards & demy... 2s. 6d.
Hoose ij payre... 2s.
Crule sfringe and lace for my wyves peticote... 2s. 8d.
Silke lace for a peticote vid. 3 yards & di... 2s. 8d.
2 yardses and 3 quarters changeable tofitt taftata... 27s.
Lace and sfringe for her kirtle... 2s. 6d.
A girdle and Mocbeado for their doerbodyes (!)... 3s.
for a cote and a dublet of leather made 1579.

Imp'. is for one yerd and iiij. qr. brode cloth... xvijs. 6d.
for 40t1 yardes of lace... 12s.
for one oz. Spaynishe sylke... 2s.

summa 31s. 6d.

It* for 10 yerd yelow lace that went to my leather
dublett... 3s. 4d.
for 4 scaynes yelow sylke... 6d.
for 3 dosen buttons... 6d.
for bumbast .12. and tafta... 7d.

1586. Reckned with Roger Ball, on Easter eve for hys
years wage now paste, which is xxvjs. 8d., wherof stopte upp
for the rent of hys howse and hys croft with 4 buttes in the
felde 4s. 8d., and for hys other closes 14s., for haye in Darley
Pes 3s., for a strike of wheate 3s., and for one day plowinge
10d. Sume 25s., and now delivereth hym 2s., so that he is now
4d. in my dett.

tol. 89.

A dewtye belonging of oulde tyme to the churches. Every
house payd at Easter for small tithinges ij.d. ob., one garden
peny, j. reeke penye, j. farthynge called a waxfarthinge, and
another called a chaddfarthinge, the waxfarthinge for lyght of
the alter, the chaddfarthinge to hallow the fonte for christining
of children and for oyle and creame to anoyle sicke folkeswyth.
The parson had the garden penye for tythinge, and the
bishopp had the j.d. ob. Then the parsons charge was to fynde
bread and wyne to serve with at Easter of hys paseroull.
And the parishe by howserowe to fynde every sundaye in the
yeare j. penye white lofe for holye bread, and a halpeny for
wyne to receyve the... with.

Wrt.

SONG ON AN INCONSTANT MISTRESS.

From MS. Harl. 2252, fol. 84, vo, of the time of Henry VIII.

O mestres whye
Owtecaste am I
All utterly

From your plesaunce?

Sythe ye and I,
Or this truly,
Famyliarly

Have had parlaunce.
And loyngly
Ye wolde aply
My company
To my conforte;
But now truly
Unloyngly
Ye do deny
Me to esurte,
And me to see
As strange ye be,
As thowe that ye
Shuld nowe deny,
Or else possede
That nobylnes
To be doches
Of great Savoy.
But sythe that ye
So straunge will be
As toward me,
And wyll not medylle,
I truste perease
To fynde some grace,
To have free chayse,
And spede as welle.

Hull.

THE PROVERBS OF HENDING.

Another copy of these curious proverbs (printed at p. 108 of the present volume,) is found in MS. Digby, 86. We give the commencement.

Hending the Hende.

Jhesu Crist, all this wordes red,
That for our sunnes wolde be ded
On that holi rode tre,
He lete ous alle to ben wise
And enden in his servise,
Amen, per seinte charité.

Wit and wisdom lerneth serne,
And loke that no man other warne
To ben ful wis and hende;
For betere were to ben wis,
Than to werren for and gris,
Were se mon shal ende.
‘Wit and wisdom is god wareis,’
Quod Hendyng.
May no mon that is in londe,
For nothing that he con fonde,
Wonen at hom and spede
Fele thewes for to lere,
So he that haveth wide were
Fouht in fele thede;
'Also fele thedes also fele thewes,'
Quod Hending.

\[Hlul.\]

\[---------\]

TUTIVILLUS.

From MS. Douce, 104; on the last page of a fine MS. of Piers Plowman, of
the end of the fourteenth century.

Tutivillus, the devyl of hell,
He wryteth har names, sothe to tel,
admissa extrahantes.
Beit wer be at tome for ay,
Than her to serve the devil to pay,
sic vana famulantes.
Thos women that sitteth the church about,
Thai beth al of the develis rowte,
divina inpotentes.
But thai be stil, he wil ham quell,
With kene strokes draw hem to hell
ad patientiam flentes.
For his love that 3ou der bo3th,
Hold 3ou stil, and fangel no3th,
sordem aperte deprecantes.
The blis of heven than may 3e wyn,
God bryng us al to his in,
Amen semper dicentes.
Unde Beda.—Qui osculatur mere'ricem pulsat campanam
infernii.

\[Hlul.\]

\[---------\]

FAITH AND REASON.

From MS. Bodl. 623, Bern. 2157, of the fifteenth century. See similar
verses at pp. 127, 205, of this volume.

Witt hath wonder, that reason ne can
Telle hough mayde is moder and God is man;
Lett be thi reason, lett be thy wonder;
For feithe is above and reasoun is under.

2 H
RELIQUIAE ANTIQUE.

Hoc mens ipsa stupet, quod non sua ratio cernet,
Quomodo virgo pia genetrix sit sancta Maria;
Hac Deus almus homo, sed credat ratio miro,
Namque fides superest cum perfida ratio subsit.

Hull.

BALLAD ON SEEING HENRY VIII. AND HIS DAUGHTER DANCE.

From MS. Ashmole, 176, of the sixteenth century.

Ravysshed was I, that well was me,
   O Lord to me so fayne;
To see that sight that I dyd see,
   I longe full sore ageyne.

I saw a kynge and a prynces
   Daunsynge before my face,
Most lyke a God and a Goddesse,
   I pray Christ save their grace!

This King to see, whom we have songe,
   His vertues be right muche;
But this prynces being so yonge,
   There can be found none suche.

So facundye fayre she ys to see,
   To her lyke ys none of her age;
Withoute grace yt cannot be,
   So yonge to be so sage.

This King to see with his fayre floure,
   The mother standing hye;
Yt dothe me good yet at this houre,
   On them when that thinke I.

I pray Christ save father and mother,
   And this yonge ladye fayre;
And send her shortlye a brother,
   To be Englandes righte heire.

Hull.

SONG ON DEFERRING MARRIAGE.

From MS. Harl. 2952, fol. 84, v*, of the time of Henry VIII.

Som do entende
There yowthe for to spende,
Tyll hyt be at an ende,
   Or they wyll mary;
For they do haste pretend,  
Fortune wyll do condyssend  
There substance to amend  
   By a great lady.  

But sche that hathe grete rente,  
When there corage ys spente,  
Wyll nothynge be contente,  
   With them to mary.  

Tho that so do use  
Of hys degree to muse,  
Tyll yowth do them refuse,—  
They do oftyne varye.  

Ye that hathe good substans,  
Take ye one for your plesaunce,  
Gentlyly to have dalyaunce,  
   Whyls that your yowthe dothe tary.  

Hill.  

THE EVILS OF LENDING.  

From MS. Harl. 941, fol. 23, v°. of the time of Edward IV.  

I wold lene but I ne dare,  
I have lant I will bewarre;  
When y lant y had a frynd,  
When y hym asked he was unkynd:  
Thus of my frynd y made my foo,  
Therefore darre I lene no moo.  
I pray yo of your gentilnesse  
Report for no unkyndnesse.  

THE MADMAN'S SONG.  

From MS. Bodl. Oxon. 851, Bern. 9041, of the fifteenth century.  

Be God and Saint Hillare,  
Mi clerk was of il lare,  
Wan he red hillar  
   Long in is pistil.  
I swere be mi chatter,  
I weld that Sis Allkar,  
Rihte with hir ers bar  
   Had pist in this wistil.  

I am a hert, I am no are,  
Onys I fley, I wel no mare;  
It is i-write in my hod,  
That I am a swyere god.
I am an hare, I am non hert,
Onys I fley and let a fert;
3e mow se by my hod,
My hert is nowt, my hed is wod.

PRIDE, ENVY, AND ANGER.

From MS. Harl. 957, fol. 27, v°. of the fourteenth century.

Superbia.

Prid man I the forbede
If thou be god and feyr and wis,
Of wytte, of word, of thouit, of ded,
Thank God, for al is his.

Invidia.

Envi for lak of al thinges
Even als it es delt in two;
Of manslahtring haf na langinges,
Ne of his wel be thou noyt wo.

Ira.

Ire thou do out of thin hert,
That wirks bat niht and day;
If it beleve yt sal be that
Thou sal bathe fraist and fanday.

A CHARM TO FIND STOLEN GOODS.

From Henslowe's Diary in the Library of Dulwich College, temp. Elizabeth.

To know wher a thinge is that is stolen.

Take vergine waxe and write upon yt "Jasper + Melchi-
sor + Balthasar +", and put yt under his head to whom the
good partayneth, and he shall knowe in his sleape wher the
thinge is become.

THE TESTAMENT OF THE CHRISTIAN.

From MS. Lansd. 762, fol. 3, v°. of the fifteenth century.

Terram terra tegat, Dæmon peccata resumat,
Mundus res habeat, spiritus alta petat.

Terram terra tegat.

Four poynsis my wille, or I hence departe,
Reason me movethe to make as I maye.
First to the erthe I bequeth the his parte,
My wretched careyn is but fowle claye,
Like than to like, erthe in erthe to laye;
Sith it is, according by it I wolle abide,
As for the first parte of my wille, that erthe erthe hide.

Damon peccata resumat.

Myne orrible synnes that so sore me bynde,
With weight me oppresse, that lyen so many fold,
So many in nurnbe, soo sondry in kynde,
The ffeende by his instaunce to theym made me bold;
From hym they come, to hym I yolde wolde;
Wherfore the second parte of my wylle is thus,
That the fende receyve all my synnes as hys.

Mundus res habet.

Whate availeth goodys, am I ones dede and roten;
Them alle and some I leve, penny and pounde,
Truely or untruely, some I trowe mysgoten,
Though I wot not of whome, howe, nor in whate grounde;
The worldis they been, them in the worlde I founde;
And therfore the thirde parte is of my wille,
Alle my worldly goodes let the worlde have stille.

Spiritus alta petat.

Nowe for the fourth poynte, and than have I doo;
Nedefulle for the soule me thinketh to provide;
Hence muste I neder, but whoster shalle I goo!
I dowte my demerytys which weyen on every side;
But Goddes mercy shalle I truste to be my guyde,
Under whoes liscens yet while I maye breth,
Unto heven on high my soule I bequeth.

Hill.

METRICAL TREATISE ON DREAMS.

From MS. Harl. No. 2253, fol. 119, ro. of the reign of Edward II.

Her comensez a bok of swevenyng,
That men meteth in slepyng;
Thurth David hit y-souneden ys,
That wes prophete of grete pris.
Tho he was in a cyté
Of Babyloun, of grete pousté,
The princes him bysohten alle,
Bothe in toun ant in halle,
That he huere swevenes aredde,
That huem thohte a-nyht in bedde,
And undude huere swevenes ariht
Thurh the holi gostes myht.

Mon that bryddes syth slepynde,
Him is toward gret wynnynge.
Mon that meteth of lomb ant got,
That tokneth confort, God yt wot!
Mon that thuncheth he breketh armes,
That y-wis bytokneth harmes.
Mon that syth tren blowe ant bere,
Bitokneth wynnyng, ant no lere.
Mon that styth on tre an heh,
Gode tidynghe him is neh.
Mon that syth the skywes clere,
Of somthing he worth y-boden here.
Mon that syth briddes kokkynde,
Of wraththe that is toknynge.
Mon that thuncheth him beste dryven,
His enmy wol with him striven.
Mon that of cartes met,
Of dede mon tidynghe he het.
Mon that shet, ant bowe bent,
Of somthing he worth y-send.
Mon that met of broche ant ryng,
That bitokneth syker thynge.
Mon that broche other ryng for-lest,
He bith bitreyed alre nest.
Selver seon ant gold bryht,
That is weder cler ant lyht.
Eysil drynke ant bitrate thynge,
Som serewe him is comyng.
Mon that to God doth offrynge,
Of gladnesse hit is tydyng.
Mon in albe other cloth whit,
Of joie that is gret delit.
Armes y-sen ant eke bataille,
Hit is strif ant wrake withoute faille.
Thilke that hath berd gret ant long,
He worth of power gret ant strong.
Mon that thuncheth is berd ys shave,
That bitokneth harm to have.
Armes habbe grete ant longe,
That is power ich onderstonde.
Armes habbe sherte ant lene,
That is feboldsse ase at ene.
Gerlaund whose hath ant crowne,
Forsoth him worth honour in toune.
Mon that sith the hevene undon,
To al the world hit is wycked won.
Buen y-shrud in gode clothe,
That is sykernesse ant counfort bothe.
Mon that wolde erne, ah he ne may,
That is seknesse, par fay.
Tapres make, and condle lyhte,
That is joie, day ant nyhte.
Bokes rede other here reden,
That is tidyng of god deden.
Mon that is in lokyng,
Decyete him is comyng.
With kyng speke other emperour,
That is digneté ant honour.
Heren symphayne, other harpe,
That bitokneth wordes sharpe.
3e that falleth toht other tweyn,
Thi nexte frendes shule deyn.
3et thou makest houses newe,
Joie ant blisse the shal siwe.
3ef thin hous falleth mid the wowe,
The worth harm ant eken howe.
3ef thou ridest on hors whyt,
That is joie ant deylt,
Reed hors seon other ryden,
Gode tidinge that wol tiden.
On blac hors ryden other seon,
That wol luere ant tuene buen.
Mon that meteth himself sek ys, _
Of wommon accusyng that is.
That sith himself gomeninge and wod,
Bitokneth serewe ant no god.
With suerd other knif whose is smyte,
Of tuene he shal eft y-wyte.
Mon that thuncheth he hath feir face,
Bitokneth god ant feir grace.
Mon that sith him in water cler,
Of longe lyve he worth her.
Blac whosse sith is oune face,
Him worth blame in uche place.
Water passen cler ant stille,
Bitokneth sikernesse ant wille.
In water thikke ant trouble buen,
Bytokneth bo deceyte ant tuen.
In diches falle grete ant deope,
From blame ne shal he him kepe.
In grete water ase Temese is throwe,
Evel toward he may trowe.
Mon that synth gret snow ant hayl,
Hit bitokneth gret travail.
With swerd other knyf fyhte,
That ys deceyte al aryhte.
Lombren suen other calf,
Bytokneth plenté on uch half.
Mon that sith gestes come,
Y-wayted he is to buen y-nome.
Whose sith his fomon in bataille,
Anguisse him tid withoute faille.
Lahtoun make ant to-delve,
Bytokneth joie to him selve.
Mon y-turned into beste,
That is wrathethe ant eke cheste.
Mon that sith is hous bernynde,
Ful gret peryl him is comynde.
Whose hym wosseth of cler water other welle,
Of joie ant wynnyng he shal telle.
That is hed is wyt whose meteth,
Gret byȝete hit bytokneth.
Whose thunche of hed is shave,
Strong hit is from luere him save.
Whose meteth is her is long,
He wroth of poer gret ant strong.
On whan houndes berketh fele,
Is fomon him foundeth tele.
3ef thou hast on newe shon,
Thou shalt joie underfon.
3ef the meteth thin shon beth olde,
In anguisse the worth y-holde.
3ef the meteth me wosseth thin heved,
Sunneth ant peril the worth byreved.
3ef thou etest of thystles surne,
Thy fomon the freteth on uche hurne.
3yf thou sist two mone,
In pousté thou shalt waixe sone.
3ef the thunche thou sist the mone,
Shapen of hard the worth to done.
3ef the thunche thou y-bounden art,
Lattynghe the worth strong ant smart.
3ef thou hast a bed of pris,
The worth a trewe wyf y-wis.
3ef thou sist the see ful cler,
The is god toward ner ant ner.
3ef the see is yn tempeste,
The tid anguissse ant eke cheste.
Whose foule sith is honde,
He is fol of sunne ant shonde.
Whose meteth him lasse y-maked,
Of is power he byth aslaked.
3ef thou more ant more wext,
Of god poer thou shalt buen hext.
3ef mon thuncheth that he is wedded,
Longe he worth seek in bedde.
Mon that thuncheth he ded ys,
Newe hous and comfort shal buen his.
3ef thou with dede mon spext,
Muche joie the is next.
Whose thunchest himself adreint,
Of desturbaunce he bith ateint.
Whose briddles nest hath y-founde,
Good shal to him abounde.
3ef thou sist thyn havek flen,
In joie thou shalt weole y-sen.
Brudale other songes heren,
Bytokneth plenté to alle feren,
3ef the thuncheth thou gest bare-fot,
Bytokneth serewe ant no god.
3ef the thuncheth thou takest veile,
Bytokneth joie, god, and eyl.
Tren with frut whose sith,
Bî3ete forsothe that byth.
Eyr mysty whose syth,
Desturbaunce that bith.
Of bestes him hated whose sith,
Luere of frend that byth.
Cartes urne whose sith,
Wraiththe of frend that byth.
D[r]ynke eysil whose syth,
To sothe seknesse that bith.
Eryen lond whose him syth,
Travail for sothe that bith.
Berd shaye whose syth,
Muche joie that bith
Armes other legges mis-turnd wose syth,
Langour ant mournyng that bith.
Croune underfonge whose syth,
Heththe ant menske that byth.
Whit heved whose syth,
Gret byȝete that byth.
Heved shave whose syth,
 Wyte him wel deceyte that bith.
 Houndes berkynde whose syth,
 Proude von the speketh with.
 With houndes biset whose him syth,
 Tuene of enymis that bith.
 Wosshen is heved wose syth,
 Of sunne ant peril to-lyvred he byth.
 Thistles eten whose him syth,
 Evel speche of fon that byth.
 Hevene y-le3ed wose syth,
 Harm in huerte sothliche hit byth.
 Urne feintliche whose him sith,
 Seknesse that tokneth ant byth.
 Caroles make ant condles lyhte,
 That is joie ant murthe bryhte.

With maide wedded whose him syth,
 Anguissse on soule mon saith that byth.
 Mantel wereie whose him syth,
 Confort ant joie that byth.
 Whose the dede speketh wyth,
 Fader other moder, whose hit bith,
 Ase the Latyn seith y-wis,
 That is muche joie ant blis.
 Casten drynke other mete,
 That a mon hath, er y-ete,
 Other with soster have to donne,
 Other soster taken him to monne,
 That is a bytokenyng
 Of sunne ant of mournyng.
 His teth falle whose syth,
 Luere of frend ychot that byth.
 Wong-teth blede ant tharewith falle,
 Deth of cun we mowe calle.
 Hous falle other berne whose syth,
 Sclaundre ne may he wyten him wyth.
 White hors ant rede habbe,
 God tydynge withoute gabbe.
 Wondrynde whose hym syth,
 Mournyng that bytokneth ant byth.
 Blake hors other falewe habbe,
 Apeyrement, y nul nout gabbe.
 Hymselfe dronke whose syth,
 Led drawen other swyn therwyth,
 Feblesse of body that ilke byth.
Galded other seek whose hym syth,  
Robbed other outlawed ther wyth,  
Wreynge ant gret blame that byth.  
With yrne y-smite whose him syth,  
Mournynge that ilke byth.  
His face in water whose syth,  
Long lyf that ilke byth.  
Ys face feyr whose syth,  
Joie ant menske that ilke byth.  
Ys face lodlych whose syth,  
Bytoknyng of sunne that byth.  
Water cler whose syth,  
Bytoknyng of sykernesse that byth.  
Water troublé whose syht,  
Wreynge for sothe that ylke bith.  
Wallen suen ant of hem drynke,  
Other in house walle sprynge,  
Joie ant bijete that is toknynge.  
Water into hous y-bore whose sith,  
Tocknynge of peril that byth.  
Children bueren other habbe,  
That is harm withoute gabbe.  
Joie in swevenyng whose syth,  
Mournynge that tokneth ant byth.  
Mon y-turnd into beste,  
He wraththed God atte leste.  
Uncomely to bataille gon,  
That is shome of is fon.  
Whose thuncheth him in prisoun,  
That is chalenge ant raunsoun.  
Whose him thuncheth ben peint on bord,  
That is long lif at lut word.  
The mone blody other doun falle,  
Travail ant peril me may calle.  
Himself y-bounde whose may sen,  
Other in swymmynge ben,  
Other wyccchen other weddyng,  
That is travail other gret lattyng.  
Sheren shep whose syth,  
Sothliche harm that byth.  
Whose wepeth in swevenyng,  
Other meteth of cussyng,  
Other palmen may y-sen,  
Joie ant blisse that wol ben.  
The sonne cler whose syth,  
That bitokneth pes ant gryth.
The sonne derk whose may se,
Peril of kynges that wol be.
The sonne reed whose syth,
Shedyng of blod that tokne byth.
Sterren of the hevene falle,
Gret bataille that is withalle.
Tueyn monen at eve y-sen,
Chaunget of kyng other prince that mai ben.
Thourne whose thuncheth he syth,
That beth grete wordes ant styth.
The erthe quaque whose may sen,
Harm to thilke stude wol ben.
Whose geth on hontyng,
That bytokyneth purchasyng.
Whose thuncheth that he flyth,
Chaunget of stude that ilke bith.
Whose sith clothes bernynde,
Deceite is the bytoknynge.
Folle vesseles in house y-sen,
Plenté that tokneth to ben.
Whose thuncheth he God sith,
Other out that to him biliht,
That, ase suggeth this clerkes,
Bytokyneth gode werkes,
Somme seggeth hit is ylle,
Ant that be at Godes wille.
Gurdel wosshen whose syth,
Chost ye chot that ylke byth.
Of alle swevenes that men meteth,
Day other nytht when hue slepeth,
No mon ne con that sothe thyng
Telle, bote the hevene kyng,
He us wyte an warde bo,
Ant ever shilde us from ur fo.

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AN EPITAPH.

From MS. Lansd. 782, fol. 19, v°, fifteenth century.

Farewele, my frendis, the tide abideth no man,
I am departed from hens, and so shall ye;
But in this passage the best song that I can,
Is Requiem eternam, nowe Jesu graunte it me!
When I have ended all myn adversitie,
Graunte me in paradise to have a mancion,
That shed thy blode for my redempcion. Amen!

Hill.
THE CHARACTERISTICS OF COUNTIES.

From MS. Harl. 7371. Hearne has printed a different version from a MS. in Rawlinson's Library, in the fifth volume of his edition of Leland's Itinerary. We are indebted to the Rev. Joseph Hunter for our knowledge of this copy.

Hervordschir, shild and sper;
Woseterschir, wringe per.
Glowseterschir, schow and naile;
Bristowschir, schip and saile.
Oxenfordschir, gurd mare;
Warwikschir, bind beare.
London, globber;
Sothery, great bragger.
Schropschir, my schinnes ben scharpe,
Ley wood to the fir, and yef me my harpe.
Lankaschir, a fair archer;
Cheschir, thacker.
Northumberland, hastie and hot;
Westmerland, tot for sote!
Yorkeschir, fall of kniñtes;
Lincolnschir, men full of miñtes.
Cambridgeschir, full of pikes;
Holland, full of dikes.
Suffolk, full of wiles;
Norfolk, full of giles.
Essex, good huswives;
Middelsex, full of strives.
Kent, as hot as fir;
Sussex, full of mir.
Southampton, dire and wete;
Somersetsschir, good for whete.
Devinschir, miñt and strong;
Dorcetschir, will have no wrong.
Willschir, fair and plaine;
Barkschir, fill vaine.
Harvordschir, full of wood;
Huntingdonschir, corne full good.
Bedfordschir, is not to lack;
Buckinghamsschir is his make.
Northampton, full of love,
Beneath the girdel, and not above.
Nottinghamsschir, full of hoggys;
Darbyschir, full of doggys.
Leicesterschir, full of benys;
Staffordschir, full of shrewd quenys.
Cornewall, full of tyme;
Wales, full of gentlemen.

Probata sunt ista omnia.

Hull.

THE SEVEN NAMES OF A PRISON.

From MS. Harl. 7526, fol. 35; of the fifteenth century.

Domus punicionis ista habet haec septem nomina.

Primum nomen istius prisone vocatur,
A place to bury men that be quyk,
Here to contenew with bred and watour,
   iiiij. att oones putt in oone pytt;
Here abydyng mercy telle they be quytt;
Thus mane is browght downe into quorum,
To dwelle inn thys place sepulcrum vivorum.

Secundum nomen istius carcer habet,
A place to ponsyshe man for his trespas,
To remember hymselfe whyle he hathe brethe,
   And dayly to labure for mercy and grace,
To God and hys adversary, duryng the space
That he abydythe here thus straye under quorum,
In thys place namyd castigacio peccatorum.

Tercium nomen dabitur isto dungio,
Distruccion of mannyes body, name, and credans;
Hys honeste steynyd, and he replet with sorow and woo;
   Hys goodes disperpule, and he broght to indigens;
Hys wyffe redles, chyldren gydles, servauntes withdraw hym fro;
Wyth hunger thurstc and cold hymselfe ponyshyd to quorum,
And for lacke of sewrte faste fetterd in destructio vivorum.

Quartum nomen at dicitar laguei istius,
Sethe cruelle wylle of every mannyes adversary,
Here to ponsysh hym for dett or wrathe so malicious,
   That here itt is herd to fynde so gud remedy,
As he shalle att large with labure and policy;
Thus by cruelty man is kepte here under quorum,
Petyously in thys place, voluntas inimicorum.

Quintum nomen istius fivea ita probatum,
A place of proff for man to knowe bothe frend and foo;
Sum hold abacke, sum nott att home, and sum bethe owte a
towne,
Sum saye well, sum say ille, “why hath he gyd hym soo?
Lett hym shyfte and selle that he hath or ever that he goo”.
Thus man is chast, lackynge sewrté, and putt under quorum,
He hath no frendes, the lengere abdyth in probacio amicorum.

Sextum nomen vocatur istius turris,
A place for man to distribute his good,
To content the cruelenesse of his grevos adversary,
And so long to byde in prisone, that for lacke of foode
He muste be fayne to selle bothe gowne and hode;
For lake of mony straytly kepe here under quorum,
Wastyng his goodes in thys place distributio donorum.

Septem nomen habitur iste gaolo,
Lose of mannys tyme that heve is nott applyed,
The daye passyth, goodes wastithe, reintes dekeith allesoo;
The nyght comethe, to truste our frende he is decyved,
Dettours witholdyth, for to borow he is denied;
Thus dayly man leseth tyme, the term ys alsmo deone,
God be owre socour, and us kepe fro perdicio temporum.

Jhesus.
O yee hertes hard, in welthe, eayse, and gretnes,
Remember welle thes viij. fold names of prisoune,
With pyté, almes, and charyté, prisoners to reles,
Be mercyfalle, agré, take parte, and sumwhat pardoone,
Disdeyne nott to help us, kepe you frome discencioone;
A mane above is sone under by a draght of chekmate,
Alle you att large pray God ffor us that be here in Ludgate.


GEOGRAPHY IN VERSE.


Recapitulatio omnium terrarum civitatumque tocius mandi.
Primo de Asia Anglice lingue.

This world ys delyd al on thre,
Asie, Affrike, and Europe.
Wole 3e now here of Asie,
How fele londes thereinne be.
Hestetene kynges londes
Ben in Asye the stronge;
Of tho londes the sixe ben
By the occeane see,
India, Aracusia, Persia,
Assyria, Persia, and Media,
These alle stonden by that see.
Mesopotamia, Caldea, Siria,
Brabia, Bactria, Palestria,
Iberia, Phenesona, Scicia, Amazonia,
Albania, Hiriania, Alemannia,
Capadocia, Colcos, Asia, Scicilia,
The lasse Asia and the lond of Histria;
These ben Prestere Johanes londes;
On ys Fenicia, Egypte the more,
And Rubie, Tire, Sidonie,
The lond of of Macedonie,
Egypte the lasse, Ethiope,
Cirenen, and Cicie, Corizame,
Turia, Caldea, Frigida, Pamphilea,
Suria, and the lond of Judia:
These bene alle in Asya.

Iste sunt terre et civitates Africe.

By that other syde is Aufrike
Thereinne stondeth Nadabora,
Garamancia, Libia, Cirenen, Getulia,
Gropolitane, Cutense, Ganges, and Cicia,
Gothie and Minudia, Tingurie, Mauritania,
These stonden in Amona.
The ferreste londes that bene
By the est syde of Affrike,
Dacie, Gepide, Humie, Hungrie, Arkadie,
Scicciona, Ælladia, Tessalia, Partar, Akaia,
Ostabares, Ethma, Ariobares, and Mulcia,
Agrosetane, Carrase, Carmele, Hore, Arbanie,
Segor, Selboye, and Theocliter,
These ben alle ferre.
Parthi, Elaunte, Ferior, Penonie,
Seborne, and the Tyer cliter,
These londes bene ferthere.
Libertre, Calicardania, Aschos, Samaria,
Parapones, Simbris, Cipher, and Tibris,
Militigate, Affrua, Solumbre, Curia,
Idapes, Hermeneye, Turote, Valerie, Aleas,
Achaye, Septrie, and Multie,
These ben alle in Aufrike.
Europa.

In Europe ben londes mo,  
Ac hei ben lasse than tho,  
Girtlonde, Russie, Hungrie, and Sclavonie,  
Pullane, Fugie, Linge, Hungrie, and Geprie,  
Bucedonie, Rodes, Cesilie, Saragunce,  
Puille, Calabre, Romanie, Tharce,  
Garum, Aquile, Tuscane, and Lombardie,  
These ben londes swithe fre.  
Lavenne, Campaigne, Burgoyne,  
Provence, Fraunce, Normendie,  
Armowe, Britaigne, Burdeles,  
Spayne, Galys, and Portyngale,  
Murce, Cartage, Aragunse, Valace,  
Baskle, Aragun, Navare, and Gascogne,  
Neburneis, Gutte, Fordane, and Champaine,  
Beth alle by the suth est see.  
On the North see on on  
Stondeth Flaundres, and Braben,  
Yanond, Saxone, Loerenne, and Snaide,  
Alemaine, Denemarche, Norway and Trace,  
Venelond, Gutlond, Iseold, Grenelond,  
Maydenelond, Hakeslond, Frysnelond,  
Goutlond, Wyteri, Mai, and Scotlond,  
Muref, Galeway, Orkeney, Man, Huitegale,  
Yatis eke in the tale.  
Northumberland, Cumberlond, Westmerlond,  
Coupelond, Wales, and Engelon,  
Cornewayle, Irlond, Colrliche, and Iseold,  
By the see syde of Irlond. Explicit.

PROPERTIES OF GOOD WINE.

From the last leaf of MS. Reg. 12 D. XI, written early in the fourteenth century.

Ceo vin crut en croupe de mountaygne en ag...e du souyley à deus doiz de peez dieu. Unqe la vigne où il cruist n'i fut semée ne bechée ne croëe de marle, n'i ont porté si ly rusinole nen ly porta en son beke, ou lessa choier en volant. En ceo vin ai extendu .xx. lettres, ces sount treis .b.b.b., treis .c.c.c., treis .s., treis .n.; huit .ff. Les treis .b. signifien q'il est bon, bel, et blanc. Les treis .c. signifien q'il est court, cresp, et cler. Les treis .s. signifien q'il est sein, sad, et saverouse. Les treis .n. signifien q'il est net, nais, et natureus. Les vit .ff.
signifient qu’il est fin, fres, froit, fort, frick, flurant, freignant, et furmente fort, come muson à blauk mynoy, raumpaunt come esquirel, decendaunt cum foudre, poignant come aloyne de cordwaner, il saut, il trop, il nait, il regne, il set...ir lange de leccher si come mue sus peron de ceo quart ne bevera pur moy noun n.... ne beverez atten bon campagnon.

Wrt.

SONGS OF A PRISONER.

From the MS. Liber de Antiquis Legibus, of the thirteenth century, in the possession of the Corporation of the city of London. Musical notes are added in the original.

Ar ne kuthe ich sorghe non,
Nu ich mot manen nun mon,
   Karful wel sore ich syche;
Geltles ihc sholye muchele schame,
Help God for thin swete name,
   Kyng of hevene-riche.

Jesu Crist, sod God, sod man,
   Loverd thu rew upon me,
Of prisun thar ich in am
   Bring me ut and makye fre.
Ich and mine feren sume,
   God wot ich ne lyghe noct,
For othre habbet mismome,
   Ben in thys prisun i-broct.

Al-micti, that wel licth,
   of bale is hale and bote,
Hevene king, of this woning
   ut us bringe mote,
Foryhef hem, the wykke men,
   God! yhef it is thi wille,
For wos gelt we bed i-pelt
   in thos prsun hille.

Ne hope non to his live,
Her ne mai he bille,
Heghe theghhe stighe,
   Ded him felled to grunde;
Nu had man wele and blisce,
Rathe he shal thar of misse,
Worldes wele mid y-wise
   Ne lasted buten on stunde.
RELIQUE ANTIQUE.

Maiden, that bare the heven king,
Bisech thin sone, that swete thing,
That he habbe of hus rewsing,
And bring us of this woning
    For his mucchele misse;
He bring hus ut of this wo,
And hus tache werchen swo,
In thœ live go wu sit go,
That we moten ey and o
    Habben the eche blisce.

Hill.

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PRAISE OF WOMEN.

From MS. Harl. 4294, fol. penULT. r°, of the fifteenth century.

I am as lyght as any roe,
To preysse womene wher that I goo.

To onpreysse womene yt were a shame,
For a womane was thy dame;
Owr blessyd lady beryth the name,
    Of all womene wher that they goo.

A woman ys a worthy thyng,
They do the washe and do the wrynge,
"Lullay! lullay!" she dothe the synge,
    And yet she hath but care and woo.

A woman ys worthy wyght,
She seryth a mane both daye and nyght;
Therto she puttyth alle her myght;
    And yet she hathe but care and woo.

Hill.

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ON ANGRY PEOPLE.

From MS. Lansd. 762, of the fifteenth century.

Grete marvaile and wonder I have in my conceite,
Of thise maner people that sodenly wol be wrothe,
Whether they have cawse or noon, for nothing woll they let;
And specially with thom that of their wretse be not lothe.
Nowe treuely tro I, that who redeth the sothe,
For their labour shall have but a mok,
And at last falle in agayne, like an olde rawe cok.

Hill.
THE LEGEND OF FURSEUS.

From MS. Jun. No. 23, Bibl. Bodl. Oxon. fol. 48, r. The story of Furseus is one of the oldest, if not the oldest, of the Western Purgatory legends. Bede, in his Eccl. Hist. has given an abstract of it from the early Latin account which is still preserved in different manuscripts, and from which the Anglo-Saxon account seems to be a pretty close translation.

De visionibus Fursei.

Men,  Scotia leofestan Paulus se Apostol, ealra þeoda lareow, awrat be hym sylfum, þæt he wære ge-læd up to heofonum odon he becom to þære þriddan heofonan, and he wæs ge-læd to neorxnawange, and þær þa gastlican dygelnyssse ge-hyrde and ge-seah, ac he ne cydde na eordlicum mannun oda þe he ongeam com hwæt he ge-hyrde on dygel nyssse ge-sawed, ɔysum wordum writende he him sylfung: Sicio hominem in Christo ante annos quatuor-decem raptum usque ad tertium calum, et coetera. Quum raptus est in paradisum, et audivit archana verba quae non licet homini loqui. ɔæt is on Englisc, Ic wat þone man on Criste, þe wæs ge-gripnun for seowertyne gearum and ge-læd odna þriddan heofonan, and eft he wæs ge-læd to neorxnawange, and þær ge-hyrde þa dygelan word þe nan eordlic man sprecan ne mot. Êu meta ðæra sume menn ɔ þa leasan ge-setnyssse ɔ he hatað Paulus ge-siðæ nu he sylfr seade, þæt he ɔa dygelan word ge-hyrde þe nan eordlic man sprecan ne mot.

We wyllað nu eow ge-reccan oðres mannes ge-siðæ, þe unleas is nu se apostol Paulus his ge-siðæ mannun ameldian ne moste.

Sum-Scyttisc preost wæs ge-haten Furseus, ægel-boren for worulde, arwurðes lites, and ge-lyfðæ swyþæ. He wæs fram cold-hade ge-læred on clænynsse wunigende, estful on mode, luðigendlic on ge-siðæ, and on halgum mægnun daeghwamlc þeonde. ɔa for-læt he ðæter and modor and magas, and on oðrum earde ælþæðodig leornode. Êæter þysum æræð mynster, and þæt mid æwfaestum mannun ge-sette. Êæter æftyrste ge-timode him untrumynss swa þæt he wearð to forð-siðæ ge-broht. ɔa ge-namon twegen englas his sawle, and fleogende mid hwitum fiðer haman betwux him feredon. And an þridda engel fleah him æt-foran, ge-wepnod mid hwitum scylde and scinendum swurde. ɔa pry engla ge-licere beorhnyssse scinende wær, and þære sawle wundorlice wynsumnyssse mid heora fiðera swege on bælondon, and mid heora sanges dreame micelum ge-gladoðon. Hi sungon: Ibunt sancti de virtute in virtutem; videbitur Deus Deorum in Sion. ɔæt is on Englisc, pa halgan
farað fram mihtæ to mihtæ; ealra Goda God byð ge-sequen in Sion. ða ge-hyrde he eft oðerne sang swlyec uncuðne manegra þusenda engla þus cwefenden, Exierunt obviam Christo, þæt is, Hi eodon to-geanes Christe. Hwæt ða an engel of ðam uplicum werodum bebed þam ge-wæppnodan engle þe þe swæle ge-lædde, þæt hi eft hi ongean ge-lædan sceoldon to þam licham þæ heo of ge-læd wæs. ða cwæð se engel him to þe him on þa swefræn hand fieah, “þu scealt eft þinne licham manferís, and agifan Goda þinne carfulynsse weorc and fremmingce.” ða cwæð se halga Furseus, þæt he noldhe his willes heora ge-ferrædene for-lætan. Se engel him andwyrdre “Æfter þinne carfulynsse godre fremmingce, we cumað eft to þe and ge-nimað se to us.” Hi ða sungon, and seo sawul ne mihte undergytanan hu heo on þam licham eft becom for þeas dreames wynsumynsse. ða betwux hancred læg se halga wer ge-educuc mid rosenum hiwe ofergoten, and þæ licmenn þær rihthe his neb unwrugon. ða befran Furseus hwi heora ge-hylð swa mycel wære, oððe hwaes hi swa micilcum wîndrodon. Hi ða andwyrdon and sædon, þæt he on efnume ge-wite, and þæt his lic læge on flora ealle þa niht of hancred. He þa up ge-sæt, smængende his ge-syhðæ, and het hine huslian, and swa untrum leoðfe æwegen dagas. Eft ða on þære priddan nihtæ middan astrehte his handa on ge-bedum, and blîðæ ge-wat of þisum ge-swincfullum life. ða comon eft ða pry foresædon englas and hine ge-læddon. Hwæt þa comon þa awyrigedan deoflu on atelicum hiwe þære sawle to-geanes, and heora an cwæð, “Utorn for-standan hi foran mid ge-feohte.” ða deoflu feohtende scuton heora fyrgenan flæ on-gean þa sawle. Ac þa deofiscan flæn wurdan þærrihte ealle adwæscete þurh þæs ge-wæppnodan engles gescyldnysse. ða englas cwædon to þam awyrigedum gastum, “Hwi wylle ge lettan ure sið-fæt? Nis þeas man dæl-nymend eowres for-wyrdes?” ða wiðerwinnan cwædon þæt hit unrihtlic wære, þæt se man þe unriht ge-pafoðe sceolde butan wite to reste faran, þonne hit awritten is þæt þa beoð eal swa scyldige þæt unriht ge-þælæð swa swa þa þe hit ge-wyrcað.” Se engel þæ feahht ongean þa awyrigedan gastas to ðan swyrde, þæt þam halgan were wæs ge-ðuht þæt þæs ge-feohtes hream, and þæra deofla ge-hylð mihte beon ge-hyred geond ealle eordan. ða deofla eft cwædon, “Ydde spelunga he beode, ne sceal he un-ge-derod þæsecan lifes bruca.” Se halga engel cwæð, “Buton ge ða heafod-leahras him on befastnion, ne sceal he for þam læssan losian.” Se ealds wregere cwæð, “Buton ge for-gyfon mannum heora gyltæ, ne forgifð se heofonlica fæder eow eowere gyltæ.” Se engel andwyrdre, “On hwam awræc þes mann his teoman?” Se deofol cwæð, “Nis ná awritten þæt hi wrecan ne sceolon; ac buton ge
for-gifon of eowrum heortum wið eow agyltendum." Se engel
cwæð : "Us bið ge-demded sæt-foran Gode." Se eald sceoca
eft cwæð. "Hit is awritten, buton ge beon swa bylewine on
unsæðegynsse swa swa cild, næbbe ge infær to heofonan
rice." "Sís bebeod he nateshwen ne ge-fylde." Se Godes engel
hine beladode and cwæð, "Mildsurge he hæfde on his heortan,
þeah ðe he manna ge-wunan heolde." Se deofol andwyrdæ,
"Swa swa he þæt yfel on þam menniscum ge-wunan under-
feng, underfæo eac swa þæt wite fram þam applicable deman." 
Se halga engel cwæð, "We beoð sæt-foran Gode ge-seorde." 
ða wiðerwinnan wurdon ða oferswiðde þurh þæs engles ge-winn
and ware. ða þet se halga engel þone eadigan wer be-seon to
middan-eardæ. He þa be-heold underbæc and ge-seah swylce
æn þeostorfull dene swibe niðarelic, and ge-seah þæs füower or-
mete fyr atende, and se engel cwæð him to, "þæs feower fyr
ontendæ ealne middan-eardæ, and onæld þæra manna sawla
þe heora fulluhtes andetynsse and behat þurh forgæggedynsse
apægdon. ðæt an fyr ontent þæra manna sawla þe leasunga
lufdon. ðæt ofer, þære þe gytsungæ fyligdon. ðæt priddæ,
þæra þe ceaste and twy-redynsse styrodon. ðæt forðe fyr
for-bærnð þæra manna sawla þe facn and arleasynsse beodon.
ða ge-nealæhte þæt fyr þam halgæn were, and he sona ayfrht
to ðam engle cwæð, "þæt fyr ge-nealæðc wið min." Se engel
andwyrdæ, "Ne byrån on þe þurh wite þæt ðu on life ne
onældest þurh leahtras. ðeah ðe ðis fyr egeslic si and mycel
þeah hwædere hit onæld ălcelne be his ge-wyhtæm. Swa se
lichama byð ontend þurh neadwis wite." Se ge-wæpnodæ engel
ða fleah him sæt-foran to-dælende þone lig, and þa ofre twegen
þim flugon on twa healfe, and hine wið þæs fyres frecfeënynsse
e-syclond. ða deoslu þa mid ge-feóhtæ ðege swale scu-
ton, and heora an to ðam englum cwæð : "Se þeowa ðe wát
his hlafordes willan, and nele hine ge-fremman, sceal beon ge-
witnod mid mycelm witum." Se halga engel befran, "Hwæt
ne fylde þes man his hlafordes willan?" Se sceocca and-
wyrdæ, "Hit is awritten, þæt se healica God hateð unriht-
wisra gyfe. He hæfde ge-numen lyttel ær sumne clæs æt anum
sweltendum menn." ða cwæð se engel, "He ge-lûfeþ þæt
ge-hwylec ðe him ængey gyfe sealde behreowsunge on life ge-
dyde." Se deoslu andwyrdæ, "Ærest he sceolde heora dæl
dote afandian, and syðan heora sylene underfón." Se engel
andwyrdæ, "Utun sceotan to Godes dome." Se awyrigeda
gast andwyrdæ, "God ge-cwæð, þæt ælc syn þe nære ofer eor-
dæn ge-bet, sceolde beon on ðyssere worulde ge-demed. ðes
man ne ge-clænsode hys synna on eordan, ne her nan wite ne
underfægð. Hwar is nu Godes rihtwisynsse?" Se engel hi
þreade and cwæð, "Ne tælege forþan þe ge nyton Godes
diglan domes." Se deofol andwyrd, "Hwæt is her gediglod?" Se engel cwæð, "Æfære byð Godes mildheortnys mid þam menn þa while þær byð ge-wened ænig be-hreowsung." Se deofol andwyrd, "Nis nu his tima to be-hreowsigenne on ðissere stowe." Se engel andwyrd, "Nyte ge ða miclan deopynysse Godes ge-ryne weald þeaw him beo alyfed gyt be hreowsung." ða cwæð sum oðer deofol, "Hit is awreten, lufa þinne nextan swa swa þe sylfne." Se engel andwyrd, "Nis ná ge-noh þæt man his nextan gód dó, buton he hine lufige swa swa hine sylfne." Se halga engel andwyrd, "Þa gódan dæda synd geswutulunga þære sóðan lufe, and God forgylt ealcum menn be his dædum." Hwæt se deofol ða mid hospe cwæð, "þes mann behet þæt he wolde ealle woruld-þing forletan, and he sýþan lufode woruld-þing on-gean his behat, and ongean þæs apostoles bebode þe þus cwæð, Ne lufige ge þísne midden-eard ne ða þing þe on midden-eard synd." Se halga engel andwyrd, "Ne lufode he woruldlice æhta for his neðe anum, ac to dælenn eallum wædligendum." Se ealda wrecere eft cwæð, "Hit is awritten, buton þu gestande þone unrihtwisian, and him his unrihtwisysse sege, ic of-ga his blodes gyte æt þinum handum. þæs man nolde cyðan þam syngiendum heora synna." Se engel cwæð, "Hit is awritten be ðam yfelan tyman, þæt se snoter sceal suwian þonne he gesyht, þæt seo bædung neð þenne forðgang." On eallum þy-sum ge-fiitum wæs þæra deofla ge-feohþ swyðe styþlic ongan þa sawlæ, and þa halgan englas, ðæþæt þuruh Godes dom þa wæderwinnan wurdon ge-scylde, and se halga wer ða weard mid ormaetum leohete befengan. ða besæah he up, and ge-seah feala engla wered on mycelre beorhtynysse scinende, and þæra halgena sawla wið his fleogende mid unasecgendlicum leohete, and aifigdon þa deofu him fram, and þees fyres ogan him fram adydon. ða ge-cneow he betwux þam halgum twegen arwurðe sacerdas, þe ær on life wæron his landes menn swyðe namcudæ. Hi þa ge-nealehtun, and him curliclice to spreacen; an þara hatte Beanus, oðer Meldanus. Þær weard þa ge-worden mycel smytnys þære heofonan, and twegen englas flugon swylce þurh ane duru into þære heofonan, and þa sloh þær mycel leoh ut æfter þam englum, and wæs ge-hyred feower engla weoroda sang, þus cwæðende, Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus Dominus Deus Sabaoth. ða sæde se engel þam eadigan were, þæt se dream were of þam uplicum werode, and hit hine georne þæs heofonlican sanges hylfian, and cwæð, "Soþlice on ðisum heofonlicum rice ne becymð nætre unrotnyss buton for manna lyre." Eft ða comon fleogende of þære heofonlican digelynysse englas, and cyddon þæt he sceolde eft to worulde ge-cyrran. Furseus
sa wearth purh þas bodunge abligced, and þa twegen for-
sædan sacerdas abædon æt þam englum þet hi moston hine
ge-sprecan, and cwædon him to, "Hwæs ondræst þu çe
anes dæges færed þu hæfst to siðenne!" Furseus þa befræs,
"be ge-endunge þysses middan-eardes" Hi cwædon, "ne
byþ se ge-endung þyssere worulde na gyt, Seah þe heo
g-hende sy, ac mancynn byþ ge-swencet mid hungre and mid
cwealme; Þurh feower þing losiaþ manna swala, þet is purh
leahtras, and þurh deoffes tihtinge, and þurh lareowa gyme-
leaste, and þurh yfele ge-lysnunge unrihtwisra heafod-manna.
Ofer þam lareawæs is Godes yrre swyðost astyrof, forþan þe
hi for-gymlæseæð þa godecumdan béc, and ymbe þa worul-
ding eallunga høgiaþ, bisceopum and sacerdum ge-dæfænaþ,
þet hi heora lare gynom and þam folce heora þearfe scegan.
Mynster-mannum ge-dæfænaþ þet hi heora lare gynom, and þam
folce heora lif on stilnysse adroegan. Þu sollice cyþ pine
gy-seibðe on middan-earde, and beo hwil-tilium on digelynysse
and hwil-tilium betwux mannun. Sonne þu on digelynysse
beo heald, þonne georne Godes beboda, and eft þonne þu ut
færst betwux mannun far for heora sawle hælu na for weorul-
dicum ge-streone. Ne beo þu carful embe woruldlice ge-streon,
ac miitsa eallum þinum wiðer-winnum mid hlutre heortan,
and agild gód for yfele and ge-bide for þinum feondum. Beo
þu swa swa getriwe dihtnere, and nant þing þe nege-agnhige buton
bigleofan andscruide. Aféd þinne lichaman mid alyfedom met-
tum, and ælc yfel for-seoh." Æfter þyssum mynegungum, and
menigfealdum œtrum larum, ge-wende eall þet heofonlice wered
upp to þam heofonlicum þrymme, and þat twegen sacerdas Beanus
and Meldanus samod. Furseus sollice mid þam þrim englum
gewende to eorðan. Hi becomon þa eft to Þam witnigendlicum
fyre, and se ge-wepnoda engel rýde him weg þurh þet fyr, to-
dælende þone líg on emp twa. Hwæt þa deoflu þac scuton of Þam
fyre, and awurpon ane unrihtwise sawle byrnende uppon þone
cadigan wer Furseum, swa Þet his sculdor and his hlœor wur-
don, ontende mid witnigendlicum fyre. Furseus sona onconeow
þa sawle se wæs his tun-man ær on life, and he ge-nam æt his
lice sumne clæþ swa swa we lytle eow sædon. Þa englas þa
gy-lehton þa sawle, and awurpon into Þam fyre. Þa cwæð
sum þæra deofla, "swa swa þu ær under-fenge his gód, swa
þu scealt beon his even-hlytta on his witum." Godes engel
awyrde, "Ne under-feng he his þing for nanre gytsunge,
ac for his sawle alyseednyse," and þat fyr sona ge-swæc. Þa
cwæð se Godes engel to þam ware Furseum, "þæt þet þu
sylf on-ældest þet barn on ðe. Gif þu ne under-fenge ðysses
synfullan mannes reæf æt his forð-siðe, ne mihte his wite ðe de-
nan. Boda nu eallum mannnum dædbote to donne, and andet-
nyssae to sacerdum, oda endenextan tide heora lifes, ac swa
Seah nis to under-fonne nanes synfulles mannes æhta on his
gé-endunge, ne his lic ne sy on haligre stowe be-byrged, ac bo-
him ge-sæd ær he ge-wite þa teartan witu þæt his heorte mid
þære biternysse beo ge-hrepod, þæt he eft mage æt sumon sæle
beon ge-clensod, gif he his unrihtwisnyssse huru on his forð-siðe
behreowsæd and ge-nihtsumlice dælæ. Ne under-fo se sacerd
swa þeah nan þing þæs synfullan mannes æhta, ac hi man dæle
þearfum æt his byrgene.’” Æfter ðyssere spræce comon ða
englas mid þære sawle, and ge-sæton uppon þære cyrcan hrofe
þær þæt lic læg mid mannum beset, and þa englas heton hine
oncnawan his agene lichaman, and hine eft under-fon. Furseus
þa besah to his lichaman swylce to uncuðnum hreafe, and
nolde him ge-nealæcan. Se halga engel cwæð, “Hwi onsconast
þu to under-fonne ðyssne lichaman, þone þu miht butan leahtre
heonon forð habban. Soðlice þu oferswyðest on ðyssere
gre-drefédnyssse, þa unaþlyfediclan lustas þæt he heononforð
ongean þe naht ne magon.” Þa ge-seah he opinan his lichaman
under þam breost, and se engel him cwæð to “þonne þu ge-
edcucod byst, oferget þine lichaman mid fant-wætere, and þu
ne ge-fredest nane sarnyssse buton þam bærnytte þe þu on þam
fyre ge-læhtest. Do wel on eallum þinum life, and we sīðan
æfter þinum wel-dædum blīfæ þe eft genimað to us.” Se
halga wer Furseus aras þa of deade oþre sîpe, and ge-seah him
onbutan mycele meniu læwedra manna and ge-hadodra, and mid
mycelre geomrunge heord mennisce anginn and dysig bemænde.
He ge-sæt þa, and sæde be endeyrðnyssse ealle his ge-syhðe þe
him þurh Godes englas on þære hwile ge-swutelod wæs. He
wearð begoten mid fant-wætere swa swa se engel het, wes
þeah þæt bærnet þe he ge-læhte æt þam unrihtwisum were on
his’sculdre, and on ansyne æfre ge-sewen. Mycel wundor þæt
hit wearð ge-syne on þam lichaman þæt þæt seo sawul ana
under-feng. He ferde Þa geond ealle Yrland, bodiende þa þing
þe he ge-seah and ge-hyrde, and wæs mid Godes gyte wun-
derlice afyllde, nanes eordlices þinges wilningende. Eallum
godum mannum he wæs lufwendlic, unrihtwisum and synfullum
egeslic, on godcundum wundrum he scæan and afýgde deoflu
fram ofsettum mannum, and þearfan ge-hyrte. Ferde þa twelf
gear swa bodiende betwux Yrum and Sceottum, and syðan
ofeal Angel-cynn, and eac sum mynster on ðyssum iglænde
aræder. Wende syðsan suð ofer sæ to Francena rice, and
þær mid mycelre arwurðynyssse under-fangen wæs, and mynster-
lif aræder. Þa æfter lytlum wearð he ge-un-trumod and ge-
wat to heofonannrice, to þære ecán myrðæ þe he ær ge-seah,
on þære he leofað ge-sælig symle mid Gode. Amen.

2 L
THE CREED, PATERNOSTER, &c.

From MS. in the Library of Caius College, Cambridge, of the thirteenth century. This and the following article were kindly communicated by the Rev. J. J. Smith, M. A. fellow and tutor of Caius College.

Credo. Ich i-leve in God, fader almightynde, scheppare of hevene ant eerthe, aant in Jhesu Crist oure menliche loveerd, that kenned is of þen holigost, y-boren of þen mayden Marie, y-pined under Ponce Pilate, oon rode y-don, det j i-bured, aliȝte intho helle, þene bridd day aroos of det, astechey into hevene, sip on his fader rith half Goddes alweldindë, þene is cominde tho demene quike j þe deede; hic hleve in þe Holigost, holie chirche, tieradene(?) of haluuen, foruȝnesse of sinnen, arysnesse of flesse, j eche lif. So bee hit, þat is, Amen.

Pater noster. Fader oure pat art in heve, i-halgeed bee þi nome, i-cume þi kinereiche, y-worthe þi wylle also is in hevene so be on erthe, oure iche-dayes-bred gif us to-day, j forgif us oure gultes, also we forgifet oure gultare, j ne led ows nowth into fondingge, auth ales ows of harme. So be hit.

Ave Maria. Hayl Marie, fol of milce, God is mit the, þu blessedode among wymmen, i-blessed be fruit of þine wumbe. So be hit,

In manus tuas. On þine hondes hich breethe (or biteche) mine gost, þu me bowȝtest, loveerd of sothnesse.

HYMN ON THE EVANGELISTS.

From MS. No. 44, in the library of Caius College, Cambridge. In the MS. each stanza forms a single line. It is accompanied with musical notes.

Laus devota mente,
Choro concinente,
Christo sit cum gloria!
Qui evangelistas,
Veri dogmatistas,
insignivit gratia.
Quique suo more
Lucem et fulgore
dat per orbis climata,
Tales dum elegit,
Per quos jam subegit
haereses et schismata.

Hii bis bini fontes,
Valles atque montes
irrigantes flumine,
Orti paradiso
Mundum indiviso
illustrantes famine.

Illos per bis bina
Visio divina
singnat animalia,
A quibus dum visa,
Formis tunc divisa,
gestu sed æqualia.

Pennis decorata,
Terris elevata,
cum rotis euntia,
Facie serena,
Oculorum plena,
virbi Dei nuncia.

In his possunt cerni
Anuli quaterni
quibus archa vehitur,
Quibus dogma sanum
Per Samaritanum
circumquaque seritur.

Et ali quasi plaustro
Mulier ab austro
Salomonem adiit;
In hac seu quadriga
Angnus est auriga,
qui pro nobis obiit.

Istis in his bis binis
Capud est et finis
Christus complens omnia.
Horum documentis,
Horum instrumentis,
floret, stat, ecclesia.
Ad eorum laudem
Caveamus fraudem,
immó quæque vitia;
Horum ut doctrina
Virtus nos divina
ducat ad cælestia. Amen.

TOPOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

MS. Arundel, in the College of Arms, No. 50, fol. 214, r°. of the beginning
of the fourteenth century, formerly belonging to the Abbey of Bury.

Longitudo aulae Westmonaster. est .cc. lxx. pedes; latitudo,
.lxxiiiij. or ped.
Longitudo aulae archiepiscopi Ebor. apud Ebor. vj. xx. ij. ped.;
latitudo, lxxvj. ped.
Longitudo aulae in castello apud Novum Castellum, .v. xx .v.
ped.; latitudo, xlviij. ped.
Latitudo claustri Dunelm. vi. xx. xvij. ped. \| præter
Inter columnæas et murum. xiiiij. or ped. . . . \$ bancum
Latitudo aulae hospitium ibidem, lv. ped.; longitudo, .iiiij. xx
viij. ped.
Latitudo claustri Sancti Eadmundi, vij. xx v. ped.\| præter
Inter columnæas et murum. xiiiij. or ped. . . . . . \$ bancos.

On the verso of the same folio.

Nomina quarundam aquarum decurrentium per quasdam
villas famosas in partibus borealis.

Twede currít descendendo a Norham usque Werewiche inter
Angliam et Scotiam.

Thile incipit in monte de Chiviot et in ceterioribus ejus par-
tibus et paulatim se recolligendo, et juxta Whorepund
alveum faciendo currít in Twede subter (?) Norham.

Choket currít apud Felitone, et non longe inde ubi est castellum
de Werkwrthe currít in mare, et ibi in insula Coket
dicta per unum milliare a terra distante est cela una
pertinens ad abbatem Sancti Albani, et habet tantum
duos monachos.

Apud Alnewiche currít Alne.
Apud Morpa currít Wanspicht
Circa prioratum Dunelmiae currít Wer.
Ad Novum Castellum currít Thine.
In principio libertatis Sancti Cuthberti currít Theyse.
Item parum citra currít Swale.
Apud Chestre currít Stanleburne.
Apud Alvertone currít
Apud Thrusly currít Wradewathe.
Apud Thadcastre currit Hwerp.
Apud Aberford currit Coket.
Apud Sandale currit Keluir.
Apud Donecastre currit Done.
Apud Rosintone Thorne
Apud Bautre et Rathforde Nele.
Apud Ebor. Use, quæ quondam Jior(?) dicebatur, a quo etiam dicitur Jiorke, id est Jior hooe.
Apud Whore, Glend.
Apud Boweltone, Bremiz.
Apud Pontem de Burche Intpihot (?)
Apud Neweverche, Dunham, et Thorkegeye, Trente.
Apud Lincolne, Withine.
Apud Wetherby, Idele. (?)

Wrt.

OLD SUPERSTITIONS.

From the Pænetential of Bartholomew Iscanus, bishop of Exeter, 1161—1186. MS. Cotton. Faustina, A. VIII. fol. 92.

Qui alieni lactis vel mellis vel cæterarum rerum habundantiam aliqua incantatione vel maleficio auferre et sibi adquirere nisus fuerit.

Qui dæmonis illusione decepti creduntur et profitentur se in famulatu ipsius quam vulgus insipiens Herodiadem vel Dianam vocant, et cum innumera multitudine ire vel equitare, et ejus jussis obedire.

Qui mensam præparavit cum tribus cultellis in famulatum personarum, ut ibi nascentibus bona prædestinent.

Qui votum fecerit ad arborem vel aquam, vel ad quamlibet rem nisi ad ecclesiam.

Qui kalendas Januarii ritu paganorum futura maleficiis inquirendo obstruant, vel ipsa die opera incipit ut quasi melius nullo anno prosperentur.

Qui ligaturas vel incantationes et varias fascinationes cum maleficio carminibus faciunt, et in herba vel in arbere vel in bivio abscondunt, ut sua animalia a clade liberentur.

Qui filium suum super tectum aut in fornace posuerit pro sanitate recuperandi, vel propte rhoc carminibus vel caracteribus vel figimento sortilego vel aliqua arte, et non divinis orationibus seu liberali arte medicinæ usus fuerit.
Qui in colligendis herbis medicinalibus aliquod carmen dixerit excepto divino, s. Pater Noster et Credo in Deum, et hujusmodi.

Qui observat in lanificiis vel tincturis vel cæteris operibus carmina vel sortilegas impositiones, ut per hæc proficiat, vel interducit ignem aut aliquid tale de domo sua ferre ne foetus sui pereat.

Qui de funere alicujus mortui vel de ejus corpore vel de vestimentis divinationes exercet, ne mortui vindicentur aut in ipsa domo alter non moriatur, aut per hæc alicuam proiectum aut salutem adquirat.

Qui in festo Sancti Johannis Baptistæ alicuam sortilegam operationem ad inquirenda futura fecerit.

Qui corniculæ vel corvi cantu vel obviatione presbyteri vel alicujus animalis aliquod prosperum seu adversum evenire crediderit.

Qui in horreum vel cellarium arcum vel aliquod tale projecerit, unde diaboli ludere debeant quos faunos vocant, ut plus afferant.

Qui in visitatione infirmi eundo vel redeundo alicujus petrae motione vel quolibet alio signo alicuam conjecturam boni seu mali concipit.

Qui masculam vel feminam in lupinam effigiem alicujus animalis transformari posse crediderit.

Qui vestigia christianorum observaret et cespitem inde tollendo vocem [nocere] alicui posse crediderit.

ex concil. Agathensi.

Perquireendum est si aliqua femina sit quæ per quædam maleficia et incantationes mentes hominum se immutare posse dicat, i. ut de odio in amorem, aut de amore in odium convertat, aut ut bona hominum aut damnet aut surripiat. Et si aliqua est quæ dicat se cum daemonum turba in similitudine mulierum transformatam certis noctibus equitare super quasdam bestias et in eorum consortio annumeratam esse. Hæc talis omni modo scopis correcta ex parrochia ejiciatur.

Wrt.
MEMORIAL VERSES.

From MS. Lansd. 782. fol. 99, r°. of the time of Hen. vij.

Si doceas stultum, lætum non dat tibi vultum,
Odit te multum, vellet te scire sepultum.
Pulcrum promissum stultum facit esse gavisum.
Hedera mustelæ sum compulit arboris ire.
Mente quidem læta decoratur florida vita.
Si tibi deficient medici, medicī tibi fient
Hæc tria, mens læta, labor, et moderata dieta.
Sit puer ad pœnam princeps, ad præmia velox,
Et doleat quociens cogitur esse ferox.
Non debent plus pi nunc ad jejunia cogi.
In thise wordis plus pi been conteynd,
Those persones that to faste are not bounde;
By the firste .p. pueri been retayned,
L. for languentes that in prison been confounded,
V. for vagantes, s.a. for senes doth redounde,
P. to pregnantes, to wymen it dooth pertaine,
I. for infirmi, that sikenes suffryng payne.
En Orientales horas docet umbra diales.
Non, homo, læteris, tibi copia si fluat æris;
Hic non semper eris, memor esto quod morieris,
Est Johannes anus, Lucus vitulus, leo Marcus,
Est homo Matheus, quatuor isti Deus.
Tu dixisti de corpore Christi, crede et habes,
De palefrido sic tibi scribo, crede et habes.
Currere cogit equum sub milite calcar acutum,
Sic puerum studio virga vacare suo.
Post matutinas si tu vis bibere, bibas
Vinum præclarum, hoc docet regula Sarum.
Tangere qui gaudes meretricem, qualiter audes
Manibus pollutis regem palpere solutis.
Unde superbit homo, cujus conceptio culpa,
Nasci pœna, labor vita, necesse mori.

Saraceni. Judæi.

Ector, Alex., Julius ; David, Josue, Machabæus ;
Cristiani.

Artur cum Carolo, Galfridum linquere nolo :
Isti sunt ter tres trini fidei meliores.

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wiche. | chester. | ter. | bury.
Nor. | row. | ches. | sales præsules habet Anglia tales.
Millia quinque decem fuerant plagæ tibi, Christe,
Et quadringentæ decies septem quoque quinque;
Si ter quinque pater et ave tu dixeris anni
Uno quoque die, tot erant tibi vulnera Christi.
Si quis bene biberit, tanto est lætor;
Et qui se ebiberit, tanto est stultior;
Lectum cum intraverit sœmpnis tanto firmior;
Mane cum surrexerit tanto mens est latior;
Bursum cum inspexerit, fit dolor ejus tristior.
Who that drynketh wele, mych is he the gladder;
Who that drynketh to moch, more is he the madder;
When he goth to his bed, his slepe is the sadder;
At morowe whan he waketh, his brayne is the bradder;
When he loketh in his purce, his sorowe is the sadder.
Quid sensu? ratio. Quid ratione? modus.
Of life and deth nowe chuse the,
There is the woman, here is the galowe tree;
Of bothe choyce harde is the parte;
The woman is the warrse, drive forthe the carte.
Si sapiens for vis, sex serva que tibi mando:
Quid loqueris, et ubi, de quo, cui, quomodo, quando.
Calamitis pursse penyles per viclos ecce vagantur;
Yf te be as I ges, male solvunt quod mutuantur.
Loqui me sepe, penitus tacere nunquam.
Dimidium lunæ pariter cum sole rotundo,
Et pars quarta rotæ, nichil plus exigıt a te.
A nothole dedit A., disis D., contulit arthos
A., messembris M.; collige, fiat Adam.
Wil. Con, Wil. Ruphus, Hen. pri., Steph., Hen.que secundus,
Ri., Johan. Henricus, Edwardus, tres, Ri.que secundus,
Henricus quartus, Hen. quin., Hen. quoque sextus,
Ed. quart., Ed. quintus, Ri. tercius, septimus Henry.
Davit profeta cantavit carmina læta,
Versus bis mille sex centum sex canit ille.
Est ori., west occi., bori. norte, sed south petit auster.
Tres digiti scribunt totum corpusque laborat;
Scribere qui nessiunt nullum putant esse laborem.
Infans, postq[e] puer, adolescens, post juvenis, vir,
Dictur inde senex, postea decrepitus.
To thy frende thowe lovost moste,
Loke thowe tell not alle thy worste,
whatesoever behappes;
For whane thy frende ys thy foo,
He wolde tece alle and more too,
be ware of after clappes.
Accipe per ceram carmen de virgine veram.
I winked, I winked, when I a woman toke,
Sore me for-thinked, that I so moche wynked,
For had I never more nede than nowe for to loke.
Qui viduam capiti in socium, sine fine dolebit,
Nam caput in disco defuncti semper habebit.
Non est in mundo dives qui dicit habundo.
Ald. al. bas. bil. bussh. brad. brod. can.
cas. che. cre. col. cord. gorn. dow. far. far.
lang. lym. port. pon. tur. ripa. win. walle.
Per multum risum possimus cognoscere stultum.
Si quis in hoc mundo vult multum gratias haberi,
Det, quærat, [et] capiat, plurima, pauca, nichil.
Est tuus, Anna, pater Jozafath, Nazafath, tua mater.
Nulla gratia perit nisi gratia grammaticorum.
Est et semper erit litil thanke in fine laborum.
Per vigili cura semper memorare futura.
Tempora trançibunt, gaudiaque vana perhibunt.
Allia, vina, Venus, fumus, faba, pulvis, et aguis,
Hæc noceant oculis, sed vigilare magis.
O dives, dives, non omni tempore vives,
Da tua dum tua sunt, post mortem tunc tua non sunt.
Dum moritur dives, occurrunt undique cives;
Dum moritur pauper, vix unus adesse videtur.
Nil valet ille labor, ubi nulla premia sequitur;
Nil valet ille decor, ubi nil probitatis habetur;
Nil valet hæc mulier, cui quilibet associetur.
Qui non vult dum quid, dum vellet forte nequivit
Quatuor millenii sex centum quatuor annis
Nexus in fervo Adam pro crinee primo.
Arbor Lencesse, que bona cambuca fiet.
Cur mortitur homo, dum salgea cressit in orto:
Per nullam sortem poterit depellere mortem:
Contra vim mortis non est medicamen in ortis.
Qui tumbam cernis, cur non mortalia spernis,
Tali namque domo clauditur omnis homo.
Grus gruit in gurna, facit optima pocula mirra.
Male perire famæ quam nunquam pandere famæ.
In veritate dico, pauper est qui caring amico.
Qui mel in ore gerit, me retro pingere querit,
Cujus amicitia, nolo michi sociam.
Sum verus et falsus, etiam sum parvus et altus.
Multorum manibus aliniatur opus—

2 M
(Manie handes make light worke.)
Cum rapitur fraude equus, tunc ostia claud.
S. servus, famulus, C. cervus, bestia silvis
Trem. fra. me. golib. et ob hoc tibi prebio dem. fi.
Pri. re la fe re fa ter my fa quar. my la,
Quin. fa fa, sex. fa la., sep. ut sol., oc. tenet ut fa.
Nullus sibi amat, qui semper "da michi" clamat.
To yade. song, sobbe. wambl. rowte.
Ossito, sternito, singulcio, nauseo, starto,
Swallow, chewe, gape, cough, belche, spitte
Glucio, mastico, hio, tussio, ructo, streoque,
Omnia contingunt hæc sine sponte viro,
Quid valet ars vel opes? quid gloria quid venerari?
Cum mors cuncta capitis condione pari.
Noscitur per nasum cimlike quæ vendit omasum.
Purere qui ledit, sed scribit marmore læsus.
In viridi campo steterunt principes ambo,
Unus erat Jesus, alter fuit Bartholomeus;
Emerunt vagam propert dimidium marcum;
Tunc dixit Ihesus "volo comedere solus;"
Respondit Abraham, "non sic facis, per meas barbarab"".
Acceptit baculum, vellet percutere Jhesum;
Ihesus clamabat Petrum, Paulum qui vocabant,
Ambo venerunt, Habraham bene verberaverunt.
Tunc dixit Jhesus, "ego sum hic timide solus;"
Adjuna me modo vagam, grossum vobis dabo."
Tunc dixit Abraham, "bewe, hev, quod huc veni unquam,
Si non venisses, nunquam bene verberavisse."
Si meis iste liber tingatur sorde, magister.
Infringet natus verbera dira meis.
Dic quot denarios, quot dies, tibi postulat unus;
Tot libras simul et medias tibi suppetit annus,
Grossus tot junge tot denarios superaddere,
Si vis post cenan stomachi deponere penam.
Sta quod sis lassus, vel centum perfice passus.
Semper rogare rogata tenere tenta docere.
Hæc tria discipulum faciunt superare magistrum,
Fatres, et fures, muscas, pulices, quoque mures.
Hoc et non plures demon confundere eures.
Si cœlum multe caderet, morerentur Alaudæ.
Dic homo vas cinerum, quid confert flos facierum,
Copia quid rerum, mors ultima meta dierum.
Aspera vox ite, vox iste jocunda venite;
Ex meritis vitae dependunt, ite, venite.
Psalite devote, distincte metra tenete,
Vocibus estate concordes, vana cavete;
Nunquam posterior versus prius incipiatur,
Quam finis anterior perfecto fine fruatur.
Hii sunt qui psalmos corruppunt nequiter almos,
Dangler, cum jasper, lepar, galper, quoque draggar,
Momeler, forskypper, forereyner, sic et overleper;
Fragmina verborum Tutivillus colligit horum.
Anna solet dici tres concepisse Marias,
Quas genuere viri Joachimi, Cleophas, Salomeque;
Ut ductere vivi Joseph, Alpheus, Zebedeus,
Prima parit Christum, Jacobum, secunda minorem,
Et Joseph justum peperit cum Simone Judam;
Tertia majorem Jacobum volucremque Johannem.
Est grave præstare, gravius præstare rogare. 259
Cum peto pardo rem periter debentis amorem.
Whose thought is cumbered and is not cleene,
Of other men dedes the worse wolde he deeme;
Deme not my deedes, thought they be naught,
Deme whate thowe wilt, thowe knowest not my thought.
Sic sapiens scribit, nemo sine crimine vivit;
Quis tunc, dic quæso, dicit sine crimine.
Felix qui totam duxit sine crimine vitam.

fol. 102, r°.

AN OLD ENGLISH SONG,
Written in a hand of the time of Ed. II. on the comparative difficulty of learning secular and church music. MS. Arundel. 292. f. 71, r°.

Un-comly in cloystre. i coure ful of care,
I loke as a lurdeyn. and listne til my lare,
The song of the cesolfa. dos me syken sare,
And sitte stotiand on a song. a moneth and mare.
I ga gowlende a-bowte. al so dos a goke,
Mani is the sorwfol song. it sigge upon mi bok;
I am holde so harde. un-nethes dar i loke,
Al the mirthe of this mold. for God i for-soke.
I gowle au mi grayel. and rore als a roke,
Litel wiste i ther-of. qwan i ther-to toke:
Summe notes are shorte. and somme a long noke,
Somme kroken a-wayward. als a flesheoke.
Qwan i kan mi lesson. mi meyster wil i gon,
That heres me mi rendre. he wenese i have wel done:
Qwat hast thu don, dawn Water. sin saterday at non?
Thu holdest nowt a note. by God! in riht ton.
Wayme, leve Water. thu werkes al til shame,
Thu stymbles and stikes fast. as thu were lame;
Thu tones nowt the note. ilke be his name,
Thu bitist a-sonder bequarre. for bemol i the blame.
Wey the, leve Water. thu werkes al to wondre,
Als an old cawdrun bigynnest to clondre,
Thu tuchest nowt the notes. thu bites hem on sonder:
Hold up for shame. thu letes hem al under.
Thanne is Water so wo. that wol ner wil he blede,
And wendis him til William. and hit him wol to spedee.
‘Got it wot!’ says William. ‘ther-of hadd i nede:
Now wot i quou judicar. was set in the crede.
Me is wo so is the be. that belles in the walmes;
I donke upon David. til mi tonge talmes;
I ne rendre nowt. sithen men beren palmes:
Is it also mikel sorwe. in song so is in salmes?
Ya, bi God! thu reddis. and so it is wel werre.
I solfye and singge after. and is me nerver the nerre;
I horle at the notes. and heve hem al of herre:
Alle that me heres. wenese that i erre;
Of bemol and of bequarre. of bothe i was wol bare.
Qwan i wente out of this word. and liste til mi lere,
Of effauz and elami. ne coud y nerver are;
I fayle faste in the fa. it files al my fare.
Jet ther ben other notes. sol and ut and la,
And that foward file. that men clepis fa;
Often he dos me liken ille. and werkes me ful wa,
Mist i him nerver hitten. in ton for to ta.
Jet ther is a streiunt. wit3 to longe tailes,
Ther-fore has ure mayster. ofte horled mi kayles;
Ful litel thu kennes. qwat sorwe me ayles;
It is but childes game. that thu witz David dayles.
Qwan ilke note til other lepes. and makes hem a-sawt,
That we calles a moysen. in gesoirent3 en hawt;
Il hayl were thu boren. if th3 make defawt,
Thanne sais oure mayster. ‘que wos ren ne vawt.’”
THE BOOKE OF HAWKYNG

AFTER

PRINCE EDWARDE KYNG OF ENGLANDE.

From the Harleian MS. 2940. In the first leaf of the volume, which contains one or two more tracts, is the following sentence in the hand writing of Humfrey Wanley.

"Præsentem codicem domino meo D.D.
Vir per-eruditus Petrus Nedham
S. T. P. 12 die Octobris, A.D. 1719."

The hand in which the original of this manuscript is written, appears to be about the time of Henry the Sixth. Kindly communicated by Sir Henry Ellis.

This is the maner to kepe hawkes; but not al maner of hawkes, but only goshaukes and sperhaukes. Firste to speke of haukes, they beth egges, and afterward they be disclosed haukes. Andwe schuld say that haukes eyrith in wodes and not bredeth. And then when they begynne to feder anon by kynd, they wolla drawe them somwhat oute of here neste, and clambre over bowes, and come agayn to here neste, and then beth clepid bowers; and after the feste of seint Margarete they wolla fyl tre to tre, and then they beth callyd branchers. Then who so wolla take hem, he meste have vrens y-made of good smal threde to encle the hawkes that ben i-take. And thou wolte take a goshawke let his wach be a colvour; and yf he falle not there to put a rabbet; and if he falle not there to putte a wesylle; and if he fall not there to loke never other wach. And when thou hast take a hawke encle that hawke in this maner. Take the nedill and the threde, and put throwte the neder lydde, and so of the other, and knytte both thredes on the top of his hede; then she is enciled as she ought to be. Then bere this hawke upon thy fiste, and kaste here opon here berke, and lete here be there unto morrow at even. Then take the thredes, and kut them essily away for breking of her lyddes; then sofft and faire be gynne, feder here and fare feire with here till she wolle stande opon thi fiste, for it is drede for hertynge of her whinges, and in the same nyght after that feding wake here all that nyght, and a morow bere her all that day, and then she wolle be prevey ynoght to be reclamyd. And if it be a goshawke or terrcell that schall be reclaymed, ever fede here with wasche mete eke at the drawing and eke at the reclaym-yng; but loke that it be hote; and in this maner thu most wasch it. Take the mete and strike it up and down in the water and wring the blode out and fede here therwith. And
if she be an eyas, thu most wasch it more clenner then thu
doste to a brawnchere, and with a lynyn cloth wipe here mete.
And ever more the iiij. day yeve here castye while she is
fleyng. And in this maner yeve here castye. Take new
blanket cloth and kut feire pelotis of an ench long, and take the
flesch and kut v. morcela, and with a knyfs poynyt make an
hole in every morcell, and put the in them pelotes of clothe, and
take a feire disch with water, and put here therein; then take
the hawke and yeve here a morcell of hote mete the mownte-
naunce of half here soper; then take that lyeth on the water,
and fede her for all nyght; if it be a sperhawke ever fede here
with on-wasch mete. And loke that here casting be plumage;
then loke well that it be clene under the perke, and a morow
thu shalt finde the casting under the perke and therein shall
ye knowe wheder the hawke be sounde or no, for som gobet
woll be yelow and som grene, and som gleomeous repyng and
derke and sum clere; for if it be yelow, she gendrith an evyll
called the frounce. This yvelle wolf arise in the mouthe other
in the cheke, and if it be grene she gendrith the ree. This
yvelle wolde arise in thev hedde and make the hedde swell, and
but it have help it woll downe into there legges, and if it go from
the legges to the hedde agayn, forscyth the hawke is but lost.
And if it be glemeous and roping, she gendrith an yvelle y-callyd
the cray, that is when an hawke may not mute.

Medicyn for the Frounce.

Take a silver spone, and put the smale ende in the fire til it
be hote, and opyn his mouthe, and bren the sore, and anoynt it
with the merowe of a gose wyng that hath ley long, and she
shall be hole. And if the frounce be wox as grete as a note,
then there is a grub therein, as it were the mawe of a pigion;
then thu most kut it with a rasur in this maner; lete holde the
hawke and flytt there the sore is, and thu shall fynde there
the grubbe; take it oute all hole, and take a peyre off sheres,
and kut the skyn away, make it as feir as ye mowe, and with
a lynyn cloth wipe away the blade and anoynt the sore with
bame iiij. dayes arewe, and afterwardes with popilion, unto
the tyme that it be hole.

For the ree to goshawke.

Take a dase, and stampe it in a morter, and wring oute the
jus, and with a penne put it in to the hawkes naris onys or
twys, where the hawke is lere gorgyd, and lete here tire anon
afterward, and every day till it be hole. To a sper-hawke
take perseley morys in the same manner.
For the Cray.

Take and chaufe with your hondes her fondement with luke water long tyme, and after that take the powdere of saxifrage or ells the powder of Rewe and a quantite of May butter, and temper it well togider til they ben even in ellede; then put it in a litel round box, and stop it faste, and as ye fede your hawke an hole mele anoynyt here mete therewith, and that schal make her love her mete the better for love of the onement and kepe her fro the Cray, and fro other evylle may moo.

Another. Take fresch butter, and put in here foundement with youre handes, and she schall be hole.

Another. Take porke and wete it in hote mylke of a goote other a kowe, and fede her ther with &c.

The frounda comyth when a man fedith his hauk with porke cat other kydde. iiiij. melys arewe. The Ree comyth in faute of hote mete, of colde, other of smoke, other els of grete fervent hete in the neste. The Cray comyth of wasch mete that is wasch in hote water in defaute of hote mete. Also it comyth of thredes the which is in the flesch and namly in tyryng, and everyche ij. day in the somer and onys in the weke in the wynter lete your hawke bathe if it be myry weder and not ell. When thou bathist thi hawke, ever more before yeve here a morcell of hooete mete vnwasch, thoghe she be a goshawke, and al other tymes i-wasch. And yf that ye woll that your hawke fle in the morowtyde, fede here the nyght afore with a morcell of hooete mete waschyn in vinegre, if the hawke be in high astate, and without dowte she woll fle well. And if thi hawke be full gorged, and woldest sone opon have a flighte, take iij. cornys of whete and yeve it here and she woll cast here gorge, and anon after fede here with a morcell of hote mete and cast here in a derke place; and if she be over gorged do the same maner. And vnnyrstand wel that hole fotid bryddes beth not holson to hawke while hawke is sleynge, but while he is in mewe. And clove fotyd bryddes ben good to hawk while he fleith and meweth as wode-coke, snyte, perterich, fflsaut, and bestes of the venery ben goode as martryns, squirelles, conynnggs, and harys; and loke that thou passe not of harys flesch iij. or iiij. melys, for yf ye do, forsoth he shall be blynde, as it hath be seyn oft tymes. Also be well ware of venyson for it is verey payson to hawke. Also hote befe as it is slay is verey poison to hawke, excepte the herte. Also pigions is goode, for olde colouors makith hawke drye. Crow doth the same. Ravyns ben poison to hawkes. A yong roke is full goode as chikyn ben. Pyes cawkes ben goode to goshawkes, and not to sperhawkes, for they moste
have tendere mete as sprous, eysoges, owsilless, and presches, and other smale briddes. Also batiges ben perlys, for if hawkes ete them they woll caste her fethers, thoug it were in chef fleyng tyme. And also loke what bryddes that bith cloverfeted and necessary to men, and such ben goode for hawkes, and not hole foted, as my mayster hath taught me. Also loke that thy hawke tire every other day while she is fleyng, for nothyng in the worlde is that wolle clense a hawkes hedde as tyryng, and the swetteste tyryng that is to goshawke and sperhawke is a pigge is tayle. Nere the lees the rumpe of a beste clensith the hedde better. Also a pigions fote is good tireng. Ffor on of the principall causes that the ree genderys is faute oute of tyryng.

*Here beginneth the termys of Hawkyng.*

In the begynnyng of termes of hawkyng, who so woll him lere, hem schall he fynd six there ben of termys. The first is holde fast when abatith. The ij. is rebate your hawke to your fiste. The iiij. is fede your hawke and sey not geve here mete. The iiiij. is that an hawke suyth beke and not wypith. The v. cast your hawke to the perke, and say not ley. The vi. is that your hawke joketh, and not slepith. And who so woll lern the kyndely speche of hawkyng, many ther ben that hereafter suyth. The first is to say this is a feire hawke, a huge hawke, a long hawke, a shorte hawke, thyk, and sey not this is a grete hawke. And ye shall shall say this hath a large beke, or a sworte of a huge hedde, or a smalle feire. I sesonde ensered yes. And ye shall say this hawke is full y-gorged, and hath endewedd, or i-put over. And ye schull say that your hawke mutith and not sclisith. This hawke hath a feirer long wyng, a feirer long tayle with vi. barrys oute, and stondith opon the seven. This hawke is enterpennyd, that is to say when the fethers of the wyngs be bytwine the body and the thyes. This hawke is engowted into braell ende. This hawke hath an huge legge, other a flatt, other a rounde, other a feire ensered leg, on the fete flatt. And ye schull say that the hawke hath white canwas other red mayle. And ye shall understand that a goshawke or tercell, that is a fore hawke, hath no mayle, but after the first coote. And if there be eny hawke, and she rewarde gladly to her game, ye shall say cast your hawke thereto, and say not lete flee. And ye schull say when your hawk hath nome a foule and brekithe away fro here, ye schull say that your hawke hath stomfede many fethers of the foule, and is not broke away; for in kyndely spech ye schull say that your hawke hath nome a foule, and not i-take. And ye schull say I have fouande a covey of pertrich, a bevey of quayles, and eye of fesaunts. And if ye recleme your hawke, ye moste
withdraw on mele into iii. into the tyme that she wolle come, and then encrese her melys better and better. And if your hawke shall fle to pertriches, ye moste make your hawke to know a pertrich; and when sche knowith a partrich go to felde where is covey, and lethe the spanyell flusch up the covey. And if that she abate lete her fle, but be war that thou con- streyne her not to flee. And if she neme oon rewarde her a- pon here foule, the merke the covey and goo afore them somewhat and lete that partrich that ye have in your bagge fle be a cre- aunce, so that the hawke nym the partrich flye; then cast the hawke to and he wolt nym her withoute doute; then gof yndde more of the covey, and he woll take y-nogh of hem withoute any doute: then reward your hawke, and in this manner: take a knyf and strike of the pertrich hedde and the nek, and strik away the skyn fro the neck, while the hawke plumyth on the pertrich, and then hold the neck and the hedde togyder to her, and then sche woll leve the foule, and come to the fust to the mete. Then yeve her to reward the brayn, the eyen, and the fleisch aboute the neck, and lete her not fle afterwaires til she have sewyd her beke or rowssed her; then is your hawke made as towchyng to perteriches.

For an hawke that hath casting, and may not cast to make her cast.

Take the jus of salendyne and yeve it her, other iiiij. cornys of whete. Other take a greyn of staphisagre, and put under her tong, and she shall caste and the hawke sounde.

For the dry ffrounce.

Take the rote of polypody that groweth on okis and seth hem a grete while; then take it fro the fire and lete cole in tomylke warme, then wasch your fleisch therin and fede your hawke iij. tymes, and withoute doute he schall be hole.

For hawkes that been dry, and desireth to drynke to kepe hem moyste in kynde.

Take the jus of horehounde, and wete thy hawkes mete there- in, and fade her therewith onys or twyys, and she shall be hole.

For wormes within the hawk, called ffylaundris.

Take the jus of nepter, and put it it in a small gutte of a capon other a henne, and knyt the bothe endes with a threde, and fastyng let here receyve it all hole and knyt the beke lest she cast it oute. The time of his sikenes is when a hawke gapith and skrylyth opon the fuste.
That an hawke by not on hevy in the mewe fore wnbaste.

Take verue rotes that growtheth on okys and boke appuls and stamp hem, and yeve hym the jus therof, onys or ij., and he shall be hole.

For hawke that will not come to recleme to make here come.

Take fresh butter and put therto sygur and put it in a clene cloute and recleme hym therto, and kepe it in a boxe in your bag. Wiliam Waters, sone ych sende the this other day how men schuld goshawkes and sperhawkes kepe, of the faucoun gentill and the laner solas is ther non to hym that may not labour, for so who woll use that craft he moste caste his herte therto to gete, and conquere worschipe of his faucoun.

For to kepe hawkes in hele.

Loke that thu be not dronkelowe ne lecherous daylyng with wommen, for if thu handell thy hawke afterwarde with thi handes unwasch, forsoth thu fleyst thyn hawke, because thei hate filthed above all thyng.

For to fede hawkes crafte.

Loke that his mete be not colde nether harde, but pike out the thredes clene. Allso loke that thu fede hym in dew horis; and be well ware of over laboryng, for that schall make her lese her corage.

Be well war that thy hawke be not put in a full cold place, nether in fervetn sonne but after that she hath bathed, and if she be allmoste dry draw her unto the house till she be dry, and afterwarde put her oute a gayn to prowne and spalch her self, and a non after that proynynge draw her in agayn, but if that it is wyntyre then it is necessary to her to be oute in the sonne al togeder after bathyng.

For to draw an hawke fro here neste, and how he schal be fedde, and made better then a braunchere in hardenesse.

Who so taketh an hawke fro his eyre hym behovith to do esely bryngynge hem in all thyng, kepynge hem fro colde, for he take colde ore he be full sommyd, for soth he schall gendre the cramp, and fro hurtung of her bonys. He benym hem her kynde to suffer stench and filthed. Yif her dene mete, first in the mewe thu moste use her to hackyng; and when thou seist hym hym begyn to feder, draw hym oute of the mewe and put him in a grove, in a crowys neste, other in a kuytes; and if there be no neste, thu moste make a neste in the warmyst wyse, and put hym therin, and hacke his mete, and use hym ever to
hackyng; and when he begynneth to clambre upon bowys use hym ever more to hackyng, and till he flyethe fro tre to tre, he woll come to hackyng. Then he woll not come but thu moste hacke and leve his mete opon a borde in his neste, and he woll come thider to his past eche day. Now thu knowyst how he schalle be servyd, but what mete he shal be fed with, I shall tell thee; loke that he be fedde iiij. tymes every day after that he is caste oute, first at iiij. at the clok, then at ix., then at ij. after noon, then at vij., but loke if ye may fede his eche mele with diverse metis, and but yf thou may ech other day, at the leste ech iiij. day, oon day with beof, another with moton, another with porke, on mele, and that schal make here harder then an eyas because that he lieth oute in the reyne and wynde as good a braunchere be cause he is braunchere, and when he ful ferme is sevenygh befor ere thu take his, withdraw his mete, but wasch not his mete, and after pich an vreyyn in the wey that thou seist hym come in, and over drawe hym, then encile him, and do al things abovesayd. Then ordeyn his gesses redy and his bell, and fare feire with hym in the rebatyng, then tech him to light from thi fiste to the grounde, and fro the grounde to thi fist, both ner and ferrer by a creunce. And if he shall fly to the revere make him come to the tabur, and in this maner. Take a tabre and a stik brode in the ende and put fesch in the ende, and recleme him thertow; then when he is well reclemyd thertoo anesal hym to a malard, and when he is made unto a malard, lete oon have a tame malard under a banke of the rewer prevely, and lete hym with the stik recleme the hauk that hath the tabre aboute his necke, and when he seith the hauke comynge lete hym bete the tabre and then with the betyng lete him that hath the malard kast her up, and then the hauke wol forsake the tabre, and seysyne the malard. Then afterward use him to fle to a wylde malard, and when he shall fle ther moste be a counterevere to make the soule spyn so when the hauke schall come in, he shall carie it to londe, then yeve hym the herte to rewarde. And if your hauke shall be made to heron, thu moste take a tame heron add drawe out the both eyon, of her, and breke her byll, and bynde aboute the herouns hedde hoote mete, and put her in a place at thy deyve, then shew her to the hauke, and the hauke if he have eny corage wol fle to here, and because of the mete that he seith on the herons hedde, he woll seison her in the hedde; then kytte the grete bonys of the wynggis and with a penne draw oute the merowe, and set opon the hedde of the heron for to make her love the hedde. Allso thu moste have som sugur for sugere and merowe of the wynges moste be mellytogether: and in this wyse rewarde the hauke when he taketh a crane,
bittour, shoulere, other poire. And who so wol hawk for the heron or eny of thees foulys, he moste bring sugure to rewarde the hawk with hym.

For to make an hauke use all the seson, fesse othere leve, et cetera.

But if that he go to raveyn holde hit in eye then when he levith soly, and taketh that he shuld neygh him nere aud nere faire whoute any fray, then rewarde him ooner his foule as myche as he woll ete whoute brysing or brekyng his cleys, for that is good to do, and then thu myghtest mewe him, and therto use his crafe as thogh he flewe every day, and thus he moste he servyd when men levith hawkyng for a seson.

For to slee lise on hauke.

Take scapysagre, and sethe it in water, and when it is colde lete the hauke bathe her therin, and afterward he woll scheke oute all the lyse when he dryeth hym.

For hauke that hath lost his corage and luste.

An hauke that hath his corage, man may knowe if he take hede, for such is his manner when he caste to his foule he fleith awayward as thoght he knewe never that foule, other fleith a lytill while after, and anoon he yeldeth it up. Therefore take oyle of Spayne and temper it with clere wyne, with the yolke of an ege, and put therin beef, and yeve v. morcell to the hawke, then sette her in the sonne, and at yeve fede here with an hoote foule, and but if that avayle, rubbe his tonge, and the ruff of his mouth with powdure of sange, and when it draweth toward youe, fede hym with an hoote foule. And if thu do so iij. that hawke was never so jalyte and so luste afore as he shall be afterward and com to his corage ageyn.

* For an hauke that traveyleth opon the teyne.

An hauke that traveyleth upon the teyne. Man may knowe if he take hede, for suche is her maner that she wolde pante for abatyng then another doth, for in and if she shold fle a litell while almosste she wold lesse her breth, whether she be high or lowe. Therefore take a quantite of rednesse of hasyll to powdere of rasne, and peper, and sumwhat of gyngere, and make therof in fresch grece, make iij. pelotys and holde the goshawke to the fire, and when he feleth the heet, make her swolow the iij. pelotys be strenght, and knyt the beke fast that she caste not oute, and do so iij. tymes and of the teyn he is saved.
Another. Yeve here jus of rasne and jubarde onys or ij. and he shall be hoole.

For hawkes combered in here bowels.

If thu wylte wyte that thyn hawke be cobured in here bowels, at his eyen thu mayst perceve, for his eyen woll be derke, and ungladly, and her foundement woll defile her brael. Medicine very is to take the hawkes mete, and anoynt it in powder of canell, and yeve her, and she shall be hoole.

For wormys called anguilles.

Sech lessers quikke, and make her swollow hem and they schull dye. Another peryd. Take the jus of dragonce, and put full the gut of a capon thereof, and then kut it in gobetts, and deparde it as the hawke may over swolowe it, and so put in his body, and knyt the beke for outhe castyng.

For the stone.

Anoynt the hawke is erys with oyle of olyve and put in powdere of alym with an hólow strawe.

Another. Yeve hym the jus of crysteg ladder and he shal be hoole.

For sekenesse of swellyng.

A wykked felone is swolle of such maner covert he that no man may it hele, that the hawke schal not dye thus a man may help hit and somewhat his lyf lenghte. The hawke wol be egre and glettons and on the seke side lennor where the sikenes light, and his fete woll be of colour of hony. Therfor take the roote of confruye and sugur eche like moch, and do seth it in a fresch grece with the thyrde part of hony, then draw it thorg a feire cloth, and ofte yeve thy hawke, and he schall heele.

For hawke that woll soure.

Take the jus of fenell, and yeve it her onys, or ij. and that shal be nyme her that pryde, and make her egre, whether sche be highe other lowe.

For bleynes in hawke mouthe, called founches.

Of the founches it is drede for it is a noyous sekenes, and draweth hym to deth, and halte him streyte, for men seith that it comyth oute of coold, for coold doith hawkes grete disese, and makith fume fall oute of the vrayne, but if it have hastely help it wol stop his nare throlles; therfor take fenell, mariolle and kersounelich moch, and seth it and drawe it throg a clowte,
and otherwyles wasch his hedde therwith and do sum in the ruffle of his mouth.

**For bocches that groweth in the gener.**

Kut hem with a knyf and lete oute the quoter that thu findgest therin, and afterwardes clense it clene with a silver spone, other els of tyn, and then fill the hoole full of poudere of armement y-brent, and opon that poudere do a lytel lard reside, and so it wol away; and if it be in the foot, do the same as is sayd before.

**For to make an hawke high of astate.**

Take a quantite of pork, hony, and butter elech moch and purged grece, and do away the skyn, and do sethe togeder, and anoynt thy mete therin and fede hym, and but he encrese take the weng of an enede, fede him and kepe hym fro trauayle, and do so oft thogh the enede be never so fat, and if it passe fourtenyght that he be nat hight never nyl I melle.

**For sekenes within the body of an hawke and it schew noght oute to help hym and he shall after leue long y-noght, and goode therto ffor a scabbyd hawke.**

Take old grece brymston and cinomome and cofye esere and anoynt the scabbe to the fire, and he schall be hole.

**For methys that devorth the pennys of an haw.**

Take melfoyle and stamp it, and take it, and put it in vi-negre, and menge therto the torde of a gose, and lete all thys remayn togedere iiij. dayes, then after take al togedere and put in a lynyn cloth, and queyse out the jus, and anoynt the place that the pennys ben devored, and namly in the wynges, and in the tayle; then afterwardys make poudre of syndres and cast in the tayle iiij. dayes, but not arewe but from to iiij. daies.

**For the cott.**

Take poudre of bayes, and do it on flech of a colououre, and if he have it ofte he woll hole.

**For the cramp in hawkes legges.**

Fede hym with an Irchyn, and but that avayle take the hote blode of a lambe, and anoynt his leggs unto the tyme he be hole.

**For the cramp in hawkes wyng.**

Take a white lof sumwhat cooldere then it comyth oute of the oven, and kut her almenste a too in the peth, and ley the hawks wyng therin, and of the cramp he is savyd.
For hawke that hath loste his clee.

A newe clee schall not growe, but take a mowse and open hym, and anoynt the place wher the clee fil of with the galle of a hog, and he schal be he hole.

For an hawk that castyth his flesch.

Geve hym the jus of cerfoille, other seth rasne in water and put his flesch therin when it boyleth et cetera.

For hawkes i-poysend.

Take a stone and make pouder of her, then take treacle and iiij. greynes of peper, and yeve to the hawke, and kepe him ix. dayes after; ageyn take triacle and the greynes of peper and bren her to pouder and caste that pouder on hote mete and fede your hawk and he shal be delveryd.

For an hawke that is bite of a beest.

Take the fethers away, and if it be but litel, with a rasure kut it, and anoynt it with hote butter. Then take olybanum rasine wax and talow and confye al thees to gedere, and anoynt the sore with this oynement tyll it be hole,

For dede flesch in a hawke.

Take alow and saxifrage, and make pouder and put on the sore, and he schal be hole.

How a penne that is brokyn schal be drawe oute withoute eny labour.

Take the blode of a raton and caste abowte the penne that is broken, but be woll ware that it touche no hole penne, and anoon the hawk wol caste her oute. Then take hony soden, and make a pynne and lete it drop in the hole where the penne fil oute, and anon ther wyl a newe pen growe. And if a penne be broke in the cave take another penne like the same and sewe here with a nedyl there. The which thu schalt do better by experience then thorth the techyng of this boke, and in all poynuts of haunkynge experience is chef. If thu wilt that thy hawke take an hars or a connyng bynde gesses in the both legs, for then he schal take withoute hertyng. And be wel ware when an hawke hath bathed of venym that he taketh oute of his tayle with his beke, and anoynteth his cleys with and venemyth himself and sleeth. Therfor as sone as he pронwen hym, take that away fro his beke. Allso if thy hawke skrylle or crye, other wyse then he ought, take and yeve his jeremyse with powder of peper. Allso in the morow tyde when thou goyst oute to haunkynge, say in nomine Domini volatilia celi
erunt sub pedibus tuis. Also lest he be hurt of the heyrone, say, victi leu de tribu Juda radix David, alleluia. Also if thy hawke be bitte of eny man say Quem iniquus homo ligavit Dominus per adventum num solvit. A man may knowe by the ungladnesse after the chear that he maketh, but strong it is to knowe thing that a man may not se in what wyse the sickenesse holdeth hym, when mon wote here whereof it cometh. Therto thu shalt do suche madecyne fede her wel with an henn, and then make her feste ij. daies after to voydon his bowell, the iij. day take honey soden and fil his body full and bynde his beke for out castyng; then set her in the sonne, and when it draweth toward even fede her with a hoote foule, for so taught me my mayster, and if hele not therof loke never other medicyne. There is a sikenes in the entrayles of another kynde then this is, that is when hawke may not put over for the stoppyng of his entre, for if he holde not his mete and casteth it oute, that makith the fowle glette for surfete of fethers that men in the mew yeveth hym; and afterwardes when he comyth to traveyle and is avoyde of the rever, then he is slowe for to flee, and desireth for to reste, and when he is opon his perke he slepeth for to putt over at the entre, and the flesch that is in his gorge wolle be oversoden if it be ther any while long holdyng, and when he is a-wakyd he assaith for to put over at the entre, and it is a cooldyd by the glette that he hath gedered that it wol not be, and if he schuld ascape he moste put it over, other caste it other dye, and if he caste it he may be holpe therof. Take the yolke of an egge rawe, and when thu haste well beten it put thereto Spaynesch salt, and as moche hony thereto; wete theron thy flesch and lete holde the hawke, but if he wolle ete it wyfully and make hym over swolowe iiiij. morcell a day til he be hole. Another. Take hony at the waynyng of the mone, and make powder of a kene metall verye smal and when it is well grownde take the brest bon of an enede, and do away the skyn, and do theron thy powder, and all bote with the powder fede hym, and do so iiij. tymes and he schall hele.

For the goute.

Take and yeve an irchyng to youre hawke onys or twyes, and he schall hele.

For the mytes.

Take the jus of wermote, and do where where they been, and they schall dye.

For an hawke i-woundyd.

Take away the fethers about the wounde, and take the white of an egge and oyle of olyve and medil efere and anoynete the wounde, and kepeth it with wlake wyn unto the tyme; then see
deede flesch to be wastdy, and after take encerce of clene wax, as moche of on as of a nother, an corfye it in fere, and when thou wilt anoynt it, anoynt it with a penne tyl the tyme the skyn growe agayn; and if thou see deede flesch theron and wold-yt it to be delyvryd, take letigres, and brenne it to poudyr, and put opon the wounde till the deede flesch be consumyde, and there anoynyt it with the oynemnt for sayyd and he shal hele.

For the feveres and the hete.

Take and yeve hym the ins of mogworte onys or twyes. The signe is when an hawke hath the feevere he holdeth down his hedye, and his wynggs hongeth doun, and his fete wol be passyng hoote.

For the goute in the wyngris.

Take guy that groweth on the grounde and sethe it in water, and after stompe it and bynd by the sides aboute his wynges, and his wynges in the seyd water; putte then hoote vinegre, and spouthe opon his wynges and cyle of laur, and he wol hele.

For brekymage of a bone.

Iff thar be a bon broke take a hoote loff and bynde aboute on nyght. Another. Take a cokke tored soden in vinegre and do the same, and sanabitur.

For a legge or a thigh brokyn.

Take mastik and an oytmente of the eth called olybanum serpentarie, and consoldam inmorem, and stompe al this to-geder, and put in a lynnyn clooth, and wrap the leg the other the thight in the sayd clooth, and clense oute the queter away with a penne, and lete it remayne there v. dayes and v. nyghtes, et cetera.

That a hawke be not putte in meewe.

If thar lovyse wel thi hawke put here not in meewe to late; for if it be a sore hawke put her in the month of February, and if it be a meuer put her in the month of January, for who so for covetyse of fluyng lessith the tyme of his hawkys mewing, and holdeth here lenger then afterward, he may put heare in meewe as aventure wol yeve, for who so put hawke in meewe in the begynnyng of Lente, if he be fedde after here luste, he shall be mewyed in the begynnyng of Auguste. The meewe in this maner schal be sette that no fucher no volymare enter in another wynd ne grete colde nether it hit be hote, but that the perty be turnyd toward the sunne, so that in the moste perte
of the day the sonne may shyne in; then loke that he be not
grevyd with no noyse, nother with song of man, but of his that
fedeth him; then ordeyn his fedyng stokke that it hurte hym
not in no wyse, and loke that his mete be clene, for of yvell
mets wol he non, ne suffre no reyn to wete be syrings of bathyng.
She take no hunderyng of her mewing.

The manere to put hawke in mewe.

Of on thyng be thu wel ware, if he have eny sikenes make
thu hym hole or thou put him in, fflor as y understand seke
hawke schal never wel mewe, and if he do, he schal not en-
dure, but the while that he is grete and fat, for at the bateyn
of here astate she may nu lenger endure. Somtyme withoute
eny medicyne many men devysiden how they myght hawkes
mewe, for sum put her in high astate, and other when they
were right lowe, and other when they were full, and other when
they were lere, and som other desmerablich lene, and other
that tooke no fors but as aventur wold yeve. Therefor ye schal
myvn ayysse say, as y seyn and lernyd. Who so put goshawke
spershawke so bight that he may not higher ben, sche woll holde
her long in that poynte or sche mewe or any for luce. And
who so put her in mewe so lene, it wol be lenger or sche be
remownted. And who so put her in mewe so hungr and so
lene if sche have at here lust because of that hugur that sche
hadde afore, she woll ete so moche that sche may be dede
thereby, as it hath be seyn ofte tymes; but who so woll that his
hawke in mewe endure, my councell is that she be nether to
lowe nether in grete distresse of hunger, but in that state that
sche wolde be leffte fleyenge; then take hede the firste dayes of
to moche etynge unto the tymse sche be staundt; then a man
may take her suche mete as I schall telle hym.

How men schal fede here hawkes in mewe.

Suche mete as he hath moste uaid, such mete fede hym with
the firste vij. dayes and the viij. day; yeve him briddes y-
nowe, and lethe her hem take, and plume on hom if she woll
the which schall clense well her bowell, and make here have a
talen te to hire mete; then afterwarte a man may yeve here
what mete that he woll. But the moste fleisch that woll make
her mewe withoute any other medyczyn is the fleisch of an
enede, a yonge swanne of a kome, and of a raton, so that it be
not assawte under heven, it is beste mete to mewe an hawke;
and a yonge gosse if she have it hoote is full good, and bobetts
of grete elys, y-wet in hote blood of moton, for the bobyn neste
the navyl of the ele maketh the hawke after sore age. These
ben good to mewe hawke, and kede here in good poynte. Of
thees fleschys loke that she have good plente ech day, so that sche leve sum what uneton; and what mete that it be, loke that she have such stuff that sche leve sumwhat uneton, and eche day loke that sche have a grete turfe, for she wold ligh theron and defile it with here mutying, for it wold do here passing grete chere and grete refresschung. Allso loke that she have every iiij. day in sende til she begyn to mewe and afterwardes in water; then when sche is nyght to serme, the flesch of houndys hennys and af fat porke doth here grete good. But of all other fleschis after mewayng, the flesch of an hare oon mele or ij. is beste. And the flesch of a kowe sumwhat in water wasch, for that wol not hastelych benym here grece, ne put here in no grete feulyng for it durith sumwhat with here.

To mewe an hawke blyne.

Hastely to mewe an hawke I schall tell veray medecyne that thou schalt leve, if thou assay seche in woodes other in mares; that thou have ij. snakes other edders that ben well better, and smyte of the heddes and the ende of the tayle; then take a newe erthen potte that never was used, and kut hem into smale gobetts and put him therin, and lete strangelych seeth at grete laysere, so that there com oute therof ne breeth, and lete it seeth so longe that the flesch turned into grece, then caste it oute and do away the bonys and geder the grece, and put it in a clene wessett, and as ofte as ye fede your hawke anoynt her mete therein, and lete ete as moche as ye woll, and she shall sone mewe thogh it were in fleyng tyme. Anothere. Take an eddere, and stryke of the hedde and the tayle, and seeth whete with here, and fede hennes with the whete, and yeve the hennes to thy hawke, and be schal sone mewe.

Who so wolle that his mewe hawk mew not, ne lete falle noon his fethers.

Bere him on fiste al the yere longe, and take poudere of canell and the jus of panys and the jus of frankecoste and medill to gedere, and yef thy hawke am orcel ij. or iiij. wette in the sayd jus and he not mew, and do so ofte.

Anothere. Take the skyn of a snake other of an edder that better worthchit and kut it in to smale morcllys, and temper it in hoote bloode, and make thy hawke often tymes ete, and she schal not mewe.

For to enseyme an hawke.

Allso loke that thyh hawke be ferme or thu drawest him oute, and when he is so, withdrawe his mete in the mewe sevennyghe
and wasch it eche tyme, and sumtyme with vinegre til he be enceymyd; for if he be drawe oute full of grece when he boteth on the fist, the grece wol breke and congeyle to colde, and roote the guttys that the hawke may not receyve no mete, and so he moste nedys deye; then afterdrawe him oute and yeve him blanket to caste, eech other nyght tyyl the tyme he be enseymyd, and vinegre; also loke that he fle not tyyl that he be clene enseymyed, whethere he be mewyd other an eyas hawke; and yf thu wylt knowe whethere he be enseymyd other no, take the castyng, and wryng it oute in a bason full of clene water, and if the water buyyll he is not clen enseymyd, and if he do not, he is enseymed.

Here endyth the booke of haukyng after Prince Arverde kyng of Engylande.

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ON FENCING WITH THE TWO HANDED SWORD.

From MS. Harl. 3542, of the fifteenth century.

The man that wol to the to hond swerd lere bothe close and clere,
He most have a goode eye bothe fer and nere,
And an in stop, and an owte stop, and an hawke quarterere,
A cantel, a doblet, an half for hys fere,
Two rowndys an an halfe with a goode chere,
Thys ys the first cowntere of the too hond swerd, sere.
Bynde hem togedere and sey god spedde,
Two quarters and a rownde a stop thou hym bede
A rake with a spryng there thou hym abyde,
Falle in with an hauke and stride noyte to wyde,
Smyte a reannyng quarter owte for hys syde,
Fal apon hys harneys yf he wole abyde,
Come in with a rake in every a syde,
An hole rownde and an halfe wath so hit betyde,
iiij. quarters and a rownd and a ventures strove wyth.
Bere up hys harnes and gete thou the gryth
Dobbyl up ly3thy and do as y seye,
Fal in with an hauke and bere a goode eye.
A spryng and a rownde and stap in wyth,
Spare noth an hauke yf he ly ey in thy kyth;
Smyte a reannyng quarter sory owte of thy honde,
Abyde apon a pendent and lese not thy londe
Smyte in the lyte foote and clene ry3t doune,
Geder oute of thy ry3te hond and smyte an hauke rounde,
Fresly smyte thy strokis by dene,
And hold wel thy lond that hyt may be sene.
Thy rakys, thy roundis, thy quarters abowte,
Thy stoppis, thy foynys, lete hem fast rowte.
Thy spryngys, thy quarters, thy rabetis also,
Bere a goode eye and lete thy hond go.
Fy on a false hert that dar not abyde,
Wen he seyth roundys and rakys rennyng by his side.
He not hastly for a lytil pryde.
For lytil wote thy adversary wath hym shal betide.
Lete strokys fast folowe after hys honde,
And hauk rounde with a stop and stil that thou stond,
Greve not gretly thow thou be tochyd a lyte,
For an after stroke ys better yf thou dar hym smyte.
A gode rounde with an hauke and smyte ry3t doune,
Gedyr up a doblet and spare not hys crowne.
With a rounde and a rake abyde at a bay,
With a rennyng quarter sette hym oute of his way.
Thys buthe the letters that stondyn in hys sy3te,
To teche or to play or ellys for to ry3t; 
These buthe the strokys of thy hole grounde,
For hurte or for dynte or ellys for depys wonde.

Huu.

ALCHEMICAL VERSES.

From MS. Harl. 2407, fol. 90, v°, of the fifteenth century.

Ther ys a bodi of a bodi,
And a soule and a spryte,
Wyth ij. bodies most be knete.
Ther bethe ij. erthys, as I the tele,
And ij. watres wyth hem to dwele;
The ton ys why3t, the tother ys red,
To queke the bodies that ben ded.
And j. fyre in nature I hede,
And j. ayre wyth hem doth the ded;
And al hyt cometh owte of on kynd,—
Marke thys wel man in thy mynd.

Huu.
FRAGMENT OF A POEM ON FALCONRY.

In French, from two leaves on vellum, written in double columns at the beginning of the fifteenth century. They appear to have been pasted to the cover of a book, and only the verso of the first leaf and the recto of the second are legible.

fol. 1, v°

Qu’il convient que à pié se soit mis
Et quant le senglier le choisii,
Tellement de bairez parti,
Qu’il n’est home si voit tel depart
Que il ne vousist estre autre part;
Et cellui qui estoit à pié
En mains tint un fort espié,
Si le fery emmi l’escu.
Mais sachez n’eust pas vescu
Longuement, si comme je croy,
Combien qu’il lust ou prince ou roy,
Se trois levriers qui là sourvindrent,
Qui le senglier aux nachez prindrent,
Ne fussent adoncques venu;
Mais bien tost leur est mal venu,
Car des .ij. les .ij. en tua,
Et le tiers du tout affola,
Puis s’en ala par la champaigne.
N’y a cellui qui ne le craigne;
Car .ij. hommes a affolés,
Et si à leurs levriers tuez,
Et puis si s’en ala sans perdre,
Car à lui nul n’soït aherdre.
Mais encor se affaire l’avoie,
Plus volenters me combatroye
À un senglier bien enarmé
Qu’à un grant cerf bien escauffé.
Dictes quant on se veult esbatre,
Est-ce plaisir de se combatre
Et faire ses membres trencher
À un serf ou à un senglier?
Avoir paour, peril, et païne?
N’est-ce mie chose grevaine?
Certes si est que que nul die;
Mais s’il est qui le contredie,
Que les mauix ne faille endurer
Que cy m’aves oui nommer,
À ceulx qui deduit de chienz aiment,
Et qui maistre et seignur se clainment;
Je sui prest de le mettre por voir:
Mais il est trop bon assavoir,

Que deduit d’oiseaulx, monseigneur,
Est sans mal en boute greigneur;
Car donne proffit et plaisance
Et bien honneste sans grevance,
* A tous ceuls qui l’aimera . . .
Et qui loyalm ent le deservaint,
Trop plus grandement . . . pe fais
Deduit de chiens o . . u . . p . . se defais
Maint vaillant homme a seignourie;
Si vueil à mon propos se mie,
Et monsieur voult presentement
Ce que j’ai dit, vecy comment.

Je commenceray aux segniers,
Car devés leur sont honneurs;
En traictant tout premierement
Des faucons, car clayment
De tous autres oiscault co . . . nt,
Ceulx qui plus grant plaisance font.
Le roy qui tient les faucons,
Pour ce en . . . à beaux et à bons;
Dit à ses queus qui veult aler
De main à ses oyseaulx voler,
Si les metront à bien apoint,
Que de default n’y aura point.
Il s’est tresbienn matin levé,
Car il fait temps tout à son gré;
Et quant il ot sa messe oy,
Trop grandement s’est resjoy
D’un faucon on li a donné,
Duquel se tient tresbienn paié,
Car il est si bon et si bel,
Que l’en ne trouverroit nul tel.
Si vous vueil deviser la taille
De ce faucon royal sans faille

Vecy la devise d’un bel faucon.
Le faucon est sor et ramage,
Sain et entier, de gros plumage,
De large siege bas assis;
Plus bel en est à mon devis,

* Some of the lines in the upper part of this column are very indistinct, a few letters are quite lost, and those which are here put in italics are not very certain.
Pié de buctor à se me semble,
Longue et bien coulourée cengle,

Et le talon et le charnier;
Le petit doy scet bien croisier;
Les ongles noir comme corbeau,
De quoy il a le pié plus beau;
Jambe courte et un poy grossette;
Cuisse de faisant rondelette;
Et si a si large la met,
Que poy y pert ce qu'il y met;
Gros bec dont la cire ressemble
De couleur à la dicte cengle;
Grans narinez, hardi visage,
A maniere d'aigle sauvage;
Grosses espaulez et lonc vol;
Et fait la bosse sur le col;
Grosse queue faucon revers;
N'est pas de plumage divers,
Car est de blanchez plumes lées,
De vermeil apoint coulorées;
Et si l'a nature parti,
Tellement qu'il est bien parti;
N'est pas si grant comme j. gerfaut,
Mais sachiés que petit s'en faut.
Si a le roy si grant plaisir
A le regarder et tenir,
Que je croy qu'il n'est nul avoir
Que voulsist du faucon avoir.
Si vous pri que nous regardon,
Se on devroit donner tel faucon
Pour ce blanc levrier desguisé;
Il dit qu'il a queue de rat,
Groing de poisson et pié de chat;
Et ne mentent en ceste chose,
En ce texte fault avoir glise,
Car messeant chose seroit
A tout levrier qui porteroit
Queue de rat et pié de chat,
Ce seroit tresmauvès achat.
Mais le faucon qu'ay devisé,
Ne peut estre trop acheté,

Mesmement quant le roy de France,
Il peut prendre si grant plaisance,
Ora le faucon sur le poing,
De tel maistre avoir bien besoing;
RELIQUIÆ ANTIQUÆ.

Car il sera bien gouverné;
Le roy ou cheval est monté,
Si regarde ses fauconniers,
Qui ont oiseaulx sors et mayers,
Et de blans en de bis gerfaux,
Bien out xxx. piecez d'oiseaulx.
Sy a le roy grant joie eu
De ce que ilequez a veu.
Là est le maistre fauconnier,
Qui est un gentil chevalier
Si vont des oiseaulx devisant
Le roy et lui et ordinant
Lesquieulx ensemble voleront,
Et quant les grues trouveront;
Si voleront de leurs faucons,
Ou de j. gerfaus qu'il out si bonz,
Voirs est qui sont à leur devis,
De rivierez en bon paiz,
Et de mareche et d'estanceaux,
Ou feront voler leurs oiseaulx.
A la riviere son venu,
Et li blondes et li chanu;
Mais la route long demoura
An trait d'un arc ou prez de la,
Ne nul o soy son chien menoit,
Fors trois ou quarte que on tenoit.
L'un des fauconniers dit au roy,
Sire, je vous di bien et vray,
Que j'ay trouvé de bons oiseaulx;
Il sont là près de ces ruissiaux.
Ce n'est pas cerf à destourner,
Qu'il convient toudiz doubter.
Le roy un bien petit soubzrit
De ce que le fauconnier dit,
Le maistre fauconnier tenoit
Un faucon pui si bien voloit.

**  **  **

Wrt.
PROVERBS.

From MS. Harl. 3038, fol. 1, r, of the fifteenth century.

_Do mon for thiselfe,
Wyl thou art alyve;
For he that dose after thu dethe,
God let him never thrythe._ Quod Tucket.

_Da tua, dum tua sunt. Post mortem, tunc tua non sunt._

_Wsye mon if thou art, of thi god
Take part or thou hense wynde;
For if thou leve thi part in thi secuturs ward,
Thi part non part at last end._

Too secuturs and an overseere make thre theves._ Hill._

HISTORICAL NOTICES.

Selected from MS. Hale, 73, in the library of Lincoln's Inn, of the fifteenth
and sixteenth centuries.

_Anno m. cccc. xj. Johannes Badby hereticus erat ignitus, qui dixit sacramentum altarum non esse corpus Domini._

_Anno m. cccc. xliiiij. Edwardus, filius Henrici sexti, natus erat in feste sancti Edwardi._

_Anno m. cccc. lxxxiiij. Hoc anno Edwardus princeps et Ricardus frater ejus perierunt xxij. die mensis Junii. Iste Edwardus nunquam fuit coronatus, licet regnabat post patrem suum, ut dictum est, in anno precedent iij. mensibus et xviij. diebus, et sepelitur apud turrim Londoniae, anno aetatis sua xij._

_Anno m. cccc. lxxxiiiij. Anna Regina obiit veneno urgente._

_Anno m. cccc. xcij. Hoc anno, septimo die mensis Novembris, cecidit de sub firmamento lapis ingens tonitrualis in ducatu Austrych, qui ponderabat cc. xl. libros, de quo quidam philosophus composuit quadranginta versus._

_Anno m. cccc. xcix. Hoc anno homo quidam nominavit se Parkyn Warbecke, qui propter rebellionem suam erat decollatus. Eodem anno dux de Clarence, alias vocatus comes de Warwycke, puer eligans, erat occisus in turri de Londonia xxviiij. die Novembris. Sunt quidam aulici qui dicunt istum Parkyn non decollatum fuisse, sed suspensum apud Tyburne.
cum magistro suo qui erudebat dictum Parkyn in omnibus
languagiis.

When qwene Anne was crownyd,
Sir John Dygby was beryed.
A m. d. iii, and thrytty,
Was the date of our Lord I say trewly.

Hull.

CHARMS.

From MS. Sloan. 88, of the fifteenth century.

A charm for the blody fyze.

In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti, amen! Stabat
Jhesus contra: flumen Jordanus et posuit pedem suum et dixit,
“Sancta aqua per Deum.” Te conjuro, Longius miles, lacus
Domini nostri Jesu Cristi, lancea perforavit et continuo exivit
sanguis et aqua sanguis redempcionis, aqua baptismatis. In
nomine Patris, cessit sanguis! In nomine Filii, recessit san-
guis! In nomine Spiritus Sancti non exeat sanguis gutta ab
hoc famulo Dei N., sicut credimus quod sancta Maria vera
mater est et verum infan tem genuit Christum, sic retineantur
vene quam plene sunt sanguine; sic restat sanguis sicut resticit
Jordanus quum Christus in eo baptizatus fuerat. In nomine
Patris et Filii, &c.

A charme to staunche bloode, in Englyshe.

Jeshu that was in Bedeleme bore, and baptyste in flom Jor-
den, and stynte the water on the stone, stynte the blode of this
man N., thy servaunt, thorough the vertu of thy holy name,
Jeshu, and thy cosen swete seynte John. And say thes charme
v. tymes with v. pater noster, iii. the worshypppe of the v.
woundes.

Hull.

PROVERBS.

From MS. Douce, 15, and MS. Harl. 639, of the fifteenth century

Pees maketh plenté,
Plenté maketh pride,
Pride maketh plee,
Plee maketh poverté,
Povert maketh pees.

And therefore, grace growth after governaunce.
RELIQUE ANTIQUE.

From MS. Harl. 4294, of the fifteenth century.

Man, remember thy end,
And thou shalt never be shend.


A yong man a rewler, recheles;
A olde man a lechowr, lowele;
A pore man a waster, haveles;
A riche man a thefe, nedeles;
A womman a rebawde, shameles.
Thes v. shalle never thrif blameles.

From MS. Harl. 2252, of the fifteenth century.

He that spendes myche and getythe nowghte,
And owith myche aud hathe nowghte,
And lokys in hys purse and fynde nowghte,
He may be sory, thowe he seythe nowghte.

From MS. Harl. 116, of the fifteenth century.

He that hath a good neyghboure hath a good morowe;
He that hath a schrewyd wyfe hath much sorowe;
He that fast spendyth must nede borowe;
But when he schal paye azen, then ys al the sorowe.

Kype and save, and thou schalle have;
Frest and leve, and thou schall crave;
Walow and wast, and thou schalle want.
I made of my fren my foo,
I will beware I do no more soo.

Hull.

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A NAVAL ANECDOTE.

From a manuscript in a private library, of the time of Queen Elizabeth.

I have heard a merie report. Shippes of sundry nations lying in a harbour in faire weather, the yong mariners were climing and shewing feates of activitie, one of one nation to outbragge the other. At length a nimble yoncker getteth the him to the very topp of the formaste, and raying himselfe bolt uprighte, turned round upon his foote without any staye, chal-endging his antagonist, or any of the nation to do the like. His antagonist presentley undertaketh the chalendge, but havinge turned scarce halfe about, fell downe, and (as God would) in his tumbling by good hap caught hold of the shrowdes; and as soon as ever he had a little recovered his spirits, being
halfe dead for feare, yet set a boulde countenance on the matter; and he also agayne with a loude voque dared his adversarie or any other of that nation to doe the like; as though that which befell him by his errour, he had done of verey purpose.

Hull.

THE SUMMONING OF TEROUANE.

From MS. Arund. 26, fol. 55, v°.

The Sommacion of the cytie of Terevan, made the xxv. day of June the vth. yere of our soverain lord king Henry the eight, to the captain and the inhabitantz of the sayd cytie, by Blew-mantell Pursevaunt.

My lordys and other the inhabitantz of this cytie, my lord the lieutenant-general of the forewarde and armye of the right high, right mighty, and most excellent prince the king of Fraunce and of Engleond, my soverain lord beyng here bye hathe commaundyd me to somon you to yelde up this thys toune that ye holde, and that within xxiiij. bowres after this my summacion; and yf ye so do, ye schal have your liffs and goods sayvd; and in case that ye refuse soo to do, and yff he take hit by stronge hande and armye, he shall do all to be put to fyre and blode, and upon that take avisement. And I desyre you to make me an aunswere of youre wille and intencyon as touch-ing the same.

The capitaneyys names of the sayd cytie of Terevan,

The Lord Pont Deremy, capeteyn generall.  
The Seneshall of Rouvergne.  
The Lord of Sargus.  
The Lord of Bournoville.  

RECEIPTS FOR GUM AND INK.

From a manuscript written in the year 1611, in the possession of C. W. Loscombe, Esq.

To make good gome for yake.

Take the whyte of oxeyron and make clere gleyr therof, and take the bladder of an oxe, a cowe, or a swynne, that ys new, and put theryn all the gleyre, and knett fast the bladder, and hang hyt yn the sone, or yn the smoke,-xl. dayes; then hast thou good gome to serve for all maner enkys and for bokys.
To make texte ynke.

Take iij. unces of grene vitriole, and cast hym together yn a quarte of standyng rayne water, and lett yt rest iiij. dayes, and then take iiij. unces of gome, and put therto, and lett yt stond iiij. dayes together and rest, and thru thou hast good ynke for texte letter.

To make some water.

Take a vessell with water and do yn gome, and lett yt stond tyll hyt be all lyquyde, and yf thou have a quarte water, take a quarte of gome, and then straye yt thorow a clotbe, and then put yn a glas and kepe ytt.

Hill.

A TREATISE ON THE LENGTH OF THE DAYS IN THE YEAR.

From MS. Harl. 941, of the fifteenth century.

Thys tretis was made at Oxynforde be the New Kalendere and proved in all the University.

The xij. day of December ys the shortest day of the yere, for the son aryseth a quarter of an owre after viij. and goth downe iiij. quarters after iij., and so that day ys viij. owres and a halfe longe, fro the son aryssse tyl the son goe downe.

Fowre wekes and vj. dayes after the foresayd xij. dayes, the day encreyth an owre And so the xv. day of Januare, the son aryseth iij. quarteres off an owre after viij., and goth downe a quartere after iiij. And so the xv. day is viij. owres and half long.

Two wekes and iij. dayes after the forsayd xv. dayes, the day encreyth an owre. And so the fyrst day of Februaire, the son aryseth a quartere after viij., and goth downe iiij. quarteres after iiij. And so that forsayd day ys ix. owres and halfe long.

Two wekes and iij. days after the forsayd fyrst day, the son encreyth an owre. And so the xvij. day of Februaire the son aryseth iij. quarteres after vj., and so the xvij. day ys x. owres and halfe longe.

Two wekes and on day after the forsaid xxij. day, the day encreyth an owre; and so the fouth day of Marche, the son aryseth a quartere after vj. and goth downe iiij. quarteres after v., and so the fouth day ys xij. owres and half longe.

Saynt Gorgys day ys the xij. day of the monyth; the son aryseth at vj. and gooth downe at vj., and so the day ys xij. owres longe.
RELIGIONE ANTIQUE.

Two wekes and a day after the forsayd iiiij. day, the day enkresyth an owre. And so the xix. day of marche, the son aryseth iiij. quarteres after vj., and goth down a quarter after vj. And so the xix. day ys xij. owres longe and half.

Two wekes and ij. dayes after the forsayd thrystde, day the day enkreseth an owre; and so the xix. day of April, the sonne aryseth iiij. quarteres after iiij., and goth downe a quartere after vij. And so the xix. day ys xiiij. owres longe and half, fro son to son.

Two wekes and iij. daes after the sayd xix. day, the day enkreseth an owre. And so the vij. day of May, the son aryseth a quarter after iiij., and goeth downe iiij. quarteres after vij., and so the vij. day ys xv. owres longe and half.

Five wekes and i. days after the forsayd sevynt day, the day enkreseth an owre; and so the twelf day of June, the son aryseth iiij. quarteres after iiij., and goth downe a quartere after vij., and so the xij. day of June ys the longyst in the yere, for he ys xvij. owres and halfe longe.

Thre wekes and v. daes after the xij. day of June, the day decreseth halfe an owre; and so the viij. day of July, the son aryseth att iiij. and goth downe at viij., and so ye viij. day of July ys xvij. owres longe.

Two wekes and iiij. dayes after the forsayd xij. daes, the day decreseth an owre; and so the vj. day of August, the son aryseth iiij. quarteres after iiij., and goth down a quartere after vj., and so the vj. day ys xiiij. owres longe and half.

Two wekes and on day after the forsayd vj. day, the day decreseth an owre; and so the xix. day of August, the son aryseth a quartere after vj., and goth downe iiij. quarteres after vj. And so the xxij. day of August ys xiiij. owres and half longe.

Two wekes and ij. daes after the forsayd xxij. day, the day decreseth an owre, and so the vj. day of September, the son aryseth iiij. quarteres after vj., and goth down a quartere after vj. And so the vj. day ys xij. owres and half long.

The holi-rode day ys the xiiij. day. The son ariseth at vj., and goeth downe at vj.

Two wekes and a day after the forsayd vj. day of September, the day derricketh an owre; and so the xvij. day of September, the son aryseth a quartere after vj., and goeth down iiij. quarteres afer v. And so the xxjj. day ys xj. owres and half longe.

Two wekes and a day after the forsayd xxjj. day, the day decreseth an owre; and so the vj. day of October, the son aryseth iiij. quarteres afer v., and goth down iiij quarteres after iiij. And so the vj. day ys x. owres and half longe.
Two wekes and ij. days after the forsayd xxj. day, the day decreasest an owre; and so the viij. day of November, the son ayrseth iiij. quarteres after viij., and goth down a quarter after iiij. And so the viij. day ys viij. oure and half longe.

Fowre weke and v. daes after the forsayd viij. daes, the day decreasest an oure; and so the xij. day of December ys the shortest day in the yere, for the son ayrseth a quartere after viij., and goth downe iiij. quarteres after iiij. And so that day ys viij. oures and half longe.

ÆSOP'S FABLE
OF
THE TOWN AND COUNTRY MICE.

We have been favoured by Mr. George Burges, with an original version of this fable from a MS. of the thirteenth century, in the British Museum. The principal peculiarity of the present version is, that it is stated in what manner the two mice became acquainted. Mr. Burges is inclined to think that it is taken from a much older copy, and agreed closely with the original Greek, although it would appear that Horace, when he put this fable into Latin hexameters, could not have had the use of one so perfect as the present. We take the opportunity of expressing a hope that Mr. Burges will some day present to the learned world the result of his researches on Æsop's Fables, the extent and value of which have long been known in literary circles.

[MS. Bib. Reg. 15 A. vii.]

Mus quidam de villa sua in qua natus et educatus fuit, ad aliam transire voluit. Movitigitur iter facili pede; sed longa via fessus ad nemus forte pervenit, et dum procedere-non posset, sub arbore resedit anxius, quia nec ire potuit, nec, quorum ire debuit scivit. Dum ergo sedens sic sollicitus, viso forte parvo foramine in arboris radice, illuc subinbravit, securam ibi noctem cupiens ducere. Erat autem in illo mus silvestris habitator et hospes; qui murem peregrinum statim salutavit et benigne eum suscipit. Ille ergo de generis socio gavisus cum eo resedit, et de substantia sua et vita interrogare cepit, et si quid boni sibi facere posset, inquisivit. Cui mus nemoris respondit, omnibus se habundare dicens, quae muribus possunt esse necessaria; libenter vellet eum tenere secum, quamdiu velit, et, si hyemare velit, ibi tota familia sibi præberet obsequium; et dixit se tria sextaria victum alium (sic) contraxisse ad hyemen, unum boni ordei, alium nucis, tertium glandis et aquæ copiam. Placuit igitur fesso muri inventa.
humanitas, placuit sibi etiam inventa societas, et oblatum commodum acceptavit. Contigit autem ut ipse uno die de foraminis angustia querulosus fieri, et cibaria minus saporosa dicaret. Cui, cum sic loqueretur, alter mus benigne respondit et ait;—
"Iste cibus mihi bonus videtur et sapidus, sed hoc facit usus:"
at ait mus urbanus, "si villam mecum adire velles et mea gustare cibaria, ni fallor, nuncquam amplius ad ista redire curabis. Et mus nemoris dixit, "placet utique vobiscum vadere, et videam bona vestra, quae, si talia sunt ut dicitis, ad ista redire non curabo." Summo igitur mane facto viam agressi sunt, et in meridie ad villam venerunt. Mus igitur ille precursor viam ducit; habuit ad horrea, ad molendinum, ad cellaria, ad granaria; et ait illi, "Hæc omnia ad me spectant, et aperta sunt nostræ voluntati, et quærīt ab eo quid sibi de istorum videatur, et qualiter placeant sibi, respectu illorūm quæ sunt in nemore:" et ille respondit, nullum esse comparationem istorum ad illa: his itaque factis, in granario hospitium locaverunt et pinguia fecerunt conviviam. Mus ergo ruris in forculis selectus, per Telum juravit et superos se nolle plus redire ad nemus et ad macram nemoris dietam. Itaque cum sic epulantur et gaudent, contigit dominum domus adesse, et, reserato granario, intrare. Cujus ad introitum, facta est confusion laboriorum et mures fugere videeres. Mus ergo extraneus, angulorum ignarus quo fugeret, vel ubi lateret non invenit; novissime vero tota domo pererrato, in timulam se contraxit angustam. Post moram autem, viro regresso, mures ad epulas redierunt et ad tabulas. Sed hospes adhuc trepidus tristis sedidit, et sine verbo. Cui mus domus ait, "quare sodalis, curita sedes ad prandia tristis, et turbatis." Ille respondit, "quia mihi cum cibus et gaudio, cum jam mors sit in hostio." Et alter dixit, "Quomodo ergo ita cito est mutatus tuus animus, qui prius bona vīlles tantum commendasti?" at ille respondit, "Vos vestra bona monstrastis mihi et mala insinuare noluistis, unde et ego secure putavi vixisse. Sed modo video pericula vestra et multiplicēs malorum causas homines esse, et laqueos timere debētis, et mustelam hostem habetis; catti quōque præcipue cavendae sunt insidiae quae vēs vobis si in manus incidentis. Sit ergo bona vestra vobis simul et mala habe, quae natura concessit, mihi vero commoda multa dedit natura nec magna mala contulit; unde si mihi foramen meum redditur vobis vestra granaria in perpetuum relinquo. Melior est paupertas quies et libera, quam periculosae divitiae et mavis gloria.
A POEM AGAINST THE FRIARS AND THEIR MIRACLE-PLAYS.

From MS. Cotton. Cleop. B. ii., of the fifteenth century. This curious poem was kindly pointed out to us by John Bruce, Esq.

Of these frer mynours me thenkes moch wonder,
That waxen are thus hauteyn, that somtyme weren under;
Amonges men of holy chirc, thai maken mochel blonder;
Nou he that syees us above, make ham sone to snder!
With an I. and an O. thai praysen not Seynt Poule,
Thai lyen on Seyn Frauncyeys by my fader soule!

First thai gabben on God that alle men may se,
When thai hangen him on hegh on a grene tre,
With leves and with blossemes that bright are of ble,
That was never Goddes son by my lenté.
With an O. and an I. men weven that thai wede,
To carpe so of clergy, thai cannot thair cred.

Thai have done him on a croys fer up in the skye,
And festned on him wynges as he shuld flie,
This fals feyned byleve shal thai soure bye,
On that lovelych lord, so for to lye.
With an O. and an I. one sayd ful stille,
Armachen distroy ham, if it is Goddes wille.

Ther comes one out of the skye in a grey goun,
As it were an hoghyerd hyand: to toun,
Thai have mo Goddes than we, I say by Mahoun,
Alle men under ham, that ever beres crown.
With an O. and an I. why shuld thai not be shent,
Ther wantes nought bot a fyre that thai nere alle brent.

Went I forthor on my way in that same tyde,
Ther I sawe a frere blede in myddes of his syde,
Bothe in hondes and in fete had he woundes wyde,
To serve to that same frer, the Pope mot abyde.
With an O. and an I., I wonder of thes dedes,
To se a pope holde a dische whyl the frer bledes.

A cart was made al offyre, as it shuld be,
A grey frer I sawe therinme, that best lyked me;
Wele I wote thai shal be brent by my leauté,
God graunt me that grace that I may it se.
With an O. or an I. brent be thai alle,
And alle that helps thereto faire mot byfalle.
Thai preche alle of povert, but that love thai noght,  
For gode mete to thair mouthe the toun is thurgh soght,  
Wyde are thair wonnynges and wonderfully wroght,  
Murdre and horehame ful dere has it boght.  
With an O. and an I, For sexe pens er thai sayle,  
Sle thi fadre and jape thi modre, and thai wyl the assaile.  

**Hull.**

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**WHAT IF A DAY OR A NIGHT OR AN HOUR.**

The following early version of the two first stanzas of this popular song is taken from Sanderson's Diary in the British Museum, MS. Lansd. 241, fol. 49. See Chappell's National Airs.

What if a day or a night or an ower,  
Crowne thy desires with a thousand night contentinges,  
Cannott the change of a night or an howre,  
Crosse thy delights with a thousand sad tormentinges?  
Fortune, honore, bewtie, youth ar but blossoms diengee;  
Wanton pleasure, dotinge love, ar but shadowes flieenge:  
All our joyes are but toyes, idle thoughts dreaminge;  
None hath power of one hower in thier lives bereavinge.

Earth is but a poynct to the wourld, and a man  
Is but a poynct to the wourldes compared center;  
Shale then a poynct of a poynct be so vaine,  
As to triumph in a silly poynetes adventure?  
All is hasard that we have, ther is nothinge bidinge;  
Dayes of pleasure ar like streams through the faire medowes glidinge.  
Wale or woe, time doth goe, in time no retorninge,  
Secrete fates guyde our states, both in mirth and mourninge.

**Hull.**

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**A METRICAL PROVERB.**


After droght commyth rayne;  
After plesur commethe Payne;  
But yet it contynyth nyt so.  
For after rayne,  
Commyth drought agayne,  
And joye after payne and woo.
RECEIPTS, &c.

From MS. Sloan. 4, a volume of medical collectanea of the fifteenth century, by William Wyrcestre.

For to take alle maner of byrdes. Take whete or other corne, and take juse of dwale and menche the corne theryn; and ley yt ther the byrdes hawnten, and wher they have eten therof, they shal lesele that ye may take them with youre handes.

For to take fysche with thy handys.—Take groundis walle that ys senchion, and hold yt yn thi handes, yn the water, and alle fysche wylle gaddar theretoo.

For to melt steyl.—Take coporose and salt-peter and put yn a styllatory of glasse, and stoppe the glasse that the eyre go not owt; and the fyrst water ys nowght, but the second ys good and wyll melt steyll, I warrant yow.

Aqua vitae secundum fratem Johannem Wellys, ordinis minorum conventus Bryggewater.—Recipe herbam vocam warmot, the tendernesse of bay trees, radyshe redesenelle, merch cerfoyle, sowthernwod rewe an hanfulle, pyllyole ryalle, mawron calamynt, redemyntes, pullyolle monteyn, mousehere, ocahyons. I lyche moche an hanfulle and a half lyverwort mayden here. Y lyche moche ij. hanfulle souththyfelle, iij. handfulle hertystrong, &c.

There he but ij. metallys and v. colours yn all blasyng of armes, that ys to say; sylver and gold metalles; sabylls, aser, gowles, synyper, and vertecolers.

Is thy pott enty, Colelent? Is gote eate yvy.
Mare eate ootys. Is thy cocke lyke owrs?

A DRINKING SONG.

From MS. Cotton. Veepas. A. xxv., of the time of Henry the eighth.

Fyll the cuppe, Phylype, and let us drynke a drame
Ons or twyse abowte the howse, and leave where we began.
I drynke to yow, sweteharte, soo muche as here is in,
Desyeringe yow to followe me and doo as I begin.

And yf yow wille not pledge,
 Yow shal be the blame;
I drynke to yow with all my harte,
Yf yow will pledge me the same.
BURLESQUE RECEIPT.

From the "Academy of Compliments," 12mo. Lond. 1671. We insert it here as a modern version of a similar burlesque printed at p. 250.

Take nine pound of thunder, six legs of a swan,
The wool of a frog,
The juice of a log,
Well parboil'd together in the skin of a hog,
With the egg of a moon-calf, if get it you can.
The love of false harlots,
The faith of false varlets,
With the truth of decoys, that walk in their scarlets,
And the feathers of a lobster well fry'd in a pan;
Nine drops of rain,
Brought hither from Spain,
With the blast of a bellows quite over the main;
With eight quarts of brimston, brew'd in a beer can;
Six pottles of lard,
Squeezed from a rock hard,
With nine turkey eggs, each as long as a yard;
With a pudding of hail stones well bak'd in a pan:
These med'cines are good,
And approved have stood,
Well tempered together with a pottle of blood,
Squeez'd from a grasshopper and the nail of a swan.

Hill.

PROPERTIES OF WINE.

From MS. Addit. 10106, of the fifteenth century.

Wyne of natur propurtees hath nyne,
Comfortithe courage and clarifiethe sighte,
Gladith the hert, licour moost dyvyne!
Helithe the stomake of his naturelle myghte.
Licour of licours! at festes makinthe men lighte,
Clensithe woondes, engendrith the gentil blode,
Scowrithe the palet and feble heedis makinthe wode.

Hill.
BALLADS.


Melancholy.  To the tune of the ladies’ fall.

Alack! my very heart could bleed,
With sorrow for thy sake,
For sure a more undoubted knight,
Mischance did never take.

Mirth.  To the tune of Salting’s round.

There was a mad lad had an acre of ground,
And he sold it for five pounds;
Hee went to the tavern and drank it all out,
Unless it were one halfe-crowne.

And as he went thence,
Hee mett with a wench,
And ask’t her if she were willing,
To go to the tavern,
And spend eighteen pence,
And kiss for the t’other odd shilling.

Hill.

AN APOLOGY FOR ENGLISH GLUTTONY.

From MS. Harl. 2252, fol. 84, v°, of the time of Henry VIII.

There was a merchant of Ynglond whyche awenturyd unto ferre contres. When he had byn a monyth or more, there dwellyd a grete lorde of that contre whyche badd this Englysse merchaunte to dener. And when they were at dyner, the lord bad hym prohysyas or myche good do hyt hym, and he sayd he mervaylyd that he ete no better hys mete. And he sayd that Englysshemen ar callyd the grettyste fedours in the worlde, and one man wolde ete more then vj. of another nacyoun, and more vetelles spend then in ony regioun. And then the Englysshe merchaunte anssweryd and sayd to the lorde that hyt was so, and for iiij. reasonable cawsys that they were servyd with grete plenty of veteyll; one was for love, another for phesyke, and the thyrde for drede. Syr, as towchyn for love, we use to have mony dyvers metys for owr frendes and kynnesfolke, some lovythe one maner of mete and
some another, because every man shulde be contente. The second causse ys for phesyke, for dyvers maladyes that men have some wyll ete one mete and some another, because every man sholde be pleasyd. The thyrde cause is for drede; we have so grete abowndance and plente in owr realme, yf that we shulde not kyll and dystroye them, they wolde dystroy and devoure us, bothe beste and fowles.

Hilli.