

# RELIQUIÆ ANTICUÆ.

# RELIQUIÆ ANTIQUÆ.

SCRAPS

FROM

ANCIENT MANUSCRIPTS,

ILLUSTRATING CHIEFLY

EARLY ENGLISH LITERATURE

AND THE

ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

EDITED BY

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AND

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VOL. I.



LONDON :

JOHN RUSSELL SMITH,

4, OLD COMPTON STREET, SOHO SQUARE.

—  
MDCCCXLV.

TO  
SIR THOMAS PHILLIPPS, BART.

THIS VOLUME IS INSCRIBED,

A TESTIMONY OF RESPECT

FROM HIS

HUMBLE, FAITHFUL, AND OBLIGED SERVANTS,

THE EDITORS.

## P R E F A C E.

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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 *RELIQUIÆ ANTIQUÆ* 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

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. Turabull, 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.*

# RELIQUÆ ANTIQUÆ.

## SONGS FROM MANUSCRIPTS AT CAMBRIDGE.

### I.

From the University Library MS. Ff. 5, 48, Art. 23, 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 caght me with a croke,  
He made me to swere be bel and boke  
I shuld not tell.

3et 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 seyde 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 hys 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 tweyn anone up-styen,  
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 pley 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 bere?"  
"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 shal be done."

" Steward ! cover the boorde anone,

And set bred and salt thereone,

And tarry nat so long."

Then cometh oone 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 aftyr 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 kne,

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 slepe in Newgate on a mat,

Be the nyght never so long.

*Secundum Aristotelem.*





The goodmann 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 oure gese he made a ffray.  
With how, fox, how, etc.

He toke a goose fast by the nek,  
And made her to sey wheccumquek,  
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.

Hull.

## CHARACTERISTICS OF DIFFERENT NATIONS.

From MS. Cotton. Vespas. B. xiii. fol. 129. r<sup>o</sup>. written about the middle of the thirteenth century, in England.

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 pavere;  
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 Festivalis 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*, nonemete. (fol. 1, v<sup>o</sup>) *frutex*, undirglowyng.  
*obsonium*, a wakemete. *benignus in loquela*, goode to speke with.  
*titubare*, to wagge. (2, v<sup>o</sup>) *conor -aris*, strengthe.  
*cespitare*, to stumble. *mitigo*, to swage. (13, r<sup>o</sup>)  
*vibrare*, to schake. *torques*, a pillyre.  
*nutare*, to stoupe. *sulcus*, a forow. (13, v<sup>o</sup>)  
*vacillare*, to wagge, sicut navis in aqua. *rusticatio*, boystesnes.  
*vallum est inter murum et fossam*, a paale. (5, r<sup>o</sup>) *litigo*, to stryve.  
*vallis*, a waley. *pusillanimus*, of a nele wylle.  
*trituro*, to thresche. (6, v<sup>o</sup>) *discipulatus*, a discipylhod. (14, r<sup>o</sup>)  
*digere paulisper vinum quo mades*, defye the wyn of the wheche thou art dronken, and wexist sobre. (8, r<sup>o</sup>) *marceo*, to welke, sicut flores.  
*linum*, flex. *marcidus*, welked.  
*lignum*, wode. *emerceo*, to wex drie and wel-kyng.  
*timpanum*, a tabor. (8, v<sup>o</sup>) *capra argrestis*, a wyld gote.  
*presto*, I am redy. *turbo*, the qwyrlewynde.  
*nudiustertius*, thre dayes gone. *cacabus*, a panne. [(14, v<sup>o</sup>)  
*nates*, the bottokes. (9, r<sup>o</sup>) *contumax*, sturdie. (15, r<sup>o</sup>)  
*accidit*, happuthe. *excidit*, hewe.  
*vecordia*, cowardnes. (10, v<sup>o</sup>) *tinea*, a mowthe. (15, v<sup>o</sup>)  
*mentum*, the chyne. *calliditas*, a queyntyse or a slythe.  
*funda*, a sclynge. *cirpus*, a rusche. (16, r<sup>o</sup>)  
*alioquin*, ellis. (11, r<sup>o</sup>) *arrogans*, to bostere.  
*cavella*, a wege. *incus*, anvelt. (16, v<sup>o</sup>)  
*compelli*, to be constreyned. *relegare*, to exilen. (17, r<sup>o</sup>)  
 (11, v<sup>o</sup>) *adurare*, to othe.  
*investigare*, to spere. *lento gradu*, softe goyng.  
*panis sine fermento*, therfbreed. *inquietudo*, unreste. (19, r<sup>o</sup>)  
*amplicitus*, y-put to. (12, v<sup>o</sup>) *obsides*, presoners, or a thing that is layde to wedde. (19, v<sup>o</sup>)

*phiola*, a cruet.  
*paulus*, i. *ludus*, a marrys, or a myere. (21, v°)  
*saltus*, a launde.  
*sartago*, a fryngpanne.  
*penso*, to thenke. (23, r°)  
*internus*, withinnen.  
*complexus*, foldon to-gidere.  
*invito*, to bydde.  
*devito*, to scheuen or eschuen.  
*infimus*, aldyrlowest. (23, v°)  
*cautius*, queyntlyer.  
*circumvallabunt*, be-segen abowtyne. (24, r°)  
*perfade*, of mysbeleve.  
*recenta michi hunc ciphum*, rynce this cuppe. (27, v°)  
*hirundo*, a swalow. (28, r°)  
*hirudo*, a watere leche.  
*arundo*, a rede.  
*vomere*, a schare.  
*falx*, a sikyl or a sithe.  
*pedica*, a snare. (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 chyde. (43, r°)  
*sertum*, a garlounde.  
*sindo*, sendel. (45, v°)  
*concitaverunt turbam*, stirryd the folke.  
*cribrum*, a cyve. (46, r°)  
*pelvis*, a bacyne. (46, v°)  
*lavacrum*, a lavour.  
*diluculum*, the morow-tyde.  
*faz*, a broonde of fyere.  
*contextus*, y-woven. (47, v°)  
*bissus*, qwhite silke. (48, r°)  
*linum*, lyne.  
*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 mengynge.  
*utres*, botells.  
*collaterales*, costrells. (*de cute dic utres, de ligno collaterales.*)  
*lorica*, a habergeon.  
*galea*, a helme.  
*litus*, brynke of the see. (52, v°)  
*parasitus*, a gloton. (54, v°)  
*adipatum est quodlibet edulum adipe inpinguatum*, brow-esse.  
*efficaciter*, spedfully. (56, r°)  
*lippus*, bler-yed.  
*luscus*, one-yede.  
*vas cum quo seminatores seminant*, a sedelepe or a ho-pere. (58, r°)  
*vas in quo pinsitur pasta*, a cowele or a sake.  
*talentum*, a besaunte. (58, v°)  
*numisma*, the coyne of the rene.  
*squama*, a scale or a pile. (60, v°)  
*jusjurandum*, a othe unswore. (64, v°)  
*mola*, a grynstone. (65, r°)  
*ventagile*, a wyndmylne.  
*taxus*, a brokke. (67, r°)  
*taxus*, ewe.  
*discordia*, contake. (67, v°)  
*monile*, a broche. (69, r°)  
*sors*, a kut or a lotte. (72, v°)  
*excessus*, out passynge.  
*camus, quoddam instrumentum quo equi per labia coguntur domite stare*, barnakyls.  
*lubricum*, slidere.  
*gratis*, self wyllly, i. *sine causa*.  
*exprobrare*, to a-breyde.  
*inops*, nedful.



- fornax*, a fornayse.  
*instrumentum ad hauriendam aquam in troclea*, a wyndas. (84, v°)  
*giraculum, quidam ludus puerorum*, a spilquerene.  
*situla*, a boket.  
*insitus*, y[m]pyt to. (85, r°)  
*lances ferreas*, barris of yrene.  
*magicus, tregetowrs, s. falsus, fictivus, deceptorius.*  
*ægre*, slowlyche. (85, v°)  
*panis cribrarius*, cribil-brede.  
*plusscula*, a blayne.  
*indies*, fro day to day. (86, v°)  
*blandimentum*, a flaterynge, or a glosyng.  
*singulus, i. unus per se*, sun-derly. (87, r°)  
*vadium*, a forthe.  
*obses*, a borow.  
*intererat*, it be-fallys.  
*mollescere*, to wax nesche.  
*insitus*, ympyd. (87, v°)  
*surreptio*, a nowndir crepyng.  
*recusatus*, forsakyng. (88, r°)  
*subarro, i. latenter dare*, to 3ef privyly eernys, (89, v°)  
*dextrotirium*, a by of golde an-ornyng the ryght armé.  
*solicitudo*, a bysynesse. (90, v°)  
*resolutus*, unlesde. (91, v°)  
*efficax*, spedeful.  
*crepitans*, sparklyng.  
*quadragesima*, a qwypppe.  
*innatus*, growne with-inne. (91, v°)  
*pedissequa*, a fote-mayden.  
*blandiens*, glosyng. [(92, r°)  
*inolevit*, clefe to, or 3ef entent. (92, v°)  
*tempus maturum, i. oportu-num*, conabil.  
*tempore congruo*, conabil tyme.  
*acsi*, as thei.  
*integritas*, holnesse.  
*cerum, i. quidam liquor*, qwhey.  
*fulvus*, blo. (93, v°) [(93, r°)  
*vulva (ventris)*, a wyket.  
*consuevit*, was wonte. (94, r°)  
*gregatim*, flokynglyche.  
*agrestis*, wylde.  
*asellus sternitur, i. insellatur*, y-sadeld, vel herneyseyd.  
*insensatus*, wytlesse.  
*pecten*, a comebe.  
*cataracta*, a catarac of the ethere, i. via subterranea.  
*parentela*, kynred. (94, v°)  
*excidi*, kyt-away.  
*acrior*, bitterrer. (95, r°)  
*volutare*, to weltyr.  
*insertus*, ympyd in to. (95, v°)  
*querulare*, 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 uxorem*, (*Opera*, pp. 775, 6.)

- patitur*, polap. (f. 1, r°)  
*mala*, yfelu.  
*pugnam*, ge-winn.  
*internis*, þan incundum.  
*exteriora*, þa yttran.  
*movent*, astyriap.  
*perfecto*, on full-freinedum.  
*capitur*, biþ on-fangen.

*victoria*, sige.  
*bello*, ge-campe.  
*securus*, or-sorh.  
*fruatur*, bruce.  
*discordes*, un-ge-twære.  
*contagia*, be-smitenessa.  
*serpunt*, smugap.  
*ipsaque*, þa sylfan.  
*gaudia*, ge-fean.  
*vulnus*, wunde.  
*longa*, langsum.  
*experientia*, afangdung.  
*notum*, cup.  
*hoc plenam*, on þysse fulle.  
*tempore*, tyde.  
*justitiam*, rihtwisnesse.  
*miserendo*, miltiende.  
*lavet*, apwea.  
*dans*, syllende.  
*virtutum*, mæгна.  
*munera*, lac.  
*veniam*, forgyfenesse.  
*divinorum operum*, godcundra  
 wurca.  
*secretas*, digle.  
*noscere*, on-snawan.  
*causas*, intingan.  
*humanis*, menniscum.  
*possibile*, aræfniendlic.  
*ingeniis*, orþancum.  
*ullo*, sumre.  
*intuitu*, sceawunge.  
*speculatur*, sceawap.  
*operta*, ofer-wrigene.  
*qui multa*, se fala.  
*ut lateant*, þæt ðlutian.  
*scit*, wat.  
*placuisse*, ge-lician.  
*imbuta*, þæt ge-tydde.  
*simul*, samod.  
*discit*, leornap.  
*per*, þurh.  
*speciem*, hyw.  
*artificem*, cræftean.  
*minensis*, on-ge-metum.  
*numeris*, on ge-telum.

*ponderibus*, hefum.  
*scrutari*, smeagan.  
*ne cura*, þæt na caru.  
*procaz*, dyrstig.  
*abstrusa*, forditt.  
*labore*, swince.  
*nosse*, cunnan.  
*habere*, habban.  
*datur*, his ge-seald.  
*desperandum*, to ortruwienne.  
*sed*, ac.  
*fiant*, hi beon.  
*studiosius*, ge-cnyrdlicost.  
*supplicandum*, to biddenne.  
*quia*, þi þe.  
*numerus*, ge-tel.  
*de numero*, of ge-tele.  
*auctus*, ge-ihl. (f. l, v°)  
*impiorum*, ærleasra.  
*morbo*, mid adle.  
*obsessis*, of-settum.  
*præstanda est*, to tiþienne is.  
*cura*, caru.  
*medendi*, lacniendes.  
*donec i. dum*, þa while.  
*in ægroto corpore*, on adligum  
 lichaman.  
*vita*, life.  
*manet*, wunap.  
*pravis*, ðweorum.  
*vitiorum*, hleahtra.  
*mole*, hefe.  
*gravatis*, ge-hefedum.  
*sanctarum*, haligra.  
*pietas*, ærfastness.  
*adhibenda*, to ge-arcygenne.  
*precum*, ge-beda.  
*dum*, þa hwile.  
*possibile*, arfæniendlic.  
*mutari*, beon awende.  
*horrescat*, ge-anðracige.  
*noctis*, nihte.  
*devia*, of wege.  
*lucis*, leohtes.  
*amor*, lufu.  
*conversisque*, ge-cyrtredum.

- novam*, niwe.  
*mentem*, mod.  
*det*, sylle.  
*gratia*, gyfu.  
*qua*, þære.  
*justificante*, ge-riht-wisiendre.  
*comprehendenda*, to getriw-  
enne.  
*doctrina*, lar.  
*inter*, betwyh.  
*tribulationum*, ge-drefednesse.  
+ *turbines*, ðreohnessum.  
*difficulus*, ea foplice.  
*agnoscitur*, biþ on-cnawen.  
+ *nec*, nena.  
*facile*, eaþelice.  
*inveniuntur*, beoþ ge-mette.  
*in adversitate*, on wiþerwerd-  
nesse.  
*præsidia*, helpas.  
*dum non perturbant*, þa whyle  
þe na ge-drefaþ.  
+ *discrimina*, orhleahtras.  
*pacis*, sibbe.  
*prælia* ge-winn.  
*premunt*, of-þriccaþ.  
*exercere*, be-gan.  
*divinis*, mid codcundlicum.  
*convenit*, ge-dafnaþ.  
*armis*, waepnum.  
*consilio*, mid ge-þehte.  
*minas*, þeow wracan.  
*tranquillam*, ge-defe.  
*curis*, carum.  
*vacuam*, æmtig.  
*inbuit*, lærð.  
*placidi pectoris*, ge-gladodes  
breostes.  
*hospes*, cuma.  
*corde*, heortan.  
*quieto*, on ge-defre.  
*adquiri*, beon be-gyten.  
*in sevo*, on reþre.  
*turbine*, þreohnesse.  
*invitus*, ge-nedod.  
*amittere*, for-lætan.  
*temporalia*, hwil-wendlice.  
*crescere*, wehsan. (f. 2, r°)  
*Expliciunt Epigramata Pros-  
peri.*  
*Versus Prosperi ad conjugem  
suam.*  
*age jam*, nu la.  
*precor*, ic bydde.  
*comes*, ge-sið.  
*inremota*, un-ascyrod.  
*trepidam*, forht.  
*brevem*, sceort.  
*domino*, drihtenum.  
*celeri*, swyftre.  
*vides*, þu ge-syhst.  
+ *rotatu*, turnunge.  
*rapidus*, swyfte.  
*meare*, faran.  
*fragilis*, tyddres.  
*membra*, lima.  
*mundi*, middan-eardes.  
*minui*, wanian.  
*perire*, losian.  
*labi*, beon ashliden.  
*fugit*, flyhþ.  
*quod tenemus*, þæt we healdap.  
*cupidas*, grædige.  
*vana*, idelnessa.  
*specie*, hiwe.  
*trahunt*, teap.  
*inani*, idelum.  
*ubi nunc*, la whær nu þa.  
*imago*, anlicnes.  
*ubi sunt*, la whær sind.  
*opes*, speda.  
*potentum*, ricera.  
*occupare*, ge-bysgian.  
*captas*, ge-hæfte.  
*voluptas*, willa.  
+ *quondam*, geo ge-fyrn.  
*vertebat*, wende,  
*aratri*, sulum.  
*geminos*, ge-twinne.  
*boves*, oxan.  
*vectus*, ge-ferod.  
*magnificas*, mærllice.



|                                      |                                       |
|--------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| <i>carpentis</i> , on crætum.        | <i>tempore</i> , tyda.                |
| <i>per urbes</i> , gynd byrig.       | <i>secla</i> , worulde.               |
| <i>rus</i> , land.                   | <i>tamen</i> , þe hwhepera.           |
| <i>vacuum</i> , æmtig.               | <i>occasum nostrum</i> , forð-siþ     |
| <i>fessis</i> , ge-wehtum.           | urne.                                 |
| <i>æger</i> , adlig.                 | <i>deceret</i> , ge-dafnode.          |
| <i>adit</i> , ge-færð.               | <i>finem</i> , ge-endunge.            |
| <i>celsis</i> , healicum.            | <i>vitæ</i> , lifes.                  |
| <i>sulcans</i> , to-cleofende.       | <i>quemque</i> , ge-whylcne.          |
| <i>maria</i> , sæs.                  | <i>videre</i> , be-healdan.           |
| <i>carinis</i> , scypum.             | <i>nam</i> , witodlice.               |
| + <i>nunc</i> , nuna.                | <i>quid prodest</i> , whæt framap.    |
| <i>lembum</i> , bat.                 | <i>flumina</i> , flod.                |
| <i>exiguum</i> , ge-hwædne.          | <i>semper</i> , symle.                |
| <i>scandit</i> , astihþ.             | <i>inehaustis</i> , un-for-hladenun.  |
| <i>regit</i> , styrþ.                | <i>prona</i> , forþ.                  |
| <i>idem</i> , se ilca.               | <i>aquis</i> , wæterum.               |
| <i>status</i> , stede.               | <i>vicerunt</i> , ofer-swiddan.       |
| <i>agris</i> , æcerum.               | <i>secula</i> , woreld.               |
| <i>urbibus</i> , burgum.             | <i> suis locis</i> , on hira stowum.  |
| <i>ullis</i> , ænigum.               | <i>durant</i> , þurh-wunedan.         |
| + <i>præcipitata</i> , be-sceowene.  | <i>floreæ rura</i> , blosmige land.   |
| <i>ruunt</i> , hreosaþ.              | <i>manent</i> , wuniaþ.               |
| <i>ferro</i> , ysene.                | <i>sed non mansere</i> , ac na þurh-  |
| <i>peste</i> , cwyldre.              | wunedun.                              |
| <i>fame</i> , hungre.                | <i>parentes</i> , fæderas.            |
| <i>vinculis</i> , bendum.            | <i>temporis</i> , tide.               |
| <i>algore</i> , cyle.                | <i>hospes</i> , cuma.                 |
| <i>calore</i> , hætæn.               | <i>ago</i> , ic droge.                |
| <i>mille modis</i> , mid þusend ge-  | <i>ergo</i> , eornestlice.            |
| metum.                               | <i>necquicquam</i> , on ydel.         |
| <i>miseros</i> , þa earman.          | <i>nati</i> , acynnedde.              |
| <i>rapit</i> , ge-griþþ.             | <i>pereunt</i> , losiaþ.              |
| <i>undique</i> , æghwanan.           | <i>occidimus</i> , we ge-witaþ.       |
| <i>bella</i> , ge-feoht.             | <i>æternam</i> , ece.                 |
| + <i>fremunt</i> , grimettaþ.        | <i>ut mereamur</i> , þæt we ge-ear-   |
| <i>furor</i> , hat-heortnes.         | nian.                                 |
| <i>excitat</i> , awehþ.              | <i>in ista</i> , on þyssum.           |
| <i>incumbunt</i> , onnhigaþ.         | <i>subeat</i> , becume.               |
| <i>reges</i> , cyningas.             | <i>requies</i> , rest.                |
| <i>innumeris</i> , un-ge-rimum.      | <i>longa</i> , langsum.               |
| <i>impia</i> , arleas.               | <i>labore brevi</i> , on sceortum ge- |
| <i>sævit</i> , wett.                 | deorfe.                               |
| <i>discordia</i> , un-ge-ðwærnes.    | <i>tamen</i> , þe hwhepera.           |
| <i>si concluso</i> , gyf beclýsedre. | <i>forte</i> , wenunga.               |
| [(f. 2, v°)]                         | <i>rebellibus</i> , wipercorum.       |
| <i>superessent</i> , to lafe weron.  | <i>asper</i> , sticol oððe teart.     |

|                                      |                                 |
|--------------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| <i>rigidas i. duras</i> , hearde.    | <i>amari</i> , beon ge-lufad.   |
| <i>leges</i> , laga.                 | <i>præcipitur</i> , is beboden. |
| <i>corda</i> , heortan.              | <i>vigeat</i> , þeo.            |
| <i>putent</i> , wenap.               | <i>secunda</i> , oþer.          |
| <i>autem</i> , soþlice.              | <i>hominis</i> , mannes.        |
| + <i>gravis</i> , swært.             | <i>nolit</i> , nele.            |
| <i>mansueto</i> , manðwæran.         | <i>inferat</i> , on-belæde.     |
| <i>sarcina</i> , byrþen.             | <i>vindictam</i> , wrace.       |
| <i>dorso</i> , rhigge.               | <i>lessus</i> , ge-derod.       |
| <i>ledit</i> , derap.                | <i>nesciat</i> , na cunne.      |
| <i>blandum</i> , ge-swæse.           | <i>exigere</i> , of-gan.        |
| <i>mitia</i> , þa lipan.             | + <i>contentus</i> , ge-dæf.    |
| <i>colla</i> , sweoran.              | <i>modicis</i> , on ge-whædum.  |
| + <i>jugum</i> , nio.                | <i>vitet</i> , for-buge.        |
| <i>tota mente</i> , mid eallum mode. | <i>sublimis</i> , healic.       |
| <i>tota vi</i> , mid ealre strengþe. | <i>haberi</i> , beon ge-hæfd.   |

Wrt.

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A SATYRICAL BALLAD,

Said to be written by Lydgate. It is found in the Harleian MS. No. 2251,  
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 thredebare,  
A tourne-brooch, a boy for Wat of Ware,  
With louryng face, noddying and slombryng,  
Of newe cristen, 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 Ydelnesse,  
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 thrift for to slake,  
Can of a picher pluk oute the lyneng.

This knave be leyser wil do al his message,  
 And hold a tale with every maner wight,  
 Ful pale drunk wele vernissshed of visage,  
 Whos tunge ay failith whan it drawith 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 uprissing,  
 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 chevissaunce can pluk of his shon,  
 And at the dyse pley the mony sone,  
 And with his wynnynge he makith his offryng  
 At the ale stakis, sittying 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 unsperre the gate,  
 And grope on morwe yif rigges bak be wete,  
 And yif the bak of Togace\* the gught heete,  
 His hevy nolle at myd-morwe up lifyng,  
 With un-wasshe hands, nat lacid his doublet,  
 Out of a bolle to pluk out the lyneng.

*Hull.*

\* 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<sup>o</sup>, written on paper, in the fifteenth century.

*To make goode 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 ffyre in an erthe pan with soft ffyre, and when it is wele

dryed grynde it in a mortar til it be smalle poudre, and than sarse it throw a sarse, &c. And if ye wil have fyne colofre poudre, sethe fyrst your salpetre, and fyne it well, and do as it is said afore.

*Hull.*

### PROGNOSTICATIONS.

From MS. Cotton, Titus, D. xxvi, fol. 5, r<sup>o</sup>, of the first half of the eleventh century.

Si luna .iiii. rubeat quasi aurum, vento ostendit. Si pura sit, serenitatem. Si in summo corniculo maculis ingrescit, pluviam indicat.

At sol, se [st] orto suo maculosus sub nube latet, pluvialem diem præsat.

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

Si vespere rubicundum aparuerit, serenum crastinum portendit diem.

### ABELARD'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.

From two MSS. of the British Museum, Burney, No. 216, fol. 100, v<sup>o</sup>, of the end of the twelfth or beginning of the fourteenth century, and Cotton. Vitel. C. viii, fol. 18, r<sup>o</sup>, 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, vitæ dulcedo paternæ,

Doctrinæ studio pauca relinquo tuæ.

Major discendi tibi sit quam cura docendi,

Hinc aliis etenim proficis, inde tibi.

Cum tibi defuerit quod discas, discere cessa;

Nec tibi cessandum dixeris esse prius.

Disce diu firmaque tibi tardaue docere,

Atque ad scribendum ne cito prosilias.

Non a quo sed quid dicatur sit tibi curæ,

10 Auctori nomen dant bene dicta suo.

In MS. C. the title is *Versus Petri Abaelardi ad Astralabium filium suum.*

- Ne tibi dilecti jures in verba magistri,  
 Nec te detineat doctor amore suo.  
 Fructu non foliis pomorum quisque cibatur,  
 Et sensus verbis anteferendus erit.  
 Ornatis animos captet persuasio verbis,  
 Doctrinæ magis est debita planicies.  
 Copia verborum est ubi non est copia sensus,  
 Constat et errantem multiplicare vias.  
 Cujus doctrinam sibi dissentire videbis,  
 20 Nil illam certi constet habere tibi.  
 ¶ Instabilis lunæ stultus mutatur ad instar,  
 Sicut sol sapiens permanet ipse sibi.  
 Nunc huc nunc illuc stulti mens cæca vagatur,  
 Provida mens stabilem figit ubique gradum,  
 Providet ante diu quid recte dicere possit,  
 Ne judex fiat turpiter ipsa sui.  
 Nolo repentini tua sic doctrina magistri,  
 Qui cogatur adhuc fingere quæ doceat.  
 Nemo tibi tribuet quod nondum est nomen adeptus,  
 30 Post multos si vis experiaris eum.  
 Filius est sapiens benedictio multa parentum,  
 Ipsorum stultus dedecus atque dolor.  
 Insipiens rex est asinus diademate pollens,  
 Tam sibi quam cunctis perniciosus hic est.  
 Scripturæ ignarus princeps qui sustinet esse,  
 Cogitur archanum pandere sæpe suum.  
 ¶ Occasum sapiens, stultus considerat ortum,  
 Finis quippe rei cantici laudis habet.  
 Dictis doctorum, factis intende bonorum,  
 40 Ferveat hac semper pectus avaritia.  
 Ingenii sapiens fit nullus acumine magni,  
 Hunc potius mores et bona vita creant.  
 Factis non verbis sapientia se profitetur,  
 Solis concessa est gratia tanta bonis.  
 Credit inhumanam mentem sapientibus esse,  
 Qui nichil illorum corda dolere putat.  
 Ferrea non adeo virtutis duraque mens est,  
 Ut pietas horum viscera nulla sciat.  
 Sit tibi cura prior faciendi, deinde docendi  
 50 Quæ bona sunt, ne sis dissonus ipse tibi.  
 ¶ Sit tibi quæso frequens scripturæ lectio sacræ,  
 Cætera siqua legas omnia propter eam.  
 Est justi proprium reddi sua velle quibusque,  
 Fortis in adversis non trepidare suis.  
 Illicitos animi motus frenare modesti,  
 Tunc cum succedunt prospera præcipue.

line 13, *fructuque non*, B.—24, *fugit*, B.—39, *doctis*, C.—48, *ciat*, C.

- Sicut in adversis virtus ea murus habetur,  
 Sic istius egent prospera temperie.  
 Nec prior illa manet virtus nisi fulta sit istis,  
 60 Ne sit fracta malis, sive remissa bonis.  
 Quid vitii, quid sit virtutis discite prudens,  
 Quod si perdideris, 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,  
 70 Quantum nos toleret, quam grave percutiat !  
 Quo melior cunctis Deus est, plus debet amari,  
 Et melior post hunc ordine quisque 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 quærat gloria per te,  
 Non tibi sed cunctis vixeris, immo Deo.  
 ¶ Detrimenta tuæ caveas super omnia famæ,  
 80 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,  
 90 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.  
 Siquis divinis jubeat contraria jussis,  
 Te contra Dominum pactio nulla trahat.  
 Contempnendo Deum peccat solummodo quisque,  
 100 Nec nisi contemptus hic facit esse reum.

line 61, *discute*, C.—64, *exsequitur* B.—69, *is atque*, C.—90, *quod*, C.

C

- Non est contemptor qui nescit quid sit agendum,  
 Si non hoc culpa nesciat ipse sua.  
 Major adhuc tamen est insania quam furor ille,  
 Quæ differt illum conciliare sibi.  
 Supremus 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.  
 Quæ tibi tu non vis fieri, ne feceris ulli;  
 Quæ fieri tibi vis, hæc quoque fac aliis.  
 ¶ Omnia dona Dei transcendit verus amicus,  
 Divitiis cunctis antefereendus hic est.  
 Nullus pauper erit thesauro præditus isto,  
 Qui quo rarius est, hoc preciosior 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 amicitia.  
 Exaudire precem inhonesta rogantis amici,  
 Est ab amicitia calle referre pedem.  
 Plus tamen offendit qui cogit ad ista rogando,  
 130 Quam 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.  
 Turpiter excusat noxam quem propter amicum  
 A se hanc committi dicere non pudeat.  
 Propter amicitiam si quid commiserò vile,  
 Re turpi pulchram fædo 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 quæ tu dicis dona coactus emit.  
 Plus recipit quam dat pro donis quisquis amatur,  
 Nam quid amicitia carius esse potest.  
 Majores grates 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 dampnum contempnit propter amicum,  
 Sic etenim prodi si sit amicus habet.  
 Cujus criminibus cito credis, non es amicus,  
 Ultimus hinc proprie scit mala quisque domus.  
 Non poterit proprios cognoscere dives amicos,  
 An sint fortunæ scilicet aut hominis.  
 Pauper in hoc felix errore est liber ab isto ;  
 160 Cum perit hæc, pereunt quos dabat illa tibi.  
 Cui male fecisti, ne te commiseris illi,  
 Prætereunte malo permanet ira mali.  
 Quam jactura mali jactantia 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 verberare comprimés 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 aliis hæc una sola patet.  
 ¶ Nil melius muliere bona, nil quam mala pejus,  
 Omnibus ista bonis præstat et illa malis,  
 Quæcumque est avium species assueta rapinis,  
 Quo plus possit in his femina fortior est.  
 Nec rapit humanas animas plus femina quicquam,  
 180 Fortis in his hæc est quolibet hoste magis.  
 Quæ se luxuriæ gratis subponit amica,  
 Censetur meretrix quæ pretio gerit hoc.  
 In vitio tamen hoc ardentior illa videtur,  
 Quæ præter sordes suscipit inde nichil.  
 Uxorem ratione suam vir debet amare,  
 Et non ad coitum sicut adultera sit.

line 145, *parvo pretio*, C.—160, in both MSS. *hæc* is explained in a gloss by *fortuna*, and in B. *quos* is explained similarly by *amicos*.—161, *ulli*, C.—164, *set*, 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 luxuriæ solam putet esse creatam ?  
 Ad coitus fructum cætera nata feret ?  
 Grator 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 linguosæ conjugis ira ;  
 Qui tenet hanc, ejus non caret angue sinus.  
 Deterior longe linguosa est femina scorto,  
 200 Hoc aliquis, nullis illa placere potest.  
 Est linguosa domus incendia maxima conjux,  
 Hac levior flamma quilibet 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 meretrice potest.  
 Ex hoc præcipue distant ignavus et audax,  
 Quod factis iste prævalet, ille minis.  
 Si linguæ bellum quam armorum fortius esset,  
 210 Thersites Trojæ major Achille foret.  
 In verbis pavidus semper lætare fuisse,  
 In factis audax sis, aliquando licet.  
 Nil magis offendit quam pravus sermo potentem ;  
 Plus probra liber homo quam sua dampna timet.  
 Accensas mollis responsio mitigat iras ;  
 Auget eas potius dura, creatque novas.  
 ¶ Nolo virum doceas uxoris crimen amatæ,  
 Quod sciri potius quam fieri gravat hunc.  
 Opprobriis aurem propriis dat nemo libenter,  
 220 Nec te nec quemquam talia scire volet.  
 Cuique viro casto conjux sua casta videtur,  
 Semperque incestus suspiciosus erit.  
 Ne sis natarum sic cæcus amore tuarum,  
 Ut non corrumpi posse rearis eas.  
 Quam cito fas sit eas festina tradere nuptum,  
 Vilescit mulier suspicione cito.  
 Nec catus poterit servari pelle nitente,  
 Nec mulier cunctis si preciosus erit.  
 Quam nuptum tradunt studeant ornare puellam,  
 230 Ornatu sapiens vir cito privat eam.

line 196, *Corde*, B.—201, *conjux*, B.—202, *quilibet*, B.—204, *quam periere*  
 C.—226, MS. 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 falso crimine sæpe struis.  
 Ne dubites illam propriæ 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,  
 240 Tanto gratior est ipsa futura viro.  
 Aspernata virum propria placet ipsa repulsa,  
 Et blandum facit hunc asperitate sua.  
 Miror si mulier privignum diligit ulla,  
 Ni quo Phædra suum fertur amasse modo.  
 Quem vir amat famulum miror si diligit uxor,  
 Semper in insidiis hunc timet esse sibi.  
 Luxuriæ nimis est mulieri grata voluptas,  
 Si plus quam fratrem diligit illa virum.  
 Si sua quam mater cuiquam sit carior uxor,  
 250 Constat naturam cedere luxuriæ.  
 ¶ Quem natura suos non cogit amare parentes,  
 Conciliare tibi gratia nulla potest.  
 Qui patri malus est, nulli bonus esse putetur,  
 Nolo roges pro quo non regat ipsa parens.  
 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 correptio blanda;  
 260 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.  
 Culpam metuens culpam præcindere temptat,  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 Quisquis non fuerit patiens parendo jubenti,  
 Inperio nulli præficiendus 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.

Wrt.

## EARLY ENGLISH PRAYERS, &amp;c.

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

[. . .]idde 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 cristinfolk that is in gode lif,  
 that God schilde ham to dai fro sinne and fro siche;  
 for alle tho men that are in sinne bunden,  
 that Jhesu Christ ham leyse, for is hali wndes;  
 for quike and for deade and al mankinde;  
 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 misdoun hus,  
 and leod us in tol na fandinge,  
 bot frels us fra alle ivele þinge. Amen.

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

Maidin and moder þat bar þe hevene king,  
 wer us fro wre wyþer-wines at ure hending;  
 bliscd be þe pappis þat Godis sone sauþ,  
 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 maiden Marie,

pinid under Punce Pilate, festened to the rode, ded and dulvun,  
 licht in til helle, þe þride dai up ras fra dede to live, stegh in  
 til hevenne, sitis on is fadir richt hand, fadir al-waldand, he  
 þen sal come 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 fleyes, and life with-hutin hend. Amen.

*Wrt.*

~~~~~  
 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 pleyne  
 ther displeasauns ;

Whych is indede  
 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, ffor 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.

## II.

Whoso lyst to love, God send hym right good spede!\*

Some tyme y 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 displeside 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 y nought but grete disdayne;  
Allas! 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 whan she knowith the case,  
Y trust to God, that withyne short spase,  
She will me take agayne to grace;  
Than have y 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 wreten,  
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 ;

D

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 alone,  
 Full of thought, of joy desperat,  
 To my hert makyng 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 sekyrnesse.  
 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,  
 Wepying both even and morow  
 With swollyn hert, when I refrayne,  
 With wofull teris which can nat fayne,  
 Soo have I lost my countenance,  
 Of all the world to my plesaunce.

A. Godwhen.

## VI.

*A Tretise for Lavandres.*

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

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 yit 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 fletyng oyle spott  
 Wyth lye of beenes make hit clene and fresshe,  
 Wasshe with wyn the feruent ink spott,  
 All oder thynges clensed, well ye wot,  
 Wyth water clere is purged and made clene,  
 But these thre clense wyn, mylke, and beene.

The name of Godwhen 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 sperhawke 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 nozt 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 byllyd 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 lemmanys 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 curiously,  
 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 noȝt, 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 noȝt kept after myne astate;  
 Off gay atyrynge y 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 thynke 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 swyfte 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,  
 Desyrynge 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 dyssevyd owre lorde Jhesu ;  
 For when here herte from yow 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 ageyne 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 mysghovernawnce makyth wyves to be shent.  
 For when ther husbandys ar yn avotry lent,  
 Yff wyves be grevyd, them blame nozt y.  
 Y wolde suche damsellys yn fyre were brent,  
 That the asskes with the wynde away 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.

## ERCYLDOUN'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 à nestre.

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

## DIRECTIONS FOR COMPOSING RHYMES.

From MS. Cotton. Cleopatra, B. vi, fol. 241, v°, written in the fourteenth century.

*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 cœlorum,  
Ergo fratres gaudeamus,  
Uctionem 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 dilectus,  
Inter pares præelectus,  
Modo gravat me senectus,  
Et ætate jam confectus,  
Ab electis sum ejectus.

Sequitur de consonantia : unde sciendum quod si penultima sillaba distinctionis proferatur acuto accentu, tunc consonantia debet servari a vocali penultimæ sillabæ, ut hic :

Ave sancti spiritus fecundata rore,  
Conservata pariens castitatis more,  
Quæso fac ne arguat iudex in furore,  
Quos a morte proprio redemit cruore.

Si vero penultima sillaba distinctionis proferatur gravi accentu, tunc consonantia potest servari 3<sup>r</sup>; uno modo servatur consonantia a vocali penultimæ sillabæ, sic :

Salutat angelus, Deus ingreditur;  
Quod auris accipit in corde creditur;  
Tumescit venter, Deus egreditur  
Vestitus homine, nec virgo læditur.

Item alio modo servatur consonantia a vocali penultimæ sillabæ, sic :

O res mirabilis et rerum novitas!  
Se vestit homine summa divinitas;  
Licet in virgine matris fecunditas,  
Et jugi lumine vernat virginitas.

Tertio modo servatur consonantia a vocali penultimæ sillabæ, sic :

Non potest esse monachus,  
Qui vagus est et profugus;  
Qui vivit absque regula,  
Peribit morte pessima.

Sequitur de divisione Rithmorum, quorum unus est monathongus, alius diptongus, alius triptongus. Monathongus 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 plures concordant simul, et auditur (*additur*) cauda, ut hic :

Audi verbum novitatis,  
Crede sompnum, et est satis,  
Non est tuæ 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 duæ distinctiones concordant simul, et additur cauda, et duæ aliæ simul, et additur cauda, et caudæ concordant, ut hic:

Sub nodis silicii  
Corpus carens vitii  
dampnat vir beatus,  
Se suum carnificem,  
Atque suum judicem,  
offert maceratus.

Secundus modus est quando medium unius distinctionis concordat cum medio alterius distinctionis. et finis cum fine, ut supra, 'Jam advenit rex cœlorum?' Tertius modus est quando duæ distinctiones concordant simul in duobis locis, et additur cauda, ut sic:

Æger eram, jam sum fortis,  
Et contempno minas mortis,  
Velut leo, corde tuto,  
Ire quidem sine scuto.

Item rithmorum caudatorum alii sunt consoni, alii dissoni. Consoni sunt quorum caudæ concordant in fine, ut hic:

Non est nostræ facultatis,  
Nec humanæ dignitatis,  
referre miracula;  
Quibus virtus deitatis,  
Testis sanctæ sanctitatis,  
illustravit gratia.

Dissoni sunt tales quorum caudæ non concordant, ut hic:

Aaron virgam tulit duram,  
Quæ florens contra naturam,  
est porta cœli,  
Semper patens, nunquam clausa;  
Vitæ nostræ fuit causa  
virgo Maria.

*Explicit Ars Rithmitizandi.*

Wrt.

## GLOSSARY OF OLD LAW TERMS.

From MS. Cotton. Julius D. vii, fol. 127, v\*, written at St. Alban's in the middle of the thirteenth century.

*Expositio Anglicorum nominum in cartis, secundum consuetudinem scacarîi.*

Mundebriche,—Trespas vers seignur.  
 Burchbriche,—Quite de forfesture.  
 Miskenninge,—Mespris par oi, u de fet.  
 Scephinge,—Quite de mustreisun de marchandise.  
 Haschinge,—Charger ù l'en vudra.  
 Frithsocne,—Franchise de francplege.  
 Flemenfremthe,—Chatel de futif.  
 Weregold,—  
 Wisegeldthef,—Larun ke pot estre rejut.  
 Utelph,—Echapement de prisum.  
 Forfeng,—Quite de avant prise.\*  
 Infeng,—Quite de prise en feste.  
 Ferdwite,—Quite de murance de ost.  
 Blodwite,—Quite de sanc expandu.  
 Wardwite,—Quite de wardein truver.  
 Hangwite,—Quite de larum pendu sanz sergant.  
 Hamsokne,—Quite de entrer en autri ostel à force.  
 Forstal,—Ki autri force desturbe.  
 Infangenethef,—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 lamerçi.  
 Inlage,—Sugest à la lei le rei.  
 Utlagefors,—Bany.  
 Chirchesoht,—Une certeine somme de blé batu.  
 Briggebote,—Refere punz à passer.  
 Ferdware,—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  
*avent le rei.*

## ANGLO-SAXON RELIGIOUS FRAGMENTS.

1. Metrical hymn from MS. Cotton. Vespas. D. vi, fol. 68, v<sup>o</sup>, of the ninth century.

Wuton wuldrian  
 weorada dryhten  
 halgan hlioðor-cwidum,  
 biofen-rices weard,  
 lufian liof-wendum.  
 lifæs agend,  
 ⁊ him simle sio  
 sigeræst wuldor  
 uppe mid ænlum,  
 ⁊ on eorðan sibb  
 gumena gehwilcum  
 Godes willan.  
 We ðe heriað  
 halgum stefnum,  
 ⁊ þe blætsiað  
 bilewitne fæder,  
 ⁊ ðe þanciað,  
 þioda walden,  
 ðines weorðlican  
 wuldor dretunes,  
 ⁊ ðare miclan  
 mægena ge-rena  
 ðe ðu god dryhten  
 gastes mæhtum  
 hæfest on ge-wealdum  
 biofen ⁊ eorðan,  
 án éce fæder,  
 ælmehtig God.  
 ðu eart cyninga cyningc  
 cwicera gehwilces;  
 ðu eart sigefest sunu,  
 ⁊ soð hælend  
 ofer ealle ge-scæft  
 angla ⁊ manna;  
 ðu, dryhten God,  
 on dreamum wunast,  
 on ðære upplican  
 æðelan ceastre,  
 frea folca gehwæs,  
 swa ðu æt fruman wære  
 efen-eadig bearn,  
 agennum fæder.  
 ðu eart heofenlic liht,

⁊ ðæt halige lamb  
 ðe ðy mán scilde  
 middan-geardes,  
 for þinre arfæstnesse  
 ealle to-wurpe,  
 fion ge-flæmdest  
 folc ge-meredes,  
 blode ge-bohtest  
 bearn Israela,  
 ða ðu ahofe  
 ðurh dæt halige triow  
 ðinre ðrowunga,  
 ðriostre senna,  
 þ ðu ón hæah setle  
 heafena rices  
 sitest sige-hræmig  
 on ða swiðran hand  
 ðinum gód fæder  
 gasta ge-myndig.  
 Mildsa nu mehtig  
 manna cynne,  
 ⁊ of leahtrum ales  
 ðine ða liofan ge-scæft  
 ⁊ us hale ge-do,  
 heleða sceppend,  
 niða nergend,  
 for ðines naman are.  
 ðu eart soðlice  
 simle halig,  
 ⁊ ðu eart ana  
 æce dryhten,  
 ⁊ ðu ana bist  
 eallra dema  
 cwucra ge deadra,  
 Crist nergend;  
 for ðan ðu ón ðrymme ricsast,  
 ⁊ on ðrinesse,  
 ⁊ on annesse,  
 ealles waldend,  
 biofena heah cyninc,  
 haliges gastes  
 fegere ge-felled  
 in fædre wuldre.

II. The Lord's Prayer and Creed, from MS. Cotton, Cleopatra, B. xlii, fol. 58, r<sup>o</sup>, of the tenth century.

Her is se ge-leafa, 7 ge-béd, 7 bletsung læwedum mannum þe ƿ Leden ne cunnon.

Pater noster on Englisc.—[N]u ure fæder þe eart on heofenum, 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, 7 forgyf us ure gyltas, swa swa we forgyfað þam þe wið us agyltað, 7 ne læd þu na us on costnunge, ac alýf ús fram yfele. Sy it swa.

Ic ge-lyfe on God fæder ælmihtigne, scyppend heofenan 7 eorðan, 7 ic ge-lyfe on hælend Crist his an-cennedan sunu, urne drihten, se wæs ge-eacnod of þam halgan gaste, 7 acenned of Marian þam mædene, ge-þrowod under þam Pontiscan Pilate, on róde ahangen, he wæs dead 7 be-byrged, 7 he nyðer astah to helle, 7 he aras of deaðe on þam þridðan dæge, 7 he astah up to heofenum, 7 sitt nu æt swiðran Godes ælmihtiges fæder, þanon he wile cuman to demenne ægðer ge þam cucum ge þam deadum, 7 ic ge-lyfe on þone halgan gast, 7 þa halgan ge-laðunge, 7 halgena ge-mænnysse, 7 synna for-gifennysse, 7 flæsces ærist, 7 ƿ éce lif. Sy hit swa.

*Wrt.*

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## PRAYER TO THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

From MS. Cotton. Titus, D. xxvii, fol. 74, r<sup>o</sup>, 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; propterea peto et per illum qui te ad hoc ordinavit humiliter 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 Habraë 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, r<sup>o</sup>, 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*, maruil, 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, supe-wurt.  
*Pulegium*, puliol, hul-wurt.  
*Agrimonia*, agremoine, gar-clive.  
*Consolida*, consoude, daiseie.  
*Cumfria*, cumfirie, galloc.  
*Mentastrum*, mentastre, hors-minte.  
*Avencia*, avence, harefot.  
*Porius*, porete, lek.  
*Regina*, reine, med-wurt.  
*Millefolium*, milfoil.  
*Ebulum*, eble, wal-wurt.  
*Levisticum*, luvesche, luvestiche.  
*Cepa*, oingnun, kue-lek.  
*Salvia*, sauge, fenvern.  
*Centauria*, centoire, hurdreve.  
*Arcangelica*, mort-ortie, blinde netle.  
*Pollipodium*, poliol, reven-fot.  
*Felix arboratica*, polli-pode, e-ververn.  
*Salvinca*, gauntelée, foxes-glove.

*Butunus*, butuns, hoepe.  
*Nasturcium*, kersuns, cressen.  
*Coliandrum*, coriandre, chelepriem.  
*Petrosillum*, peresil, stoansuke.  
*Closera*, alisaundre, wilde percil.  
*Favida*, favede, leomeke.  
*Sandix*, waisde, wod.  
*Gladium*, flamme, gladene.  
*Febrefugia*, fewerfue, adrel-wurt.  
*Tanesetum*, tanesie, helde.  
*Pilosella*, peluselle, mus-ere.  
*Vermiculum*, warance, wrotte.  
*Raffarium*, raiz, redich.  
*Silmbrium*, balsamitis, broc-minten.  
*Ambrosia*, ambrose, hinde-hele.  
*Althea*, ymalue,\* holihoc.  
*Saxifragium*, saxifrage, pai-wurt.†  
*Bidella*, samsuns, lechis.  
*Bursa pastoris*, sanguinarie, blod-wurt.  
*Feniculum*, fanuil, fenecel.  
*Quinquefolium*, quintfoil, fif-lef.  
*Tapsus barbatus*, moleine, softe.  
*Fabaria*, faverole.  
*Trifolium*, trifoil, wite-clovere.  
*Diptannum*, ditaundere.  
*Cotula fetida*, ameruche, miwe.  
*Persicaria*, saucheneie, crones-anke.  
*Lanceolata*, launceleie, ribbe.  
*Mater silva*, chevefoil, wude-bide.  
*Sambucus*, suep(?), ellarne.  
*Vervena*, verveine, iren-harde.

\* or winalue. (?)

† wal-wurt. (?)

*Arundo*, rosel, reod.  
*Osmunda*, osmunde, bon-wurt.  
*Olibanus*, encens, scor.  
*Fungus*, wulves-fist.  
*Cerfolium*, cerfoil, villen.  
*Camomilla*, camemille, maiwe.  
*Nepta*, nepte, kattes-minte.  
*Argentea*, argentine, lilie.  
*Enula*, alne, hors-elne.  
*Ysopus*, ysope.  
*Spurgia*, spurge, guweorn.  
*Lavendula*, lavendre.  
*Fion*, camglata, foxes-glove.  
*Euscute*, dodder.  
*Satureia*, satureie, timbre.  
*Borago*, burage.  
*Tribulus marinus*, calketrappe,  
 sea-pistel.  
*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*, alebre-blonc.  
*Eleborum*, ellebre, lung-wurt.  
*Pionia*, pioine.  
*Ortica*, ortie, nettle.  
*Valeriane*, stich-wurt.  
*Celsi*, murer, murberien.  
*Avellane*, petite noiz, litel nute.  
*Frisgonen*, fresgun, cue-hole.  
*Sponsa solis*, grinnil.  
*Pinpernele*, pinpre, briddes-  
 tunge.  
*Lingua canis*, chen lange,  
 hundes-tunge.  
*Dormentille*, ortiegriesche, doc-  
 nettle.  
*Lappa*, bardane, clote.  
*Burneta*, sprung-wurt.

*Epitime*, epithimum, fordboh.  
*Turmentine*, nutehede. (!)  
*Widebalme*, (!) halue-wude.  
*Malva cripia*, screpe-malue.  
*Consolida media*, pundre-clo-  
 vere.  
*Herba benedicta*, herbe beneit,  
 hemeluc.  
*Hedera nigra*, iere, oerp-ivi.  
*Herba Roberti*, herbe Robert,  
 chareville.  
*Hinnula campana*, spere-wurt.  
*Hastula regia*, muge de bois,  
 wude-rove.  
*Intiba*, muruns, chickne-mete.  
*Iregerontis*, cenesuns, grunde-  
 swilic.  
*Juniperii*, geneivre, gorst.  
*Ligustrum*, triffol, hunisuccles.  
*Labrusca*, hundes-berien.  
*Alleum*, ail, garlec.  
*Murum*, blakeberie.  
*Genesta*, genest, brom.  
*Omfacium*, winberi stones.  
*Ostragium*, herbyve, lipe-wurt.  
*Plantago*, planteine, weibrode.  
*Freides Herbes*.  
*Morella*, morele, atterlope.  
*Jovis barba*, jubarbe, singrene.  
*Lactuca*, letue, slep-wurt.  
*Fraga*, fraser, streberi-lef.  
*Ramni*, grosiler, pefe-porn.  
*Astula regia*, popi.  
*Atriplex*, arasches.  
*Mercurialis*, evenlesten, mer-  
 curial.  
*Malva*, malue, hoc.  
*Caulus*, cholet, kaul.  
*Andivia*, letrun, puge-pistel.  
*Psillun*, luse-sed.  
*Virga pastoris*, wilde tesel.  
*Ypoquistidos*, hundes-rose.  
*Jusquiamus*, chenille, henne-  
 bone.  
*Viola*, violé, appel-leaf.  
*Alimonis*, wilde popi.

*Aizon*, sinfulle.

*Tucia*, tutie.

*Litargirum*, escume de or.

*Inter frigidum et calidum.*

*Lapis lazuli*, pere.

*Manna*,

*Inter frigidum et calidum  
temperatum.*

*Mirtus*, gasel.

*Bedagrage*, spina alba, wit-  
born.

*Arnoglosa*, plauntein.

Wrt.

## 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.

(Fol. 1, r<sup>o</sup>) [*T*]o knowe the bettur my purpos in this bok, wyteth wel alle, that I desire every man and womman and child to be my modur, for my wille is that thei don the fadur wille of hevene, and Crist seith, that uche that doth his fadur 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 dettours, and lede us not into temptacioun, bote delyvere us of yvel. Amen.

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

(Fol 1, v<sup>o</sup>) *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 consceyved of the holy gost, y-boren of Marie maiden, suffrede passioun under Pounce Pilate, y-crucified, ded, and buried, wente down in to helle, the thridde day he roos from dethe, he steyet up to hevenes, he sitteth on the ri3t syde of God the fadur almy3ti, thennes he is to come to deme the queke and the dede. I byleve in the holy gost, holy chirche general, the comunyng of halewes, the for3efenesse of synness, the rysyng of flech, and the lyf whit-outende. Amen.

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

(Fol. 2, r<sup>o</sup>) *The seven dedus of mercy.*

(Fol. 4, v<sup>o</sup>) *The seven 3iftes of the holigoost.*

(Fol. 6, v<sup>o</sup>) *The eyzte blessinges 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 piteously, he wurchipet God and holy writ, and reprehendet no thing that he undurstondet not, and grucchet not azeynes God ny man, bote hath pite and reuthe, of alle thinges yvele fare, and that is to be meke. To kunnyng Crist seith, Blessyd ben thei that ben sory, for thei schulen be counforted to ben delivered of hire wykede bondus that thei knowen by holy writ, that thei han brou3t hem self inne whit unordynate love of worldly thinges, azeynes Godes hestes and no wondur is it thou3 suche ben sory, for Crist wepte upon Jerusalem, for scheo hadde not this gift of kunnyng, and seide, 3ef thou haddest knowe the wo and the peyne that thou schalt suffre for thy wykednesse, thou schuldest wepe also. To the firthe Crist seith, Blessed ben thei that hungren and thursten ri3tfulnes, desyryng joy and love of heavenly goodes, and traveillen bysyly to drawen hire love fro erthely thinges, for hire desyre schal be fulfuld. To the fy[f]the Crist seith, Blessyd ben the mercyful, for they schulen have mercy, and to suche is counseyl nedful; therfore o reme-die is for to be delyvered of oure woes, that we for3even as we wolen have for3evenesse, and helpe hem and counseile hem by oure 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, 3ee thei schulen first seen hym here by contemplacioun, that is to seye, by goode thou3tes and desyres and goode undurstondynges, and afturward thei schulen seen hym as he is in joy whit-outen ende.

To the seventh Crist seith, Blessyd ben the pesible folk, in the wuche alle thinges ben wel ordeyned, none sturynges overcomynge resoun, bote al thing suget to the spiryt, for he is suget to God. The eyzte blessinge is, Blessyd ben, seith Crist, thei that so muche loven God, that for his love wolen suffre mysseynges, hate, and al maner bodyly peynes, for huren is the kyndom of heven, and therefore beth glad and joyful whenne 3e thus suffren, for muche is 3oure mede in hevene. And suche a soule that hath thuse sevene 3iftes of the holy gost, whit thus eizte blessinges of Cristus mouth, may wel synge a mornynge song of love-lykynge, that Cristus special synget in the Bok of Songus.

See you, faire semely derlynge, oure luytel bed is huled whit floures, that is, the reste of contemplacioun, 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 cypresse, 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 thur; for Godes sone seith, My delices were to be whit mennes sonnes, sorwe to all that thuse delices letteth.

In the secounde chapitre of this bok, Godes sone conformynge hym to his special, synget his song, I flour of the feld, that is moste red brennyng in charite, I lillie of the valeyes, that is most white chast love and moste smelzene, and whit this flour the bed mot be strawed, not only of the relygyous tokened by the lylle of the valeyes, bote also of the active men of valeyes, for alle that wolen lyven mekely in Crist, schulen suffren persecucioun, and so hem byhoufet red brennyng charite of the flour, and chaste humylte of the lylle, and as the lylle waxinge and smellynge among thornes, that is, among synful men prickynge whit hir synnes, drof out of hem develes, and heled hem of hire synnes, so my special schal do among dou3tres. Thenne the special onswerede, As the male is plentiouse of apples and of leves among trees of wodes, so is my derlyng among sonnes, undur his schadewe y desyrede to sitte, and his fruytes weren swete to my tast, whit his schadewe he refreschede me, and whit his fruyt he fedde me, that my strengthes fayle not in tribulacioun. The kyng hath lad me in to a wyn-celer, and hath ordeyned in me charite, that is, my derlyng hath drawe my love fro worldly thinges in to the grete multitude of swetnesse of the wuche Davyth wrondret(*sic*), and thou3 my derlyng have thus leyd his lyft arm, that is erthely love, undur myn hed of my soule, and whit his ri3t arm byclipped me, I seyinge myn oun freelnesse for longe abydyng and drede of fallynge, more trustyng to other then to my self, therefore 3e anges and soules of seyntes, hule 3e me whit floures, and bysetteth 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 thorw scharite, my colver thorw symplenesse, now wyntur is passed, that is the olde wone of worldly coveitise 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 lovyng worldly thinges, bote fedeth hire whit love of Crist, the clene whete corn, and fleth up in to the holes of his five wondes, lokyng whit simple y3es, in to the cler watres of holy writ, and as a colver for drede of the fauken, that is the devel, fleyng careyne, that is fleschly love, as doun bothe the turtel and the doufe. &c.

(Fol. 48, v°)—Therefore Crist, whan he was folled, wente in to desert 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 stonys 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 piler of the temple, and sayde, If thou be Gooddis sone, leep thou down; it is write, he seith, that God wole sende to the aungels to kepe the fro hirtynge. And Crist seyde, It is write thou schalt not tempt thy God. And the thrid tyme the devil bare Crist on an hiz hille, and schewide hym alle the kyngdomes of the world and seide, Alle thes thyngis I wole zeve the, if thou wolt falle down worschepe me. Than seyde Jhesu, Go, Satanas, it is writyn, thy Lord God thou schalt worschepe, and oonly hym serve. Than the devyle left hym, and aungelis 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 lyvyng, for he that came to teche al maner of goode lyvyng. It is nedeful, for it techith thee how thou schalt overcome the devile and almaner temptacions, for alle maner synnyng, as seith seyn[t] Joon the evangelist, ben understonde in thilke thre that he temptide Crist ynne, first in glotonye, whan he baad Crist seye that the stonys were maad breed. Thus the devil farith with men and wommen: first he stirith him to pappe and pampe her fleische, desyryng delicous metis and drynkis, and so hoppe on the piler with her hornes, lockis, garlondis of gold and of riche perlis, callis, filettis, and wymplis, and rydelid gownes, and rokettis, colers, lacis, jackes, pattokis, with her longe crakowis, and thus the devil bereth hem up upon the piler, to teche hem to fle above other symple folk, and seith, they schulyn not herte hem, but he lieth falsely, for but they ben as sory therfore as ever they werun glad, they schulyn lepe a doun fro the piler to the putte of helle, and wel worthy, for they bisyen hem more to be semely to folis, than to God and his aungelis; and for this axith grete cost, the devil settith hem on an hiz hil, and schewith hem al the world, to tenk wher they mowen come to ony wordly riches, 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 desiren beneficis, and dignites, prelacyes, 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 dou3tris 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 goode vertues. And azens all suche curside aray, spekith Davith in the Sautir, that the dou3tris of cursid folk ben al aboute 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 Queen Elizabeth his name, 'Roberti Hare,' probably the same Antiquarian who collected together the muniments of the two Universities.

### PATER NOSTER, AVE, AND CREED.

From MS. Arundel, 57, fol. 94, r<sup>o</sup>, 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 yelderis, and ne ous led nazt 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 wymmen, and y-blissed thet ouet of thine wombe. Zuo by hit.

*Credo.* Ich leve ine God, vader almi3ti, 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, steaz to hevenes, zit a the ri3t half of God the vader almi3ti, thannes to comene he is, to deme the quike and the dyade. Ich y-leve ine the holy gost, holy cherche generalliche, mennesse of hal3en, lesnesse of zennes, of vlesse arizinge, and lyf evrelestinde. 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 begynneth a lytell geste, how the plowman lerned his  
pater noster.*

Som tyme in Fraunce dwelled a plowman,  
Whiche was myghty bolde and stronge ;  
Goode skyll he cowde in husbondry,  
And gate his lyvyng full merely.  
He cowde eke sowe and holde a plowe,  
Bothe dyke, hedge, 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 wolfe of for to shere,  
His better was founde no where ;  
Strype hempe he coude to cloute his shone,  
And set gese abroad in season of the mone.  
Of fruytte he graffed 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 egges, butter, and chese,  
Men that were hungry for to ease ;  
To make good ale, malte had he plentye ;  
And Martylmas befe to hym was not deyntye ;  
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 byleve ?"  
The plowman sayd unto the preste,  
" Syr, I byleve in Jhesu Cryste,



Whiche suffred dethe and harowed hell,  
 As I have herde myne olders tell."  
 The parson sayd, "Man, late me here  
 The saye devoutely 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.  
 Therefore 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 wyne."  
 "I wolde thresshe," 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 shalte have in the same stounde  
 Fourty shelynges in grotes rounde,  
 So ye me shewe how I may heven reche."  
 "Well!" sayd the preest, "I shall the teche;  
 Yf thou do by my counsell,  
 To heven shalte thou come ryght well."  
 The husbonde sayd, "Yf ye wyll so,  
 What ever ye bydde me, it shall be do."  
 "Well!" sayd the persone, syth thou haste graunt  
 Truly to kepe this covaunant,  
 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 wylte do after me,  
 Fourty 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 *noster* 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 merely they songe.  
 Then came *Panem, nostrum, cotidianum, da nobis, hodie* ;  
 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 quartre they had,  
 And streyght to the ale-hous they it lad.  
*Sicut, et nos, dimittimus, debitoribus, nostris,*  
 Came in anone, and dyde not mys ;  
 They had ten busselles, withouten fayle,  
 And layde fyve to pledge for a kylderkyn 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 rennyng 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 gone.  
 But whan he sawe of corne he had no more,  
 He wysshed 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 kepe 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 parsons,  
 And sayd, "Syr, for moneye am I come ;  
 My corne I delyvered by the counseyll 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 kepte in mynde,  
 He sayd that *Amen* came all behynde.  
 The parsons 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 blysse whyle thou doost lyve ;  
 For by these maye ye paye Cryste his rente,  
 And serve the Lorde omnipotente."

"Is this the answer," he sayd, "that I have shall?  
 I shall sommon the afore the offycyal."  
 So to the courte wente they bothe indee;  
 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 gretly 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, fole 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 stryfe,  
 Tyll he went from his mortall lyfe.  
 The persone disceased after also;  
 Theyr soules I truste to heven dyde go.  
 Unto the whiche he us brynge,  
 That in heven reygneþ eternall kynge.

*Hill.*

## THE FIVE JOYS OF THE VIRGIN.

From a MS. in the Library of Trin. Coll. Camb. B. 14, 39, of the first half  
of the thirteenth century.

*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 mote 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 hondiwerd he spilde,  
    For on appel of the tre.  
Levedi, mon thou broutest 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 schulde 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 fife 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 biddynge 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;  
 Dismembyr hym noght, that on a tre  
 For the was made bothe blak and blo.

*Tertium Mandatum.*

Thy haliday kepe wele also,  
 Fra bodely werk thow take thy rest;

G

And all thy howshald the same sall do,  
Bothe wyf and childe, servant and beste.

*Quantum 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 conciens clere kepe ay trewely.

*Octavum Mandatum.*

Thow shalt in worde be trewe alsso;  
And fals wytnes thou shalt none bere,  
Loke thou not lye for frende nor foo,  
Lest thou thy saull full gretely dere.

*Nonum Mandatum.*

Thy neghbur 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 biddynge,  
And cristen fayth trow stedfastly.

*HIII.*

## 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 clefe 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 clathes 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 farses a gos, rost hit hale, and geder the grees and enoynt hym tharwith.

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 boystes, 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 seelskyn, and whil thu weres hit aboute thi body thu sal noght have *collicam passionem*.

For evel and werke in bledder: tak ache, percel, and fenkel, 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 chiristane kirkels, and stamp tham to-gyder, and temper tham 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 tharto, and hete hit a lytil, and do away the scome, 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 powder, 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 wanninge, and the .ix. day in that ilk mone tak the skyn of an hare al bloody, and dry hit at the fire to thu may make powder therof, and powder of seede of lanett a sponfull, and of love-ache a sponfull, and of percell .ij. sponful, of the powder 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 tham 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 hale als he es taken, and bryn him in a newe potte al to powder, and of tha powder 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 hauthorne 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 gaoute, the sare sal slake.

For male de flaunke : tak the rotes of rede nettles and playntayne, and stamp tham wele in ale, and do tharto cray that thir parchemeners wirkes withall, and ger hym drynk hit. Another : tak the sedes of the rede dok, and gif hym at ete 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 mydilmaste rynde, and stamp hit with bare greese, and do hit on a clath, and bynd hit therto. Another, for bolnyng : tak the sourcedock, and falde hit in a kale lefe, and lay hit on the aymers, and stamp hit, and lay hit on the sare.

For schankes 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 schankes tharwith, ar thu enoynt tham, and eftirwarde when thu will wasch away the grees, tak the white of .iiij. 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 bolning . . . tak the rede netylles on Myssomer even, and dry tham, and make pouder of tham, and do in the wounde. Another: tak avaunce, matfelon, yarow, 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 loveache, and stamp tham, and temper tham with wyne, and gif the seke man a sponful at morne and another at even. Another for bolnyng whare so it be: tak schepe tridels, or swynes muk, and seth it in white wine, and lay hit al hate opon the bolnyng, for hit helpes in al bolnynges.

For brynnnyng 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 droppying in a newe waschen dische ful of water, and enoynt the brynnnyng therwith.

A gude oynment for kyles, woundes, broken banes, bolnyng of felon, and for the goute: tak bugle, senygle, avance, violete, ache, waybrede, lyly, henbane, and morell, gumme of asoure, pluntre, 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 greses wele; do al this thynges to-gyder in a panne, and wel tham wele, and do rykels therto, and wryng 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 thynges 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 rosted, 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 sharp; 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 ere-lappes waxes lethy; his fete waxes calde; his wambe falles away: if he pulle the straes or the clathes; if he pyke at his neyse thrilles; his forhede waxes rede; yonge man ay wakang; alde man ay slepand; his twa membres waxes calde agayne kynde, and hydes tham; if he rutills; this er the takenynges of dethe, forsothe witte thu wele he sal noght leve thre dayes.

For the fever quarteyn...tak on Myssomer even eftir the sonne sette, or on the morne ar the sonne ryse, and geder pulioll real with the rôtes 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 sounge, and thu sal se hit floresch al, newe floures bryng furth; than tak hit away, and kepe hit, and when thu will gyf hit hym that has the fever quarteyne, stamp the floure and temper hit with warme wyne, and gyf hit hym at drynk, *dicendo ter, Pater noster*.

For the fever lente: qwha that has the fever agu, that men calles lente evell, if the sekeman heved werkes that he may noght 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 morne: tak on the even before a gude fatte ele, and do hit al'qwhik 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 morne 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 delivred of his evel.

For [to] do a man have the fevers, and sone do tham away: take a nedder alle qwik, 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, qwham 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

fatte ful 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 stane, and make a hole depe in the erth under the herthstane, and do that pott tharin, and sett a litell lede under the patt bothomm to kepe in the oyle tha commes of the henbane thurgh the potte, fill than the hole up all abowte the potte with erthe, and lay agayne the erthstane, 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 thu has noght this oile, take that oyle that es made of the seide of henbane als men makes of other sedes, and enoynt the goute tharewith.

Another drynk to wounde: tak confery, marigolde, matfelon, mylfoyle, avance, cerfoyle, herbe Robert, ambrose, maroile, pellwet, rede-dok, polipody, the qwhite rote of walwort, baywort, and celidoyne, of ilkane 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 MS. 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. monthe, then take hym uppe.

Yf thu welte preve mastereys: 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, r<sup>o</sup>), 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 togedir, 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 wolle come to thi honde.

## SONG.

From MS. Harl. 3810, fol. 13. v<sup>o</sup>, 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 agen 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 worschip in honeste;  
Lete not nygardschip have the maystre,  
For schame that may befall.

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

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

*Hull.*

cf. Brook of  
Brome, ed.  
Toulmin  
Smith, p. 13.

IX. 272

## CREED AND PATER NOSTER.

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

I bileve in God fadir almichty, sshipper of hevene and of  
eorpe, and in Jhesus Crist, his onlepi sone, ure loverd, þat is  
i-vang purch þe holy gost, bore of Marie Mayden, þolede 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  
deme þe quikke and þe dede. I bileve 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,  
þi name be haliid 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 eorpe ben it al so,  
þat holi bred þat lesteþ ay  
þu send hit ous þis ilke day,  
Forgive ous alle þat we havip don,  
Als we forgivet uch opir man,  
Ne lete us falle in no fondinge,  
Ak scilde us fro þe foule þinge. Amen.

See Skat  
6 N. & Q.  
XII, 258

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.

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LATIN VERSES.

From the same Manuscript, fol. 4, v°.

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

H

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

Judice Francigena sacco portatur avena,  
 Sed Bachi vena ciatho, cratere, lagena.  
 Projiciatur humi, ne possit abinde resumì,  
 Fluctibus assumi dignissima filia fumi.  
 Filia festucae nostræ contraria bucae,  
 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 molendinum fundit non vine vinum,  
 Potio mortalis, mala potio, potio talis,  
 Pernicies homini genus hoc potus peregrinum.  
 Hactenus hunc potum michi solo nomine notum,  
 Devoveat totum seria ventura nepotum.  
 A nobis totum se sentiat esse remotum,  
 Et fieri scotum qui mandit pro dape potum.  
 Si censura Jovis tribus aprecianda sit ovis,  
 Legibus ista novis reprimet sub iudice 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 glotery.  
 Olde man is skorned ;  
 Jong woman is wowed ;  
 Ryche man is glosed ;  
 And poure man is bowed.  
Hum.

## 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 Maundeville'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 wrete  
     In here bokys ichon;  
 This wytnessyt sent Austyn,  
 That fyrst in Ingland with gyn  
     Trewe prechyng begon.  
 Beforn that Austyn to Ingland 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 hymm befelle.  
 Onto sent Austyn he made a sygne,  
 For to ben hys dekene dygne,  
     To redyn hys gospels;  
 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 had so mych haste,  
 With hys naylys faste  
     Hys rolle gan he race.  
 So sore ruffyn toggyd hus rolle,  
 That he smot with hys cholle  
     Aȝen the marbyl 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 azen 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 frayid 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 styll  
     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 wynne.  
 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 mythtyn 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 travayld 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 preyd 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 preyd 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 seyde, nay,  
 Hym most travaylyn every day;  
 He hadde non other levying,  
 But of hys dayis travaylyng.  
 "3yf I xuld a messe cum to,  
 That dayis werk me most for-go."  
 The persone seyde, "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 spendynge.  
 Thus he contynuyd al that 3ere,  
 Com every day a messe to here;  
 And quan the messe was do,  
 Wenten agen hus laboure to;  
 Tyl it was ny the 3eris 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 seyde, 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 thout was one.  
 Quan he com at the chyrche 3ate,  
 He fond a clerk stondynge ther-ate.  
 The poure man seyde the clerk to:  
 "Is here ony messe to do?"  
 The clerk seyde, "Nay, i-wys,  
 Of a messe thu myth well mys."  
 The poure man seyde a3en there,  
 "A messe wolde I fayn here."  
 The clerk seyde, "So mote I the!  
 I have herd this day .iiij.  
 Quat wylt thu 3eve, so Cryst the save!  
 And tak the qwych thu wylt have."  
 The man seyde, "So mote I the!  
 A peny xal I 3evyn the."  
 He seyde, "Nay, withoutyn lak,  
 No lece than the tabard on thi bak."  
 The man seyde, "That were me lot for-bere;  
 Be neyin I have but sympul 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 seyde, "So mote [I] the!  
 I have herd messes .iiij.;  
 On of the Trinyte that is most,  
 Anothere of the Holy Gost,  
 The .iiij. of oure lady fre;  
 Tak qwych thu wylt to the."  
 The man seyde, "So mot I the!  
 I holde me to the Trinyte."  
 The clerk seyde, "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 aȝyn,  
 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 shryve,  
 And was a good man al hus lyve.  
 Be this example men moun se  
 Quat vertuways 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 frendes out of peyne.  
 Now God that suffrod for us ded,  
 And leftyt here thi body in bred,  
 Thu ȝyf us grace to servyn the,  
 Here in erthe qwyl we be.  
 Amen! Amen! for charyte !

(fol. 87, r<sup>o</sup>.)

A place, as man may se,  
 Quan a chyld to scole xal set be,  
     A bok hym is browt,  
 Naylyd on a brede of tre,  
 That men callyt an abece,  
     Pratylych i-wrout.  
 Wrout is on the bok withoute  
 .v. paraffys 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 dyvyne  
 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 fout ther was ful woo,  
 And ther were lettrys many moo  
     Within and withoute.  
 With red wondes and strokes blo  
 He was dryve fro top to the too,  
     Hys fayre body aboute.  
 About this a pece I wyl spede,  
 That I myth this lettrys rede,  
     Withoutyn ony dystaunce.  
 But God that let hys body sprede  
 Upon the rode for manys nede,  
     In hevene us alle avaunce !  
 God with spere was wondyd for us,  
 Fals Judas to mendyn hys purs  
     To ded hath hymm 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. 7922, a common-place book on vellum of the fourteenth century.

f. 79, 1<sup>o</sup>. 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 poure i-liche.  
 Ich shal beo kinge, that men shulle seo,  
 When thou wrecche ded shalt beo.

f. 121. 1<sup>o</sup>. Alle his frendes he shal beo loth,  
 And helud shal ben with a cloth ;  
 Hyse eres shullen dewen ;

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 rotelen;  
 And his feet shullen streken;  
 And his herte shal breken;  
 And of al this wordles b[ ]isse  
 Ne wold y ȝeve a pese i-wis;  
 Thou that art so proud,  
 Ne shalt thou have bute a clout.

*Hull,*

### 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<sup>o</sup>. 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 ȝ holi wummen beoð of alle vondunges swuðest ofte i-tempted, ȝ han to goddre heale; vor ipe vihte ageines han, heo bigiteð ȝe blisfule kempene crune. Lo! þauh hwu he meneð ham bi Jeremie: *persecutores nostri velociore aquilis celi, super montes persecuti sunt nos; in deserto insidiati sunt nobis.* þet is, ure wiðerwines beoð swifture þen ȝe earnes; up oðe hulles heo clumben efter us, ȝ þer fuhten mid us, ȝ get iðe wilderness heo aspieden us to slea. Ure wiðerwines beoð þreo: ȝe veond, ȝe world, ȝ ure owune vleshs, ase ich er seide. Lihtliche ne mei me nout oþerhule i-cnoven hwuc of þeos þreo weorreð him; vor everichon helpeð oþer, þauh ȝe veond kundeliche eggeð us to atternesse, as to prude, to overhowe, to onde, ȝ to wreððe, ȝ to hore attri kundles, þet beoð her efter i-nemmed, þet flesh put propremen touward swetnesse, ȝ touward eise, ȝ toward softnesse, ant te world bit mon giscen wordes weole ȝ wunne ȝ wurschipe, ȝ oþer swuche ginegoven, þet bidweolieð kang men to luvien one scheadewe. þeos wiðerwines, he seið, voluwed us on hulles, ȝ awaiteð us iðe

wildernesse, hu heo us muwen hermen. - Hul, þet is heih lif, þer þes deofles assauz beoð ofte strengest; wildernesse, þet is onlich lif of ancre wuning, vor also ase ine wildernesse, beoð alle wilde bestes, ⁊ nulleð nout i-þolen monnes neihlechunges, auh fleoð hwon heo ham i-hereð oþer i-seoð, also schulen ancen over alle oþre wummen beon wilde o þisse wise, ⁊ þeonne beoð heo over alle oþre leovest to ure loverde, ⁊ swetest him puncheð ham; vor of alle flesches þeonne is wilde deores fleschs leovest ⁊ swetest. I þisse wildernesse wende ure loverdes folc, ase Exode telleð, touward tet eadie londe of Jerusalem, þet he ham hefde bihoten. And ge, mine leove sustren, wendeð bi þen ilke weie toward te heie Jerusalem, to þe kinedom þ he haveð bihoten his i-corene. Goð þauh ful warliche, vor i þisse wildernesse beoð monie uvele bestes; liun of prude, neddre of attri onde, unicorne of wreððe, beore of dead slouhðe, vox of giscunge, suwe of givernesse, scorpium mid te teile of stinkinde lecherie, þet is golnesse. Her beoð nu a-reawe i-told þe seoven heaved sunnen.

þe liun of prude haveð swuðe monie hweolpes, ⁊ ich chulle nemmen summe. *Vana gloria* hette þe vorme, þet is hwo se let wel of ei þing þet heo deð, ⁊ wolde habben word þerof, ⁊ is wel i-paied gif heo is i-preised, ⁊ mis i-paied gif heo nis i-told swuch ase heo wolde. þe oþer hweolp hette *indignatio*, þet is hwo se puncheð hokerlich of out ðet heo i-sihð bi oþre, oðer i-hereð, oþer vorhoweð chastiment, oþer lowure lore. þe þridde hweolp is *Ipocrisis*, þet is þeo þet makeð hire betere þen heo beo. þe veorðe is, *presumptio*, þet is þeo ðet nimeð more an hond þen heo mei overcumen, oþer entremeteð hire of þinge þet to hire ne valleð. þe vifte hweolp hette inobedience, þet is ðet child þet ne buhð nout his eldre, underling his prelat, paroschian his preost, meiden hire dame, everich lowure his herre. þe sixte hweolp is *loquacitas*, þeo vedeð þesne hweolp þet beoð of muchel speche, gelpeð, ⁊ demeð oþre, lauhweð oðer hwules, gabbeð, upbreideð, chideð, vikeleð, sturieð leihtrēs. þe seoveðe hweolp is blasphemie; þisses hweolpes nurice is ðe þet swereð greate oðes, oðer bitterliche kurseð, oþer misseið bi God, oþer bi his haluwen, nor eni þing ðe he þoleð, i-sihð, oðer i-hereþ. þe eihteode hweolp is impaciēce; þesne hwelp fet hwo se nis nout polemod agean alle woves, ⁊ in alle uveles. þe nigeðe hweolp is contumace; ⁊ þesne hweolp fet hwo se onwil ine þinge ðet heo haveð undernumen vorto donne, beo hit god, beo hit uvel, so ðet non wisure read ne mei bringen hire ut of hire riote. Monie oþre þer beoð ðet cumeð of weole, ⁊ of wunne, of heie kunne, of feire cloþes, of wit, of wlite, of strence. Of heie live waxeð prude, ⁊ of holi þeauwes. Monie mo hweolpes þen ich habbe i-nempned

haveð þe liun of prude i-hweolped; auh abuten þeos þencheð  
 7 astudieð wel swuðe, vor ich go lihtliche over, ne do bute  
 nempnie ham. Auh ge everihwar hwar se ich go swuðest forð,  
 bileave ge þe lengure, vor þer ich seþri on, awurðeð tene oþer  
 twelve. Hwo se haveð eni unþeau of þeo ðet ich er nemde,  
 oðer ham i-liche, heo haveð prude sikerliche, hu se ever hire  
 kurtel beo i-scheaped, oþer i-seouwed, heo is liunes make þet  
 ich habbe i-speken of, 7 fet his wode weolpes wiðinnen hire  
 breoste.

þe neddre of attri onde haveð seove kundles. *Ingratitudo*;  
 þesne kundel bret hwo se nis nout i-cnownen of god dede, auh  
 telleð lutel þerof, oþer vorgiteð mid alle: god dede ich sigge  
 nout one þet mon deð him, auh þet God deð him, oðer haveð  
 i-don him, oðer him oðer hire, more þen heo understonde. Gif  
 heo hire wel biþouhte, of þisse unþeauwe me nimed to lutel  
 geme, ant is þauh of alle on loðest God, 7 mest agean his grace.  
 þe oþer kundel is, *rancor sive odium*, þet is, hatunge oþer great  
 heorte; þe ðet bret þesne kundel in hire breoste, al is attri to  
 gode, þet heo ever wurcheð. þe þridde kundel is of-þunch-  
 unge of opres god. þe veorðe is gledschipe of his uvel, lauh-  
 wen oþer gabben gif him mis biveolle. þe vifte is wreunge.  
 þe sixte, bacbitunge. þe seoveðe, upbrud oðer schornunge.  
 Hwar ase eni of þeos was, oþer is, þer was oðer is þe kundel,  
 oþer þe olde moder, of þe attri neddre of onde.

þe unicorne of wreððe þet bereð on his neose þene horne,  
 þet he asneseð mide alle þeo ðet he areacheð, haveð six  
 hweolpes; þe vormeste is cheaste, oþer strif; þe oðer is wod-  
 scipe; þe þridde is schenful upbrud; þe veorðe is wariunge;  
 þe vifte is dunt; þe sixte is wil ðet him uvele i-tidde, oþer on  
 him sulf, oþer on his freond, oðer on his eihte.

þe bore of hevi slouhðe haveð þeos hweolpes. *Torpor* is þe  
 vorme, þet is wlech heorte, þet schulde leiten al o leie, ine luve  
 of ure loverde. þe oþer is, *pusillanimitas*, þet is to poure i-  
 heorted 7 to herde mid alle, eni heit þing to undernimen, ine  
 hope of godes helpe, 7 ine truste of his grace, 7 nout of hire  
 strence. þe þridde is *cordis gravitas*; þesne hweolp haveð  
 hwo se wurcheð god, 7 deð hit tauh mid one deade 7 mid one  
 hevie heorte. þe veorðe hweolp is idelnesse, þet is hwo se  
 stunt mid alle. þe vifte is heorte grucchunge. þe sixte is a  
 dead scoruwe vor lure of eie worldliche þinge, oðer of freond,  
 oþer vor eni unðonc, bute vor sunne one. þe seoveðe is,  
 gemeleaschipe, oþer to siggen, oðer to don, oþer to biseon  
 bivoren, oðer te þenchen efter, oðer mis witen ei þing þet heo  
 haveð to witene. þe eihteðe is unhope; þes laste bore hweolp  
 is grimmet of alle, vor hit to-cheoweð 7 to-vret Godes milde  
 milce, 7 his muchele merci, 7 his unimete grace.



þe vox of giscunge haveð þeos hweolpes; tricherie; 7 gile; þeofðe; reflac; wite; 7 herrure strenðe; vals-witnesse, oðer oð; simonie; gavel; oker; vestschipe of geoue, oþer of love; monsleht oðer hule. þeos unþeawes beoð to voxe vor monie reisuns i-efnede. Two ich chulle siggen; muche gile is iðe voxe, 7 so is ine giscunge, of worldliche bigeate; and an oðer reisun is, þe vox awurieð all enne flocc, þauh he ne muwe bute one vrechliche vorswoluwen, also gisceð a gissare þet moni þusunt muhten bi flutten, auh þauh his heorte berste, he ne mei bruken on him sulf bute one monnes dole. Al ðet mon oþer wummon wilneð more þen heo mei gnedeliche leden hire lif bi, everich efter ðet heo is, al is giscunge 7 rote of deadlich sunne. þet is riht religiun, þet everich efter his stat, boruwe et tisse vrakele worlde so lutel so heo ever mei, of mete, of cloðe, of eihte, 7 of all worldliche þinges. Understondeð wel ðis word þæt ich ou sigge everich efter his stat; vor hit is i-veððred, þet is i-charged, ge moten makien ðed wute ge in monie wordes muche strençðe; þenchen longe þer abuten, 7 biðet ilke o word, understonden monie wordes þet limpeð þerto, vor gif ich scholde writen alle, hwonne come ich to ende?

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

þe scorpiun of lecherie, þet is of golnesse, haveð swuche kundes, þet in one wel i-cowune muðe hore summes nome ne sit nout vor to nemmen, vor þe nome one muhte hurten alle wel i-cowune earen, 7 fulen alle clene heorten. þeo me mei nemmen wel, hwas nomen me i-cnoweð wel, 7 heo beoð more herm is to monie, al to kuðe; ase hordom; eaubruche: meidelure; 7 icest, þet is bitwhwe sibbe, vlesliche oðer gostliche, ðet is i monie i-deled: on is ful wil vorted on þet fulðe, mid skilles gettunge, þet is, hwonne þe schil 7 te heorte ne wið-siggeð nout, auh likeð wel 7 grimeð al ðet tet fleschs to prokeð, 7 helpen oðer þideward beon waite 7 witnesse þerof, huntun þer efter, mid wouhinge, mid togginge, oðer mid eni tollunge, mid gigge leihtre, mid horeien, mid eni lihte lætes, mid geoue, mid tollinde wordes, oðer mid luv speche, cos, unhende gropunges; ðet beoð heaved sunnen, luvien tide, oðer time, oðer stude, vorto kumen ine swuche keite, 7 oþer swuche vorrideles, ðet me mot ferbuwen. Hwo se nule iðe muchele ful ðe venliche vallen, ase seint Austin seið: *omissis occasionibus, qui solent aditum aperire peccatis, potest consciencia esse incolumis*; þet is, hwo se wule hire inwit witen clene 7

feir, heo mot fleon ðe vorrideles, ðet beoð i-wunede ofte to openen þet ingong ⁊ leten in sunne. Ich ne der nemmen þeo unkundeliche kundles of þisse deovel scorpiun, attri i-teiled; auh sori mei heo beon, þet mid fere oðer wiðuten, haveð so i-ved eni kundel of hire golnesse, þet ich ne mei speken of vor scheome, ne ne der vor drede, leste sum leorne more uvel þen heo con, ⁊ þerof beo i-temted. Auh þenche everich of hire owune awariede cundles in hire golnesse. Vor hwu so hit ever is i-don willes ⁊ wakiinde mid flesches likunge, bute one ine wedlake, hit is deadlich sunne. Ine guweðe me deð wundres, gulche hit ut ine schrifte utterliche ase heo hit dude, þeo ðet i-veleð hire schuldi, oþer heo is i-demed þuruh ðe fule brune, te þe eche fur of helle. þe scorpiunes cundel ðet heo bret in hire bosome, schek hit ut mid schrifte, ⁊ slea hit mid dedbote. Inouh is eðcene hwu ich habbe i-efned prude to liun, ⁊ onde to neddre, ⁊ of alle ðe oþre wiðuten þis laste, þet is, hwu golnesse beo i-efned to scorpiun: auh lo! her ðe skile þerof, sutel ant eðcene. Salomon seið: *Qui apprehendit mulierem, quasi qui apprehendit scorpionem.* þe scorpiun is ones cunnes wurm þet haveð neb ase me seið sumdel i-liche ase wummon; ⁊ is neddre bihinden, makeð feir semblaunt, ⁊ fiked mid te heaved, ⁊ stingeð mid te teile; þet is lecherie, ðet is þes deofles best, þet he let to chepinge ⁊ to everich gederinge, ⁊ cheapeð hit forto sullen, ⁊ biswikeð monie þuruh ðet heo ne biholdeð nout bute ðet feire heaved. þet heaved is biginninge of golnesses sunnen, ⁊ te licunge þeo hwule ðet hit i-lest, ðet þuncheð so swuþe swete; þe teil, ðet is þe ende þerof, þet is sor of-þunchung þerof, ⁊ stingeð her mid atter of bitter bireousinge, ⁊ of dedbote, ⁊ i seliliche muwun heo siggen þet þene teil swuch i-vindeð, vor ðet atter ageð, auh gif ne suweð her, þe teil ⁊ þe attri ende is ðe eche pine of helle. ⁊ nis he fol chepmon, þet hwon he wule buggen hors oðer oxe, gif he nule biholden bute ðet heaved one? vor þi hwon ðe deovel beodeð forð þis best, ⁊ beot hit to sullen, ⁊ bit þine soule þervore, he hut ever þene teil, ⁊ scheauweð forð þet heaved, and tu go al abuten, ⁊ scheau vorð þen ende ðer mide, ⁊ hwu ðe teil stingeð, and swuðe vlih ðer vrommard, er þu beo i-attred.

Wrt.

## AN ASTROLOGICAL PREDICTION.

From MS. Ashm. Oxon. 423, fol. 190, containing "a letter sent to a freind at London, concerninge the great Ecclipse, 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 bookes?  
*Hill.*

## OLD ENGLISH MEASURES OF WEIGHT.

From MS. Cotton. Claudius E. VIII. fol. 8, r<sup>o</sup>. of the fourteenth century, written at Norwich, apparently.

Sex waxpunde makiet .j. ledpound. .xij. ledpunde .j. fotmel.  
.xxiiij. fotmel .j. fothir of Bristouwe, ys have .cc. and .xxviiij<sup>d</sup>.  
wexpound.

Sex waxpunde makiet .j. leedpound. .xviij. leedpund .j. leed  
bole. .xviij. 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.

Sevene waxpund makiet onleve ponde one waye, twelf weyen  
on fothir, this aveit two thousand and .ix. score and foure wex-  
pund, that beeth thre hundryd and twelfve 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<sup>o</sup>. Until this song was in type, it had escaped our observation that it has been printed by Ritson.

Grevus ys my sorowe,  
Both evyne and moro!  
Unto my selfe alone  
Thus do I make mowne:  
That unkyndnes haith kyllid 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 kyllid 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 kyllid me,  
 And putt me to thys payne;  
 Alas! what remedy?  
 That I cannott refrayne.

Iff ony wyght be here,  
 That byeth love so dere,  
 Come nere, lye downe by me,  
 And weype for company;  
 For unkyndnes haith kyllid 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 hym that is my deth,  
 Yff that no harte haith he,  
 My harte his schal be ;  
 Thought unkyndnes haith kyllled 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 kylllyd 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 forgyve,  
 And soffer hym to lyve ;  
 Thought unkyndnes haith kylllyd 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 writtynge abowte,  
That unkyndnes haith kyllyd me,  
And putt me to this payne;  
Behold this wrechid 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.

I. *Good Rule ys out of Remembrance, fol. 18, r<sup>o</sup>.*

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 dredful man bothe nyȝt 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 worschyp 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 aftyre, 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,  
 Think on gode rule and gode governans.  
 With wele and worschyp and gode welefare,  
 Mekyl wast and letyll wyne,  
 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 mahede 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 poverté 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 poverté ys grete dysse,  
 Therfor be war of haddywyst,  
 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 ryzt wele i-blyst  
 That on gode rule can remembrauns.  
 Hadd[y]wyst comys ever to late,  
 Whan ther lakkyd bothe lok and keye;  
 What nedyth a man to spar the zate,  
 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.

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 remembrans.

Sum pepyl that levyn now on dayes,  
 Ar mekyl 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 remembrans.

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 remembrans.

He that hys worschyp here wyl have,  
 And lyf aftyr 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 3ou 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 lald has don me gyle.  
 I have betho3t 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 lyngyrd lang her mane day,  
 For a berde that was so fre ;  
 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 wysdam thus conseld me,  
 To turn up hur halter 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 3oure love I spyll.  
 And truly 3e shall have all 3ore wyll,  
 3yf 3e 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 knyht 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 away 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 3ow wo herby I mene ;  
 Me were lothe any woman to dysplese :  
 Stryve 3e never ageyn the streame ;  
 If a man be warnyd he ys wele at ese.

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 haltur 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 trypp wol cast 3ou on the bak :  
 Therfor turn up hur haltur and lat hur go.

They ben ful trewe, blame have I than ;  
 I pray God save ther cottyde 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 nede be,  
 And turn up hur halter and lat hur go.

III. *Alas that any kyndeman wantys gode* fol. 38, 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 wye wepyd as he were wode,  
 Full ofte he sykyd and sayd, alas!  
 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 boȝt hym with hys blode!  
 Save desteny of our dryghtyn dere,  
 Allas! that kyndeman wantys gode.

Sum tyme, 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 ryȝt as me thynke,  
 Allas! that kyndeman wantys gode.

And thus, for wontyng of worldes wele,  
 I walk as wye withouten wyt;  
 Sum tyme helde I festys fele,  
 But now me faylys of that fytt.  
 I trowe that knot was on me knyȝt,  
 Or I at kyrk had caght my code;  
 Therfo[re] I syng, and say it ȝyt,  
 Allas! that kyndeman wantys gode.

When wyes walke unto tho wyne,  
 Then as a wiche 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 fysch that fayles fode;  
 Therfor I syng, and eke I lay,  
 Allas! that kyndeman wantys gode.

Have caytenys and obnys in a kest,  
 That myȝt a kyndom cach fro care;  
 Or ȝet of florens ful tho fyst,  
 For it schal ne tho better fare.  
 That makys me for to drowpe and dare,  
 I may not stand as I ere stode;  
 Therfor I syng with sykyng sare,  
 Allas! that kyndeman wantys gode.

Mornyng wyl . . . . .  
 But take tho grace that God has n. . .  
 And thank hym oft as I d[o] . . . . .  
 Of al that ever he has me sente ;  
 And aske mercy in myne entente  
 Of hym that bozt me with hys blod,  
 The blys of hevyn that we myzt hent,  
 That schall us never want gode.

Wrt.

### OF WOMEN'S HORNS.

From Bib. Bodl. Oxfd. Laud. D. 31. (683), a manuscript on vellum, of the  
 fifteenth century, containing poems by John Lidgate.

*Here gynneth 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.  
 Tween 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 stonys and perve,  
 Charbonclys, rubyes of moost excellence,  
 Shewe in darknesse lyght wher so they be,  
 But ther natural heavenly influence.  
 Doublettys 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.  
 Aleyn remembreth, his compleynt who lyst see,  
 In his book of famous elloquence ;  
 Clad al in flours and blosmes of a tre  
 He sauhe nature in hir moost excellence,  
 Upon hir hed a kerche of Valence,  
 Noon other richesse of counterfet array ;  
 T'exemplifie by kyndely provydence,  
 Beute wol shewe, thogh hornes were away.  
 Famous poetis of antyquyte,  
 In Grece and Troye renommed of prudence,  
 Wrot of Queen Heleyne and Penelope,  
 Of Pollycene, 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 dyllygence,  
 Ther beute kouth hornys wer cast away.

Clerkys recorde, by gret auctoryte,  
 Hornes wer yove to bestys for dyffence ;  
 A thyng contrarye to femynyle,  
 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 thyng in your just advertence,  
 So it be noon dysplesaunce to your pay ;  
 Under support of your pacyence,  
 Yeveth example hornes to cast away.

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

Off 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 conveyence,  
 Maad stable in God by gostly confydence,  
 This rose of Jericho, ther grewh non suyche in May,  
 Pore in spirit, parfit in pacyence,  
 In whom alle hornes of pride wer put away.

Modyr of Jhesu, myrour of chastyte,  
 In woord nor thouht that nevere 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 your 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 fox and a fulmarde had .xv. fete;  
Tho scate scaldyd tho rydlyng and turnede of hys skyn;  
At tho kyrke dore called the codlyng, and badd lett hym yn.  
Tho samond sang tho hee mas, tho heyryng was hys clarke,  
On tho orgons playde tho porpas, ther was a mere warke.  
Ther was a grete offering in that kyrke that dey;  
Ther was that I schall reykyng in a gud arey.  
Ther were wesels and waspes offering carte-saduls;  
Muscetes and marlyons, laduls and cawdurns;  
Tho pyke and tho perche, tho symen and tho roche,  
Tho pleyse and tho macrell yit were there moo;  
Tho hadoke hyde hym, behynd he wolde not be;  
With hym rode tho stok-fysch that was semely to se.  
Yett were there moo, yf I truly tell my tale;  
A cunger and a kokall rode on a plughe mall;  
Tho turbot and tho thornebacke and tho grete whall;  
Tho oystur hade to horschone, and offerd therewithall;  
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 sounndey.  
Ferdurmore I went, and moo marvels I founde;  
A norchon by tho fyre rostyng a greyhownde.  
Ther was dyverse meytes, reckyn hom yf I schall;  
Ther was raw bakon, and new sowrde all.  
Tho breme went rownd abowte, and lette hom all blode;  
Tho sow sate on hye benke, and harpyd Robyn-Howde;  
Tho fox fydyld, tho ratton rybybyd, tho larken noty with all;  
Tho hombull-be hondyld tho horne-pype, for hur fyngurs were  
small.  
Ther were whetstons and sanopes choppyd in cole;  
Sowters in serropes, and sadduleres in sew;  
Mylnestons in mortrews have I sene bot fewe;  
Gryndylstons in grwell with tho blw brothes;  
Ther was pestells in porres, and laduls in lorres;

Tynkares in tartletes have I not mony sene.  
 Tho throstyll and tho popegey notyd full clene;  
 Tho styrgyon stode byhynd the dore scharpyng stakes;  
 Tho beyr was tho gud kowke that all this meyte makes;  
 Tho hare with hyr long gwode come dryvyng tho harrous;  
 And .xxvj. salte elys, ycheon with a skeyfe of arrwus.  
 In a symphon sange tho snype with notes of tho nyghtgale.  
 Yf all thees be trwe that bene in this tale,  
 God as he madde hus, mend hus he mey,  
 Save hus and sende hus sum drynke for this dey.

*Explicit.*

*Amen.*

## II.

*Mollificant olera durissima crusta.* Fryndis this is to saye to your lewde undurstyng, that hootte wortes erased crusstes makeyn soffit hard wortes. The helpe and the grace of the grey gosse that goose on the grene, and the wysdam of the watour wynde mylne, with the gud grace of the galon pytcher, and all the salt sawsegis that ben sothen in Northefolke 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 whyfe whose name was Kateryn Fyste, and sche was crafty in curtte, and wele cowde carve. Thryis sche sende aftur the .iiij. ssynodes of Rome, to wytte why, wherfore, and for what case, that Alelya was closud or the cope come wonus abowtte.

Why hopes thu nott 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 .iiij. doctors of Wynberchylles, that is to saye, Vertas, Gadatryme, Trumpas, and Dadyltrymsert, the whych .iiij. doctors saye ther was onus a nolde wyfe hadde a coke to hyr son, and he loked owt of an olde duf-cowtte, and warnyd and chargyd that no mon schulde be so harde nodur to ryde nor to goo on Seynte Paule stepull toppe, bot yf he rode on a .iiij. fotyde stole, or ellus that he broght with hym a warrant of his necke, and yett the lewde letherand lurdon went forthe and mette .vij. acurs of londe betwyxe Dover and Qwykkesand, and he brozt an acur in his recke from the Tour of Londone unto the Tour of Babilon, and as he went be the wey he had a foole falle, 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 flemyd all on red blod.

Therof come trypyng to the kyng of Hongre, that all pepull which my3th not ly3ttely come to the Playn of Salesbere, but

the fox and the grey convent, schuld pray for all the olde schu solys that ben rostyde in the kyngus dysche on saterdag, the whych hemppe gresse and alfyns 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 cherytre.

*Mollyficant olera durissima crusta, etc.* These wordus that y have rehersed 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 Syble the Sage, prayng that Sibell the Sage schuld gyve to it the same blessing that God gave hur, becase sche bote hym be the hele.

Hereof spekus a worthi doctur, Radagundys *superatibus potatorum nolite timere*. This worthi doctur rehersus and seys he saw wonus a nolde wyfe gwo .vij. yer be the sey-syde, and of all that seyde .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.<sup>o</sup> oxon playng at the sword and bokelar, and ther wer laft no moo on lyve but .iiij. rede heyringes. And these .iiij. reyd heryngus bled .ix. days and .ix. nyztus, 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 dowlfull question, and seyde, "Adam, Adam, why ete thu the appull unpared?" "For sothe," quod he, "for y had no wardyns fryde." And Petur saw the fyr, and dred hym, and steppud into a plomtre that hangud full of rype redde cherys. And ther he see all the perretes on the see. Ther he saw stedus and stockfesche pryck- yng swose in the watur. Ther he saw hennus and heryngus that huntod aftur hartus in heggys. Ther hee see elys rostyng larkus. Ther he se how haddoccus wer don on the pelare, for wrong rostyng of may buttur; and ther he se how bakers boke buttur to grece with olde munkus botus. Ther he se how the fox prechyd, and charged, and commanded that noo mon schuld be so harde nowdur be day ne be nyzt for to pysse wakone.

And also that every mon schuld tye his ratons and his myse with a hors nyzt-cappe, that is to sey, with a hors haltur.

Syrrus, 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 rede and syng seythe that are gothe befor bemy, and yf 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 sowle into grette pyne. And therto acordes too worthi prechers, Jacke a Throme and Jone Brest-Bale : these men seyde in the bibull that an ill drynkeris unpossibull hevone for to wyne; 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 forgyves he ther synne. Syrs, and all the sottes of this town wer don in a dongeon, and the devyll hem among with his club in his hande, he wold make hom all to cry *miserere nostri unser soter babilorne leva fuse blockstyk filiorum et convivister*, and of a sowter have greyt myster. "A revette boot trynkele," seyde 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 seven sterres softlye wer leyde  
 In a slommuryng of slepe for-slockond with ale;  
 A haswyfe of Holbrucke owt hornus blu,  
 For all tho pekke was forbedon paryng of chese.  
 Tho reyncus of Radforde wer redy at a ronswer,  
 For to expound the spavens of the spade halfe.  
 Tom the Teplar tryde in the gossell  
 What schuld fall of the fournes in the frosty murnyng,  
 At the batell of Brakonwete, ther as the beyre justyd,  
 Sym Saer and the swynkote thei wer sworne brodur.  
 The hare and harthestone hurtuld to-geydur,  
 Whyle the hombul-be hod was hacked al to cloutus.  
 Ther schalmod the scheldrake and schepe trumpyd;  
 [The] hogge with his hornepype hyod hym belyve,  
 And dansyd on the downghyll, whyle all thei dey lastyd,  
 With Magot and Margory and Malyn hur sysstur.  
 The prest into the place pryce for to wyne;  
 Kene men of combur comen belyve,  
 For to mote of mychewhat more then a lytull,  
 How Reynall and Robyn-Hod runnon at the gleyve.  
 . . . . . eght women nere,  
 And makyd hom with chyld;  
 Tho kynde of men wher thei hit tane,  
 For of hom selfe had thei never nape,  
 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. 152. 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 anne of them be a ly, that I telle here afture,  
 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 church dore, and bad let him in.  
 The samun sanng the hy mas, the heyring vas the clark,  
 The porpos at the organs, ther was a golly wark.  
 Ther was a gret offyryng that ylke day,  
 For ther was alle that I rekon up one this a-ray:  
 Waspis and eysturis, and gret cart-sadylls,  
 Moskettus in mortrous, caudrons and ladyls,  
 The pekerel and the perche, the mennous and the roche,  
 The borbottus and the stykylbakys, the flondyre 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-whyllle;  
 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 offyryng made, the sothe yf I yow say,  
 The Pame sonday be-fele that 3ere one Mydesonday.  
 3eyt forthermore as I roode, moo mervels I saw,  
 I sawe where a marchand rostyde a semmeow.  
 Ther where dyveris mettus, rekyn them yf I couthe,  
 Saue I never non syche, by northe nore by so[u]the.  
 Ther whas rostyde bakon, mouillyde brede, nw soure alle,  
 Whettestons and fyre-brondys choppyde in kelle.  
 Soutteries in sortope, sadelers in scowe,  
 Mylwardys 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 goode.  
 The sowe sate one him\* benche, and harpppyde Robyn Hoode.

\* Sic MS.

The schulerde schowttyde in a schalmas, the torbot trompyde  
to that,  
The ratton rybybyde, 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 mastrys this .vii. zere.  
Then ther com masfattus in mortros alle soow,  
Borhammys and beynsteyllys, for thei myzt not goo,  
Potstykis and paunyaris, and gret long battus,  
Hammys and horne sponnys, and scroude mosselde cattus.  
Mockeforcus and dressyngcuynus com trottyng one sparrow;  
The hare come with a long goude, 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 formus and a stole rade one a mas-boke,  
Fyfty fyre-brondus, and eyche of them a croke.  
Dore-bundys stalkyng one stylyttus, 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.*

*Wrt.*

\* *Cakte* in the MS.      † Sic MS. perhaps for *whieppys* (whips).

## HYMNS AND ANTIPHONES.

Written by William Herebert, a Franciscan friar and famous preacher about 1330. From a MS. on vellum, written with his own hand, formerly in the possession of Mr. Fermor of Tusmore, 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 wykked 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 foleweden the sterre,  
 And sothfast ly3th 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-was3e that sunne nadde non,  
 To halewen our vollouth water, that sunne havet vor-don.

*Novum genus potentie.*

A newe myghte he cudde, ther he was at a feste,  
 He made vulle wyth shyr water six cannes hy the leste,  
 Bote the water turnde into wyn, thorou Crystes ounne 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.

*Impleta sunt quæ 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 decora et fulgida.*

H[a]3l ! 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 cuius 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 crux, ave.*

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

*Te summa Deus.*

A! God, the heyze trinite,  
 Alle gostes heryze the!  
 Hoem that thou bouhtest 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<sup>o</sup>.

*Primus Cursus.* A sutteltee; the bore hed and the bulle.  
 Brawne and mustarde. Frumenty with venysoun. Fesaunt  
 in brase. Swan with chawduen. Capon of grece. Herun-  
 sew. Poplar. Custad ryalle. Graunt fflaupaut departid.  
 Lesshe damask. Frutour lumbert. A suteltee.

*Secundus.* Viant en brase. Crane in sawce. Yong pocok.  
 Cony. Pyions. Buttor. Curlew. Carcelle. Partriche.  
 Venysoun bake. Fryed mete in past. Lesshe lumbert. A  
 ffrutour. A suteltee.

*Tertius.* Gely ryalle departid. Haunche of venyson rostd.  
 Wodecok. Plover. Knottis. Styntis. Quayles. Larkys.  
 Quynces bake. Viant in past. A frutour. Lesshe. A  
 suteltee.

This was the service at the coman . . . of maister Nevell,  
 the sone of the [erle] of Saresbury, which commenced a[t]  
 Oxenford the . . . day of Oct . . . the yere of our Lord m<sup>l</sup>. cccc.  
 lij. and the y[ere] of Kyng H. vj<sup>th</sup> xxxj<sup>th</sup>.

HULL.

## 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 briȝt,  
*velut maris stella,*  
 Briȝter than the day is liȝt,  
*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 thou ert rest,  
*mater honorata.*  
 Bisek him wiz milde mod,  
 That for ous alleas is blod  
*in cruce,*  
 That we moten komen til him  
*in luce.*

Wel he wot he is thi sone,  
*ventre quem portasti,*

M

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

Wrt.

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 PROVERBIAL DISTICHES.

The following lines occur among other miscellaneous scraps, on the last page of a copy of the *Massa Compoti*, in the possession of J. O. Halliwell, Esq. (Bibl. Hal. No. 58, f. 35, v<sup>o</sup>.) 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.

Ecclesiæ tres sunt, qui servitium male fallunt;  
 Momylers, forscypers, 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, v<sup>o</sup>. of the first half of the eleventh century.

ðis is full ger, twelf monþas fulle 7 endlufan dagas 7 six tidaf þ̅ is ðonne ðreo hund daga 7 fif 7 sixtig daga 7 feorðan dæl dæges, þ̅ syndon six tida, þæs bið twa 7 fifti wucena, 7 eahta þusend tida 7 seovan hund 7 sixti, hund eahtatig ðusenda hwila 7 six hund, ða man hateþ minuta, 7 seovan ðusenda 7 six hund, þonne bið ðæs eac þara beorhtan hwila ðreo hund ðusenda 7 fifti ðusenda fif hund 7 twentig, ðonne bið þæs fif 7 þrittig þusenda prida 7 feowortig. On anre æfen neahtlicre tide beoð feower punctas tén minuta fiftene partes feowertig momenta be sumra manna tale.

Wrt.

## CARMINA JOCOSA.

From MS. Harl. No. 3362, fol. 47, ro. 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 cœli-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,  
Thystlis and breris crescentia gramina lædunt;  
Christe, nolens guerras, sed cuncta pace tueris,  
Destruere per terras breris, flen, flyzes, and freris.  
Flen, flyzes, and freris, foul falle hem thys fyften 3eris,  
For non that her ys lovit flen, flyzes, ne freris.

Fratres Carmeli navigant in a bothe apud Eli,  
Non sunt in cœli, quia gxddbov xxxkxzt pg ifmk,  
Omnes drencherunt, quia sterisman non habuerunt,  
Fratres cum knyvyys goth about and txxxkxzv nfookt xxxxkt,

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

Pediculus cum sex pedibus me mordet ubique,  
Si possum capere, toki tobi 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 fætet 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 spoliatur, sed de gravatur, ex manifestatur.

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

Vento quid levius? fulgur. Quid fulgure? flamma.

Flamma quid? mulier. Quid muliere? nichil.

Auro quid melius? jaspis. Quid jaspide? sensus.

Sensu quid? ratio. Quid ratione? nichil.



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 Thamesia plena.

*Wrt.*

### 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. 16, 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 voluere,  
Trecentos pedes excedere non potuere.

*Niger.*

\* Sic MS.

### MORAL PROVERBS.

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

For the begynnyng of wysdom is  
For to drede Goddys ry3twysnes.

He that in 3outhen no vertu usit,  
In age alle honure hym refusit.

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

Be swyfte 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 thral to syn.

*Hull.*

## PROGNOSTICATIONS.

Transcribed from an old Register of the Abbey of Spalding, in MS. Cole  
(Brit. Mus.) vol. xlv. p. 212.

- Januarii 25°. Clara dies Pauli bona tempora denotat anni;  
Si nix, vel pluvia, designat tempora chara;  
Si fiant venti, designat prælia genti;  
Si fiant nebulæ, periant animalia quæque.
- Februarii 2<sup>do</sup>. 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,  
Quadraginta dies continuere solet,
- Augusti 6°. In Sixti festo venti validi memor 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.

~~~~~

WELSH GLOSSES.

From MS. Cotton Vespas. A. xlv. fol. 7, r<sup>o</sup>, of the end of the twelfth or beginning of the thirteenth century. Besides the *p* and *ſ*, the writer more often uses the Saxon *p* than the modern *w*.

*Deus omnipotens*, Duychefindoc. *Celum*, nef. *Angelus*, ail. *Archangelus*, archail. *Stella*, steren. *Sol*, heuul. *Luna*, luir. *Firmamentum*, firmament. *Cursus*, redegua. *Mundus vel cosmus*, enbit. *Tellus*, tir. *Terram*, doer. *Humus*, gueret. *Mare*, mor. *Equor*, spauen mor. *Pelagus*, mordifeid. *Oceanum*, mortot. *Homo*, den. *Mas*, vel *masculus*, gurruid. *Femina*, benenrid. *Sexus*, antromet. *Membrum*, esel. *Capud*, pen. *Vertex*, diwuleuuit. *Cerebrum*, impimon. *Cervix*, chil. *Collum*, conna. *Frons*, tal. *Nasus*, trein. *Naris*, friic. *Capillus*, bleuynpen. *Cesaries*, gols. *Coma*, cudin. *Auris*, scouarn. *Maxilla*, grud. *Timpus*, (*i. e. tempus*), erieu. *Facies*, enuoch. *Supercilium*, abrans. *Palpebre*, bleuenlagat. *Oculus*, lagat, *vel oculi*, legeit. *Pupilla*, biu enlagat. *Os*, genau. *Oss*, ascorn. *Dens*, dans. *Dentes*, dannet. *Lingua*, tauot. *Palatum*, stefenic.

*Labia*, gueus. *Guttur*, briansen. *Mentum*, elgeht. *Barba*, barf. *Barbam*, baref. *Collum*, guar. *Pectus*, cluidiuuron. *Cor*, colon. *Pulmo*, sceuens. *Jecur*, aui. *Fel*, bistel. *Stomacus*, glas. *Splen*, lepillot. *Adeps*, blonet. *Arûna*, suif. *Viscus*, culurionem. *Exstum*, enederen. *Sanguis*, guit. *Caro*, chic. *Cutis*, he. *Pellis*, croin. *Scapula*, scuid. *Dorsum*, chein. *Venter*, tor vel talon. *Brachium*, brech. *Ulna*, elin. *Manus*, lau, vel lof. *Digitus*, bis. *Digiti*, besset. *Digitum*, bes. *Unguis*, enuin. *Palma*, palf. *Artus*, chefals. *Latus*, tenepen. *Costa*, asen. *Renes*, diuglun. *Nervus*, goiu en. *Vena*, guið. *Femur vel coxa*, morboit. *Clunis*, penclun. *Genu*, penclin. *Wulva*, cheber. *Sura*, logodenfer. *Crus*, fer. *Tibia*, elescher. *Talus*, lifern. *Pes*, truit. *Planta*, goden truit. *Allax*, bis truit. *Ungula*, epincarn. *Patriarcha*, hupeltat. *Propheta*, profuit. *Apostolus*, apostol. *Archiepiscopus*, archescop. *Episcopus*, escop. *Regnum*, ruifanaid. *Abbas*, abat. *Presbitur*, hebreu chiat plui, vel oferiât. *Sacerdos*, prounder. *Clericus*, cloireg. *Diaconus vel levita*, diagon. *Monachus*, manach. *Monacha vel monialis*, manaes. *Anachorita*, ancar. *Hermita*, ermit. *Nonna*, laines. *Cantor*, cheniat. *Cantrix*, canores. *Lector*, redior. *Lectrix*, rediores. *Laicus*, leic. *Conjux*, chespar. *Castus*, guaf. *Incestus*, squenip. *Pulcher*, teg. *Formosus*, faidus. *Speciosus, vel decorus*, carder. *Deformis*, disliu. *Pater*, tat. *Mater*, mam. *Avus*, hendat. *Abavus*, hengog. *Proavus*, dipog. *Attavus*, gurrhog. *Filius*, mab. *Filia*, much. *Liberi*, flechet. *Soboles*, ach. *Familia*, goscorpi, teilu. *Frater*, broder vel braud. *Soror*, piur. *Victricus*, altrou. *Noverca*, altruan. *Privignus*, els. *Filiaster*, elses. *Nepos*, noi. *Neptis*, noit. *Altor, vel nutritor*, tatuât. *Altrix, vel nutritrix*, mammaið. *Alumpnus*, mabmeidrin. *Patruus*, euter abardtat. *Avunculus*, abarh, mam. *Matertera*, modereb abarhmam. *Amita*, abarhtat. *Osculum*, impoc, vel cussin. *Basium*, poccuil. *Propincus*, nesbeuin. *Affinis vel consanguineus* carogos. *Amicus*, car. *Progenies, vel tribus*, leid. *Generatio*, kinethel. *Gener*, dof. *Socer*, hwigeren. *Scorus*, hweger. *Nurus*, guhit. *Rex*, ruy. *Sceptrum*, guailen ruifanaid. *Regina*, ruifanes. *Imperator, vel Cesar, vel Augustus*, emperur. *Imperatrix, vel Augusta*, emperiz. *Princeps*, pendeuig. *Dux*, hebrenciat, luir. *Comes, vel consul*, yurl. *Vicecomes*, pupeluair. *Clito*, pupelpur. *Obses*, guistel. *Primas*, guesbeuin. *Satrapa*, guahalghe. *Judez*, brodit. *Prepositas*, mair. *Miles, vel adletha*, cadpur. *Exercitus*, llu. *Populus*, pobel. *Procinctus*, liud. *Edictum*, gurrhemîn ruif. *Vulgus*, pobel tiogou. *Congregatio, vel concio*, cuutellet. *Conventus, vel conventio*, chetua. *Sinodus*, sened. *Dominus, vel herus*, arluit. *Domina*, arludes. *Matrona*, bennenuât. *Clens, vel clientulus*, dencoscor, undamsi. *Emptius*, caidprinid. *Servus*, caid. *Vernaculus*, teithioc. *Ancilla*,

*vel abra, vel serva*, caites. *Custos*, guidthiað. *Pastor*, bugel.  
*Puer*, floh. *Puella*, moroin. *Virgo*, mahtheid. *Procus*, tanter.  
*Sponsus*, gurpriot. *Sponsa*, benen. *Infans*, mab aflauar. *Vir*,  
gur. *Mulier*, grueg. *Vidua*, guedeu. *Senex*, coth. *Maritus*, gur  
cansgrueg (*vel freg*). *Uxor*, greg (*vel freg*) cansgur. *Anus*,  
gruah. *Adolescens*, guriouene. *Juvenis*, yoaonc. *Paterfamilias*,  
penteilu. *Materfamilias*, manteilu. *Consiliarius*, cusulioder.  
*Consilium*, cusul. *Concionator*, datheluur. *Operarius*, oberor.  
*Faber vel cudo*, gof. *Ofinitiva*, gofail. *Ferrarius*, heirnior.  
*Lignarius*, sairpren. *Aurifex*, eure. *Argentarius*, gueidpur  
argans. *Erarius*, gueiduur cober. *Rusticus*, treuedic. *Arator*,  
araderuur. *Ars*, crest. *Artifex*, crestor. *Opus*, gueid. *Opifex*,  
inguinor. *Architectus*, weidwurti. *Piscator*, piscadur. *Rethe*,  
ruid. *Hamus*, hyc. *Venator*, helhwur. *Venabulum*, hochwuyu.  
*Auceps*, idne. *Laqueus*, maglen. *Trapezeta, vel numularius*,  
bathor. *Numisma*, bat. *Sollers*, guasbathorfur. *Iners*, dicrest.  
*Potens*, galluidoc. *Gigas*, enchinethel. *Namus*, cor. *Fidis*,  
corden. *Citharista*, teleinior. *Cithara*, telein. *Tubicen*, barth  
horgorn. *Tuba*, horgorn. *Tibicen*, wiþhit. *Musa*, wib. *Fidicen*,  
harfellor. *Fidicina*, fellores. *Fiala*, harfel. *Cornicen*, cherniat.  
*Cornu*, corn. *Fistula*, wibonoul. *Liticen*, kemat combricam.  
*Linthuus*, tollcorn. *Poeta*, pridit. *Mimus, vel scurra*, barth.  
*Saltator*, lappior. *Saltatrix*, lappiores. *Mercator, vel negoci-*  
*ator*, guicgur. *Merx*, paroe. *Pirata*, ancredpur mor. *Classis*,  
luu listri. *Navis*, lester. *Remus*, ruif. *Remex, vel nauta*,  
ruifadur. *Gubernator, vel nauclerus*, leuiut. *Proreta*, brenniat.  
*Prora*, flurrag. *Puppis*, airos. *Ancora*, ancor. *Antempna*, dele.  
*Velum*, guil. *Malus*, guern. *Clavus*, leu, pi, obil. *Medicus*,  
medhec. *Medicina*, medhecnaid. *Arsura, vel ustulatio*, losc.  
*Potio*, diot. *Unguentum*, urat. *Malagma*, tairnant. *Salinator*,  
haloinor. *Sutor*, chereor. *Sartor*, seuyad. *Dispensator*, maer,  
buit. *Divisor*, renniat. *Pincerna*, menistror. *Caupo*, maidor.  
*Dives*, wuludoc. *Inops, vel pauper*, bochodoc. *Fur*, ferhiat.  
*Latro*, lader. *Profugus*, fadic. *Exul*, diures. *Fidelis*, laian.  
*Infidelis*, dislaian. *Felix*, fodic. *Contentiosus*, strifor. *Injuri-*  
*osus*, camhinsic. *Piger*, dioc. *Hebes*, talsoch. *Parasitus*, gouhoc,  
*vel wilecur*. *Augur*, chuillioc. *Incantator*, wurcheniat. *Vene-*  
*ficus*, guenoin reiat. *Maleficus*, drochoberor. *Magus*, hudol.  
*Phitomssa*, cuillioiges. *Centurio*, pencanguer. *Persecutor*, helhiat.  
*Theolenarius*, tollor. *Bonum*, da. *Malum*, drog. *Dispendium*,  
*vel dampnum*, diopenes. *Jactura*, collet. *Commodum*, les. *Res*,  
tro. *Anulus*, bisou. *Armilla*, moderuy. *Diadema*, curun ray.  
*Caputium*, hot. *Monile*, delc. *Spinter*, broche. *Fibula*, streing.  
*Vitta*, snod. *Inauris*, scinen. *Incola*, treuedic doer. *Advena*,  
denunchut. *Peregrinus*, pirlirin. *Colonus*, treuedic. *Agricola*,  
gunthiat ereu. *Messor*, midil. *Messis*, hitaduer. *Acervus*,

bern. *Aratrum*, aradar. *Vomer*, soch. *Cultur*, colter. *Jugum*, ieu. *Stimulus*, garthou. *Aculeus*, bros. *Cutulus*, guiden. *Fenis* vel *funiculus*, louan. *Magister*, maister. *Scriptor*, scriuiniat. *Scriptura*, scriuit. *Epistolam*, scriuen danuon. *Evangelium*, geaweil. *Quaternio*, . . . . *Plano*, disclien. *Diploma*, guarac. *Enula*, baiol. *Pergamentum*, vel *membranium*, parchemin. *Sceda*, vel *scedula*, ymbipionen. *Penna*, pluuen. *Pictor*, liuor. *Minium*, liu melet. *Gluten*, glut. *Sculptor*, grauior. *Imago*, vel *agalma*, auain. *Scalprum*, vel *scalbellum*, collet grauior. *Scola*, scol. *Scolasticus*, scholheic. *Pedagogus*, maister mebion. *Discipulus*, discibel. *Miser*, trot. *Cecus*, dal. *Claudus*, clof. *Mutus*, aflauar. *Balbus*, creg. *Blesus*, stlaf. *Surdus*, bothar. *Debilis*, guan. *Luscus*, vel *monotalmus*, cuic. *Strabo*, cam. *Lippus*, primusdoc. *Mancus*, mans. *Infirmus*, aniach. *Eger*, vel *egrotus*, claf. *Leprosus*, clafhorec. *Lunaticus*, badus. *Demoniacus*, sach diauol. *Energuminus*, quan ascient. *Morbus*, elewet. *Pestis*, bal. *Rabidus*, vel *amens*, vel *demens*, conerioc. *Insanus*, gurbulloc. *Sanus*, jach. *Rabies*, discoruunait. *Freneticus*, folterguske. *Letargus*, vel *letargicus*, cuscadur disimpit. *Letargia*, pundesimpit. *Vigil*, hepueil. *Vigilia*, quillua. *Per-vigil*, hichhepuil. *Justus*, eunhinsic. *Injustus*, camhinsic. *Famosus*, geriit da. *Fama*, gerda. *Infamis*, drocgeriit. *Infamia*, drocger. *Largus*, hail. *Tenax*, sinsiat. *Parcus*, henbidiat. *Avarus*, craf. *Raptor*, robbior. *Sagax*, vel *gnarus*, guenwuit. *Sapiens*, skientoc. *Inspiciens*, diskient. *Prudens*, fur. *Inpru-dens*, anfur. *Astutus*, cal. *Stultus*, fol. *Verax*, guirion. *Veridicus*, guirleuenat. *Fallax*, tullor. *Mendax*, gouhoc. *Falsidicus*, gouleueriat. *Testis*, tist. *Testimonium*, tistuni. *Sermo*, vel *locutio*, lauar. *Superbus*, gothus. *Superbia*, goth. *Humilis*, huuel. *Humilitas*, huueidot. *Vita*, biu. *Anima*, enef. *Spiritus*, spirit. *Mors*, ancou. *Yris*, vel *arcus*, camniuet. *Tonitruum*, taran. *Fulgur*, luwet. *Pluvia*, glau. *Nix*, irch. *Grando*, keser. *Celum*, reu. *Glacies*, jey. *Aer*, awuit. *Ventus*, guins. *Aura*, auhel. *Nimbus*, couat. *Procella*, anauehel. *Nubes*, huibren. *Lux*, golou. *Tenebre*, tiwugou. *Flamma*, flam. *Seculum*, huis. *Dies*, det. *Nox*, nos. *Mane*, metin. *Vesperum*, gurthuper. *Hora*, prit. *Ebdomada*, seithum. *Mensis*, mis. *Ver*, guaintoin. *Estas*, haf. *Autumpnus*, kyniaf. *Hyemps*, goyf. *Annus*, blipen. *Tempus*, anser. *Hodie*, hepeu. *Cras*, auorou. *Heri*, doy. *Nunc*, vel *modo*, luman. *Sursum*, huchot. *Deorsum*, isot. *Calor*, tunder. *Frigus*, iein. *Fervor*, tes. *Cauma*, entredes. *Siccitas*, sichor. *Humor*, glibor. *Sterilitas*, anuabat. *Fertilitas*, waltowat. *Calor*, lui. *Albus*, guyn. *Niger*, dup. *Ruber*, rud. *Flavus*, vel *flavus*, milin. *Viridis*, guirt. *Varius*, bruit. *Unus color*, unliu. *Discolor*, disliu. *Forma*, furf. *Phantasma*, taxnutuan. *Umbra*, scod. *Creator*, creador. *Creatura*, croadur.

*Nomina Avium.*

*Avis*, vel *volatile*, hethen. *Aquila*, er. *Corvus*, marburan. *Milvus*, scoul. *Ancipiter*, bidnewein. *Grus*, garan. *Ardea*, cherhit. *Ciconia*, storc. *Merula*, moelh. *Columba*, colom. *Palumba*, cudon. *Aneta*, hoet. *Alcedo*, guilan. *Pavo*, paun. *Olor*, vel *cignus*, elerhc. *Rostrum*, geluin. *Mergus*, vel *mergulus*, saithor. *Hirundo*, guennol. *Passer*, goluan. *Turtur*, troet. *Auca*, guit. *Anser*, cheliocguit. *Gallus*, chelioc. *Gallina*, yar. *Coturnis*, rinc. *Pullus*, ydnic, velebol. *Ovum*, liy. *Nidus*, neid. *Vespertilio*, hihsommet. *Noctualis stix*, hule. *Falco*, vel *capum*, falcun. *Turtur*, turen. *Graculus*, palores. *Alauda*, ewidit. *Parrax*, berthuan. *Apis*, guenenen. *Sucus*, sudronenn. *Vespa*, guhien. *Brucus*, cafor. *Scrabo*, hwirnores. *Scarabeus*, hwilen. *Musca*, kelionen. *Cinomia*, lewenki. *Culex*, stut. *Scinifes*, guibeđen.

*Nomina Piscium.*

*Piscis*, pisc. *Cetus*, moruil. *Delphinus*, morhoc. *Isicius*, vel *salmo*, ehoc. *Mugilis*, vel *mugil*, breithil. *Taricus*, vel *altec*, hering. *Mullus*, mehil. *Tructa*, trud. *Anguilla*, selli. *Fannus*, roche. *Rocea*, talhoc. *Cancer*, cancher. *Polippos*, legest. *Ostrea*, vel *ostreum*, estren. *Muscula*, mesclen. *Murena*, vel *murenula*, mornader. *Luceus*, denshoc, dour. *Concha*, crogen.

*Nomina Ferarum.*

*Fera* guitfil. *Lupus*, bleit. *Leo*, leu. *Linx*, commischleith. *Unicornis*, uncorn. *Vulpes*, louuern. *Taxo*, vel *melus*, broch. *Equus*, march. *Equa*, cassec. *Asinus*, vel *asina*, asen. *Camelus*, caurmarch. *Onager*, asenguill. *Elephans*, oliphans. *Ursus*, ors. *Simia*, sim. *Lutrus*, doferghi. *Fiber*, befer. *Feruncus*, yeugen. *Mustela*, louennan. *Talpa*, god. *Cattus*, vel *murilegus*, kat. *Hyricius*, vel *erinacius*, sort. *Clissemus*, vel *mus*, vel *soorrex*, logoden. *Vermis*, prif. *Cervus*, caruu. *Cerva*, euhic. *Dama*, vel *damula*, da. *Hinnulus*, loch, euhic. *Capreolus*, kytiorch. *Caprea*, yorch. *Caper*, vel *hyrcus*, boch. *Capra*, vel *capella*, gauar. *Hedus*, min. *Lepus*, scouarnoc. *Porcus*, hoch. *Sus*, haneu. *Scroffa*, guis. *Aper*, vel *verres*, bahet. *Magalis*, torch. *Porcellus*, porchel. *Bos*, odion. *Vacca*, vel *buccula*, buch. *Vitulus*, loch. *Juvenus*, deneuoit. *Ovis*, dauat. *Aries*, horp. *Verees*, mols. *Agnus*, oin. *Pecus*, vel *jumentum*, ehal. *Animal*, mil. *Canis*, ki. *Molosus*, guilter. *Catulus*, coloin. *Draco*, driuc. *Vipera*, vel *serpens*, vel *anguis*, nader. *Cohuber*, gorpfel. *Rubeta*, croinoc. *Rana*, guilschin. *Lacerta*, wedresif. *Stellio*, anaf. *Locusta*, cheliocreden. *Sanguissuga*, ghel. *Limax*, melyen. *Testudo*, melpioges. *Formica*, menpi-onem. *Eruca*, prifpren. *Pediculus*, lowen. *Pulex*, hpannen. *Cunex*, contronen. *Tinea*, goupan.

*Nomina Herbarum.*

*Herba*, les. *Algium*, kenineuynoc. *Dilla*, tauolen. *Libestica*, guyles. *Febrifugia*, lesdeith. *Simphoniaca*, gahen. *Anadonia*, gouiles. *Aprotanum*, dehoules. *Sinitia*, madere. *Feniculum*, fenochel. *Malva*, malou. *Consolda*, boreles. *Solsequium*, le-sengoc. *Ruta*, rute. *Betonica*, lesdushoc. *Costa*, coste. *Millefolium*, minfel. *Calamus*, koisen. *Canna*, vel *arundo*, heschen. *Papaver*, mill. *Absintium*, fuelein. *Urtica*, linhaden. *Archangelica*, coiclinhat. *Plantago*, enlidan. *Marrubium*, lesliut. *Lappa*, lesserehoc. *Sandix*, glesin. *Cuula*, vel *magdulans*, caul. *Carista*, vel *kerso*, beler. *Minte*, mente. *Serpillum*, coifinel. *Artemesia*, loðes. *Cardus*, askellen. *Hermodactula*, vel *tilodosa*, goitkenin. *Lilium*, lilie. *Rosa*, breilu. *Vigila*, melhyonen. *Raphanum*, redic. *Filex*, reðen. *Carex*, clestren. *Juncus*, vel *scupus*, brunnen.

*Nomina Arborum.*

*Arbor*, guiden. *Flos*, blodon. *Cortex*, rusc. *Folium*, delen. *Buxus*, box. *Fraxus*, onnen. *Quercus*, vel *illex*, glastannen, vel dar. *Taxus*, hiuin. *Corillus*, colpiden. *Alnus*, guernen. *Malus*, auallen. *Pinus*, pinbren. *Fructus*, fruit. *Baculus*, lorch. *Virga*, guaylen. *Virgultum*, luworch guit. *Ramus*, scorren. *Glans*, mesen. *Granum*, gronen. *Radix*, grueiten. *Pirus*, perbren. *Plumbus*, plumbren. *Ficus*, ficbren. *Ulcia*, kelin. *Populus*, bedewen. *Genesta*, banathel. *Sentes*, drein. *Frutex*, sernic. *Ramnus*, eythinen. *Spina*, drain. *Vepres*, dreis. *Abies*, aridlen, vel sibuit. *Olea*, vel *oliva*, oleubren. *Morus*, moyrbren. *Vitis*, guinbren. *Salix*, heligen. *Silva*, cuit. *Lignum*, pren. *Truncus*, treth. *Stirbs*, stoc. *Nemus*, kelli. *Saltus*, lanherch. *Via*, ford. *Semita*, trulerch. *Inuiam*, hebford. *Iter*, kerd. *Patria*, gulat. *Provincia*, poli. *Mons*, menit. *Collis*, cruc, vel runen. *Vallis*, nans. *Fenum*, guyraf. *Ager*, erp. *Seges*, yd. *Campus*, guen. *Pascua*, bounder. *Pons*, pons. *Vadium*, rid. *Pratum*, budin. *Aqua*, vel *amnis*, dour. *Gutta*, vel *stilla*, banne. *Stagnum*, sagen. *Flumen*, vel *fluuius*, auon. *Ripa*, glan. *Litus*, als. *Alveus*, frot. *Torrents*, chahenrit. *Rivus*, guner. *Fons*, funten. *Harena*, grou, vel trait. *Gurges*, aber. *Vivarium*, pisclin. *Puteus*, pol. *Lacus*, grelin. *Latez*, stret.

*Domus*, ti. *Æcclesia*, eglos. *Angulus*, elin. *Altare*, altor. *Liber*, vel *codex*, liuer. *Litera*, litheren. *Folium*, aden. *Pagina*, eneb. *Loculus*, logel. *Calix*, kelegel. *Patena*, engurbor. *Cruz*, vel *staurus*, crois. *Candelabrum*, cantulbren. befiste escop. (!) *Fundamentum*, sel. *Pavimentum*, vel *solum*, lor. *Paries*, po-ruit. *Tectum*, to. *Fenestra*, fenester. *Hostium*, darat. *Hostiarius*, darador. *Janua*, vel *valva*, porth. *Columpna*, post. *Clausura*, alwed. *Clavis*, dialhyet. *Clavus*, ebilhoera. *Sera*,

hesp. *Chorus*, karol. *Gradus*, grat. *Scabellum*, scauel. *Thus*,  
 encois. *Odor*, flair. *Thuribulum*, incoissester. *Regula*, loe.  
*Lampas*, vel *lucerna*, vel *laterna*, goloulester. *Lichinus*, lugarn.  
*Cereus*, taper. *Cera*, coir. *Candela*, cantuil. *Munctorium*,  
 geuel hoern. *Clocca*, cloch. *Cloccarium*, vel *lucar*, clechti.  
*Tintinnabulum*, clerhic. *Campana*, clochmuer. *Vestis*, vel  
*vestimentum*, vel *indumentum*, guisc. *Casula*, ofergugol. *Alba*,  
 cams. *Stola*, stol. *Superhumerales*, scuidlien. *Manuale*, stollof,  
 vel *coweidliuer*. *Cingulum*, vel *zona*, vel *cinctorium*, grugus.  
*Caliga*, loder. *Ocrea*, hos. *Calciamentum*, orthinat. *Subularis*,  
 wibanor. *Flagrum*, vel *flagellum*, scubilen. *Dormitorium*,  
 cuscki. *Lectum*, vel *lectulum*, gueli. *Stramentum*, kalagueli.  
*Sagum*, len. *Pulvinar*, plufoc. *Sindo*, li engueli. *Fulcra*, dil-  
 latgueli. *Femoralia*, lafroc. *Perizomata*, vel *campestris*, la-  
 fropan. *Filum*, linin, vel *noden*. *Fimbrium*, pillen. *Cappa*,  
 capa. *Mantellum*, mantel. *Pellicia*, pellistgur. *Tunica*, peis.  
*Camisia*, kreis. *Femoralia*, lafroc. *Calcias*, fosaneu. *Sotu-  
 lares*, eskidieu. *Cultellum*, kethel. *Vagina*, guein. *Colobium*,  
 heuis. *Manica*, brethol. *Cuculla*, cugol. *Pedula*, paugen. *Com-  
 missura*, enniou. *Toral*, peus gruec. *Mastruga*, pengughrec.  
 pi. pellistker. *Tela*, guiat. *Peplum*, usair. *Linum*, lin. *Lana*,  
 gluan. *Globus*, pellen. *Colus*, kigel. *Fusus*, gurrhthit. *Trabes*,  
 troster. *Tignum*, keber. *Laquear*, nenbren. *Clita*, cluit. *Cim-  
 balum*, choch dibeï. *Refectarium*, bindorn. *Tapeta*, strail.  
*Matta*, strail elester. *Mensa*, muis. *Discus*, scudel. *Discifer*,  
 renniat. *Minister*, gonidoc. *Lardum*, mehin. *Caseus*, cos, (vel  
 caus). *Butirum*, amenen (vel emenin). *Sal*, holoin (vel halein).  
*Panis*, bara. *Panis album*, bara can. *Panis avenam*, bara  
 keirch. *Siliginis*. *Aquam*, douer, vel dur. *Calidam*, toim.  
*Frigidam*, oir. *Cervisia*, coruf. *Vinum*, win (vel guin). *Meda*,  
 medu (vel meddou). *Cervisia*, vel *celea*, coref. *Accetum*, guin-  
 fellet. *Idromellum*, vel *mulsum*, bregaud. *Oleum*, oleu. *Puls*,  
 iot. *Olera*, caul. *Lac*, lait. *Lac dulce*, leverid. *Lac*, . . . .  
*Sicera*, sicer. *Manutergium*, vel *mantile*, liendiulof. *Cultellus*,  
 collel, vel kethel. *Artavus*, kellillic. *Vas*, cafat. *Hanapus*,  
 hanaf. *Cyffus*, fiol. *Patera*, scala. *Cibus*, vel *cloa*, buit. *Potus*,  
 diot. *Liquor*, lad. *Claustrum*, clauster, (vel cloister). *Coquina*,  
 keghin. *Cocus*, kog. *Ignis*, vel *focus*, tan. *Flamma*, flam.  
*Pruna*, regihten. *Andena*, tribet. *Ticio*, itheu. *Olla*, seit.  
*Cacabus*, caltor. *Lebes*, per. *Caro*, kig. *Jus*, iskel. *Ficinula*,  
 kinguer. *Comedia*, racca. *Daps*, vel *absonum*, vel *ferculum*,  
 sant. *Veru*, ber. *Arsura*, guleit. *Sartago*, padelhoern. *Frix-  
 orium*, oilet. *Coctio*, bredion. *Coctus*, parot. *Fructus*, trech.  
*Offa*, suben. *Mica*, breuyonen. *Vestiarium*, guiscti. *Testa-  
 mentum*, . . . . *Sigillum*. *Cellarium*, talgel. *Molendinum*,  
 melin. *Mola*, brou. *Mel*, mel. *Victus*, brulia. *Pecunia*, sols.





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 scinin him  
                                   ay rowe."

Jhesu is the childes name,  
                                   king of al londe!  
 Of the king he meden game,  
                                   and smiten him wit honde.  
 To fonden him opon a tre,  
 He 3even him wundes 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 wallen 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 flode he lute adun,  
 And brace the 3ates of that prisun  
                                   that stode;  
 And ches here out that there  
                                   were gode.

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 that deiet witoute lay,  
   alone.  
 Grante ous Crist  
 Wit thai uprist  
   to-gene.     *Amen.*

*fol. 2. vº. 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 tunge 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 helpst moni a man.

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.

Bricht 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 fere;  
 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.

*fol. 2, v°. written as prose.*

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 poynt de per;  
 Il est si tres beaus, e si franc de quer,  
 Ke en trest tut le monde ne trovera sun per.

Mun tres duz amy, ke m'avez doné  
 De vus si graunt joie e reconforté,  
 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 seit duraunt,  
 Ke je ai la graunt joye dunt sui atendaunt.

*Amen.**ibid. written also in prose.*

Litel uo it eniman on trewe love bi stodet,  
 Bute oureswete levedi that muchel therof haud fondet;  
 The love of hire hit lassted swthe longe,  
 He oaweth 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 v°. written as prose.*

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

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 cœlestia.  
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 dæmonia.  
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 souffri pur Deu hublement,  
 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 humilité,  
     De vertu la racine.  
 Tres.

Deu ! kaunt à jugement vendrum,  
 Graunt mester de lui averum,  
 E pur ce eyns crier Deum  
 A la pucele 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 soryte ne di-ge mye !  
 Ke elle ne <sup>(sic)</sup> hardy cum lyon,  
 Ele meyne hoveka reys,  
 Près 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 soryte ne ay-je qure,  
 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 confesser.  
 Mai (?) la maundera le prettre,  
 Ci li fray oue ly parler.  
 Kar ele me at en sa baylye.  
 Va, sorys, Deu te maudye !



Kaunt le sorys er mort,  
 Je le feray 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 decypher.

*Wrt.*

## RECEIPTS FOR COLOURS, &c.

From MS. Sloane, 1313, fol. 126, v<sup>o</sup>, 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.

### *Wit.*

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

### *To done away mool or spoot 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 medeled with otis, and bowke well the clothe afturwarde.

### *To make murroure 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 therwith.

### *Cyse for gold.*

R. clalk 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 Averal, 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 scenne, and make therof powdur. When thou wolt do away the lettre, wete a pensel with spotil or with watur, and moist therwith the lettres that thou wolt do away, and then cast the powder therupon, and with thi nail thou maist done away the lettres that hit schal nothyng been a-sene, without any apeyrement. 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<sup>e</sup>, of the reign of Edward II.

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

Wyt ant wysdom lurneth 3erne,  
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-soht 3eorne  
    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 bicomē a fule.  
 ‘Luef child lore byhoveth;’  
     Quoth Hendyng.

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

Ȝef the biste a sunne don,  
 Ant thy thoht bue al the ron,  
     Ȝet is god to blynne;  
 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.

Ȝef thou art of thohtes 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 deȝe 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;  
 Ȝef me nul him forther teche,  
 Thenne is herte wol areche  
     For te lerne more.  
 ‘Sely chyld is sone y-lered;’  
     Quoth Hendyng.

Ȝef 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 fytht, that wel flyth;’

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-3eue 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 cloht,

Ne make the nout for thy to wroht,

Thath 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 tharefore to bold,  
     Ne wax thou nout to wilde;  
 Ah ber the feyre in al thyng,  
 Ant thou might habbe blessyng,  
     Ant be meke ant mylde.  
 ‘When the coppe is follest, thenne ber hire feyrest;’  
     Quoth Hendyng.

3ef thou art an old mon,  
 Tac thou the no 3ong wommon  
     For te be thi spouse;  
 For love thou hire ner so muche,  
 Hue wol telle to the lute  
     In thin oun house.  
 ‘Moni mon syngeth  
 When he hom bringeth  
     Is 3onge 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 mytht 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 thyng,  
     Waxen wol un-satht.  
 Hy telle he deth wel by me,  
 That me 3eveth a lutel fe,  
     Ant oweth me riht naht.  
 ‘That me lutel 3eveth, he my lyf ys 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  
 Shenchen 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  
 Sumthyng 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 brend.  
 ' 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-feyn.  
 ' 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 oune 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 eȝe.  
 ' Fer from eȝe, 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 ounne 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 forȝeten  
 Ant leyd under kne.  
 ' He is fre of hors that ner nade non ;'  
 Quoth Hendyng.

Moni mon mid a lutel ahte  
 ȝeveth is dohter an un-mahte,  
 Ant lutel is the bettre ;  
 Ant myhte withoute fere,  
 Wis mon ȝe he were,  
 Wel hire have bysette.  
 ' Lytht chep luthere ȝeldes ;'  
 Quoth Hendyng.

Strong ys ahte for te gete,  
 Ant wicke when me hit shal lete,  
 Wys mon, takes thou ȝeme ;  
 Al to dere is boht that ware,  
 That ne may wythoute care  
 Monnes herte queme.  
 ' Dere is boht the hony that is licked of the thorne ;'  
 Quoth Hendyng.

Mon, that munteth over flod,  
 Whiles 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 wythynne.  
 ' Ever out cometh evel sponne 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;



For mowe he the bones bydelve,  
 Ant the ahte welde hem selve,  
 Of thi soule huem ys ethe.  
 'Frendles ys the dede;'

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 ryttht,  
 That he wendeth hom by nyttht,  
 Ant lyth ded by the weye.  
 'Drynk eft lasse, ant go by lyhte hom;'  
 Quoth Hendyng.

Riche ant pore, 3onge ant olde,  
 Whil 3e habbeth wyt at wolde,  
 Secheth ore soule bote;  
 For when 3e weneth 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 thyng;  
 Jhesu Crist hevene kyng  
 Us to blisse brynge!  
 For his swete moder love,  
 That sit in hevene us above,  
 3eve us god endyng! *Amen.*

*HULL.*

### THE SONG OF THE SCHOOL-BOY, AT CHRISTMAS.

From MS. Sloane, No. 1584, of the beginning of the sixteenth century, or latter part of the fifteenth, fol. 33, r., written in Lincolnshire or Nottinghamshire, perhaps, to judge by the mention of persons and places, in the neighbourhood of Grantham or Newark.

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

Nunc proponimus ire, withowt any ney,  
 Scolam dissolvere, 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, hartly and holle,  
 Ut isto die possimus to brek upe the scole.

HIII.

### 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 Padua, 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 Virgiliti 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 packet 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 præliavit" by "he fought twice with his left hand."

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### MAXIMON.

From MS. Har. No. 2259. 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,  
 Purple and pal he droh,  
 • Ant other murthes mo.  
 He wes the feyrest mon,  
 With-outen Absalon,  
     That seththe 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 smal 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 wylde wone,  
 Nis hit bote a lone,  
     Her beth blisse gnede.  
 To wepen ant to grone,  
 To make mucche 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 ȝore.  
 So litht as y wes tho,  
 Ant wilde as eny ro,  
     Er y bygon to hore!  
 Reuthful is my red,  
 Ne shulde me be gled,  
     Me reweth swythe 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 fle.

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 wrechede is,  
 Ant that he wyten y-wis,  
     My frendes nulleth me se.

Fair y was ant fre,  
 Ant semly for te se;  
     That lasteth lutel stounde.  
 Gladdere mon with gle.  
 Ne mihte never be  
     Thurh al Godes mounde.

Q

Elde unhende is he ;  
 He chaungeth al my ble,  
     Ant bugeth me to grounde.  
 When y shal henne 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 whitth zore,  
 That y bigon to hore :  
     Elde is nou my fo.  
 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 lovelyche 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 ze 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 wollethe 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 clerc 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 lutel 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 fle,  
 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 forloren.  
 For mourne y make mest,  
 The while that hit lest ;  
 Nou wo is me therfore !  
 Ne gladieth me no gest,  
 Ne murgeth 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 blosmes breketh on brere,  
 Murthes to me were,  
 Ant blythe y was of mod.  
 Care ant kunde y-fere  
 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,  
 Faln 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 zong,  
 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 deȝeth boutē 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 ȝore.

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!

*Wrt.*

## 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,  
Thet ever 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, blissede, Lorde, mot 3e be ;  
It may never getyne 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 grounde,  
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.

*Mdn.*

\* 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 Ægyptiorum; prudentia Hebræorum; sævitia  
 Saracenorum; stabilitas Persarum; solertia Ægyptiorum;  
 levitas Caldæorum; sapientia Græcorum; varietas Affrorum;  
 gravitas Romanorum; gula Gallorum; largitas Longobardorum;  
 vana gloria Longobardorum; sobrietas Gottorum; crudelitas Hunorum;  
 sagacitas Caldæorum; immunditia Sabinorum;  
 ingenium Affricorum; ferocitas Francorum; firmitas Gallorum;  
 stultitia Saxonum; fortitudo Francorum; hebetudo Bavariorum;  
 instantia Saxonum; luxuria Vasanorum; agilitas Walcarorum;  
 vinolentia Hispaniarum; magnanimitas Pictorum;  
 duritia Pictorum; hospitalitas Britonum; argutia Hispaniarum;  
 libido Suevorum; duritia et superbia Pictavorum.

*Hlll.*

### FAITH AND REASON.

From MS. Sloane, No. 3534, fol. 3, v<sup>o</sup>. 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 þe holie writes þe ben red herinne to dai bringen us blisfulle tiðinges, of an edie meiden, þe was i-feren bispused þe hevenliche kinge, ⁊ seid þ̅ he hes fette hom. Lusteð nu wich maiden þ̅ is, ⁊ hwat he hatte, ⁊ hware he was fet, ⁊ hwo hire ledde, ⁊ wu, ⁊ hwider, ⁊ cunnen gif we mugen cumen after, for þan þe we ben alle boden þider. Of this maiden specð þe holie boc, ⁊ seid̅: *Hec est virgo virginum, regina celorum, domina angelorum, mater et filia regis regum omnium.* þis maiden bar ure loved̅ Jhesu Crist, ure alre fader, of hire holie lichame, ⁊ nis hire maidhod þerefore noht awemmed. Hie is þe hevenliches kinges dohter, ⁊ ec his moder, ⁊ alre maidene maide, ⁊ hevene quen, ⁊ englene lafdi. Hire is to name Maria, *quod est interpretatum stella maris*, þat is on Englis sæsterre. þan þe sa-farinde men seð þe sa-sterre, hie wuten sone wuderward hie sullen wei holden, for þ̅ þe storres liht is hem god tacðen. *Mundus mari comparabitur, quia fluctus erigit, naves obruit: ita mundus effluit, dum opes confert; refluit, dum aufert, turbine, i. ultione divina vel fraude diabolica, turbatur; discordiarum motus concitat, ecclesiarum pacem perturbat.* þis woreld is cleped sæ, þe floweð ⁊ ebbeð swo doð ec þis woreld; floweð þanne he woreld wurme (?) gieveð, ⁊ ebbeð þanne hie hit eft binimeð. Stormes falleð in þe sæ, ⁊ to worpeð hit; ⁊ godes wrake cumeð on þis woreld to wrekende on sunfulle men here gultes, ⁊ for þæn on rihwise men þen hem neigh wunien, ⁊ binimeð hem hwile oref, hwile oðer aihte, ⁊ hwile here hele, ⁊ hwile here ogen lif, ⁊ hwile latte devel hem on fele wise, ⁊ haremeð hem, ⁊ shendeð, ⁊ weccheð among hem flite, ⁊ win, ⁊ fordraueð soð luve, ⁊ struieð rihte bileve. And also þe sa-storre shat of hire þe liht, þe lihteð sa-farinde men, also þis edie maiden, seinte Marie, of hire holie licame shedeð þ̅ soðe liht, þe lihteð alle brihte þinges on eorðe ⁊ ec on hevene, also S. Johannes saið on his godspel: *Erat lux vera que i.o.h.n.i.h.m.* He is þ̅ soðe liht, þe lihteð alle men, þe on þis woreld cumeð, ⁊ aleomed ben: and for þis leome is þ̅ holie maiden cleped sa-sterre. Hie was fet of weste wunienge, þar he funden was, *s. in terra deserta, in loco horroris et vaste solitudinis*, þat is to seien, on weste londe, ⁊ on grisliche stede, Weste is cleped þ̅ londe þ̅ is longe tilðe atleien, ⁊ wilderness ges þare manie rotes onne wacsed. þis woreldes biwest is efneð to wastene, for þ̅ he hit is ferren atleien holie tilðe. *Hinc ex quo veteres emigravere coloni*, avre seððen the ealde

tilie henne wenden. þe hwile þe hie here waren, he wetiden þe eorðe; 7 wurpen god sad þaronne, 7 hit wacxs, 7 wel þeagh, 7 brahte forð blostmes fele 7 manie. Ac seðen hie henen wenden, atlai þ̅ lond unwend, 7 bicam waste, 7 was roted over al, 7 swo bicam wilderness. Nu wunieð þar inne fueles, 7 wilde deor, 7 wurmes. þis lond þe ich nu of speke, is þ̅ mennisse þe nu liveð; þe old tilien waren þe holie lorðewes, prophetes, apostles, popes, archebissopes, bissopes, prestes, þe holie lif ladden, þe tilien wenden þis lond þ̅ up þ̅ was ar dun, þanne hie mid here wise word turneden mannes herte fram eorðeliche þankis to hevenliche þanke, fram unrihte to rihte, fram hordom to clenness, from alle ivele lustes to luven God 7 heren him, and after þ̅ sewen on þis lond Godes word for sede, 7 hit morede on here heorte, 7 weacs, 7 wel þeagh. þanne þ̅ folc Godes word gierneliche listeð, 7 fastliche hield, 7 ter after here lif ladden. Ac nu is þ̅ lond tilðe atlein, 7 i-furen was, for þo hit sholden tilien, þo þe lorðewes of holie chireche, þe sewen gerneluker þe defles sed, þan ure loverdes Jhesu Crist, 7 mid forbisne of here fule lifode beden men to helle 7 naht to hevene. Godes sed is Godes word, þe men tilien in chireche on salmes, 7 on songes, 7 on redinges, 7 lorspelles, 7 on holde-bedes þe lerd men selde, 7 gemelesliche sowen we defles sed [þet] is idel, 7 unnet, 7 ivele word, hoker, 7 scorn, spel, 7 leoð, 7 cheast, 7 twispeche, 7 curs, 7 leasinges, 7 sware, 7 alle swikele speches, 7 oðre. Fele lerdemen speken also lewede, also ure drihten seide þurh anes prophetes muðe: *Erit sicut populus sacerdos*, prest sal leden his lif also lewede man. 7 swo hie doð nuðe, 7 sumdel werse; for þe lewede man wurðeð his spuse mid cloðes inore þan mid him selven; 7 prest naht sis (*sic*) chireche þe is his spuse, ac his daie þe is his hore, awleneð hire mid cloðes, more þan him selven. þe chire cloðes ben to-brokene 7 ealde, 7 hise wives shule ben hole 7 newe; his alter cloð great 7 sole, 7 hire chemise smal 7 hwit; 7 te albe sol, 7 hire smoc hwit; þe haveð line spard, 7 hire winpel wit, oðer maked geļu mid saffran; þe meshakele of medeme fustain, 7 hire mentel grene oðer burnet; þe corporeals sole 7 unshapliclie, hire hand-cloðes 7 hire bord-cloðes makede wite 7 lustliche on to siene; þe caliz of tin, 7 hire nap of mazere 7 ring of golde. And is þe prest swo muchele forcuðere þane þe lewede, swo he wurðeð his hore more þen his spuse. Prestes ben þo þe apostel of specð, þus queðende: *Quorum Deus venter est*; here wombe is here Crist; 7 alle ivele forbisne hie ippen of hem selven, 7 te lewede men hem gierneliche foligen, 7 teð forð geres after wilde deore, sume after beore, sume after wulve, sume after oðer deor; and also þe fugeles fram o stede to oðer, 7 ne ben nafre stede-

faste, swo doð þis mannisse flieð fram ivele to werse, on speche  
 ⁊ on dede, ⁊ bringeð on here heorte oregel, ⁊ wraðe, ⁊ onde, ⁊  
 hatinge, ⁊ oðer ivele lustes. Also wuremes brede on wilderne,  
 þ̃ is þis woreld, þis grisliche stede on to wunien, for here is  
 hunger, ⁊ þurst, elde, unhale, flit, ⁊ win, ece, ⁊ smertinge,  
 sorinesse, werinesse, ⁊ oðre wowe muchel. Of swilch mai  
 grisen men þe ani god cunnen. Eft sone on þis biwiste is  
 muchel weste of holie mihte; al riht is leid, ⁊ wogh arered, also  
 þe wise queð: *Nusquam tuta fides, non hospes ab hospite tutus;*  
 nis nowre non trewðe, for nis the gist siker of þe husebonde, ne  
 noðer of oðer; *non socer a nuro*, ne þe aldefader of hi oðem;  
*fratrumque gratia rara est*, selde leveð þe broðer þ̃ oðer;  
*filius ante diem paternos inquirat annos*, þe sune wussheð þe  
 fader deað, ar his dai cume; *imminet exitio vir conjugis, illa*  
*mariti*, wif wolde þ̃ hire loverd dead ware, ⁊ he þ̃ hie ware.  
 Of þesse waste ⁊ grisliche stede was þis holi maide fet, þe  
 ich of speke, þ̃ is ure lafdi seinte Marie; ⁊ hire sette þe  
 hevenliche king, also þe prophete seið on his stefne: *Tenuisti*  
*manum dexteram meam, etc.*, þu helde mi riht hond, ⁊ leddest  
 me on þine wille, ⁊ understode me mid wurdshipe. *Ter ascen-*  
*dit; primo quidem passibus corporis ante templum ab imo*  
*quindecim graduum, usque ad summum; secundo in templo*  
*passibus mentis de virtute in virtutem, ubi videtur Deus deo-*  
*rum in Syon; tercio corpore et anima assumpta in celum.*  
 þreo siðes stech þis holie maiden; erest lichamliche, þo hie was  
 þreo gier heold, biforen þe temple on þe sterre of fiftene stopes,  
 fro nepewarde to ueward, wiðute mannes helpe; oðer siðes  
 hie stehg in þe temple gostliche, fram mighte to mihte, forte  
 þ̃ hie alre mintene loverd biheold, also hie hit wolde; þe þridde  
 siðe, hie stehg þis dai þo engles hire beren mid soule ⁊ mid  
 lichame into þan hevenliche bure, þar heo was wurðliche un-  
 derstonden. ⁊ Salomon þe wise þe wes fele hundred wintre  
 þer bifore king in Jerusalem sehg þese wonderliche strenge,  
 als suterliche also he þis dai were, ⁊ wundrede þer offe, ⁊  
 seide: *Que est ista que ascendit sicut aurora consurgens, pulcra*  
*ut luna, electa ut sol?* hwat is þis þe astihgð also dai rieme,  
 fair also mone, i-coren also sunne? Ure lafdi S. M., also wis-  
 liche also hie þis dai was hoven into hevene, bere ure arende  
 to ure loverd Jhesu Crist, þ̃ he gife us eche blisse in hevene.  
*Q. ipse. p. d. qui v. et r. per o. s. s. Amen.*

## II. Dominica tertia.

*Nox precessit, dies autem appropinquabit.* Hure heiest lorðen  
 after ure loverd Jhesu Crist, this is ure loverd sainte Powel,  
 munegeð us to rihtlechen ur liflode, ⁊ wisseð us on wilche wise  
 ⁊ seið þ̃ we haven riht þar to, ⁊ seið hwu, þus queðende: *Nox*

*precessit, dies autem, etc.*; the niht is forð gon, ⁊ dai neihlecheð. ⁊ for þi hit is riht ꝥ we forleten ⁊ forsaken nihtliche deden, þo ben þe werkes of þiesternesse, ⁊ scruden us mid wapnen of lihte, ꝥ beð soðfeste bileve, ⁊ of brihtnesse, swo ꝥ we gon a dai bicumeliche; *Non in commensationibus et ebrietatibus, non in cub. et in pud., non in contentione et emulatione, sed in horum oppositis*; and noh on derke wedes. Ac her we seien eow of þese derke wedes, wat þe holie apostle meneð, þo he nemnede niht ⁊ niehtes dede, ⁊ dai leochtes wapne. *Nox accipitur multis modis, sed hic pro infidelitate.* Niht bitocneð her unbileuve, ꝥ is aiware aleid, ⁊ rihte leve arered gode ðonc, ⁊ naðeles get is sume þarfore of unbileve i-fild on one stede, ⁊ swo faste bunden, ⁊ swo biwunde þarinne, ꝥ no prest ne no bissop ne mai him chastien, ne mid forbode, ne mid scrifæ, ne mid cursinge; ⁊ ꝥ is liðer custume ꝥ man leveð get, ⁊ ꝥ is after clepenge, ⁊ ascinge, ⁊ uncunne, ⁊ warienge, ⁊ handselne, ⁊ time, ⁊ hwate, ⁊ fele swilche develes craftes. ⁊ ꝥ wreche man ꝥ swilche þing him mai letten, of ꝥ þe God him haveð munt, ac alle þo þe leveð ꝥ swilch þing hem muge furðrie oðer letten, ben cursed of Godes muðe, þe ðus saið on the holie boc: *Maledictus homo qui confidit in homine*, cursed be þe man þe levetþ upon hwate. Ac ich wile seggen, undernimeð hit hwat makeð swilch letten. We radeð on boc ꝥ elch man haveð to fere on engel of hevene on his riht half, ꝥ him wisseð ⁊ munegeð evre to don god, ⁊ on his lifte half an wereged gost, ꝥ him avre tacheð to ufele, ⁊ ꝥ is þe devel. He makeð þe unbilefulle man to leven swilche wigeles, swo ich ar embe spac, ⁊ þare mide he him bi-cherð, ⁊ binimeð him hevene wele, ⁊ bringeð him on helle wowe. Crist us þar wið silde, ⁊ healde us rihte bileve, ⁊ elch man þe hit haveð, ⁊ geve hine þo þe hit naveð nocht. þe werc of þiesternesse, ꝥ ben alle hevie sennen, ⁊ swilche oðre so þe apostle her nemde, also ben over-etes, ⁊ untimeliche eten, at huse, ⁊ at ferme, ⁊ at feste, ⁊ masthwat at ilche laðeð metisupe, for þar man ne can his muðes meðe, ne cunnen nele, ne his wombe met. ⁊ þeih he cunne of mete, he nele cunne of drinke, er he be swo i-veid ꝥ he falle defle to honde. þe þridde is ꝥ man sit an even at drinke, ⁊ ligge longe a moregen, ⁊ slapliche ariseð, ⁊ late to chireche goð. þat feorðe is unrihte lueve, ꝥ is hordom, ⁊ mid-liggunge þe men drigen bitwenen hem, bute gef he ben lageliche bispusede, ꝥ is unriht ⁊ untimeliche ⁊ mid unselðe; 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 sinegeð gretliche; for þe holie boc hit forbet. þat fife is chest, ⁊ chep, ⁊ twifold speche, ⁊ ilch flitting of worde. þat sixte is ꝥ man eggeð his negebure to



oðer to speken him harm, oðer same, 7 haveð nið elch wið  
 oðer, 7 makeð him to forlese his aihte, oðer of his rihte. þese  
 ben þe six werkes of pesternesse, þe þe holie apostle forbet  
 so swiðe; for elch man þe hem doð, bute he hem forlete, 7  
 bete ar his ende dai, he sal forlesen eche liht 7 blisse 7 lif, 7  
 haven an helle eche pine 7 pesternesse mid deflen. Crist us  
 þare wiþ silde, gef is wille be! þe dai þe þe apostle of specð  
 is ure rihte bileve, þ is ure sowle liht. þe wapnes of his lihte  
 ben six werkes of brihtnesse, þe hatten þus: *temperantia,*  
*modica potio, strenuitas, continentia, per invicem oratio, invi-*  
*cem dilectio.* þet formeste is rihte medeme mel; þe man þe  
 hit meðeð riht, þe suneð aleð gistnige, 7 idel wil, 7 haveð  
 riht mel-tid, 7 nutteð trimeliche metes, 7 gemeð his muðes  
 meðe, 7 of his wombe mete. þat oðer is emliche drinke,  
 naht for te quenchen his luðere wil, ne his lust, þe miswune  
 haveð on broht, ac for to beten his þurstes nede. þe ðridde is  
 þ man be waker, 7 liht, 7 snel, 7 seli, 7 erliche rise, 7 genliche  
 seche chireche. þat feorðe is, þ man þe spuse haveð, his  
 golliche deden wið-teo, swo hit be untime, 7 þo þe beð unbis-  
 pused forleten mid alle. þat fifte is, þ elch man for oðer  
 bidde, also for him selven. þat sixte is, þ elch man luvie oðer  
 al swo also him selven, þeih he swo swiðe ne tunge. *Ista sex*  
*opera dicuntur et vestes et arma; vestes quia nos ornant apud*  
*Deum et homines; arma, quia muniunt apud hostes.* þese six  
 werkes of brihtnesse ben cleped lihtes scrud, for þ hie sruðeð  
 7 huihteð to-genes Gode 7 to-genes manne elch þe hie doð;  
 7 ec he ben nemned liches wapne, for elch man þe hie doð  
 wereð him selven þar mide wið man-kinnes unwine. þe  
 laverd sainte Poul, þe us lareð þus, 7 munegeð us to forleten  
 þe six werkes of pesternesse þe bilige to nihte, 7 to done þe  
 six dede, þe ich later nemnede, þe bilige to brihtnesse, he  
 pingie us to þe holie fader of hevene, þ he geve us mihte 7  
 strengðe to forletene pesternesse, 7 to folgie brihtnesse. *Qui*  
*vivit et regnat, etc.*

Wrt.

## 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 blesce him with his helbowe;  
 And mid wel goed devosioun  
 He shal saien on oreisoun  
 In the worshipe of the hare,  
 Thenne mai he wel fare.

The hare, the scotart,  
 The bigge, the bouchart,  
 The scotewine, 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 waldenlie, the sid-lokere,  
 And eke the roulekere;  
 The stobbert, the long-here,  
 The strau der, the lekere,  
 The wilde der, the lepere,  
 The shorte der, the lerkere,  
 The wint-swift, the sculkere,  
 The hare-serd, the heg-roukere,  
 The deudinge, the deu-hoppere,  
 The sittere, the gras-hoppere,  
 The fitelfot, the foldsittere,

The liȝtt-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 wite-wombe,  
 The go-mit-lombe,  
 The choumbe, the chauart,  
 The chiche, the couart,  
 The make-fare, the breke-forewart,  
 The fnattart, the pollart,  
 His hei nome is srewart;  
 The hert with the letherene hornes,  
 The der tha woneth in the cornes,  
 The der that alle men scornes,  
 The der that nomon ne dar nemnen.

When thou havest al this i-said,  
 Thenne is the hare miȝtte alaid;  
 Thenne miȝtt 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 lete so wel fare,  
 That thou come to me ded,  
 Other in ciue other in bred! Amen!

*Mdn.*

# 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 plainte par entre mis sire Henry de  
 Lacy, Counte de Nychole, & sire Wauter de Bybelesworthe, par  
 la Croiserie en la Terre Seinte.*

*Ceo comence le Counte.*

Sire Gauter, dire vus voil  
 Un mien bosoing, dont trop m'en deol,  
 & si me loez à choisir;  
 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 guerpier,  
 Sanz recoverir perc son akoil,  
 & si demur, bien pus sentir,  
 Fors lui me deyvent tuz hair,  
 Car de tuz honors 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 qi voudra l'arbre garir,  
 & faire le ben revenir,  
 Les cordes coupe pres du soil ;  
 Lors purront les braunches flurir,  
 & 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 ceo me l'ement mi oil,  
 & pri à Deu, à mi genoil,  
 Qe ja n'en puissoms departyr.  
 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 ceo 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.

Tost vus deveroient maubailir,  
Li maufée à lur assailir,  
Car de verre est vostre garoil.

*Quens Henry.*

Alez, Gauter, qe Deu vus meint,  
Là ou son Filz murrust & meint,  
Qe jeo ne mi pus oncore aler ;  
Car un desir ci me purceint,  
Qe pur estre là un cors saint,  
Jeo ne m'i voudroie trover.  
Il me covient ci demurrer,  
Pur ma douce amie honorer,  
Par force d'amour qe tut veint ;  
Car jeo ne purroie endurer,  
De veir ses beaus oilz plorer,  
Pur assez meins 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 qi se veut ben purpenser,  
Cil qi 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. F. 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 host 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 welefare 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 wyne,  
 Alle if my part be left thereinne.

*Gula.*

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

*Luxuria.*

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

*S. Charles, Trin. Col. Cant.*

## A SONG ON DEATH.

From a MS. in the Public Library of the University of Cambridge, Ee. 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 thys worlde hath been,  
in rerum natura,  
Or in thys wyde worlde was seen  
in humana cura,  
Alle schalle passe withouten ween  
via mortis dura ;  
God graunte that mannys soule be cleen,  
pœnas 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 lete.  
Quamvis dives fueris,  
And of power grete,  
cum morte percuteris,  
Helpe may thow noon gete.  
Si dives fias,  
Do thyself gode man wyth thy handis ;  
post necis ergo vias,  
Ful fewe wole 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 thys worlde wyde,  
sic es recepturus.  
Thus dethe the ledeth  
terræ timulo\* quasi nudum ;  
Dethe no man dredyth ;  
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 mannys 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 think 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 nothyng stonde in stede  
     Mundi dominatis.  
 Wyth full bare bonys,  
     mundi rebus cariturus,  
 Thus from thys 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 thynk 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.

*Hull.*



## 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. Crofton Croker's *Popular Songs of Ireland*, p. 277.

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

Abbas ire sede sursum,  
Et prioris juxta ipsuni;  
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,  
si 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 conlætamus  
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."

See  
H. Crofton Croker's  
Popular Songs of Ireland  
1794, p. 63.

Post completum rediere,  
 Et currinum 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 ægris servisia.

Abbas vomit et prioris ;  
 Vomis cadit super floris ;  
 Ego pauper steti foris,  
                                 et non sum lætitia.

Rumor venit ad antistitis,  
 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 læsura,  
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 antistis,  
Dent ad præsens nummos istis,  
Sed si potant, ut audistis,  
numquam habet supera."

Dixit abbas ad prioris,  
" Date michi de liquoris,  
Status erit melioris,  
si h[ab]ebit gratia."

Dixit prior ad abbatis,  
" Habes modo bibe satis,  
Non est bonum ebriatis,  
ire post in claustria."

Unus . . . de majorum,  
Bonus lector et cantorum,  
Irascat 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 parvitatis,  
Facit noster sociatis  
sua curialia.

Qui stat, videt ne cadatis,  
Multos enim de prælatis  
Sunt deorsum deponatis  
propter avaritia.

Propter cordis strictitatis,  
Sunt superbi descendatis,  
Et sic propter parvitatis  
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 frumenteam,  
 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 habes mappalia.

Super terram sic sedebis,  
 Nec abinde removebis,  
 Velis nolis sic manebis,  
     in hæc rectoria.

Post hæc dies accedatis  
 Ad prioris et abbatis,  
 Disciplinas assumatis,  
     fac flectamus genua.

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

Ibi palam confiteris,  
 Quod tu male delinqueris,  
 Et sic pardonem consequeris,  
     in nostra capitula.

Tunc proinde tu cavebis  
 Malum loqui, sic tacebis,  
 Prælatos 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 Loverd 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 i the brode stret, fer i the 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, leve soster, thin herte the to-breke !  
 wiste min Loverd Crist, ful wel he wolde be wreke."  
 " 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 Loverd that hette Jesus ?"  
 " I nul sulle my Loverd nones cunnes eiste,  
 bote hit be for the thritti platen that he me bitaiste."  
 " Wolte sulle thi Lord Crist for enes cunnes golde ?"  
 " Nay, bote 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, Loverd, for thi love fiste."  
 " Still thou be, Peter, wel I the i-cnowe ;  
 thou wolt fursake me thrien, ar the coc him crowe.

*Wrt.*

\* A word appears to be omitted in the MS.

## ANTIEN 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 Sirith, of which another and contemporary English version is printed in the *British Bibliographer*, vol. iv. from Ms. Digby 86. 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. Yerburch, 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 suilc a man to life,  
 That suilc a may mithe have to wyfe!  
*Puella.* Do way, by Crist and Leonard,  
 No wily lufe, na clerc fayllard,  
 Na kepi herbherg, clerc, 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 this 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 luf, hand 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 thai don scam.  
*Clericus.* By Crist, thu michtis haf be at hame.  
 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 canstu of sory and wo.  
*Clericus.* God te blis, Mome Helwis.  
*Mome Elhwis.* Son, welcum, by san Dinis !  
*Clericus.* Hic am comin to the, Mome,  
 Thu hel me noth, thu say me sone.  
 Hic am a clerc 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,  
 Fayrer ho lond hawv 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 cummen 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 hever al thi lyf  
 Saltu be the better wyf.  
 So help me Crist ! and hy may spede,  
 Rithe saltu haf thi mede.  
*Mome Elhwis.* 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.

Tho say Crist for missedede,  
 And my navy Mary,  
 For my scynne hic am sory,  
 And my de profundis,  
 For al that yn sin lys.  
 For cani me non othir think,  
 That wot Crist, of heven kync.  
 Jhesu Crist, of heven hey,  
 Gef that hay may heng hey,  
 And gef that hy may se,  
 That thay be henge on a tre,  
 That this ley as leyit onne me.  
 For aly wymam (*sic*) ami on.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Mdn.*

## HENRY II. AND THE CISTERCIAN ABBOT.

From the *Speculum Ecclesiæ* of Giraldus Cambrensis, MS. Cotton. Tiberius, 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 cœnam 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 aditurus in crastino fuit, ut magis ei propitius foret, adjuvaret. Ille vero se hoc ei 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. Ipsemet 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 assistentibus et servientibus, ingeminare *pril* et *wril* et alternatim sæpius usque noctis ad horam profundioris inculcare non destiterunt. Hiis itaque sub hoc tenore completis, menbrisque demum sopori datis, surgens summo mane sub formam militis rex manitus ad horam, ad curiam familiamque suam 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 magno susceptus, et tamquam qui perierat inventus lætabundus intravit. Ubi itaque majestatem regiam denuo resumpserat, præcepit ilico quatinus abbas dictæ domus quam cito veniret, absque impedimento quolibet aditum et accessum cum monachis suis ad ipsum haberet. Abbas autem juris sui non centemptor existens, sed verbis et promissis hospitis sui fidem habens, ad curiam satis matutinus et non morosus advenit. Hostiarii vero tam exteriores quam interiores juxta præceptum regis portas omnes et januas ei quam citius apperientes usque ad ædes ultiores talamosque penitiores ubi rex erat, ipsum cum monachis suis duobus ad ipsum conduxerunt. Rex autem ut abbatem vidit, ipsum ad se vocans, eique liberaliter et curialiter assurgens, ad latus suum eundem apposuit, statimque dixit ei quod negotium domus suæ propter quod venerat i . . . . . proponeret. Quo facto, negotioque statim abbatis ad libitum et volun atem domusque suæ prorsus 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 prætiosaque pocula, rex abbatem erigendo calicem aureum et amplum in hæc verba convenit: "Abbas pater, dico tibi *pril*." Abbas autem, hoc audito, pudore nimirum 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 atque bibendo mutuisque provocationibus nos invicem ad bene potandum imitando boni per omnia socii fuimus, sic et nunc erimus; et sicut ad nutum vestrum in domo vestra vobis morem tunc gessimus, sic æquum 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 monachos necnon et rege iubente per aulam et curiam, undi . . . . . tam *pril* et *wril*, alter [alterum . . . m] utuis vocibusque jocundis et clamoris provocando communiter exaltare non cessarunt. Sic igitur ex hospitis tanti casualiter advecti fortuita præsentia crevit dicta domus forsan in mundana substantia, sed male decrevit apud bonos viros et discretos omnes, talem potandi provocationem et tam inordinatum, primum in abbacia, postmodum autem admirationem irrisoriam in curia factam, audientes.

Wrt.

### 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 Tismere 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 following 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 unquestionably written.

Of John Gifforde, whose name occurs in the "*Expleit*" 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 here and there a little enlargement. Her descriptions, and her terms of hunting, are the same *verbatim*.

H. E.

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 holsum, plesaunt, and honest.  
 And for to sette yonge hunterys in the way,  
 To venery y caste me fyrst to go,  
 Of wheche .iiij. 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 shewith here 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 thyng 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.  
 Therefore, sith lerned may lerne in this book,  
 Be ymages shal the lewd, if he wole look.

\* \* \*

And .iiij. other bestis ben of gret disport,  
 That ben neyther of venery ne chace ;  
 In huntynge 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 so doth non other best in thys lond, and at one tyme he [is] male and other tyme female, and therefore may alle men blow at hyr 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 Qwestyones.*

Syr hunttere, how many bestis acquill? Syr, the buk and the doo, the male fox and the female, and alle othir vermyn as many as be put in the book. And how many braches? Sire, alle that be acquilez. 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 crottyth 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 levyth hym then he is called a gorgeaunt, and the .iiij. yere he is callyd an hoggaster, and when they be of .iiij. yere age they shall departe fro the soulder 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 degres; that is to say, the fyrst yere he is a calfe, the secunde yere a broket, the .iiij. yere a spayer, the .iiij. yere a stagg, the v. yere a greet stagg, the .vi. 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 fyrst hed tyl that he be of x. of the lasse. And fyrst whan an hert hath fourched, and then auntelere 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 byfore, to that he hath troched on boothe 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 .iiij. and on that other partye .iiij., he is of .xij. of the more; he may be of .xiiij. alle hool, for in that poynt, ye shall not fynde .ij. acordyng to .xiiij. Whan he hath troched on that one partye .iiij. 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 .xviij. of defaunte, and whan he is troched on boothe sydes of .vj. than is he of .xxij. atte fulle. And when he goth wexyng tyl he come to .xxxij. yere, than is he callyd an hert resygne, for cause his hed afir that tyme wexith no further.

*Of Blowing.*

Syre hunttere, for how many bestis shall a man blow the mene? For .iij. males and for one femalle, that is to say, for an hert, the boor, the wolfh male, and alle so the wolfh female, as wel as to here husbond. How shall we blowe whan ye han sen the hert? I shal blowe after one mote, ij motes, and if myn howndes come not hastily to me as y wolde, I shall blowe .iiij. motes, and for to hast hem to me and for to warne the gentelys that the hert is sene, than shalle I rechace on myn houndis .iiij. tymes, and whan he is ferre from me, than shall y chase hym in thys maner, *Trout, trout, tro ro rot, trout, trout, tro ro rot, trouro rot, trou ro rot*. Syr hunttere, why blowe ye so? For cause that the hert is seen, an y wot nevere whedir that myn hundys be become fro myn meyne. And what maner of chase clepe ye that? We clepe it the chace of the forloyne. I chase with my houndis that be huntynge. Another chace ther is, and that is clepid the perfyzt. Than ye shall begynne to blowe a long mote, and affirward .ij. shorte motes in this maner, *Trout, trout*, and than *trout, tro ro rot*, begynnyng with a long mote, for every man that is abowte yow, and can skylle of venery may knowe in what poynt ye be in yowre game be your horn. Another chace ther is whan 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 affirward 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. Syre hunttere, wole ye sech this chace? Ya, syr; if it be a best in strest 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 affirward I shall strake after myn houndes for to have hem ayen. Of wheche bestys shal be strepid, and which flayn? how many bestis berith 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 ovyr the hed, beryth skyn; and whan the chevest is take, there ye shall seye *howe, herrowe*. In the tyme of grece begynnyth alle way atte the fest of the Nativyte of Saynt Johan baptist.

*Of the Hare Huntynge.*

And if ye hounte at the hare, ye shall sey atte uncouplyng, *hors de couple, avaunt*; and after .iij. tymes, *Sohow, sohow, sohow*. And ye shall seye, *Sa, sa, cy, avaunt, sohow*. And if ye se that your houndes have good wyl to renne, and be feer from you, ye shalle sey thus, *how amy, how amy, swef, 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 guide trover 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 shul blowe .iiij. motes, yf yowr hund ne chace not wel hym, there one and ther another, as he hath pasturyd hym, ye shul say, *Illeosque, illeosque, illeosque.* Alwey whan they fynde wele of hym, and then ye shul keste out assygge al abowte the feld, for to se where he be go out of the pasture, or ellis to his foorme. 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 a-rere, sohow, sa, sa, cy, adesto, sohow,* and than *sa, sa, cy avaut.* Whan that ye se another y-goo out of the foorme, as in playn feld, or lond yerd, or in wode, and your houndes fynde wel of hym, ye shul saye, *là, douce amy, là est-il venuz pur lue segere, sohow,* and *Illeosque, sy, douce amy, sy, valaunt, 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 be 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 aftirward, and ye shul yef to your houndes the halow, and that is the syde, the shuldres, the nekke, and the hed, and the loyne shal to kechonne.

*Of the Hert dyvers questiouns.*

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 shuldre, be lawe of venery, and the houndes shal be rewardid with the nekke and with the bewellis, with the fee, and thei shal be etyn undir the skyn, and therfore it is clepid the quarre, and the hed shal be brout hom to the lord, and the skyn; the nex, the gargilon, above the tayle, forched on the ryght honde. Than blow at the dore of halle the pryse.

*Of the Buk.*

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

*Of the Boor.*

And whan the boor is i-take, he be deffetyd al velue, and he shal have .xxxij. hastedetys, and ye shal ȝif your houndys the bowellis 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 negadered, 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 speche, but *sohow* gothe to all manner of chaces, and coup-lyng and dyscouplyng; but if yowre houndes renne to one chace, that is to seye, ruseȝt or hamylon, or croiseth, or dwell, and they conne not put it no ferthere, ye shal seye, *Ho, so, amy, so, venez à couplere, sa, arere, sohow*. *Sohow* is moche to say as *sahow*, for because that it is short to say, we say al wey *sohow*.

*Of Herdis, of Sunde, of Bevys, of the Seson of Bestis.*

How many herdes be there of bestes of venery? Sire, of hertis, of bisses, of bukkes, and of doos. A soundre of wylde swyne. A bevy of roos. The sesoun of the fox begynnyth at the natyuite of owre Lady, and duryth til the Annunciacion. 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 shul sey in another maner, *Ho, ho, ore, saueff, à luy, douce, à luy, ho ho ossayn, sa ariere, sohow, sohow, venez à coupliere*.

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

*Wrt.*

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## THE FOUR VIRTUES.

From MS. Q. I. 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 lxxrkbm et lkbdknfm.

*Hull.*

## THE LADY AND HER DOGS,

An Anglo-Norman Satire, from MS. Harl. No. 209, fol. 7, r<sup>o</sup>: of the earlier part of the fourteenth century.

*Veez cy solaz de un dame,  
Courteyse e de bone fame,*

Jeo say un dame de bone purveaunce,  
Si vous assentez à sa ordenaunce,  
K'avant la paske florie vus justerez de launce  
Par tut en sa graunges sauns nul disturbaunce.

Ele est une dame ke tret à grant tresor,  
Meuz wut un allouhe hou un esperver sor  
Ke trente mere berbiz ho tut lur estor,  
E plus ad cher un kenet ke nul vache hou tor.

Vous ke avez cheens dount estes encumbrez,  
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 volutée,  
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 grifiloun,  
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 cerverse assez egre,  
Bure assez reste, moruhe assez megre ;  
Le cheens averount brouheis de blaunke payn saunz egre,  
Pur se sunt jolifs e seins e halegre.

E ceo est been enplaée en ceus ke sunt vaillaunz,  
Meyndres e greyndres mout travaillaunz,  
Les unes pignent wybez, les autres mouche volaunz,  
Les uns chaufent le liz, les autres gardent baunz.

Si vous avez robe de escharlete tayllé,  
Bayllez 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'eglise,  
E de treis chapeleyns ke fount le servise  
Fere tele eschaunges, un seul ne prise  
Deus lynceus chaux 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 dreyn.

Avaunt ke les euz seyent descoues,  
 Enhaucent les notes de porter les nues;  
 Mès lur devocioun sount assez cruhes,  
 Taunt cum lur jaumbes esteuent les nus.

Taunt est la dame de messe enamourée,  
 Ke sy dys hou dousce seyent leyns chauntée,  
 Ne lerreit un soule à soun eyndegrée,  
 Ne uncore le gibelot ke ne seyt troussé.

Trop y ad sourkar, dyt la juvencele  
 Ke derere les autres demurt en la chapele;  
 Plus vaudreit en chaumbre ho la verteuele.  
 Ke escoter de ceo clers sy lounge favele.

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 chaumbre nous aprent la trace."

En cele chaumbre 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 meynsteent Dieu sa grace donne. *Amen.*

*Wrt.*

### STANS PUER AD MENSAM.

By John Lidgate. From MS. Q. F. 8, fol. 77, r<sup>o</sup>, in the Library of Jesus College, Cambridge. Of the fifteenth century.

My dere childe, first thiself enable  
 With all thin herte to vertuous disciplyne  
 Afor thi soverayne standing at the table,  
 Dispose thi youth aftir my doctryne;  
 To all norture thi corage to enclyne.  
 First when thu spekest be not rekles,  
 Kepe feete and fingeris 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 myrroure 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 spekis to the in ony maner place,  
 Lumbisshly cast not thi hede a-down,  
 Bot with sad chere looke hym in the face;  
 Walke demurly by stretis in the towne,  
 And advertise of wisdomes and reson.  
 With dissolute laughthers thou doo noon offence  
 To-for thi sovereyne, whill he is in presence.

Pare clene thi nailes, thi handis wassh also  
 To-for mete and when thou doost arise;  
 Sit in that place thou arte assigned to;  
 Prese not to high in no manner wise;  
 And till thou see afore the thi service,  
 Be not to hasty on brede for to bite,  
 Of gredynes 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 thou do offence;  
 Drinke not bridlid for hast nor negligence;  
 Kepe clene thi lippes fro fatt of flessch or fysshe;  
 Wype fayre thi spoon, leve it not in thi dische.

Off brede y-bite no soppis that thou make;  
 Loude for to suppe it is ageyn gentilnes;  
 With mouth embrewed thi cuppe thou not take;  
 In ale ne wyne 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 daliaunce;  
 Swere noon othes, spek no rebaudry;  
 The best morsell, 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 remissailles;  
 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 thi brest with sauce ne with potage ;  
 Bring no knyves unskoured to the table ;  
 Fyll not thi spoone, leest in the carriage  
 It wente beside, which were not comendable ;  
 Be quyke and redye, meke and servyable,  
 Well a-waytyng to fulfyll anoon  
 What thi soverain commandith the to done.

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

With thi fyngere marke not thi tale ;  
 Be well avysed, namly in tender age,  
 To drynke by mesure both vyne and alle ;  
 Be not copious also of thi language ;  
 As tyme requireth, shewe out of thi visage,  
 To glad ne sory, bot kepe the atwene tweyne,  
 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 childre longith not to be vengeable,  
 Soone mevid and sone foryeving,  
 As it is remembred by olde writyng,  
 Wrath of childre is sone over-gone,  
 With an appill parties be maade at one.

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

Goo, litill bill, bareyne of eloquence,  
 Pray yong childre that the shall see or rede,  
 Thof that thu be compendious of sentence,  
 Of thi clausis for to take hede,  
 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, 12th cent. at the end of the Chronicle of Simeon of Durham. Twysden, in his edition of that historian, col. 76, has given these verses. The absence of þ. and the constant use of ð, seem to indicate a northern dialect.

*De situ Dunelmi et de sanctorum reliquiis quæ ibidem continentur carmen compositum.*

Is ðeos burch breome  
geond Breoten-rice,  
steppa ge-staðolad,  
stanas ymbutan  
wundrum ge-wæxen;  
Weor ymb-eornað,  
ea yðum stronge,  
ȝ ðer inne wunað  
fela fiska kyn  
on floda ge-monge;  
ȝ ðær ge-wexen is  
wuda fæstern micel;  
wuniað in ðem wycum  
wilda deor monige,  
in Deope-dalum  
deora un-gerim.  
Is in ðere byrieac  
bearnum ge-cyðed,  
ðe arfesta  
eadig Cudberch,  
ȝ ðes clene

cyninges heafud  
Osuualdes engle-leo,  
ȝ Aidan biscop,  
Eadberch ȝ Eadfrið,  
æðele ge-feres.  
Is ðer inne midd heom  
Æðelwold biscop,  
ȝ breoma bocera Beda,  
ȝ Boisil abbot,  
ðe clene Cuðberte  
on ge-cheðe  
lerde lustum,  
ȝ he wis lara  
wel-ge-nom eardiað  
æt ðem eadige.  
In ðem minstre un-arimeda  
reliquia ðe monia  
wundrum ge-wurðað,  
ðes ðe writ seggeð,  
mid ðene drihtnes  
wer domes bideð.

*Wrt.*

## PATER NOSTER, CREED, &amp;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 haven here misdane,  
 Also wisliche ase we for3iven  
 Hwiles we in this worlde liven  
 Al that us is here misdo,  
 And we biseken the thereto,  
 Led us, Loverd, to non fondinge,  
 And sscild us fram alle evel thinge. *Amen.*

*Speculum humani generis.*

Sori is the fore  
 Fram bedde to the flore,  
 And werse 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 lef other be the loth,  
 This worldes wele al a-goth,  
 Under night and under day  
 Thine daies fluten away,  
 Thise beth tueye 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,  
 Almighti, that in dayes sevene  
 Hevene and erthe haveth wrought,  
 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 flessch tok right,  
 And of mayden Marie boren  
 To sauven tho that were for-loren,  
 And tholede 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 oweth be  
 Man and wymman 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 ȝede and spak.  
 Up to hevene after he stegh  
 His fader side he sit wel negh  
 On almighti Godes right hond,  
 Hevene and helle, water and lond,  
 For to deme, quike and dede,  
 He sscall come to gode and quede.  
 The Holy Gost I leve wel,  
 And Holi Cherche everi del,  
 Of holi halewen mendenesse,  
 And of sennes forȝevenesse,  
 Thorgh the mighte of Jhesu Crist,  
 And on oure 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 Ynglond ther ys a schepcote, the whiche schepekote hayt ix. dorys, and at yevery dor standet ix. ramys, and every ram hat ix. ewys, and yevery ewe hathe ix. lambys, and yevery lambe hayt ix. hornes, and yevery horne hayt ix. tyndes; what ys the somme of alle thos belle ?

*Hull.*

## SATIRE ON THE LADIES.

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

*Ici comence la jeste des dames.*

Quei diroms des dames kaunt viennent 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 coverchefs de seye e de chambre,  
Atachent les botons de coral e de l'ambre,  
Ne tesent de gangler tant cum sont en chambre.

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

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

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

Kaunt heure est à manger, avalent les degrez,  
Entrent en sale coytement jointez ;  
Ilok put hom veer la bele assemblez,  
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 moustré 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 lour bon disner,  
Entrent donke en chambre pur entresolacer,  
De soutilleté de overaigne donk covient treiter.

Lors viennent en place les overaignes ridées,  
Le eymer de Alemaigne, e les overes percées,  
L'overe sarrazynoy, e l'ovre peynée,  
Oue l'entaylleure e l'ovre enleynnée,  
Li perroun e ly melice e li diasprée,

Li bastoun e li peynet e li gernetée,  
 E li double samyt n'y `est pas obliée,  
 E li ovre de redener ont sovent manyée.

Cele ke plus en seet sera lour listresce ;  
 Les autres li escoutent sanz 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,  
 Cele 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 retorner,  
 Ben long tems avant coment despescer,  
 Garlaundesches e trescoures e tot renouveler.

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-glewe.*—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 lynyen 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-glew.*—Take pecys of velym, and put hem in stondynge watyr to the tyme they be nere sothyn; than streyne the watyr thorow a lynyen cloth into a basyn, the thykenesse of half 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 yf yt be defowlyd or squaged.*—Take a schevyr of old broun bred of the crummys, and rub thy boke therewith 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 wyll 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 thow hast wretyn, and yt shal apere that thow 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.

#### *Incipiunt versus cujusdam Scoti de Alfabeto.*

- A. Principium vocis veterumque inventio prima,  
Nomen habens domini, sum felix voce pelasga,  
Execrantis item dira interjectio dicor,
- B. Principium libri, mutis caput alter et ordo  
Tertia felicitis vere sum sillaba semper;  
Si me Græce legas, viridi tum nascor in horto.
- C. Principium cæli primis et luna figuris;  
Et me clerus amat, legeris si Græce Latinus.  
Littera sum terræ pedibus præscripta quaternis.
- D. Ablati casus vox sum, et pars septima linguæ;  
Omnitens nomen et habens us bannita juncta,  
Sum medium mille, et veterum quoque nota Deorum.
- E. Pars ego mutorum vere vocalis habebor;  
Altera deceptæ quondam sum sillaba matris;  
Pars quoque sum plena, et vocis quinta Latinæ.
- F. Semisonus dicor, liquidis ut muta ministro;  
Nescio quid causæ est cur me sic ebrius odit.  
Nox perit et tenebræ, si me de flumine tollas.
- G. Si solam legeris, tunc clarus Cæsar habebor;  
Si duplicem legeris, Romanus præsul habebor;  
Post me quinta sonat parvum vocalis in ore.

- H. Nomen habens vacuum, fragilem deporto figuram,  
Non nisi per versus minæ manet ulla potestas;  
Hoc tantum valui linguis spiramina ferre.
- I. Sum numerus 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 primæ vocalis habebor,  
Meque meo penitus pepulerunt jure moderni;  
Nunc caput Afrorum merui vel mensis haberi.
- L. Si me Græce 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 esca,  
Suadeo de musis tollas me nongentricis,  
Ne atra figura tuos tenebris obfuscet ocellos.
- N. Vox sum certa sonans qua res monstratur adesse;  
Tollere me multi quærun 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 nascor ego, hanc occido nefande;  
Qua propter juste memet respuere quaternæ.
- R. Est nomen durum, sed virtus durior illo;  
Idcirco placuit me non mollire camænis;  
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 Phœbus amat posuitque in ordine lucis.
- T. Augelus en voluit poni me in fronte gementum,  
Cætera turba neci miseræ dum tota dabatur;  
Te precor hoc legitans proprio me nomine signa.
- V. Forma manet semper, virtus mihi sed variatur;  
Utraque sum vere nullo discrimine formæ;  
Nec me Græcus habet scriptam, sed me duo complent.
- X. Forma mihi simplex, sed certe duppla potestas.  
Aere me puro præscribit penna volantis;  
Per me sæpe patet numerus de lege sacratus. Finit.

HUI.

## 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. 76, r<sup>o</sup>.*

To the chyld 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<sup>o</sup>.*

Prayes to God sorofully to forgyff 3ow 3owr syn;  
Prayes to God mekely to bryng 3ow to blys that he is in;  
Prayes to God hertly that he kep 3ow fro 3owr enemys,  
That thay of 3ow the over home ne wyn.

*Fol. 271, v<sup>o</sup>.*

I schalle pray for hys sowle, that God gyff hym rest;  
And schalle hop for hys sowle, for that con I best.  
He wold noȝt do for hymself whylys he was on lyve,  
And if I do for hys sowle, small moste I thryve.

*Fol. 37, r<sup>o</sup>.*

Wanne the hillus smoken,  
Thanne Babilon schal have an eende;  
But whan they brenne as tho fyrr,  
Thanne eerthe schal henus weende;  
Whenne tho watres rennen hem froo,  
The pepul schal turne to eerthe aȝeyne;  
And yf ye bleden aboute over,  
Alle men schul be slayne,

*Hill.*

~~~~~  
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 bloody body with love y-brent,  
That blisful body his lyf hath sent,  
For love of man whom sin hath blent.  
O, love! love! what hastow ment?  
Me thinketh that love to wraththe is went.  
Thi loveliche hondes love hath to-rent,  
And thi lithe 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, thoruz the myzt 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 wone?  
 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 myzt;  
 For love hath maad day of the nyzt.  
 Love hath slawe the kyng of ryzt,  
 And love hath ended the stronge fyzt.

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.

*Wrt.*

## A CHARTER IN VERSE.

From MS. Cotton. Julius F. X, fol. 164, a modern transcript.

Inter Record. de termino Sancti Hillarii Anno Regni Regis Edwardi Secundi xvijmo. penes Thes. et Camerar. Scaccarii Rem. inter alia continentur sic

*Charta Sancti Edwardi Regis  
de concessione ballivæ suæ.*

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 bisshop Wolston,  
Ant book-y-lered many on,  
An Sweyn of Essex our brother,  
Ant taken 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. Ee. II. 33, Bib. Publ. Cantab., of the thirteenth century.

Quid est mulier? Amicitia inimica; ineffugabilis pœna; 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.

HULL.

## PATERNOSTER AND AVE.

From a MS. in the Cambridge Public Library, Hh. 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 lifi bred that ilke dai we craven,  
 And foryif us oure dettes, so stronge so we hes haven,  
 Also we don alle men that in oure dettes aren,  
 And lede us noht in fondeing, bote silde 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 wimmen,  
 For thou art of Davi kinges kin,  
 Blesced be the frut of thi wombe,  
 For it is Goddes owene lombe.

*Huu.*

~~~~~  
LOVE SONG.

From MS. Ff. I. 6, Bib. Publ. Cantab., of the fifteenth century.

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 fleyn,  
 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 nothings 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 wolle 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 withowtie constrayn,  
 Evyr to contenwe so.

*Huu.*

## 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 Spelman (Vit. Ælf. 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 biscopis,  
ȝ fele booc-lerede,  
herles prude  
ȝ cnites egleche.  
þer was erl Alfred,  
of þe lawe suiþe wis,  
ȝ 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 swiþe strong ȝ lufsum þing.  
He was king ȝ cleric,  
ful wel he lovede Godis werc;  
he was wis on his word,  
ȝ war on his werke;  
he was þe wisiste mon  
pad was in Engelonde on.

From MS. Coll. Jes. Oxon. 1, 29, fol. 262.

*Incipiunt documenta regis Aluredi.*

At Sévorde  
séte theynes monye,  
fele biscopes,  
and feole bok i-lered,  
eorles prute,  
knytes egleche.  
Thar was the eorl Alvrich  
of thare lawe swithe wis,  
and ek Ealvred,  
Englene hurde,  
Englene durlung;  
on Englene londe he wes kyng.

Heom he bi-gon lére,  
so ye mawe i-hure,  
hw hi heore lif  
lede scholden.  
Alvred he wes in Englene lond  
and king wel swithe strong;  
he wes king and he was clerek,  
wel he luvede Godes werk;  
he wes wis on his word,  
and war on his werke;  
he wes the wysuste mon  
that wes Engle londe on.

¶ þus quad Alfred,  
 Englene frowere :  
 wolde we, mi leden,  
 lustin gure lovird,  
 7 he gu wolde wissin  
 of wi[s]liche þinges,  
 gu we mistin in werelde  
 wrsipe weldin,  
 7 heke gure salle  
 same to Criste.  
 þis weren þe sawen  
 of kinc Alfred :  
 Armo 7 edie ledin  
 of livisdom,  
 þad we alle dredin  
 gure dristin Crist,  
 lovin him 7 likin,  
 for he is lovird ovir lif.  
 He is one God  
 over alle godnesse,  
 7 he is gleues  
 over alle gladeþinhes ;  
 he is one blisse  
 over alle blitnesse ;  
 he is one mones  
 mildist maister ;  
 he is one folkes  
 fadir and frowere ;  
 he is one ristewis,  
 7 suo riche king,  
 nat him sal ben wone  
 no þing of is wille,

Thus queth Alvred,  
 Englene frover ;  
 Wolde ye, mi leode,  
 lusten eure loverde,  
 he 6u wolde wysse  
 wisliche thinges ;  
 hw ye myhte worlde  
 wrthsipes welde,  
 and ek eure saule  
 somnen to Criste.  
 Wyse were the wordes  
 the seyde the king Alvred.

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

ure dryhten Crist,  
 luyven 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 blissen ;  
 he is one monnen  
 mildest mayster ;  
 he is one folkes  
 fader and frover ;  
 he is one rihtwis,  
 and so riche king,  
 that him ne schal beo wone  
 nouht of his wille,



wo him her on worolde  
wrþin þenket.

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

¶ þus quad Helfred :  
þe herl ȝ þe heþeling,  
þo ben under þe king,  
þe lond to leden  
mid lavelich i-dedin ;  
boþe þe clerc ȝ þe cnit  
demen evenliche rict.  
For after þat mon souit,  
als suyich sal he mouin,  
ȝ everiches monnes dom  
to his oge dure cherricd.

¶ þus quad Alfred :  
þe cnith biovit  
kerliche to cnouen,  
for to weriin þe lond of here  
ȝ of heregong,  
þat þe riche habbe gryt,  
ȝ þe cherril be in frit  
his sedis to souin,  
his medis to mowen,

we hine her on worlde  
wrthie thencheth.

Thus queth Alvred,  
Englene frover :  
Ne may non ryhtwis king  
under Criste seolven,  
bute if he beo  
in boke i-lered,  
and he his wyttes  
swithe wel kunne,  
and he cunne lettres  
lokie him seolf one,  
hw he schule his lond  
laweliche holde.

Thus queth Alvred :  
The eorl and the ethelyng  
i-bureth under góðne king,

that lond to leden  
myd lawelyche deden ;  
and the clerek and the knyht,  
he schulle démen evelyche riht,  
the povre and the ryche  
demen i-lyche.  
Hwych so the mon soweth,  
al swuch he schal mowe ;  
and everuyches monnes dom  
to his owere dure churreth.  
Than knyhte bi-hoveth  
kenliche on to fone,  
for to werie that lond  
with hunger and with heriunge,  
that the chireche habbe gryth,  
and the cheorl beo in fryth,  
his sedes to sowen,  
his medes to mowen,

his plouis to drivin,  
to ure alre bi-lif;  
þis is þe cnichs lage,  
loke þat hit wel fare.

¶ þus quad Helfred :  
Wid widutin wisdom  
is wele ful unwrd,  
for þau o mon h[ad]de  
hunt sevinti acreis,  
ȝ he al heged sagin  
mid rede golde,  
ȝ þe golde greu  
so gres deit on þe reiþe,  
ne were i... wele  
nout þe vurþere,  
bote he him fremede  
frend y-werche.  
For wad is g[old] bute ston,  
bute id habbe wis mon ?

¶ þus quad Alfred :  
Sulde nefere guge mon  
given him to huvele,  
þoch he is gile  
wel ne like...,  
ne, þech he ne welde  
al þad he wolde ;

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

Thus queth Alvred :  
The mon the on his youhthe  
yeorne leorneth  
wit and wisdom,  
and i-written reden,  
he may beon on elde  
wenliche lorthen.  
And the that nule one youhthe  
yeorne leorny  
wit and wysdom  
and i-written rede,  
that him schal on elde  
sore rewe.  
Thenne 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 Alvred.  
Wyth-ute wysdome  
is weole wel unwurth ;  
for they o mon ahte  
hunt seventi acres,  
and he hi hadde i-sowen  
alle myd reade golde,  
and the gold greowe  
so gres doth on eorthe,  
nere he for his weole  
never the further,  
bute he him of frumthe  
freond i-wrche.  
For hwat is gold bute ston,  
bute if hit haveth wismon ?

Thus queth Alvred :  
Ne scolde never yongmon  
howyen to swithe,  
theih him his wyse  
wel ne lykie,  
ne theih he ne welde  
al that he wolde.

for God may given wanne he wele  
goed after yvil,  
wele after wrake ;  
ge wel him þet mot scapen.

¶ þus quad Alfred :  
[Stron]ge it his to rogen  
agen þe se flod,  
so it is to swinkin  
again hineselþe,  
..ch is him aguepe  
þe suinch was,  
wanen her on werlde  
welþe to winnen,  
..he muge on helde  
hednesse holdin,  
ne mist his welþe  
werchin Godis wille,  
..enne his his guewe  
swiþe wel bitogen.

¶ þus quad Alfred :  
Gif þu havest welþe a wold,  
i-wis gerlde ne þin wil nevre for-þi  
al to wlonc wur-þen.  
[Ah]te nis non eldere stren,  
ac it is Godis love,  
wanne hitis his wille,  
wer fro we sullen wenden,  
ʒ ure ogene lif  
mid sorw letin,  
þanne scullen ure fon  
to ure fe gripen,  
welden ure madmes,  
ʒ lutil us bimenen.

¶ þus quad Alfred :  
Monimon wenit  
þat he wenen ne þarf,

For God may yeve thenne he wule  
god after uwele,  
weole after wowe ;  
wel is him that hit i-schapen is.

Thus seyth Alvred :  
Strong hit is to reowe  
ayeyn the sée that floweth,  
so hit is to swynke  
ayeyn unylimpe.  
The mon the on his youhts swo  
swinketh,

and worldes weole her i-winth,  
that he may on elde  
idelnesse holde,  
and ek myd his worldes weole  
god i-queme er he quele,  
youthes and al that he haveth i-drowe  
is thenne wel bi-towe.

Thus queth Alvred :  
Monymon weneth,  
that he wene ne tharf,

longer livis,  
 ac him scal legen þat wrench;  
 for wanne he is lif alre beste trowen,  
 þenne sal he letin lif his ogene.  
 Nis no wurt woxen  
 on woode no on felde,  
 þet evvre muge þe lif up helde.  
 Wot no mon þe time  
 wanne he sal henne rimen,  
 ne no mon þen hende  
 wen he sal henne wenden.  
 Drittin hit one wot,  
 domis lovird,  
 wenne we ure lif  
 letin scullen.

¶ þus quad Alfret:  
 Leve þu þe nout to swiþe  
 up þe se flod;  
 gif þu hawest madmes monie,  
 ʒ moch gold ʒ silvir,  
 it sollen wurþen to nout,  
 to duste it sullin driven.  
 Dristin sal livin evre;  
 monimon for is gold  
 havid Godis eire,  
 ʒ þuruch is silver  
 is saulle he for-lesed.

longes lyves,  
 ac him lyeth the wrench;  
 for thanne his lyves  
 alre best luvede,  
 thenne he schal léten  
 lyf his owe.  
 For nys no wrt uexynde  
 a wude ne a velde,  
 that ever muwe thas feye  
 furth up-holde.

Not no mon thene tyme  
 hwanne he schal heonne turne;  
 ne no mon thene ende  
 hwenne he schal heonne wende;  
 Dryhten hit one wot,  
 dowethes loverd,  
 hwanne ure lif  
 leten schule.

Thus queth Alvred:  
 Yf thu seolver and gold  
 yestat and weldest in this world,  
 never upen eorthe  
 to wlonk thu ny wrthe.  
 Ayhte nys non ildre i-streun;

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

Thus queth Alvred:  
 Ne i-lef thu nouht to fele  
 uppe the séé that floweth.  
 If thu hast madmes  
 monye and i-nowe,  
 gold and seolver,  
 hit schal guyde to nouht;  
 to duste hit schal dryven.  
 Dryhten schal libben evere.  
 Monymon for his gold  
 haveth Godes urre,  
 and for his seolver  
 hym seolve for-yemeth,  
 for-yeteth and for-leseth.

Betere him were  
i-borin þat he nere.

¶ þus quad Alfréd :  
lustlike lustine  
... lef dere,  
ȝ ich her gu wille leren  
wenes mine,  
wit ȝ wisdomē.  
þe alle weleþe on ure god,  
siker he may,  
ȝ hwo hem nu senden.  
For þoch his weleþe him at-go,  
is wid ne wen him newere fro.  
Ne may he newir for-farin,  
hwo him to fere haveth,  
hwilis þat is lif  
lesten may.

¶ þus quad Alfréd :  
gif þu havist sorwe,  
ne say þu hit þin arege ;  
seit þin sadilbowe,  
ȝ ridþe singende.  
þanne sait þe mon  
þat ti wise ne can,  
þad þe þine wise  
wel þe likit.  
Sorege gif þu havist,  
ȝ ten arege hit sed,  
bi-foren he þe bimened,  
bi-hindin he þe scorned.  
þu hit mist seien swich mon,  
þad it þe ful wel on,

Betere him by come  
i-boren that he nére.

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

i-leste mote.

Thus queth Alvréd :  
If thu havest seorewe,  
ne seye thu hit nouht than arewe.  
Seye hit thine sadel-bowe,  
and ryd the singinde forth ;  
thenne wele wene,  
thet thine wise ne con,  
that the thine wise wel lyke.  
serewe if thu havest,  
and the erewe hit wot,  
by-fore he the moneth,  
by-hynde he the teleth.  
Thu hit myht segge swyhc<sup>mon</sup>,  
that the ful wel on,

swich mon þu maist seien þi sor,  
 he wolde þat þu hevedest mor.  
 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 bitidit  
 þat þu chil weldest,  
 þe wile þat hit is litil  
 þu lere him monnis þewis ;  
 þanne hit is woxin,  
 he sal wenne þerto ;  
 þanne sal þe child  
 þas þe bet worþen.  
 Ac gif þu les him welden  
 al his owene wille,  
 þanne he comit to helde,  
 sore it sal him rewen ;  
 7 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 7 undrunkin  
 eþer is wisdomes wel god,  
 þarf no mon drinkin þe lasse  
 þan he be wid ale wis ;  
 ac he drinkit  
 7 desiet þere a morge,  
 so þat he for-drunken  
 desiende werchet.  
 He sal ligen long a nicht,  
 litil sal he sclepen ;  
 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 deð þe salit on fles  
 suket þuru is liche,  
 so dot liche blod ;  
 7 his morge sclep  
 sal ben umchilestin,  
 werse þe swo on even  
 yvele haved y-dronken.

¶ þus quad Alfred ;  
 Ne sal þu þi wif  
 bi hire wlite chesen,  
 ne for non athte to þine bury  
 bringen her, þu hire costes cuþe ;  
 for moni mon fer athte  
 ivele i-hasted,  
 7 ofte mon on faire  
 fokel chesed.  
 Wo is him þat ivel wif  
 brinhit to is cot-lif ;  
 so his olive,  
 þai ivele wived,  
 for he sal him often  
 dreri maken.

¶ þus quad Alfred :  
 Wurþu nevere swo wod,  
 ne so drunken,  
 þat evere sai þu þi wif  
 al þat þi wille be.  
 For hif hue segen þe  
 biforen þine fomen alle,  
 7 þu hire mit worde  
 wraged havedest,

Thus queth Alvred :  
 Ne schal tu nevere thi wif  
 by hire wlyte choose ;  
 for never none thinge  
 that heo to the bryngeth.  
 Ac leorne hire custe,  
 heo cutheth hi wel sone.  
 For monymon for ayhte  
 uvele i-aunteth ;  
 and ofte mon of fayre  
 frakele i-cheoseth.  
 Wo is him that uvel wif  
 bryngeth to his cotlyf ;  
 so him is a lytte,  
 that uvele y-wyvethe ;  
 for he schal uppen eorthe

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

Thus queth Alvred :  
 Ne wurth thu never so wod,  
 ne so wyn drunke,  
 that évere segge thine wife  
 alle thine wille.  
 For if thu i-seye the bi-vore  
 thine i-vo alle,  
 and thu hi myd worde  
 i-wreththed hevedest,

he ne sold it leten  
for þinke livihinde,  
þat he ne solde þe up-breidin  
of þine bale sipes.

Wimon is word wod,  
ȝ havit tunke to swist,  
þane he hire selve wel wolde,  
ne mai he it nowit welden.

¶ þus quad Alvered :  
wurþu nevere so wod,  
ne so desi of þi mod,  
þad evere sige þi frend  
al þat þe likit,  
ne alle þe þonkes  
þat þu þoch havist ;  
for ofte sibbie men  
foken hem bituenen,  
ȝ ef it so bilimpit  
lo..e þat ge wurþen,  
þanne wot þi fend  
þad her wiste þi frend.  
Betere þe bcome  
þi word were helden,  
for þam ne mud mamelit  
more þanne hitsolde,  
þanne sculen his heren  
ef it i-heren.

¶ þus quad Alvred :  
Mani mon wenit  
þat he wenin ne þarf,  
frend þad he hadde,  
þer mon him faire bi-hait,  
sei et him faire bi-foren,  
fokel at henden.  
So mon mai wel þe lengest helden,  
giv þu nevere leven alle monnis spechen,  
ne alle þe þinke  
þat þu herest sinken ;  
for moni mon havit fikil mod,  
ȝ he is monne cuð.

ne scholde heo hit leten  
for thing lyvynde,  
that heo ne scholde the forth up-breyde  
of thine balen sythes.

Wymmon is word-woth,  
and haveth tunge to swift ;  
theyh heo wel wolde,  
ne may heo hi nowiht welde.



Ne saltu nevere knewen.  
 wanne he þe wole biþechen.

¶ þus quad Alvred :  
 Moni appel is wid-uten grene,  
 brit one leme,  
 7 bittere wid-innen.  
 So his moni wimmon  
 in hire faire bure,  
 schene under schete,  
 7 þocke hie is in an stondes wile.  
 Swo is moni gadeling  
 godelike on horse,  
 wlanc on werge,  
 7 unwurþ on wike.

¶ þus quad Alvred :  
 Idilscipe 7 orgul prude,  
 þat lerit gung wif  
 leþere þewes,  
 7 often to þenchen  
 don þat he ne scolde.  
 Gif he for-swuken,  
 swoti þuere swo hie ne þochte,  
 ac þoch hit is ival to bewen  
 þat tertre ben ne wille;  
 for ofte mused þe catt  
 after the moder.  
 Wose lat is wif his maister wurþen,  
 sal he never ben his wordes loverd;  
 ac he sal him rere dreige,  
 7 moni tene selliche hawen :  
 selden sal he ben on sele.

Thus queth Alfred :  
 Idelschipe and over prute,  
 that lereth yong wif uuele thewes,  
 and ofte that wolde do,  
 that heo ne scholde,  
 thene untheu lihte,  
 leten heo myhte.  
 If heo ofte a swóte  
 for-swunke were,  
 theyh hit is uuel to buwe  
 that beo uule treowe.  
 For ofte museth the kat  
 after hire moder.  
 The mon that let wymmon  
 his mayster i-wurthe,  
 ne schal he never beon i-hurd

his wordes loverd ;  
 ac heo hine schal steorne  
 to-trayen and to-teóne ;  
 and selde wurth he blythe and gled,  
 the mon that is his wives quod.  
 Mouy appel is bryht with-ute,  
 and bitter with-inne ;  
 so is mony wymmon  
 on hyre fader bure,  
 schene under schete,  
 and theyh heo is schendful ;  
 so is mony gedelyng  
 godlyche on horse ;  
 and is theyh lutel wurth :  
 wlonk bi the glede,  
 and úvel at thare neode.

- ¶ 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 7 bi-hinden,  
 þe bett he sal þe reden  
 at alle þine neden.  
 7 on him þu maist þe tresten,  
 þif is troyþe degh.  
 Ac gif þu havist a frend to day,  
 7 to moreuin drivist him auei,  
 þenne bes þu one,  
 al so þu her were ;  
 7 þanne is þi fe for-loren,  
 7 þi frend þopen.  
 betere þe bicom e frend  
 þat þu newedest.
- ¶ þus quad Alfred :  
 þurch sage mon is wis,  
 7 þurh selþe mon is gleu,  
 þurch lesin mon is lōð,  
 7 þuruh lūþere wrenches unwurþ.  
 7 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 ;  
 7 frendchipe o werlde  
 fairest to wurchen,  
 wid povere 7 wid riche,  
 wid alle men i-liche,  
 þanne maist þu sikerliche  
 seli sittin,  
 7 faren over londe,  
 hwar so bet þi wille.
- ¶ þus quad Alvred :  
 Gif þu havist duge,  
 7 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 armþe i-noch;  
 ⁊ siker ich it te saige,  
 letet gif þe liket,  
 swich mon mai after þe þi god welden,  
 ofte binnen þine burie  
 bliþe wenden,  
 þad he ne wele heren  
 mid ennþe monegen;  
 ac evvere him of-pinket,  
 þen he þe þenked.

⁊ þus quad Alvred;  
 Vretu noth to swiþe  
 þe word of þine wive;  
 for þanne hue bed i-wuarþed (?)  
 mid wordes oþer mid dedes,  
 wimmon weped for mod  
 ofter þanne fro eni god,  
 ⁊ ofte lude ⁊ stille  
 for to wurchen hire wille.  
 Hueweped oþer wile,  
 þen hue þe wille biwilen.  
 Salamon hid hawit i-sait,  
 hue can moni yvel reid.  
 Hue ne mai hit non oþir don,  
 for wel herliche hue hit bi-gan.  
 þe mon þad hire red folewip,  
 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,  
 ⁊ chesen hire from oþere.

Thus queth Alfred:  
 Evre thu be thine lyve,  
 the word of thine wyve  
 to swithe thu ne aréde,  
 If heo beo i-wreththed  
 myd worde other myd dede,  
 wymmon wepeth for mod  
 oftere than for eny god;  
 and ofte lude and stille  
 for to vordrye hire wille.  
 Heo wepeth other hwile  
 for to do the gyle.  
 Salomon hit haveth i-sed,

that wymmon can wel uvelne red:  
 the hire red foleweth,  
 heo bryngeþ hine to seorewe.  
 For hit seyth in the loth,  
 as scumes for-teoth;  
 hit is i-furn i-seyd,  
 thet cold red is quene red;  
 hu he is vulede  
 that foleweth hire rede.  
 Ich hit ne segge nouht for than  
 that god thing nys god wymmon,  
 the mon the hi may i-cheose,  
 and i-covers over othere.

¶ þus quod Alfred :  
 Be þu nevere to bold,  
 to chiden agen oni scold,  
 ne mid mani tales  
 to chiden agen alle dwales.  
 Ne nevere þu biginne  
 to tellin newe tidinges  
 at nevere nones monnis bord ;  
 ne hawe þu to fele word.  
 þe wise mon mid fewe word  
 can fele biluken ;  
 ʒ sottis bold is sone i-scoten.

Thus queth Alvred :  
 Monymon weneth,  
 that he weny ne tharf,  
 freond that he habbe,  
 thar me him vayre bi-hat,  
 seyth him vayre bi-vore  
 and frakele bi-hynde ;  
 so me may thane lothe  
 leongust lede.  
 Ne i-lef thu never thane mon,  
 that is of feole speche ;  
 ne alle the thinge  
 that thu i-herest singe.  
 Mony mon haveth swikelne muth,  
 milde and monne for-cuth ;  
 nole he the cuthe,  
 hwenne he the wule bi-kache.

Thus queth Alvred :  
 ʒ hurh sawe mon is wis,  
 and thurh his elthe mon is gleu ;  
 thurh lesinge mon is loth,  
 and thurh luthre wrenches and un-  
 wurth ;  
 and thurh hokede honde that he  
 bereth,  
 him seolve he for-vareth.  
 From lesyng thu the wune,  
 and alle unthewes thu the bi-schune ;  
 so myht thu on theode  
 leof beon in alle leode.  
 And luve thyne nexte,  
 he is at the neode gód ;  
 at chepyng and at chyreche,  
 freond thu the i-wurche,  
 wyth povere and with riche,  
 with alle monne i-lyche ;  
 thanne myht thu sikerliche  
 sely sytte,  
 and ek faren over lond,  
 be hwider so beoth thi wille.

Thus queth Alvred :  
 Alle world ayhte  
 shulle bi-cumen to nouhte,  
 and uyches cunnes madnes  
 to mixe schulen i-mulden,  
 and ure owe lif  
 lutel hwile i-leste.  
 For theyh o mon wolde  
 al the worlde,  
 and al the wunne  
 the thar inne wunyeth,  
 ne myhte he thar myde his lif  
 none hwile holde.  
 Ac al he schal for-leten  
 on a litel stunde ;  
 and schal ure blisse  
 to balewe us i-wurthe,  
 bute if we wurcheth  
 wyllen Cristes.  
 Nu blithenche we thanne us selve,  
 ure lif to leden,  
 so Crist us gynneth lere ;  
 thanne mawe we wenen  
 that he wule us wrthie.  
 For so seyde Salomon the wise,  
 the mon that her wel deth,  
 he cameth thar he lyen foth  
 on his lyves ende,  
 he hit schal a-rynde.

Thus queth Alvred :  
 Ne gabbe thu, ne schotte,  
 ne chid thu wyth none sotte ;  
 ne myd manyes cunnes tales  
 ne chid thu with nenne dwales ;  
 ne never thu ne bigynne  
 to telle thine tytbinges  
 at nones fremannes borde,  
 ne have thu to vale worde.  
 Mid fewe worde wismon  
 fele biluken wel con ;  
 and sottes bolt is sone i-scohte ;

For-þi ich telle him for a dote,  
 þad sait al is y-wille,  
 þanne he sulde ben stille :  
 for ofte tunke brekit bon,  
 ⁊ nauid hire selwe non.

¶ þus quad Alured :  
 Elde cumid to tune,  
 mid fele unkeþe costes ;  
 ⁊ doþe þe man to helden,  
 þat him selwe ne mai he him noch welden.  
 Hit makit him wel unmeke,  
 ⁊ binimit him is miste.  
 3if it swo bitided,  
 þat þu her so longe abidist,  
 ⁊ þu in þine held werldes  
 welþe weldest,  
 þi duþeþe giv þu delen  
 þine dere frend,  
 hwile þine dages dugen,  
 ⁊ þu þe selwen live mowe.  
 Have þu none leve  
 to þe þad after þe bileved,  
 to sone ne to douter,  
 ne to none of þine foster.  
 For fewe frend we sculen finden,  
 þanne we henne funden :  
 for he þat is ute bi-loken,  
 he is inne sone for-geþen.

¶ Thus quad Alured :  
 Gif þu i þin helde best

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

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

his owene wille ;  
 hwanne cumeth ealde,  
 ne myht thu hyne a-welde,  
 thanne deth hit sone  
 that the bith un-y-queme ;  
 ofer-howeth thin i-bod,  
 and maketh the ofte sory mod.  
 Betere the were  
 i-boren that he nere ;  
 for betere is child unbore,  
 thane unbuhsum.  
 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.

*Expliciunt dicta regis Aluredi.*

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

¶ þus quad Alvred :  
 werldes welþe  
 to wurmes scal wurþien,  
 ⁊ alle cunne madmes  
 to nocht sulen melten,  
 ⁊ þure lif sal lutel lasten.  
 For þu mon weldest  
 al þis middellert,  
 ⁊ alle þe welþe  
 þad þe inne wonit,  
 ne nust þu þi lif lengen  
 none wile,  
 bote al þu it salt leten  
 one lutele stunde,  
 ⁊ al þi blisse  
 to bale sal i-wurþen,  
 bote þif þu wurche  
 wille to Criste.  
 For biþeng 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 doþ  
 hwile he is in þis werld,  
 boþ evere at þen ende  
 he comid þer he hit findit.

¶ þus quad Alvred :  
 Sone min swo leve,  
 site me nu bisides,  
 ⁊ hich þe wile sagen  
 soþe þewes.  
 Sone min, ich fala<sup>t</sup> (*sic*)  
 þad min hert falewidþ,  
 ⁊ min wlite is wan,  
 ⁊ min herte woc,  
 mine dagis arren nei done,  
 ⁊ we sulen unc to delen ;  
 wenden ich me sal  
 to þis oþir werlde,  
 ⁊ þu salt bileven,  
 in alle mine welþe.  
 Sone min, ich þe bidde,  
 þu ard mi barin dere,  
 þad þu þi folck be fader,  
 ⁊ for loved ;  
 fader be þu wid child,  
 ⁊ be þu wudewis frend,  
 þe arme gume þu froveren,  
 ⁊ þe woke gume þu coveren,  
 þe wronke givve þu ristin  
 mid alle þine mistin ;  
 ⁊ let the sune mid lawe,  
 ⁊ lowien þe sulen Driȝten,  
 ⁊ ower alle oþir þinke  
 God be þe ful minde,  
 ⁊ bide þad he þe rede  
 at alle þine dedis.  
 þe bet sal þe filsten  
 to don al þine wille.

¶ þus quad Alvred :  
 Sone min so dere,  
 do so ich þe lere ;  
 be þu wis on þi word,  
 ⁊ war o þine speche,  
 þenne sulen þe lowien  
 leden alle.  
 þe gunge mon do þu lawe,  
 þad helde lat is lond hawen.  
 Drunken mon þif þu mestes,  
 in weis oþer in stretes,  
 þu gef him þe weie reime  
 ⁊ let him ford gliden.

penne mist þu þi lond  
 mit frendchiþe helden.  
 Sone, þu best bus þe fot  
 of bismare word,  
 ⁊ bet him siwen þer mide,  
 þad him givve to smerten.  
 ⁊ baren, ich þe bidde,  
 þif þu on benche sitthest,  
 ⁊ þu þen beuir hore sixst  
 þe bi-foren stonden,  
 buch þe from þi sete,  
 ⁊ bide him sone þer to,  
 þanne welle he sawin  
 sone one his worde,  
 wel worþe þe wid,  
 þad þe first taite.  
 Sete þanne seiþin  
 besiden him selven,  
 for of him þu mist leren  
 listes ⁊ fele þeues,  
 þe baldure þu mist ben;  
 for lere þu his reides,  
 for the heldermon me mai of riden,  
 betere þenne of reden.

¶ þus quad Alvred :  
 Sone min so dere,  
 ches þu nevere to fere  
 þen lufere lusninde mon,  
 for he þe will wrake don.  
 From þe wode þu nicht te faren  
 wid wilis, ⁊ wid armes;  
 ac þanne þu hid lest wenest,  
 þu lufere þe biswiket.  
 þe bicche bitit ille,  
 þan he berke stille.  
 So deit þe lusninde lufere mon,  
 ofte þen he darit don,  
 þan he be wiþuten stille,  
 he bit wiþinin hille,  
 ⁊ al he bi-fulit his frend,  
 þen he him unfoldit.

¶ þus quad Alvred :  
 Lewe sone dere,  
 ne ches þu nevere to fere  
 þen hokerfule lese mon,  
 for he þe wole gile don;



he wole stelin þin haite 7 keren,  
 7 listeliche on-suerren;  
 so longer he nole be bi,  
 he nole brinhin on 7 tuenti  
 to nout, for soþe ich tellit þe :  
 7 oþer he wole lipen 7 hokerful ben,  
 þuru hoker 7 lesing þe aloped  
 alle men þat hen y-cnowed.  
 Ac min þe to þe astable mon,  
 þat word 7 dede bi-sette con,  
 7 multeplien heure god,  
 a sug fere þe his help in mod.

¶ þus quad Alvred :

Leve sone dere,  
 ne ches þu nevere to fere  
 littele mon, ne long, ne red,  
 þif þu wld don after mi red.

¶ þe littele mon he his so rei,  
 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 grenchen, cocken, 7 chiden,  
 7 hewere faren mid unluden.  
 þif þu me wld i-leven,  
 ne mai me never him quemen.

¶ þe lonke mon is leþe bei,  
 selde comid is herte rei;  
 he havit stoni herte,  
 no þing him ne smertþ;  
 bi ford dages he is aferd,  
 of sticke 7 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.

¶ þe rede mon he is a quet;  
 for he wole þe þin unil red;  
 he is cocker, þef, 7 horeling,  
 scolde, of wrechedome he is king.  
 Hic ne sige nout bi þan,  
 þat moni ne ben gentile man;  
 þuru þis lore 7 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 3owr levyng,  
Here 3e may lere wysdom ful gode,  
In what place 3e schulle let blode  
In man, woman, and in childe,  
For evelys that ben wyk and wilde.  
Weynis ther ben .xxx.<sup>u</sup> and two  
That on a man mot ben undo;  
.xvj. in the heved ful ri3t,  
And .xvj. beneth in 3ow i-py3t.  
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 evyl turnyng,  
And fro the scalles, wythout lesyng.  
Two at the templys thay mot blede  
For stoppynge of kynde, as I rede.  
And on is in the mydde for-hevede,  
For lepre sausfleme mot blede.  
Above 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 smokyng,  
I wol tel yow no lesyng,  
At the holle of the 3rot ther ben two,  
That for lepre and streyt breyt mot be undo.  
In the lyppys .iiij. 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 towng is akyng  
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 byzt of the harme also  
 Anozyr 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 benethe astreyt.  
 The medyl weyn betuen ham two  
 The *coral* is cleppyt also ;  
 That veyn clansit wythoute doute  
 Abowe, beynthe, within and without.  
 Fro *basyllica*, 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 ryzt 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.  
 Bynethe the knokelys of the fete  
 Wyth two weynis thow myzt 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 flowrys at nede ;  
 A man schal blede ther also  
 The emeraudis 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.

Al the veynis that I have tolde,  
 Thay clanseth bothe yonge and olde;  
 3yf thou thys use at thi nede,  
 Of the evelys dar 3e noȝt drede,  
 So that oure Lorde be helpyng,  
 That al hath in governyng.

*Explicit ars flebotimandi secundum Cambridge et Ozon.*

*Hull.*

### JOHN ARDERNE'S ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF.

From the English treatise de Fistula in Ano, in MS. Sloan. 563, 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 Everyng-ham of Laxton in the Clay byside Tukkesford, 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 forsoȝh sufferend *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 forsoke 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 clothings, and cladde mournyng clothes in purpose of aby-dyng dissolvynge or lesyng of his body beyng nyȝt to hym. At the last I forsaid Johan Arderne y-soȝt, and covenant y-made, come to hym and did my cure to hym, and, our Lorde beyng mene, I heled hym perfetely 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 lovyng thurȝ all Ynglond; and the forsaid Duke of Lancastre and many other gentilez wondred therof. Afterward I cured Hugon Derlyng of Fowick of Balne by Snaythe. Afterward I cured Johan Schefeld of Rightwell aside Tekill. Afterward I cured Sir Raynald Grey lord of Wilton in Walez, and lord of Schirlond byside Chesterfelde, whiche asked consel at the moste famose

lechez of Ynglond, and none availed hym. Afterward I cured Sir Henry Blakborne clerk, Tresorere 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 Mascy persone of Stopporte in Chestreschire. Afterward I cured frere Thomas Gunny, custode of the Frere My-nours of 3orke. 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 Bryggestrete, 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 buttokez was so ulcerate and putrefied within that the quiter and filthe went oute iche day als myche as ane egg schel myzt take. Afterward I cured 4 frerez prechours, that is to sey, frere Johan Writ-tell, frere Johan Haket, frere Petre Browne, frere Thomas Apperley, and a yong man called Thomas Voke, of whiche forseid 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 forseid cured I afore the makyng of this boke, our Lord Jhesu y-blissed! God knoweth that I lye nozt, and therfor no man dout of this, thof al olde famour men and full clere in studie have confessed tham that thay fand nozt the way of curacion in this case. For God, that is deler or rewarder of wisdom, hathe hit many things fro wyse men and slize, whiche he vouchsafe afterward for to schew to symple men. Therfor al men that ar to come afterward, witte thai that olde maisterez war nozt bisie ne pertinacez in sekyng and serchyng of this forsaide cure. Butt for they myzt nozt take the hardnes of it at the first frount, 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 subtilly 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 fynde tresour hidde in the felde of studiers, that long tyme and pantyng breste I have swette and travailed full bisily and per-

tincely in *dinamidiis*. As my faculté sufficeth withoute faire spekyng of endityng, I have broȝt for to schew it openly tham that cometh after, oure Lord beyng me in this boke, noȝt that I schew myselfe more worthi of lonyng of sicke a gifte than other, but that I greve noȝt God, and for the dragme that he hathe giffen to me that I be noȝt constrynd 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 thinges which in wirkyng trewly I am ofte tymes experte I may plenerly explane tham in this litel boke.\*

*HULL.*

\* Mr. Hunter tells me that this treatise by Arderne is printed at the end of a translation of a medical treatise of Arceus, 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. 109 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 ;



Bot alle the vertues telle I ne cane,  
 No I trawe no erthely man.  
 Now summe of ham wylle I telle,  
 An 3e wyl a stowne dwelle,  
 As I in boke writen 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 help 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 slywyng and the rote of rosmaryne  
 Man may set welle and fyne  
 Betwene Aprile 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 Aprile do the seede,  
 Ther blak erthe may hyt fede.  
 The blake forst, the northeren wynde,  
 To thys herbe beth unkynde.  
 Helle hyt wel wyth alle thy mayn,  
 And kep fro colde, that hyt be no3t sleyn.  
 Hyt wylle the help when hyt spronge,  
 Therfor thi trawalle theynk no3t longe.

Hyt hotte is in the secunde degree,  
 Drye in the thredde, sayt Platearee.  
 The fyst virtu is gode and fyne  
 Of the gloriowse rosmaryne;  
 Alle colde eweles help hyt may  
 Wythin the body, who can asay;  
 Bot fryst the body most purget ben  
 Wyth jorepygra Galyen,  
 Other wyth summe gode purgacion  
 That is of hot complexion.  
 The flowre is of a gode lose,  
 That men calleth auteose.  
 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 wesshe thi 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 hyt in a lennyn clothe;  
 Thoȝt hit grewe, be thu noȝt wrothe;  
 Rubbe thi tethe therwyth at nede,  
 And thu shalt have wel gode spede.  
 For al wormes hyt wol slee,  
 And make wenym away to flee.

ȝyff thou 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 wesshe his fete thereinne,  
 He no schal that tyde have myȝt 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 meynge hyt wel to hepe,  
 Fro fallyng ewyl hit schal the kepe.

Also lay flowris on thy bedde;  
 Thu schalt be i-helpit, I dare the wedde,  
 Fro drecchyng and fro ferdful swevenys,  
 Bothe by dayes and on evenys.

Moche of this herbe to seeth thu take  
 In water, and a bathe thou make;  
 Hyt schal the make lyȝt and joly,  
 And also lykyng and ȝowuly.

Of thys herbe telles Galiene,  
 That in hys contree was a quene,  
 Gowtus and croket as he hath tolde,  
 And eke sexty ȝere olde;  
 Sor and febyl, 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 anoyntte wel hyr hede  
 Wyth gode bame, as I rede ;  
 Away fel alle that olde flesshe,  
 And þowge i-sprong tender and nesshe ;  
 So fresshe to be scho then bigan,  
 Scho coveytede couplede be to man,  
 For \* \* \* \* \*

[A few leaves of the MS. missing.]

Wrt.

# MAN HIS OWN WOE.

From MS. Cotton. Caligula, A. II. fol. 106, v\*, of the fifteenth century.

## *Myn owene wo.*

I may say, and so may mo,  
 I wyte mysylfe myne owene woo.

In my þowthe full wyld y was,  
 Myself that tyme kowthe I not knowe ;  
 I wolde have my wyll in every place,  
 And that hath browȝte me now full lowe.  
 Thenke, Jhesu, I am thyn owne ;  
 For me were thy sythes bloe :  
 To chastyse me thou dydest hit, I trowe ;  
 I wyte myself myne owene woo.

I made covienaunte 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 wrathe and envye wolde y not passe,  
 With covetyse y was bawȝte also.  
 My flesh hadde his wyll, alas !  
 I wyte myself myne owene woo.

Now y wote I was full wyld,  
 For my wyll passed my wytte ;  
 I was full sturdy, and thou full mylde,  
 Lorde ! how I knowe well hytte,

Of thy blysse I were full qwyte,  
 3yf I hadde after that I have do ;  
 But to thy mercy I truste 3ytte,  
 And wyte myself 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 myself myne owene woo.

Hy3e I was in herte and prowde,  
 And in clothyng wonthier gay ;  
 I lokede that men sholde to me lowte,  
 Wheresoeuer I wente, by ny3te or day.  
 To fayre wymmen I toke gode aray,  
 Alle myne entente toke I therto ;  
 A3eys thy techyng I sayde nay ;  
 I wyte myself 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 lykyng 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 myself 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 himself 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 theste hit ys take,  
 All that with wronge he wynneth so ;  
 But he the radure amendes make,  
 He shall wyte hymself his owene wo.

Olde manne lechoure, that ys the thrydde;

For his complexcoun 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 woo.

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 hemself here owene wo.

In thre poynte I dare well sayne

God shold be worshepped in all thyng,

With ryȝtewesnesse, and mercy, ther be twayne,

The thrydde ys clenness of lyvyng.

To men that have holy cherche in kepyng,

Hit ys his charge, and to lordes also;

And for they do agayns Goddus byddyng,

They may wyte hemselfe hire owene wo.

Wronge ys sette ther ryȝte shulde be;

Mercy for manhode ys put away;

Lechery hathe made clennes to fle;

He dare not byde nyȝt 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 thyn owene wo.

It ys no wonthur thouȝ thou be wo,

Thyn owene wyll thou wylt seuwe;

Thy lordes byddyng thou wylt not do;

Thow art fals and untrew.

Sythen he fyndeth the all thyng newe,

And thou servest the fende and gost hym fro,

But thou amende, hit shalle the rewe,

And wyte thyself 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 blysse;  
 3yf thou do evell, unto thy fo.  
 Love thy Lorde God, and thyng on this,  
 Or wyte thyself thyne owen wo.

Now Jhesu Cryste, our Savvour,  
 From our fon thou us defende;  
 In all our nede 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, r<sup>o</sup>, b. of the reign of Edward IV.

#### *The longitude of men folowyng.*

Moyses xiiij. fote and viij. ynches and half.  
 Cryste vj. fote and iiij. ynches.  
 Our Lady vj. fote and viij. ynches.  
 Crystoferus xvij. fote and viij. ynches.  
 Kyng Alysaunder iiij. fote and v. ynches.  
 Colbronde xvij. fote and ij. ynches and half.  
 Syr Ey. x. fote iiij. ynches and half.  
 Seynt Thomas of Caunturbery, vij. fote save a ynche.  
 Long Mores, a man of Yrelonde borne, and ser-  
 vaunt to Kyng Edward the iiijth. vj. fote  
 and x. ynches and half

*Hull.*

### HYMN TO THE VIRGIN.

From MS. Harl. 4857, early in fourteenth century, written as prose

En Mai ki fet flurir les prez,  
 et pullulare gramina,

See Furn.  
 Pol. & Relig. 2  
 Love Poems,  
 p. 33

E cist oysels chauntent assez  
 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 cœlestis patriæ,  
 En wus voet Deus esprover  
 vires suæ potentiaë,  
 Quant se forca de wus furmer,  
 splendor paternæ gloriaë.

Taunt de bunté 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,

Defens nus seez e escu  
 contra fulmen iudicii,  
 Par wus nus mist en salu  
 summi largitor præmii.

Wrt.

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A BALLAD.

From MS. Ff. I. 6. Bib. Publ. Cantab. of fifteenth cent.

Up son and mery wethir, somer drawith nere.

Somtyme y lovid, so do y yit  
 In stedfast wyse and not to flit,  
 But in danger my love was knyht,  
 A pitous thyng to here.

For when y offerid my service,  
 I to obbey in humble wyse,  
 As ferfevth as y coude devise  
 In countenance and chere.

Grete payne for nought y dide endure,  
 Al for that wyckid creature,  
 He and no mo y you ensure  
 Overthrew al my matere.

But now y thanke 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, drynke, 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 sft̃h I am escãpid so,  
 I thencke to hold me here.

But al the crue that suffren smert,  
 I wold thay sped lyke your desert,  
 That thay myght synge with mery hert  
 This song withouten fere.

*Hill.*

### A CHRISTMAS CARROL.

From MS. li. 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 fowde,  
 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.*

*Hill.*

### FOOD FOR NIGHTINGALES.

From a MS. in Lambeth Palace Library, No. 306, fol. 177, r°. 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.

Hull.

### 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 flenti puero ni supprimat iram,  
 Esca lupo dabitur : stat lupo 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 sompnia, membra gravat.  
 Sic superata puer sompno dat lumina ; sic est  
 Hujus spes ejus evacuata metu.  
 Hic redit illus : lupa conjux, " quis tibi," dixit,  
 " Defectus prædæ ? quæ tibi causa famis ?"  
 Cui lupo, " illusit fallax me fæmina jurans  
 Viscera visceribus pascere nostra suis."  
 Qui falli meruit, exemplo discat in isto  
 Fæminæ fidei non adhibere fidem.

Hull.

### THE PATER NOSTER IN ANGLO-SAXON.

From MS. Cotton. Vitellius, A. xii. fol. 181, v\*, written early in the twelfth century.

Fader ure þe giert on heofena, sy þin nama ge-hagod, cume þin riche, sy þin willa on georða swo swo on heofona, ure deghwamlica hlaf gyf us to deg, 7 for-gyf us ure gyltas swo swo we for-gyfað þam þe wið us a-gyltað, 7 ne lede us on costnunga, ac a-lys us of yfele. Amen, sy hit swo.

Wrt.

## PROVERBS.

From MS. li. iii. 26, fol. ult. <sup>ro</sup>, in the Cambridge Public Library, of the fifteenth century.

Whos conscience is combred and stondith nott clene,  
Of anothir manis dedis the wursse woll he deme.

Deme nott my dedis, thogh thyne be noght ;  
Say whate thow wylte, knowyst nott my thowght.

Deme the beste of every dowte,  
Tyll the trowth be tryed oute.

A harde thyng hit is, y-wys,  
To deme a thyng that unknowen is.

Aqueyntanse of lordschip wyll y noght,  
For furste or laste dere hit woll be bowght.

*Hull.*

~~~~~

### A PROPHECY OF THE FALL OF REEVES ABBEY.

Written in a hand of the sixteenth century, in MS. Cotton. Titus, D. xii.

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 Cawton, a monke, somtimes of Reves Abbay in Yorkshire, affirmed that he had often read this in a MS. belonging to that abbay, containing many propheties, and was extant there before the time of the dissolution. But when he, or any of his fellowes, redde it, they used to throwe the book away in anger as thinking it impossible ever to come to passe.—E. B.*

*Hull.*

~~~~~

### AN HONOUR TO LONDON.

From MS. Lansd. 762. fol. 7 <sup>vo</sup>, of the reign of Henry V.

London ! thowe arte of townes a per se,  
Soveragne of cities, most symbliest by sight,  
Of high renowne, riches, and royaltie,  
Of lordis, barons, and many goodly knyght,

*VIII /*  
*Ascribed to Dunbar.*  
*See Kerr. Arch.*  
*XC, 151.*

*See also  
unig.  
arch.  
C.I., 144, 470  
C.I.*

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 royall 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 wynges fare.  
 Where many a barge doth rowe and sayle with are,  
 Where many a ship resteth with top royall.  
 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 royall to beholde;  
 Upon thy stretis goth many a semely knyght,  
 In velvet gownys and chaynys of gold.  
 By Julius Cesour 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.

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 maires 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, v<sup>o</sup>, 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 things on.  
 In this leewe reson, beleve thou the wondre ;  
 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 thonge 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 beame 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 lent I was a frend,  
 When I asked I was unkinde.  
 A little in the morninge, nothing at noone,  
 And a light supper doth make to live longe.  
 Evill gotten, wors spent.
- fol.* 148. A fooles bolt is sone shott.  
 Riches are gotten with labor, holden with feare,  
 And lost with greyfe 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.

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### A BESTIARY,

From MS. Arundel, No. 292, fol. 4, r°. (In the British Museum,) of the earlier part of the thirteenth century. I have already communicated it to the *Altdeutsche Blätter*, vol. 2, Leipzig, 1837, a work which is in the hands of few Englishmen. It has been re-collated on the original MS. for the present edition. This poem is a close translation of the Latin *Physiologus* of Theobaldus or Thetbaldus. In the MS. it is written as prose.

#### *Natura leonis j<sup>a</sup>.*

ðe leun stant on hille,  
 and he man hunten here,  
 oðer ðurg his nese smel,  
 smake ðat he negge,  
 bi wilc weie so he wile  
 to dele niðer wenden,  
 alle hise fet steppes  
 after him he filleð,  
 drageð dust wið his stert  
 ðer he steppeð,  
 oðer dust oðer deu,  
 ðat he ne cunne is finden,  
 driveð dun to his den  
 ðar he him bergen wille.  
*ij<sup>a</sup>.*  
 An oðer kinde he haveð,

wanne he is i-kindled  
 stille lið ðe leun,  
 ne stireð he nout of slepe  
 til ðe sunne haveð sinen  
 ðries him abuten,  
 ðanne reiseð his fader him  
 mit te rem ðat he makeð.

*ij<sup>a</sup>.*

ðe ðridde lage haveð ðe leun,  
 ðanne he lieð to slepen  
 sal he nevre luken  
 ðe lides of hise egen.

*Significacio prime nature.*

Welle heg is tat hil,  
 ðat is heven riche,  
 ure Loverd is te leun,  
 ðe liveð ðer abuten ;  
 wu ðo 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 ðat defte meiden,  
 Marie bi name,  
 ðe him bar to manne frame.

*ij<sup>a</sup>. et ij<sup>a</sup>.*

ðo ure drigten ded was,  
 and dolven, also his wille was,  
 in a ston stille he lai  
 til it kam ðe dridde dai,  
 his fader him filstnede swo  
 ðat he ros fro dede ðo,  
 us to lif holden,  
 wakeð so his wille is,  
 so hirde for his folde ;  
 he is hirde, we ben sep ;  
 silden he us wille,  
 if we heren to his word  
 dat we ne gon nowor wille,

*Natura aquile.*

Kiðen i wille ðe ernes kinde,  
 also ic it o boke rede,  
 wu he neweth his guðhede,

hu he turneð ut of elde,  
 siðen hise limes arn unwelde,  
 siðen his bec is al to-wrong,  
 siðen his fligt is al unstrong,  
 and his egen dimme;  
 hereð wu he neweð him.  
 A welle he sekeð ðat springeð ai  
 boðe bi nigt and bi dai,  
 ðer over he flegeð, and up he teð,  
 til ðat he ðe hevene seð,  
 ðurg skies sexe and sevene  
 til he cumeð to hevene;  
 so rigt so he cunne  
 he hoveð in the sunne;  
 ðe sunne swideð al his fligt,  
 and oc it makeð his egen brigt,  
 hise fedres fallen for ðe hete,  
 and he dun mide to the wete  
 falleð in ðat welle grund,  
 ðer he wurdeð heil and sund,  
 and cumeð ut al newe,  
 ne were his bec untrewē.  
 His bec is get biforn wrong,  
 ðog hise limes senden strong,  
 ne maig he tilen him non fode  
 him self to none gode,  
 ðanne geð he to a ston,  
 and he billeð ðer on,  
 billeð til his bec biforn  
 haveð ðe wrengeðe forloren,  
 siðen wið his rigte bile  
 takeð mete ðat he wile.

*Significacio.*

Al is man so is tis ern,  
 wulde ge nu listlen,  
 old in hise sinnes dern,  
 or he bicumeth cristen;  
 and tus he neweð him ðis man,  
 ðanne he nimeð to kirke,  
 or he it biðenken can,  
 hise egen weren mirke;  
 forsaket ðore Satanas,  
 and ilk sinful dede;  
 takeð 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 funt fat,  
 and cumeð ut al newe,  
 buten a litel; wat is tat?  
 His muð is get untrewē;  
 his muð is get wel unkuð  
 wið 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 drigtin.

*Natura serpentis.*

An wirm ist o werlde,  
 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 kiðeð,  
 sekeð a ston ðat a ðirl is on,  
 narwe buten he nedeð him,  
 nimeð unneðes ðurg,  
 for his fel he ðer leteð;  
 his fles forð crepeð,  
 walkeð to ðe water-ward,  
 wile ðanne drinken.  
 Oc he speweð or al ðe venim  
 ðat in his brest is bred  
 fro his birde time,  
 drinkeð siðen i-nog,  
 and tus he him neweð.



37<sup>a</sup>.

ðanne ðe neddre is of his hid naked,  
 and bare of his brest atter,  
 if he naked man se  
 ne wile he him nogt neggen,  
 oc he fleð fro him  
 als he fro fir sulde.  
 If he cloðed man se,  
 cof he waxeð,  
 for up he rigteð him  
 redi to deren,  
 to deren er to ded maken,  
 if he it muge forðen.  
 Wat if the man war wurðe,  
 and weren him cunne,  
 figteð wið ðis wirm  
 and freð on him figtande;  
 ðis neddre siðen he nede sal,  
 makeð seld of his bodi,  
 and sildeð his heved;  
 litel him is of hise limes,  
 but he lif holde.

[*Significacio.*]

Knov cristene man  
 wat tu Crist higest  
 atte kirke dure,  
 ðar ðu cristned were:  
 ðu higtes to leven on him,  
 and hise lages luvien,  
 to helden wit herte  
 ðe bodes of holi k(i)rke.  
 If ðu havest it broken,  
 al ðu for-breðes,  
 for-wurðes and for-gelves,  
 eche lif to wolden,  
 elded art fro eche blis,  
 so ðis wirm o werld is;  
 newe ðe forði  
 so ðe neddre doð;  
 it is tened.  
 Feste ðe of stedefastnesse,  
 and ful of ðewes;  
 and help ðe povre men  
 ðe gangen abuten.  
 Ne deme ðe nog wurdi,

ðat 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,  
 ðat tu milce mote haven  
 of ðine misdedes.  
 ðis lif bitokneð ðe sti  
 ðat te neddre gangeð bi,  
 and tis is ðe ðirl of ðe ston  
 ðat tu salt ðurg gon.  
 Let ðin filðe fro ðe,  
 so ðe wirm his fel doð ;  
 go ðu ðan to Godes hus  
 ðe godspel to heren,  
 ðat is soule drink,  
 sinnes quenching.  
 Oc or sei ðu in scrifte  
 to ðe prest sinnes tine ;  
 fegðe ðus of ði brest filde,  
 and feste ðe forðward  
 fast at tin herte,  
 ðat 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 sinfule  
 bisetten he wile,  
 and wið al mankin  
 he haveð nið and win ;  
 wat, if he leve have  
 of ure heven loved  
 for to deren us,  
 so he ure eldere or dede ;  
 do we ðe bodi in ðe bale,  
 and bergen ðe soule,  
 ðat is ure heved gevelic,  
 helde we it wurdlic.

*Natura formice.*

ðe mire is magti,  
 mikel ge swinkeð  
 in sumer and in softe weder,  
 so we ofte sen haven ;  
 in ðe hervest  
 hardilike gangeð,  
 and renneð rapelike,  
 and resteð hire seldum,  
 and fecheð hire fode  
 ðer ge it mai finden,  
 gaddreð ilkines sed  
 boðen of wude and of wed,  
 of corn and of gres,  
 ðat ire to haven es,  
 haleð to hire hole,  
 ðat siðen hire helpeð  
 ðar ge wile ben winter agen ;  
 cave ge haveð to crepen in,  
 ðat winter hire ne derie ;  
 mete in hire hule ðat  
 ðat ge muge biliven.  
 ðus ge tileð ðar,  
 wiles ge time haveð,  
 so it her telleð ;  
 oc finde ge ðe wete,  
 corn ðat hire qwemeð,  
 al ge for-leteð ðis oðer seð  
 ðat ic er seide ;  
 ne bit ge nowt ðe barlic  
 beren abuten ;  
 oc suneð it and sakeð forð,  
 so it same were.  
 Get is wunder of ðis wirm  
 more ðanne man weneð,  
 ðe corn ðat ge to cave bereð,  
 al get bit o-twinne,  
 ðat it ne for-wurðe  
 ne waxe hire fro,  
 er ge it eten wille.

*Significacio.*

ðe mire muneð us  
 mete to tilen,  
 long livenoðe,  
 ðis little wile

ðe we on ðis werld wunen :  
 for ðanne we of wenden,  
 ðanne is ure winter ;  
 we sulen hunger haven  
 and harde sures,  
 buten we ben war here.  
 Do we for-ði so doð ðis der,  
     ðanne be we derne  
 on ðat dai ðat dom sal ben,  
     ðat it ne us harde repe :  
 seke we ure lives fod,  
     ðat we ben siker dere,  
 so ðis wirm in winter is,  
     ðan ge ne tileð nummore.  
 ðe mire suneð ðe barlic,  
     ðanne ge fint te wete ;  
 ðe olde lage we ogen to sunen,  
     ðe newe we haven moten.  
 ðe corn ðat ge to cave bereð,  
     all ge it bit o-twinne,  
 ðe lage us lereð to don god,  
     and forbedeð us sinne.  
 It ben us ebriche bodes,  
     and bekned evelike ;  
 it fet ðe licham and te gost  
     oc nowt o gevelike ;  
 ure loverd Crist it lene us  
     ðat his lage us fede,  
 nu and o domes-dei,  
     and tanne we haven nede.

*Natura cervi.*

ðe hert haveð kindes two,  
 and forbisnes oc al so :  
 ðus it is on boke set,  
 ðat man clepeð Fisiologet.  
 He drageð ðe neddre of de ston  
 ðurg his nese up on on,  
 of ðe stoc er of ðe ston,  
 for it wile ðer-under gon ;  
 and sweleð it wel swiðe,  
 ðer-of him brinneð siðen  
 of ðat attrie ðing,  
 wiðinnen he haveð brenning :  
 he lepeð ðanne wið mikel list,  
 of swet water he haveð ðrist ;  
 he drinkeð water gredilike

til he is ful wel sikerlike,  
 ne haveð ðat venim non migt  
 to deren him siðen non wigt.  
 Oc he werpeð er hise hornes  
 in wude er in ðornes,  
 and gingid him ðus ðis wilde der,  
 so ge haven nu lered her.

*Significacio prima.*

Alle we atter dragen off ure eldere,  
 ðe brokendrigtinnes word ðurg ðeneddre;  
 ðer ðurg haveð mankin  
 boðen nið and win,  
 kolsipe and gisting,  
 givernesse and wissing,  
 pride and over-wene;  
 swilc atter i-mene.  
 Ofte we brennen in mod,  
 and wurðen so we weren wod;  
 ðanne we ðris brennen;  
 bihoveð us to rennen  
 to Cristes quike welle,  
 ðat we ne gon to helle;  
 drinken his wissing,  
 it quenchet ilc siniging;  
 for-werpen pride everil del,  
 so hert doð hise hornes;  
 gingen us tris to gode-ward,  
 and gemen us siðen forð-ward.

*Natura ija.*

ðe hertes haven anoðer kinde,  
 ðat 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 oðer flen;  
 oc on swimmeð bi-forn,  
 and alle ðe oðre solegen,  
 weðer so he swimmeð er he wadeð:  
 is non at nede ðat oðer lateð,  
 oc leigeth his skin-bon  
 on oðres lend-bon.  
 Gef him ðat biforn teð  
 bilimpes for to tirgen,  
 alle ðe oðre cumen mide,  
 and helpen him for to herien,

beren him of ðat water grund  
 up to ðe lond al heil and sund,  
 and forðen here nede :  
 ðis wune he haven hem bitwen,  
 ðog he an hundred to giddre ben.

*Significacio ija.*

ðe hertes costes we ogen to munen,  
 ne og ur non oðer to sunen,  
 oc evrilc luven oðer,  
 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,  
     ðat we ðar wið ne dillen.

*Natura vulpis.*

A wilde der is  
 ðat is ful of fele 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 ðe tun,  
 and te gandre and te gos,  
 bi ðe necke and bi ðe noz,  
 haleð is to hire hole ;  
 for-ði man hire hatieð,  
 hatien and hulen  
 boðe men and fules.  
 Listneð nu a wunder,  
 ðat tis der doð for hunger :  
 goð o felde to a furg,  
 and falleð ðar-inne,  
 in eried lond er in erð chine.  
 for to bilirten fugeles ;  
 ne stereð ge nogt of ðe stede  
 a god stund deies,  
 oc dareð so ge ded were,  
 ne drageð ge non onde :

ðe raven is swiðe redi,  
 weneð ðat ge rotieð,  
 and oðre fules hire fallen bi  
 for to winnen fode,  
 derflike wiðuten dred;  
 he wenen ðat 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-toggeð and te-tireð hem  
 mid hire teð sarpe,  
 fret hire fille,  
 and goð ðan ðer ge wille.

*Significacio.*

Twifold forbisne in ðis der  
 to frame we mugen finden her,  
 warsipe and wisdom  
 wið devel and wið ivel man;  
 ðe devel dereð dernelike,  
 he lat he ne wile us nogt biswike,  
 he lat he ne wile us don non loð,  
 and bringeð usin a sinne and ter he us sloð,  
 he bit us don ure bukes wille,  
 eten and drinken wið unskil,  
 and in ure skempling  
 he doð raðe a foxing,  
 he billeð one ðe foxes fel  
 wo so telleð idel spel,  
 and he tireð on his ket  
 wo so him wið sinne fet,  
 and devel geld swak billing  
 wið same and wið sending,  
 and for his sinfule werk  
 ledeð man to helle merk.

*Significacio.*

ðe devel is tus ðe i-lik  
 mið ivele breides and wið spik;  
 and man al so ðe foxes name  
 arn wurði to haven same;  
 for wo so seieð oðer god,  
 and ðenkeð ivel on his mod,  
 fox he is and fend i-wis,

ðe boc ne legeð nogt of ðis ;  
 so was Herodes fox and fierd,  
 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,  
 leiðe and loldike, (*sic*)  
 ðus we it leven,  
 mani-kines ðing  
 alle manne to wissing.  
 ðe spinnere on hire swid ge weveð,  
 festeð atte hus rof,  
 hire fo dredes  
 o rofer 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 fleges faren  
 and fallen ðer-inne,  
 wiðeren 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 drinkeð here blod,  
 doð ge hire non oðer god,  
 bute fret hire fille,  
 and dareð siðen stille.

*Significacio.*

Dis wirm bitokneð ðe man  
 ðat oðer biswikeð  
 on stede er on stalle,  
 stille er lude,  
 in mot er in market,  
 er oni oðer wise,  
 he him bit



ðan he him bale selleð,  
and he drinkeð his blod  
wanne he him dreveð,  
and ðo freteð hem al,  
ðan he him ivel werkeð.

*Natura cetegrandie.*

Cethegrande is a fis  
ðe moste ðat in water is ;  
ðat tū wuldes seien get,  
gef ðu it soge wan it flet,  
ðat it were an eilond  
ðat sete one ðe se sond.  
ðis fis ðat is unride,  
ðanne him hungreð he gapeð wide,  
ut of his ðrote it smit an onde,  
ðe swetteste ðing ðat is o londe ;  
ðer fore oðre fisses to him dragen,  
wan he it felen he aren fagen,  
he cumen and hoven in his muð,  
of his swike he arn uncuð ;  
ðis cete ðanne hise chaveles lukeð,  
ðise fisses alle in sukeð,  
ðe smale he wile ðus biswiken,  
ðe grete maig he nogt bigripen.  
ðis fis wuneð wið ðe se grund,  
and liveð ðer evre heil and sund,  
til it cumeth ðe time  
ðat storm stireð al ðe se,  
ðanne sumer and winter winnen ;  
ne mai it wunen ðer-inne,  
so drovi is te sees grund,  
ne mai he wunen ðer ðat stund,  
oc stireð up and hoveð stille ;  
wiles ðar weder is so ille,  
ðe sipes ðat arn on se for-driven,  
loð hem is ded, and lef to liven,  
biloken hem and sen ðis fis,  
an eilond he wenen it is,  
ðer-of he aren swiðe fagen,  
and mid here migt ðar to he dragen,  
sipes on festen,  
and alle up gangen ;  
of ston mid stel in ðe tunder  
wel to brennen one ðis wunder,  
warmen hem wel and heten and drinken ;

ðe fir he feleð and doð hem sinken,  
for sone he diveð dun to grunde,  
he drepeð hem alle wiðuten wunde.

*Significacio.*

ðis devel is mikel wið wil and magt,  
so wicches haven in here craft,  
he doð men hungren and haven ðrist,  
and mani oðer sinful list,  
colleð men to him wið his onde,  
wo so him folgeð he findeð sonde ;  
ðo arn ðe little in leve lage,  
ðe mikle ne maig he to him dragen :  
ðe mikle, I mene ðe stedefast  
in rigte leve mid fles and gast.  
wo so listneð develes lore,  
on lengðe it sal him repen sore ;  
wo so festeð hope on him,  
he sal him folgen to helle dim.

*Natura Sirene.*

In ðe se senden  
selcuðes manie ;  
ðe mereman is  
a meiden i-like  
on brest and on bodi,  
oc al ðus ge is bunden,  
fro ðe novle niðer-ward  
ne is ge no man like,  
oc fis to fuliwis  
mid finnes waxen.  
ðis wunder wuneð  
in wankel stede,  
ðer ðe water sinkeð,  
sipes ge sinkeð,  
and scaðe ðus werkeð.  
Mirie ge singeð ðis mere,  
and haveð manie stefnes,  
manie and sille,  
oc it ben wel ille ;  
sipmen here steringe forgeten  
for hire stefninge,  
slumeren and slepen,  
and to late waken,  
ðe sipes sinken mitte suk,  
ne cumen he nummor up.  
Oc wise men and warre

agen cunen chare,  
 ofte arn at-brosten,  
 mid he brest ovel ;  
 he haven herd told of ðis mere  
 ðat tus unie mete,  
 half man and half fis,  
 sum ðing tokneð bi ðis.

*Significacio.*

Fele men haven ðe tokning  
 of ðis forbisnede ðing,  
 wiðuten weren wulves fel,  
 wiðinnen arn he wulves al ;  
 he speken godcundhede,  
 and wikke is here dede ;  
 here dede is al uncuð  
 wið ðat spekeð here muð ;  
 twifold arn on mode,  
 he sweren bi ðe rode,  
 bi ðe sunne and bi ðe mone,  
 and he ðe legen sone,  
 mid here sage and mid here song  
 he ðe swiken ðer i-mong,  
 ðin agte wið swiking,  
 ði soule wið lesing.

*Natura elephantis.*

Elpes arn in Inde riche,  
 on bodi borlic berges i-like ;  
 he to gaddre gon o wolde,  
 so sep ðat cumen ut of folde,  
 and behinden he hem sampnen  
 ðanne he sulen oðre strenen ;  
 oc he arn so kolde of kinde  
 ðat no golsipe is hem minde,  
 til he neten of a gres,  
 ðe name is mandragores,  
 siðen he bigeton on,  
 and two ger he ðer-mide gon.  
 ðog he ðre hundred ger  
 on werlde more wuneden her,  
 bigeten he nevermor non,  
 so kold is hem siðen blod and bon ;  
 ðanne ge sal hire kindles beren,  
 in water ge sal stonden,  
 in water to mid side,

ðat wanne hire harde tide,  
 ðat ge ne falle niðer nogt,  
 ðat is most in hire ðogt,  
 for he ne haven no lið  
 ðat he mugen risen wið.

Hu he resteð him ðis der,  
 ðanne he walkeð wide,  
 herkne wu it telleð her,  
 for he is al unride.

A tre he sekeð to fulige wis,  
 ðat is strong and stedefast is,  
 and leneð him trostlike ðer-bi,  
 ðanne he is of walke weri.  
 ðe hunte haveð biholden ðis,  
 ðe him wille swiken,  
 wor his beste wune is,  
 to don hise willen ;  
 sageð ðis tre and under set,  
 o ðe wise ðat he mai bet,  
 hileð it wel ðat he it nes war,  
 ðanne he makeð ðer to char,  
 him selven sit olon bihalt,  
 weðer his gin him out biwarlt.  
 ðanne cumeð ðis elp unride,  
 and leneð him up on his side,  
 clepeð bi ðe tre in ðe sadue,  
 and fallen boden so to gaddre ;  
 gef ðer is noman ðanne he falleð,  
 he remeð and helpe calleð,  
 remeð reufulike on his wise,  
 hopeð he sal ðurg helpe risen ;  
 ðanne cumeð ðer on gangande,  
 hopeð he sal him don ut standen,  
 fikeð and fondeð al his migt,  
 ne mai he it forðen no wigt ;  
 he canne ðan non oðer,  
 oc o remeð mid his broðer,  
 manie and mikle cume ðer sesacande,  
 wenen him on stall maken,  
 oc for ðe helpe of hem alle  
 ne mai he cumen so on stalle ;  
 ðanne remen he alle a rem,  
 so hornes blast oðer belles drem,  
 for here mikle reming  
 rennande cumeð a gungling,  
 raðe to him luteð,

his snute him under puteð,  
and mitte helpe of hem alle  
ðis elp he reisen on stalle;  
and tus at-brested ðis huntres breid,  
o ðe wise ðat ic have gu seid.

*Significacio.*

ðus fel Adam ðurg a tre,  
ure firste fader, ðat fele we;  
Moyses wulde him reisen,  
migte it no wigt forðen;  
after him prophetes alle  
mighte her non him make on stalle,  
on stalle, i seie, ðer he er stod,  
to haven heven-riche god.  
Hesuggeden 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,  
reisede 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 haveð,  
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 goð and flegeð.  
wo so seit he sundren out,  
i seie ðat he legeð.  
Oc if hire make were ded,  
and ge widue wore,  
ðanne flegeð ge one and fareð,  
non oðer wile ge more;  
buten one goð and one sit,  
and hire olde luve abit,

in herte haveð him nigȝ 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 soule spuse,  
luve we him wið migte,  
and wende we nevre fro him-ward  
be dai ne be nigte ;  
ðog he be fro ure sigte faren,  
be we him alle trewe,  
non oðer loverd ne luve we  
ne non luve newe ;  
leve we ðat he lived ai  
up on heven-riche,  
and ðeðen he sal cumen eft,  
and ben us alle briche,  
for to demen alle men,  
oc nout on gevenlike,  
hise loðe men sulen to helle faren,  
hise leve to his riche.

*Natura pantere.*

Panter is an wilde der,  
is non fairere on werlde her ;  
he is blac so bro of qual,  
mið wite spottes sopen al,  
wit and trendled als a wel,  
and itt bicumeð him swiðe wel.  
Wor so he wuneð ðis panter,  
he fedeð him al mid oðer der,  
of ðo ðe he wile he nimeð ðe cul  
and fet him wel til he is ful.  
In his hole siðen stille  
ðre dages he slepen wille,  
ðan after ðe ðridde dai  
he riseð and remeð lude so he mai,  
ut of his ðrote cumeð a smel  
mid his rem forð over al,  
ðat over cumeth haliweie  
wið swetnesse, ic gu sie,  
and al ðat evre smelleð swete,

be it drie be it wete,  
 for ðe swetnesse off his onde,  
 wor so he walkeð o londe,  
 wor so he walked, er wor so he wuneð,  
 ilk der ðe him hereð to him cumeð,  
 and folegeð him up one ðe wold,  
 for ðe swetnesse ðe ic gu have told.  
 ðe dragunes one ne stiren nout  
 wiles te panter remeð ogt,  
 oc daren stille in here pit,  
 als so he weren of dede offrigt.

*Significacio.*

Crist is tokned ðurg ðis der,  
 wos kinde we haven told gu her ;  
 for he is faier over alle men,  
 so even sterre over erðe fen ;  
 ful wel he taunede his lue to man,  
 wan he ðurg holi spel him wan,  
 and longe he lai her in an hole,  
 wel him dat he it wulde ðolen ;  
 ðre daies slep he al on on,  
 ðanne 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,  
 ðer wuneð wið fader and holi gast.  
 Amonges men a swete mel  
 he let her of his holi spel,  
 wor ðurg we mugen folgen him  
 into his godcundnesse fin.  
 And ðat wirm ure widerwine,  
 wor so of Godes word is ðine,  
 ne dar he stiren, ne noman deren,  
 ðer wile he lage and lue beren.

*Natura columbe et significacio.*

ðe culver haveð costes gode,  
 alle wes ogen to haven in mode,  
 sevene 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 nogt bilagt ;  
 ilc robbinge do we of hac.  
 ðe wirm ge leteð and liveð bi ðe sed,

of Cristes lore we have ned ;  
 wið oðre briddes ge doð as moder,  
 so og ur ilk to don wið oðer ;  
 woning 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,*

### BALLADS.

From MS. Harl. 7578, fol. 18, r<sup>e</sup>, fifteenth century.

Moost souveraine lord, o blessith 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 benigñité  
 Considre and see oure affliction,  
 And lat thine eye on mercy on us see,  
 Us to releve 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 their gelthes rewe,  
 And their 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 oure orisons,  
 Whanne we to the for helpe clepe and calle,  
 Here oure compleyntes and lementacions,  
 And do socoure to oure offences alle;  
 Be oure 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 forgete us nought,  
 And of thy grace guide us and governe,  
 And reconsile that thou so dere has bought;  
 With love and dreede embrace oure 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 oure 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 mischef 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 thorough thy might,  
 And preserve unther thy mighty hande  
 Him and his moder, the peeple and thy londe.

Late him in vertu ay encrease and shine,  
 Worthy thorow vertu to be put in memorie;  
 And forgete 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 counceile and his soverayne rede ;  
 So as he wexeth, with vertu him avaunce ;  
 And, blessed Lord, be thou both helpe and spede,  
 To alle that labouren 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,  
 Without lettynge, or any perturbatione,  
 To be corowned with worthy crounes 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 manys worde was obligacion ;  
 And now it is so fals and so disceyvable,  
 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 neighoure wronge or opression.  
 What causeth this but wilful wrecchednesse,  
 That alle is loste for lakke 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, fro trought to fikelness,  
 That alle is loste for lake of stedfastnesse.

O, prince, desire to be honorable,  
 Chirsshe thine folke and hate extorcion ;  
 Suffir no thinge that may be reprovale  
 To thine estate donne in thine region,  
 Schewe furth thine swerde of castigation ;  
 Dreed God, doo lawe, love trouth and worthinesse,  
 And weed thine folke agayne to stedfastnesse.

*HULL.*

## THE MASTER OF OXFORD'S CATECHISM.

From MS. Lansdowne, No. 782, written in the reign of Henry V.

*Questions bitwene the Maister of Oxynford and his Scoler.*

*The Clerkys question.* Say me where was God whan he made heven and erthe? *The Maisters answer.* I saye, in the ferther 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 thinge made, and all thinge 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 thinge that helden heven; the thirde daye he made water and erthe; the fourth daye he made the firmament of heven; the v<sup>th</sup> daye he made sterres; the vj<sup>th</sup> day he made almaner bestis, fowlis, and the see, and Adam, the firste man. C. Whereof was Adam made? M. Of viij. thingis: the first of erthe, the second of fire, the iiij<sup>de</sup> of wynde, the iiij<sup>th</sup> of clowdys, the v<sup>th</sup> of aire wherethorough he speketh and thinketh, the vj<sup>th</sup> of dewe wherby he sweteth, the vij<sup>th</sup> of flowres, wherof Adam hath his ien, the viij<sup>th</sup> is salte wherof 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 iiij. score and vj. enchys. C. How longe lived Adam in this worlde? M. ix. c. and xxx<sup>v</sup> wynter, and afterwarde in hell tyll 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. xliij. 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 Lanek, and that Lanek lived vij. c. and xlvij. wynter, and that Lanek had a son that hight Noe, and that Noe had iiij. sonnys, the which forsaid Noe lived ix. c. xl. wynter, and his iiij. sonnys hight Sem, Cam, and Japheth. And Sem had xxx. children, and Cam had xxx.

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6.282. Dux, Arostolym, Momfumbres

children, and Japheth had xij. children. *C.* Whate was he that never was borne, and was buried in his mothers wombe, and sens was cristen and saved? *M.* That was our father Adam. *C.* How longe was Adam in Paradise? *M.* vij. yere, and at vij. yeres ende he trespassed ayenst God for the apple that he hete 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<sup>l</sup>. 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.* iij. score yeres. *C.* How 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 lillie. *C.* Whate fowle 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 Jurdan, 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. fresshe 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 worste amonge men? *M.* Worde is beste and warste. *C.* Of whate thinge 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 brayne, 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 commaunded. *C.* Who sat first vines? *M.* Noe set the first vines. *C.* Who cleped first God? *M.* The devyll. *C.* Which is the heaviest thinge bering? *M.* Syn is the heaviest. *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 thirde is hell, the fourth is a covitous man. *C.* How many maner of birdis been there, and howe many of fisses? *M.* liij. of fowles, and xxxvj. of fisses. *C.* Which was the first clerke that ever was? *M.* Elias was the firste. *C.* Whate hight the iiij. waters that renneth through paradise? *M.* The one hight Fyson, the other Egeon, the iiij<sup>de</sup> hight Tygrys, and the iiij<sup>th</sup> 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.* Marcarius the gyaunt. *C.* How many langagis been there? *M.* lxij, and so many discipules had God without his appostoles.

Wrt.

### MISCELLANEOUS SCRAPS.

From the same MS. fol. 2. vo.

*Computatio Subscripto de feodis militum fuit factum in anno regis Henrici quinti, iiij<sup>to</sup>.*

Ther been in Englonde xxxvj. shires, liij. m<sup>l</sup>. and lxxx. townes, xlv. m<sup>l</sup>. and xj. parisshe, lx. m<sup>l</sup>. cc. xv. knightes fees, wherof religious have xxviiij. m<sup>l</sup>. and xv. fees. The somme of the xv<sup>th</sup> of all Englonde is xxxvij m<sup>l</sup>. ix.<sup>c</sup> xxx. li. xj. d. ob. in clere, without colectours dispencis, that is iiij<sup>c</sup>. xxij. li. vj. s. viij. d. The length of Englonde from Scotlonde to Totnesse conteyneth viij<sup>c</sup> myles. The bredeth therof from Saint Davis in Wales unto Dover, ij<sup>c</sup>. myles and l. The circute therof, iiij. m<sup>l</sup>. and xl. myles.

#### *Weight and Mesure.*

By the discrecion and ordynaunce of oure Lorde the king weight and mesure were made. It is to be knowen that an Englishe penny, which is called a rounde sterlyng, and without clyppying, shall weye xvj. cornys of whete taken owte of the middyll of the ere. And xx. maken an ounce; xij. ounces maken a pounce, which is xx. s. of sterlinges. And viij. pounce of whete maken a galon of wyne; and viij. galondys maken a London busshell, which is the eight parte of a quarter.

fol. 18, r<sup>o</sup>.

A good horssse must have xv. propertyes and condicions, that is to witte, iiij. of a man, iiij. of a woman, iiij. of a fox, iiij. of an hare, and iiij. of an asse. Of a man, bolde, prowde, and hardy; of a woman, fayre brested, fayre of here, and esy to

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.

fol. 18, vo. written as prose.

Aryse erly,  
Serve God devowtely,  
And the worlde besely,  
Doo thy work wisely,  
Yeve thyn almes secretely,  
Goo by the waye sadly,  
Answer the people demuerly,  
Goo to thy mete apetitely,  
Sit therat discretely,  
Of thy tunge be not to liberally,  
Arise therfrom temperally,  
Go to thy supper soberly,  
And to thy bed merely,  
Be in thyn inne jocundely,  
Please thy love duely,  
And slepe suerly.

see [Berners,]  
Book of Hawking &c.  
1486, repr. by  
Hartwood, 1850,  
87. e. iij.

Who that maketh in Cristemas a dogge to his larder,  
And in Marche a sowe to his gardyner,  
And in Maye a fole of a wise mannes counsell,  
He shall never have good larder, faire gardeyn, nor wele  
kepte counsell.

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 thinges 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  
waye of a yonge man.

Two wymen in one howse,  
Two cattes and one mowce,  
Two dogges and one bone,  
Maye never accorde in one.

Wrt,

## A BALLAD.

From MS. Harl. 7333. fol. 192, r°, a., fifteenth century.

*Halsam squiere made thes ij. balades.*

2. uel  
14, 463

The worlde so wyde, the ayer so remuable,  
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 flettyng  
May stedfaste bee, as here is levyng?  
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 I goo loose, I tyed am with a loygne.

*Here begynneth a dialoge betwene man and dethe.*

[This is in Latin.]

*Hull.*

## CREED, PATER NOSTER, &amp;c.

In English verse, from MS. Arundel, 202, fol. 3, r°, and v°, of the earlier part of the thirteenth century.

*Credo in Deum.*

I leve in Godd al-micten fader,  
Ʒatt hevene and erðe made to gar:  
And in Jhesu Crist his leve sun,  
Ure onelic lovedd, ik him mune,  
Ʒatt of de holigost bikennedd was,  
Of Marie Ʒe maiden boren he was,  
Pinedd under Ponce Pilate,  
On rode nailedd for mannes sake,  
Ʒar Ʒolede he deadd widuten wold,  
And biriedd was in de roche cold;  
Dun til helle licten he gan,  
Ʒe Ʒridde dai off deadd at-kam,  
To hevene he steg in ure manliche,  
Ʒar sitteð he in hiis faderes riche,  
O domes dai sal he cumen agen

To demen dede and lives men :  
 I leve on ðe hali gast,  
 Al holi chirche stedefast,  
 Men off alle holi kinne,  
 And forgivenessse of mannes sinne,  
 Up-risinge of alle men,  
 And eche lif I leve. Amen.

*Pater Noster.*

Fader ure ðatt art in hevene blisse,  
 ðin hege name itt wurðe bliscedd,  
 Cumen itt mote ði kingdom,  
 ðin hali wil it be al don  
 In hevene and in erðe all so,  
 So itt sall ben ful wel ic tro ;  
 Gif us alle one ðis dai  
 Ure bred of iche dai  
 And forgive us ure sinne  
 Als we don ure wiðerwinnes ;  
 Leet us noct in fondinge falle,  
 Ooc fro ivel ðu sild us alle. Amen.

*Ave Maria.*

Marie ful off grace, weel de be,  
 Godd of hevene be wið ðe,  
 Oure alle wimmen bliscedd tu be,  
 So be ðe bern datt is boren of ðe.

*In manus tuas.*

Loverd Godd, in hondes tine  
 I biqueðe soule mine,  
 ðu me boctest wið ði deadd,  
 Loverd Godd of soðfastheedd.

¶ Wanne I ðenke ðinges ðre,  
 Ne mai hi nevre bliðe ben ;  
 ðe ton is dat I sal awei,  
 ðe toðer is I ne wot wilk dei,  
 ðe ðridde 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



Fro flore te pitte,  
 Fro pitte te pine  
 Dat nevre sal fine,  
 I wene non sinne  
 Sulde his herte winnen.

Wrt.

### THE THIRTY-TWO FOLLIES.

From MS. Gg. i. 1, fol. 629, r<sup>o</sup>, Bib. Publ. Cantab. temp. Edw. II.

*Ici commencent les .xxxij. folies.*

Ke nul bien ne set, et nul veut aprendre ;  
 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 enfaunt ou à fol son conseil cunte ;  
 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 puet á 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 soun 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 enjoyt de soun 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 seit quanke li plet ;  
 Ke tut en prent, e nient ne escheve ;  
 Ke sanz reison sun bon amy greve.

Hlll.

## ITINERARY FROM VENICE TO JOPPA.

From MS. Sloan. 689. fol. 42, r<sup>o</sup>. of the fifteenth century.

A Venetiis ad Parentium sunt 100 mi<sup>l</sup>. 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,    | Omnes metuite       |
| Læti, jucunduli,    | Partes gramaticæ,   |
| Tara tantara teino. | Tara &c.            |
| Edimus libere,      | Quadruplex nebulo   |
| Canimus lepide,     | Adest, et spolio,   |
| Tara &c.            | Tara &c.            |
| Risu dissolvimur,   | Data licencia,      |
| Pannis obvolvimur,  | Crescit amentia,    |
| Tara &c.            | Tara &c.            |
| Multum in joculis,  | Papa sic præcipit,  |
| Crebro in poculis,  | Frater non decipit, |
| Tara &c.            | Tara &c.            |
| Dolo consumimus,    | Chare fratercule,   |
| Nihil metuimus,     | Vale et tempore,    |
| Tara &c.            | Tara &c.            |
| Pennus non deficit, | Quando revertitur,  |
| Præda nos reficit,  | Congratulabimur,    |
| Tara &c.            | Tara &c.            |
| Frater catholice,   | Nosmet respicimus,  |
| Vir apostolice,     | El vale dicimus,    |
| Tara &c.            | Tara &c.            |
| Dic quæ volueris    | Corporum noxibus,   |
| Fient quæ jusseris, | Cordium amplexibus, |
| Tara &c.            | 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 trewthe may thrall;  
That it shall scarce be knowen.

So longe may poweres wynke,  
To lawgh at this or that,  
That untruthe shall not shrynke  
To say she cares not whatte.

So longe erre may raighe,  
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 sume 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 fele not the greefe,  
That harde wil be to fynde  
For our disease reefe.

So longe we may forgete  
Owre dutie unto God,  
That sore 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.*

~~~~~

### A BURLESQUE SONG.

From MS. Cotton. Vespas. A. xxv. fol 135, v°. temp. Hen. VIII. Some parts 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,  
 Maysters, what doo youe lake?  
 Newes! newes!

Robyne is gone to Hu[n]tyngton,  
 To bye our gose a flayle;  
 Lyke Spip, my yongest son,  
 Was huntynge of a snalle.  
 Newes! newes!

Our mayd John was her to-morowe,  
 I wote not where she berwend(?);  
 Our cate lyet syke,  
 And takyte gret sorowe.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Hull.*

### SATIRE ON THE BLACKSMITHS.

From MS. Arundel. 292, f. 72, v°. fourteenth century, written as prose.

See  
 Hennig's  
 Antiqu.  
 CI, 375.

Swarte smekyd smethes smateryd with smoke  
 Dryve me to deth wyth den of here dyntes;  
 Swech noys on nyghtes ne herd men nevere,  
 What knavene cry and clateryng 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 spyttyn and spraulyn and spellyn\* many spelles.  
 Thei gnauen and gnacchen, they gronys to-gydere,  
 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 stryken on a stelyd stokke,  
 Lus! bus! las! das! rowtyn be rowe,  
 Swech dolful a dreme the devyl it to-dryve!  
 The mayster 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 *eche of hem at othere*.

*Wrt.*

## THE THRUSH AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

From MS. Digby, 86, at Oxford, written in the reign of Edward I.

*Ci comence le cuntent par entre le mauvis et la russinole.*

Somer is comen with love to tounē,  
 With blostme and with brides rounē,  
     The note of hasel springeth;  
 The dewes darkneth in the dale,  
 For longing of the nizttegale,  
     This foweles 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 niztingale is on bi nome,  
 That wol shilden hem from shome,  
     Of skathe hoe wele hem skere:  
 The threstelcok hem kepeth ay,  
 He seith bi nizte and eke bi day  
     That hy beth fendes i-fere.

“For hy biswiketh euchan mon  
 That mest bileveth hem ouppon;  
     They hy ben milde of chere,  
 Hoe beth fikele and flas to fonde,  
 Hoe wertheth wo in euchan 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 wrowe,  
 Bothe the heye 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 thohut,  
     Also ich am ounderstonde ;  
 Hy beth feire and briȝt on hewe,  
 Here thout is fals and ountrewe,  
     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 niȝtingale hoe wes wroth :  
 " Fowel, me thinketh thou art me loth,  
     Sweche tales for to showe :  
 Among a thousent levedies 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 unfoul derne dede,  
     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."

" Niztingale, thou havest wrong,  
 Wolt thou me senden of this lond,  
     For ich holde with the riȝtte,  
 I take witnesse of sire Wawain,  
 That Jhesu Crist ȝaf miȝt and main,  
     And strengthe for to fiȝtte.

So wide so he hevede i-gon,  
 Trewe ne founde he nevere non  
     Bi daye ne bi niȝtte.  
 Fowel, for thi false mouth,  
 Thi sawe shal ben wide couth,  
     I rede the fle with miȝtte.

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 hasel 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."



" Threstelkok, thou havest wrong,  
 Also I sugge one mi song,  
     And that men witeth wide ;  
 Hy beth briȝttore ounder shawe,  
 Then the day, wenne hit dawē  
     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."

" Nizttingale, thou seist thine wille,  
 Thou seist that wimmen 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 parais,  
     In tresour for to holde."

Tho seide the nizttingale,  
 " 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 goodleche,  
 So milde of thoute, so feir of speche,  
     To hele monnes sore :  
 Fowel, thou rewest al mi thohut,  
 Thou dost evele, ne semeth the nohut,  
     Ne do thou so nammore."

" Niztingale, thou art ounwis,  
 On hem to leggen so michel pris,  
     Thi mede shal ben lene ;  
 Among on houndret ne beth five,  
 Nouthur of maidnes ne of wive,  
     That holdeth hem al clene.

That hy 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 madnes 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 rizte name,  
     Crist hire i-shilde ;  
 Fowel for thi false sawe,  
 For beddi the this wode shawe,  
     Thou fare into the filde."

" Nittingale, 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."

*HUM.*

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### MORAL ADMONITIONS.

From MS. Lansd. 762, fol. 9, r<sup>o</sup>, 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 thowe wepte for worldly thinges as moch water as in the see.

3. Suffre noyious wordis with a meke harte, for that pleaseth me more than thowe bete thy body with as many roddys as growen in an hundred wodys.

4. Meke thyself and breke thy slepe and yelde owte preyers, for that pleaseth me more than thowe sentest xij. men of thyne owne coste to the Holy Lande.

5. Have compassion the seeke and poore, for that pleaseth me more than thowe fastesth fifty wynter brede and water.

6. Saye no bakbiting wordis, but shon from them, for that pleaseth me more than thowe 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 thowe every daye enspired to heven.

8. Whatesower thowe aske, aske it firste of God, for that pleseth 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 thowe every daye goo upon a whele stikking fulle of nayles that shulde prik thy body through.

*Hull.*

## LIST OF ERRORS CHARGED AGAINST THE VAUDOIS IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

From MS. Cotton. Julius D, xi. fol. 84, r<sup>o</sup>. in a hand of the fourteenth century.

### *Errores Valdensium.*

Primus, quod ecclesia Romana est domus mendacii et a Deo reprobata.

Item, quod soli Deo est obediendum.

Item, quod papa non habet tantam potestatem quantam sanctus Petrus, nisi sit ita sanctus sicut sanctus Petrus.

Item, quod censura ecclesiæ Romanæ non est timenda, quia ejus prælati non possunt aliquid solvere vel ligare.

Item, quod ordines Romanæ ecclesiæ non sunt a Deo sed a traditione hominum.

Item, quod mali sacerdotes curiæ Romanæ non possunt conficere corpus Christi, quare non est credendum, venerandum, et percipiendum ut tale.

- 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 sancti 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 festacula.
- Item, quod non est crucibus nec ymaginibus deferendum, quia sunt ydola.
- Item, quod sacramenta ecclesiæ 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 ecclesiæ 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 in-expiabile 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 abhominabile, et perversa docmata ad hoc apta, sed non reperitur quod abutantur in partibus istis a multis temporibus.

- Item, in aliquibus aliis partibus apparet eis dæmon sub specie et figura cati, quem sub cauda sigillatim osculantur.
- Item, in aliis partibus super unum baculum certo unguento perunctum equitant, et ad loca assignata ubi voluerint congregantur in momento dum volunt. Sed ista in istis partibus non inveniuntur.

Wrt.

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### SONG 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,  
     3it 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 tame 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 chiry 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.

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.*

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### 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. pounce she wyll saye noo.

A wyffe that maryethe husbandes three,  
 Was never wysshede therto by mee;  
 I wolde my wyffe sholde rather dyee,  
 Then for my deathe 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 thow 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 quenne by Jis I doo sweare,  
 The good mans brette shee thinkes to were.

Receave thy hape as fortune sendethe,  
 But God yt ys that fortune lendethe;

Wherefore yff thou a shrewe hast gotte,  
Thinke with thyselfe yt ys thy lotte.

Take upp thy fortune wythe good hape,  
Wyth rytches thou doste fyle thy lappe;  
Yet lesse were better for thy store,  
Thy quyetnes sholde be the more.

Thou haste a shrowe to thy good man,  
Perhapes 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 yf 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.

*HIII.*

### BURLESQUE RECEIPT.

From a copy of Caxton's *Mirroure 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 3ong woman had a c. men take,  
I can her ageyne a mayd make,  
With a lytylle medesyne  
That ys wertows frely fyne,  
So that she wylle yt take.  
She must be wondyrly ffeð,  
And leyd in an esy bed,  
In a hot hows;  
She must be wondyrly fed and welle  
Wythe good chekenys and grewell,  
And wythe good fat swynys sowse;  
She must have i . . . ed and a lowse, (?)  
Wyth the sownd of a belle  
She must have the ney3yng 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. skyppys of a larke,  
 And the lanche of a wrenne,  
 She must have of the wyntyrs ny3hte  
 vij. myle of the mone-lych;  
 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 krekyng of a cart-whele,  
 Wele hoylyd on a herdyll;  
 3e must caste ther upon  
 The mary of a whe3stone,  
 And the lenthe of Judas gerdylle.

*Hull.*

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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.

*Finis, quod Willson.*

*Hull.*

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### POPULAR MAXIMS.

From MS. Lansd. 210, fol. 80, v<sup>o</sup>, time of Mary.

*The sayng of olde Housbendmen.*

That the hasty or tymly sowyng  
 Somtyme yt faylyth,



Butt to late sowyng  
Seldom or never wyll prevyth.

Many a man wylle 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 thrave,  
And alle he shalle have  
For weddyng of hys wyffe.

*Hull.*

### QUALITIES OF A GENTLEMAN.

From MS. Sloan. 775, fol. 55, v°, of the 15th century.

In whom is trauthe, pettee, fredome, and hardynesse,  
He is a man inheryte to gentylmene.  
Off thisse virtues iiij. who lakkyth iij.,  
He aught never gentylmane called to be.

*Hull.*

### SONG.

From MS. Harl. 4294, of the fifteenth century.

He hathe myne hart everydele,  
That cane love true, and kepe yt wele.

Sit amonges the knyghtes alle,  
At te counselle but ye be calle,  
And see and sey nott alle;  
Whatsoever ye thynk avyse ye wele.

In bower amonges 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 nyghtyngale;  
Beware to whom thou telle thy tale.  
Whatsoever, &c.

Laughe never with no lewde crye,  
Rage nott for no velony,  
.....rybaudry.  
Whatsoever, &c.

And thow goo unto the wyne,  
 And thow thynk yt good and fyne,  
 Take thy leve whane yt ys tyme.

Whatsoever, &c.

With thy tong thou mayst thyselfe spylle,  
 And with tonge thou mayst have alle thy [wylle];  
 Her and se, and kepe the styлле.

Whatsoever, &c.

*Hull.*

### 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 prophete and Abraham,  
 For the sunnes of Adem;  
 And moni other holi mon,  
 Mo then ich ou tellen con;  
 Till Jhesu fader nom fles 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 miȝte 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.

*Hull.*

# PRICES OF ARTICLES IN THE REIGN OF ELIZABETH.

From the common-place book of Roger Columbello, of Darley 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 windoos 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 windoos be to be mesured by foute, contayne 5 skore and one foute, which weare at 3d. every foute just 25s. 3d., and the litle window I take to be 18tene foute, which wear 4s. 6d. to be hewen by greatt by lyke prise.

Stuff bought at Darby agaynst my dawghter Tranthes weddinge, God prosper hyr! vid. the .. of September, 1587.

|                                                          |          |
|----------------------------------------------------------|----------|
| In primis, accteclothe of j. yerd. di. and d. q. . . . . | 17s. 6d. |
| It' 18tene yards of lace prise . . . . .                 | 6s.      |
| It' di. j. oz. of sylke . . . . .                        | 12d.     |
| It' for 3 dosen buttons . . . . .                        | 9d.      |
| It' j yard & di. of fustion . . . . .                    | 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 Tranthes . . . . .      | 14d.    |
| For di. a yard of fustian . . . . .                  | 6d.     |
| j qr. of taffata 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 hooose . . . . .                   | 13s. 4d. |
| For 4 elnes changable taffata for hyr gowne . . . . .     | 54s.     |
| For lace, silke, and ffringe for the same gowne . . . . . | 38s.     |
| For fustian ij. yards & demy . . . . .                    | 2s. 6d.  |
| Hooose ij payre . . . . .                                 | 2s.      |
| Crule ffringe and lace for my wyves peticote . . . . .    | 2s. 8d.  |
| Silke lace for a peticote vid. 3 yards & di. . . . .      | 2s. 8d.  |
| 2 yarges and 3 quarters changeable tofft tafata . . . . . | 27s.     |
| Lace and ffringe for her kirtle . . . . .                 | 2s. 6d.  |
| A girdle and Mocbeado for their doerbodies (!) . . . . .  | 3s.      |

fol. 85, vº.

for a cote and a dublett of lether made 1579.

**Imp'**. is for one yerd and iij. qr. brode cloth . . . xvij<sup>s</sup>. 6<sup>d</sup>.  
 for 40ti yardes of lace . . . . . 12<sup>s</sup>.  
 for one oz. Spaynishe sylke . . . . . 2<sup>s</sup>.  
 summa 31<sup>s</sup>. 6<sup>d</sup>.

**It'** for 10 yerds yelow lace that went to my lether  
 dublett . . . . . 3<sup>s</sup>. 4<sup>d</sup>.  
 for 4 scaynes yelow sylke . . . . . 6<sup>d</sup>.  
 for 3 dosen buttons . . . . . 6<sup>d</sup>.  
 for bumbast .12. and tafita . . . . . 7<sup>d</sup>.

fol. 89.

1586. Reckned with Roger Ball, on Easter eve for hys  
 years wage now paste, which is xxvj<sup>s</sup>. 8<sup>d</sup>., wherof stopte upp  
 for the rent of hys howse and hys croft with 4 buttes in the  
 felde 4<sup>s</sup>. 8<sup>d</sup>., and for hys other closes 14<sup>s</sup>., for haye in Darley  
 Pes 3<sup>s</sup>., for a strike of wheate 3<sup>s</sup>., and for one day plowinge  
 10<sup>d</sup>. Sume 25<sup>s</sup>., and now delivered hym 2<sup>s</sup>., so that he is now  
 4<sup>d</sup>. in my dett.

fol. 91.

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 peny, j. farthyng 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 peny for tythinge, and the  
 bisshop 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. peny 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 lovyngly  
 Ye wolde aply  
 My company  
     To my comforte ;  
 But now truly  
 Unlovyngly  
 Ye do deny  
     Me to resorte,  
 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 percase  
 To fynde some grace,  
 To have free chayse,  
     And spede as welle.

*Hull.*


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### THE PROVERBS OF HENDING.

Another copy of these curious proverbs (printed at p. 109 of the present volume,) is found in MS. Digby, 86. We give the commencement.

#### *Hending the Hende.*

Jhesu Crist, all this worldes red,  
 That for oure 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 3erne,  
 And loke that no man other werne  
     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.

Hull.

~~~~~  
 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 meretricem pulsat campanam inferni.*

Hull.

~~~~~  
 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.

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 facunde fayre she ys to see,  
 To her lyke ys none of her age ;  
 Without 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. 2252, 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 nothyng 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,  
 Gentlylly to have dalyaunce,  
     Whylys that your yowthe dothe tary.

*Hull.*

~~~~~  
 THE EVILS OF LENDING. f. 291

f. 208

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. 3041, 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.

*Hull.*

### 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 thout, of ded,  
 Thank God, for al is his.

#### *Invidia.*

Envi for lak of al thinges  
 Even als it es delt in two;  
 Of manslathttring haf na langinges,  
 Ne of his wel be thou noyt wo.

#### *Ira.*

Ire thou do out of thin hert,  
 That wirkis bat niht and day;  
 If it beleve yt sal be that  
 Thou sal bathe fraist and fanday.

*Hull.*

### 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 + Melchior + Balthasar +", and put yt under his head to whome the good partayneth, and he shall knowe in his sleape wher the thinge is become.

*Hull.*

### THE TESTAMENT OF THE CHRISTIAN.

From MS. Lansd. 762, fol. 3, r°. of the fifteenth century.

Terram terra tegat, Dæmon peccata resumat,  
 Mundus res habeat, spiritus alta petat.

#### *Terram terra tegat.*

Four poyntis my wille, or I hence departe,  
 Reason me movethe to make as I maye.

First to the erthe I bequethe 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.

*Dæmon peccata resumat.*

Myne horrible synnes that so sore me bynde,  
 With weight me oppresse, that lyen so many fold,  
 So many in nombre, 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, peny and pounce,  
 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 therefore 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 nedes, but whother shalle I goo?  
 I dowte my demeryttys which weyen on every side;  
 But Goddys mercy shall I truste to be my guyde,  
 Under whoes liecens yet while I maye breth,  
 Unto heven on high my soule I bequeth.

*Hull.*

## 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-founden ys,  
 That wes prophete of grete pris.  
 Tho he was in a cyté  
 Of Babyloyn, 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 wynnynge, ant no lere.

Mon that styth on tre an heh,  
Gode tidynge him is neh.

Mon that syth the skywes clere,  
Of somthing he worth y-boden here.

Mon that syth briddes cokkynde,  
Of wraththe that is toknyng.

Mon that thuncheth him beste dryven,  
His enemy wol with him striven.

Mon that of cartes met,  
Of dede mon tidynge he het.

Mon that shet, ant bowe bent,  
Of somthing he worth y-send.

Mon that met of broche ant ryng,  
That bitokneth sykker thyng.

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 bitre thyng,  
Som serewe him is comyng.

Mon that to God doth offryng,  
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 feblesse ase at ene.

Gerlaund whose hath ant croune,

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 syknesse 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 tidying of god deden.  
 Mon that is in loking,  
 Deceyte 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 delyt.  
 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 siknesse 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 syth 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 wraththe ant eke cheste.  
 Mon that sith is hous bernynde,  
 Ful gret peryl him is comynde.  
 Whose hym wossheth of cler water other welle,  
 Of joie ant wynnyng he shal telle.  
 That is hed is wyt whose meteth,  
 Gret byȝete hit bytokneth.  
 Whose thuncheth is 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.  
 Ȝef thou hast on newe shon,  
 Thou shalt joie underfon.  
 Ȝef the meteth thin shon beth olde,  
 In anguisse the worth y-holde.  
 Ȝef the meteth me wossheth thin heved,  
 Sunne ant peril the worth byreved.  
 Ȝef thou etest of thystles ȝurne,  
 Thy fomon the freteth on uche hurne.  
 Ȝyf thou sist two mone,  
 In pousté thou shalt waxe sone.  
 Ȝef the thuncheth thou sist the mone,  
 Shapen of hard the worth to done.  
 Ȝef the thuncheth thou y-bounden art,  
 Lattyng the worth strong ant smart.  
 Ȝef thou hast a bed of pris,  
 The worth a trewe wyf y-wis.  
 Ȝef thou sist the see ful cler,

The is god toward ner ant ner.  
 3ef the see is yn tempeste,  
 The tid anguisse 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 briddes 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 veil,  
 Bitokneth joie, god, and eyl.  
 Tren with frut whose sith,  
 Bizete 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,  
 Wraththe 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 shave whose syth,  
 Muche joie that bith  
 Armes other legges mis-turnd wose syth,  
 Langour ant mourning 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-leȝed 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,  
 Anguisse on soule mon saith that byth.  
 Mantel werie whose him sytht,  
 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 tydyng 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 therwyth,  
 Wreyng 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 syth,  
 Wreyng for sothe that ylke bith.  
 Wallen suen ant of hem drynke,  
 Other in house walle sprynge,  
 Joie ant bizete that is toknyng.  
 Water into hous y-bore whose sith,  
 Tocknyng of peril that byth.  
 Children bueren other habbe,  
 That is harm withoute gabbe.  
 Joie in swevenyng whose syth,  
 Mournyng 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 bloody other doun falle,  
 Travail ant peril me may calle.  
 Himself y-bounde whose may sen,  
 Other in swymmyng ben,  
 Other wycchen 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,  
 Chaunge 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 bytokneth purchasyng.  
 Whose thuncheth that he flyth,  
 Chaunge of stude that ilke bith.  
 Whose sith clothes bernynde,  
 Deceite is the bytoknyng.  
 Folle vesseles in house y-sen,  
 Plenté that tokneth to ben.  
 Whose thuncheth he God sith,  
 Other out that to him biliht,  
 That, ase suggesth this clerkes,  
 Bytokneth gode werkes,  
 Somme seggeth hit is ylle,  
 Ant that be at Godes wille.  
 Gurdel wosshen whose syth,  
 Choste ychot that ylke byth.  
 Of alle swevenes that men metetht,  
 Day other nytht when hue slepetht,  
 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.

Wrt.

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 AN EPITAPH.

From MS. Lansd. 762, 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 æternam*, nowe Jeshu graunte it me!  
 Whan I have ended all myn adversitie,  
 Graunte me in paradise to have a mancion,  
 That shed thy blode for my redempcion. Amen!

HIII.

## 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;  
 Westmerlond, tot for sote!  
 Yorkeschir, fall of kniȝtes;  
 Lincolnschir, men full of miȝtes.  
 Cambridgeschir, full of pikes;  
 Holland, full of dikes.  
 Suffolk, full of wiles;  
 Norffolk, full of giles.  
 Essex, good huswives;  
 Middelsex, full of strives.  
 Kent, as hot as fir;  
 Sussex, full of mir.  
 Southampton, dire and wete;  
 Somersetschir, good for whete.  
 Devinschir, miȝt 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;  
 Buckinghamschir is his make.  
 Northampton, full of love,  
 Beneath the girdel, and not above.  
 Nottinghamschir, 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.*

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### THE SEVEN NAMES OF A PRISON.

From MS. Harl. 7526, fol. 35 ; of the fifteenth century.

*Domus punicionis ista habet hæc septem nomina.*

*Primum nomen istius prisone vocatur,*  
 A place to bury men that be quyk,  
 Here to contenew with bred and watour,  
 iiij. 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 ponyshe man for his trespas,  
 To remember hymselffe 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,*  
 Distruction of mannys body, name, and credans ;  
 Hys honesté steynynd, and he replet with sorow and woo ;  
 Hys goodes disperpuled, and he broght to indigens ;  
 Hys wyffe redles, chyldren gydles, servauntes withdraw  
 hym fro ;  
 Wyth hunger thurst and cold hymselffe ponyshyd to *quorum*,  
 And for lacke of sewrté faste fetterd in *destructio vivorum*.

*Quantum nomen at dicitar laquei istius,*  
 Sethe cruelle wyll of every mannys adversary,  
 Here to ponyshe 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 foveæ 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, lackyng sewrté, and putt under *quorum*,  
He hath no frendes, the lengere abydyth in *probacio amicorum*.

*Sextum nomen vocatur istius turris,*

A place for man to distribute his goode,

To content the cruellenesse of his grevous 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 kepte here under *quorum*,

Wastyng his goodes in thys place *distributio bonorum*.

*Septem nomen dabitur 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 deceyved,

Dettours witholdyth, for to borow he is denyed ;

Thus dayly man leseth tyme, the term ys almoste doone,

God be owre socour, and us kepe fro *perdicio temporum*.

*Ihesus.*

O yee herttes hard, in welthe, eayse, and gretnes,

Remember welle thes vij. fold names of prisoune,

With pyté, almes, and charyté, prisoners to releas,

Be mercyfalle, agré, take parte, and sumwhat pardoone,

Disdeyne nott to help us, kepe you frome discencioune ;

A mane above is sone under by a draght of chekmate,

Alle you att large pray God ffor us that be here in Ludgate.

*Explicit. Wottour Grevz.*

*Hull.*

## GEOGRAPHY IN VERSE.

From MS. Bib. Reg. 13 D. I. fol. 287, v\*. of the fourteenth century.

*Recapitulatio omnium terrarum civitatumque locius 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.

Heȝtetene kynges londes

Ben in Asye the stronge ;

Of tho londes the sixe ben  
 By the oceane see,  
 India, Aracusia, Persia,  
 Assyria, Persis, and Media,  
 These alle stonden by that see.  
 Mesopotamia, Caldea, Siria,  
 Brabia, Bactria, Palestria,  
 Iberia, Phenessa, Scicia, Amazonia,  
 Albania, Hirania, 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 Affrice.*

By that othere syde is Aufrike  
 Thereinne stondeth Nadabora,  
 Garamancia, Libia, Cirenen, Getulia,  
 Gropolitane, Cutense, Ganges, and Cicie,  
 Gotulie and Minudia, Tingurie, Mauritania,  
 These stonden in Amona.  
 The ferreste londes that bene  
 By the est syde of Affrike,  
 Dacie, Gepide, Humie, Hungrie, Arkadie,  
 Sciciona, Elladia, 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,  
 Sebore, and the Tyer cliter,  
 These londes bene ferthere.  
 Libertre, Calicardania, Aschos, Samaria,  
 Parapones, Simbris, Cipher, and Tibris,  
 Militigate, Affrua, Solumbre, Curia,  
 Idapes, Hermenye, 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, Pugie, Linge, Hungrie, and Geptrie,  
 Bucedonie, Rodes, Cesilie, Saragunce,  
 Puille, Calabre, Romanie, Tharce,  
 Garum, Aquile, Tuscan, and Lombardie,  
 These ben londes swithe fre.  
 Lavenne, Campaigne, Burgoine,  
 Provence, Fraunce, Normendie,  
 Armowe, Britaigne, Burdeles,  
 Spayne, Galys, and Portyngale,  
 Murce, Cartage, Aragunce, Valace,  
 Baskle, Aragon, 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, Loerrenne, and Snaide,  
 Alemaine, Denemarche, Norway and Trace,  
 Venelond, Gutlond, Iselond, Grenelond,  
 Maydenelond, Hakeslond, Fryselond,  
 Goutlond, Wyteri, Mai, and Scotlond,  
 Muref, Galeway, Orkeney, Man, Huitegale,  
 Yatis eke in the tale.  
 Northumberlond, Cumberlond, Westmerlond,  
 Coupelond, Wales, and Engeland,  
 Cornewayle, Irlond, Colriche, and Iselond,  
 By the see syde of Irlond. *Explicit.*

*HULL*


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 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 souleyl à deus doz de peez dieu. Unqe la vigne où il cruist n'i fut semée ne bechée ne crotée 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. signifient q'il est bon, bel, et blanc. Les treis .c. signifient q'il est court, cresp, et cler. Les treis .s. signifient q'il est sein, sad, et saverouse. Les treis .n. signifient q'il est net, nais, et natureus. Les vit .ff.

signifient q'il est fin, fres, froit, fort, frick, flurant, freignant, et furmente fort, come muson à blaunk moyne, 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 misnome,  
Ben in thys prisun i-broct.

Al-micti, that wel lich,  
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 bilive,  
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.

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 muchele misse;  
 He bring hus ut of this wo,  
 And hus tache werchen swo,  
 In thes live go wu sit go,  
 That we moten ey and o  
     Habben the eche blisce.

*Hull.*

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### PRAISE OF WOMEN.

From MS. Harl. 4294, fol. penult. r<sup>o</sup>, of the fifteenth century.

I am as lyghte as any roe,  
 To preyse womene wher that I goo.  
 To onpreyse 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 womane ys worthy wyght,  
 She servyth a mane both daye and nyght;  
 Therto she puttyth alle her myght;  
     And yet she hathe but care and woo.

*Hull.*

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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 this maner people that sodenly wol be wrothe,  
 Whether they have cawse or noon, for nothing woll they let;  
 And specially with them that of their wrethe be not lothe.  
 Nowe truely 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.

*Hull.*



## THE LEGEND OF FURSÆUS.

From MS. Jun. No. 23, Bibl. Bodl. Oxon. fol. 48, r°. The story of Fursæus is one of the oldest, if not the oldest, of the Western Purgatory legends. Bede, in his *Ecc. 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, ða leofestan Paulus se Apostol, ealra þeoda lareow, awrat be hym sylfum, þæt he wære ge-læd up to heofonum oððæt he becom to þære þridan heofonan, and he wæs ge-læd to neorxnawange, and þær þa gastlican dygelnysse ge-hyrde and ge-seah, ac he ne cydde na eorðlicum mannum ða ðe he ongean com hwæt he ge-hyrde oððe ge-sawe, ðysum wordum writende be him sylfum: *Scio hominem in Christo ante annos quatuor-decem raptum usque ad tertium cælum, et cætera. Quum raptus est in paradisum, et audivit archana verba quæ non licet homini loqui.* ðæt is on Englisc, Ic wat þone man on Criste, þe wæs ge-gripen nu for feowertyne gearum and ge-læd oðða þridan heofonan, and eft he wæs ge-læd to neorxnawange, and þær ge-hyrde þa dygelan word ðe nan eorðlic man spreca ne mot. Hu meta rædað sume menn þa leasan ge-setnysse ðe he hatað Paulus ge-sihðe nu he sylf sæde, þæt he ða dygelan word ge-hyrde þe nan eorðlic man spreca ne mot.

We wyllað nu eow ge-reccan oðres mannes ge-syhðe, þe unleas is nu se apostol Paulus his ge-syhðe mannum ameldian ne moste.

Sum Scyttisc preost wæs ge-haten Furseus, ædel-boren for worulde, arwurðes lifes, and ge-lyfed swyþe. He wæs fram cild-hade ge-læred on clænnysse wunigende, estful on mode, lufigendlic on ge-syhðe, and on halgum mægnum dæghwamlic þeonde. ða for-let he fæder and modor and magas, and on oðrum earde ælðeodig leornode. Æfter þysum arærde mynster, and þæt mid æwfæstum mannum ge-sette. Eft æfter fyrste getimode him untrumnyss swa þæt he wearð to forð-siðe ge-broht. ða ge-namon twegen englas his sawle, and fleogende mid hwitum fiðer haman betwux him feredon. And an þrida engel fleah him æt-foran, ge-wepnod mid hwitum scylde and scinendum swurde. ða pry englas ge-licere beorhtnysse scinende wæron, and þære sawle wunderlice wynsumnysse mid heora fiðera swege on belæddon, and mid heora sanges dreame micelum gegladodon. Hi sungon: *Ibunt sancti de virtute in virtutem; videbitur Deus Deorum in Sion.* ðæt is on Englisc, þa halgan

farað fram mihte to mihte; ealra Goda God byð ge-sequen in Sion. Ða ge-hyrde he eft oðerne sang swlyec uncuðne manegra þusenda engla þus cweðende, *Exierunt obviam Christo*, ðæt is, Hi eodon to-geanes Christe. Hwæt Ða an engel of ðam uplicum werodum bebead þam ge-wæpnodan engle þe Ða sawle ge-lædde, þæt hi eft hi ongean ge-lædan sceoldon to ðam lichaman ðe heo of ge-læd wæs. Ða cwæð se engel him to þe him on Ða sweðran hand fleah, "Ðu scealt eft þinne lichaman underfón, and agifan Gode þinre carfulnysse weorc and fremminge." Ða cwæð se halga Furseus, þæt he nolde his willes heora ge-ferrædene for-lætan. Se engel him andwyrde "Æfter þinre carfulnysse godre fremminge, we cumað eft to ðe and ge-nimað ðe to us." Hi Ða sungon, and seo sawul ne mihte undergytan hu heo on ðam lichaman eft becom for þæs dreames wynsumnysse. Ða betwux hancrede læg se halga wer ge-edcucod mid rosenum hiwe ofergoten, and þa licmenn þær rihte his neb unwrugon. Ða befran Furseus hwi heora ge-hlyd swa mycel wære, oððe hwæs hi swa micclum wúndrodon. Hi Ða andwyrdon and sædon, þæt he on efnunge ge-wite, and þæt his lic læge on flora ealle þa niht oð hancred. He þa up ge-sæt, smeagende his ge-syhðe, and het hine huslian, and swa untrum léofode twegen dagas. Eft Ða on þære þridan nihte middan astrehte his handa on ge-bedum, and bliðe ge-wat of ðisum ge-swincfullum life. Ða comon eft Ða þry foresædon englas and hine ge-læddon. Hwæt þa comon þa awyrigedan deoflu on atelicum hiwe þære sawle to-geanes, and heora an cwæð, "Uton for-standan hi foran mid ge-feohte." Ða deoflu feohtende scuton heora fyrgean flān on-gean þa sawle. Ac þa deoflican flān wurdon þærrihte ealle adwæscte þurh þæs ge-wæpnodan engles gescyldnysse. Ða englas cwædon to ðam awyrigedum gastum, "Hwi wylle ge lettan ure sið-fæt? Nis þes man dæl-nymend eowres for-wyrdes?" Ða wiðerwinnan cwædon þæt hit unrihtlic wære, þæt se man þe unriht ge-þafode sceolde butan wite to reste faran, þonne hit awriten is þæt þa beoð eal swa scyldige ðe ðæt unriht ge-þafiað swa swa þa þe hit ge-wyrcað." Se engel þa feaht ongean þa awyrigedan gastas to ðan swyðe, þæt ðam halgan were wæs ge-ðuht þæt þæs ge-feohtes hream, and þæra deofla ge-hlyd mihte beon gehyred geond ealle eorðan. Ða deofla eft cwædon, "Ydele spelunga he beode, ne sceal he un-ge-derod þæsecan lifes brucan." Se halga engel cwæð, "Buton ge Ða heafod-leahtras him on befastnion, ne sceal he for ðam læssan losian." Se ealda wre-gere cwæð, "Buton ge for-gyfon mannum heora gyltas, ne forgifð se heofonlica fæder eow eowere gyltas." Se engel andwyrde, "On hwam awræc ðes mann his teonan?" Se deofol cwæð, "Nis ná awriten þæt hi wrecan ne sceolon; ac buton ge

for-gifon of eowrum heortum wið eow agyltendum." Se engel cwæð: "Us bið ge-demed æt-foran Gode." Se ealda sceocca eft cwæð. "Hit is awriten, buton ge beon swa bylewite on unscæððegnyssse swa swa cild, næbbe ge infær to heofonan rice." "ðis bebod he nateshwon ne ge-fylde." Se Godes engel hine beladode and cwæð, "Mildsunge he hæfde on his heortan, þeah ðe he manna ge-wunan heolde." Se deofol andwyrde, "Swa swa he þæt yfel on ðam menniscum ge-wunan underfeng, underfo he eac swa þæt wite fram þam upplican deman." Se halga engel cwæð, "We beoð æt-foran Gode ge-semde." ða wiðerwinnan wurdon ða oferswiðde þurh þæs engles ge-winn and ware. ða het se halga engel þone eadigan wer be-seon to middan-earde. He þa be-heold underbæc and ge-seah swylce an þeostorfull dene swiðe niðerlic, and ge-seah þær feower or-mæte fýr atende, and se engel cwæð him to, "ðas feower fýr ontendað ealne middan-eard, and onælað þæra manna sawla þe heora fullhtes andetnyssse and behat þurh forgægednyssse apægdon. ðæt an fýr ontent þæra manna sawla ðe leasunga lufdon. ðæt oðer, þære ðe gytsunge fyligdon. ðæt þridde, þæra þe ceaste and twy-rædnysse styrodon. ðæt feorðe fýr for-bærnð þæra manna sawla þe facn and arleasnyssse beeodon. ða ge-nealæhte þæt fýr þam halgan were, and he sona afyrht to ðam engle cwæð, "ðæt fýr ge-nealæcð wið min." Se engel andwyrde, "Ne byrnð on ðe þurh wite þæt þæt ðu on life ne onældest þurh Leahtras. ðeah ðe ðis fýr egeslic si and mycel þeah hwædere hit onæld ælcne be his ge-wyhtum. Swa se lichama byð ontend þurh neadwis wite." Se ge-wærpnoda engel ða fleah him æt-foran to-dælende þone lig, and þa oðre twegen him flugon on twa healfa, and hine wið þæs fýres frecednyssse ge-scyldon. ða deoflu þa mid ge-feohte ongean þa sawle scuton, and heora an to ðam englum cwæð: "Se þeowa ðe wát his hlafordes willan, and nele hine ge-fremman, sceal beon ge-witnod mid mycclum witum." Se halga engel befran, "Hwæt ne fylde þes man his hlafordes willan?" Se sceocca andwyrde, "Hit is awriten, þæt se healica God hateð unrihtwisra gyfe. He hæfde ge-numen lytle ær sumne clað æt anum sweltendum menn." ða cwæð se engel, "He ge-lyfde þæt ge-hwylc ðe him ænige gyfe sealde behreowsunge on life ge-dyde." Se deofol andwyrde, "Ærest he sceolde heora dædl bote afandian, and syððan heora sylene underfón." Se engel andwyrde, "Uton sceotan to Godes dome." Se awyrigeda gast andwyrde, "God ge-cwæð, þæt ælc syn þe nære ofer eorðan ge-bet, sceolde beon on ðyssere worulde ge-demed. ðes man ne ge-clænsode hys synna on eorðan, ne her nan wite ne underfehgd. Hwar is nu Godes rihtwisnyss?" Se engel hi þreade and cwæð, "Ne tælege for-þan ðe ge nyton Godes

diglan domes." Se deofol andwyrde, "Hwæt is her ge-diglod?" Se engel cwæð, "Æfre byð Godes mildheortnys mid ðam menn þa while þær byð ge-wened ænig be-hreowsung." Se deofol andwyrde, "Nis nu his tima to be-hreowsigenne on ðissere stowe." Se engel andwyrde, "Nyte ge ða miclan deopnysse Godes ge-ryne weald þeah him beo alyfed gyt be hreowsung." ða cwæð sum oðer deofol, "Hit is awriten, lufa þinne nextan swa swa ðe sylfne." Se engel andwyrde, "ðes wer dyde gód his nextan." Se wiðerwinna andwyrde, "Nis ná ge-noh þæt man his nextan gód dó, buton he hine lufige swa swa hine silfne." Se halga engel andwyrde, "ða góðan dæda synd geswutulunga þære soðan lufe, and God forgylt ælcum menn be his dædum." Hwæt se deofol ða mid hospe cwæð, "ðes mann behet þæt he wolde ealle woruld-þing forlætan, and he syððan lufode woruld-þing on-gean his behat, and ongean ðæs apostoles bebode þe þus cwæð, Ne lufige ge þisne middan-eard ne ða þing ðe on middan-earde synd." Se halga engel andwyrde, "Ne lufode he woruldlice æhta for his neode ánum, ac to dælenne eallum wædligendum." Se ealda wregere eft cwæð, "Hit is awriten, buton þu gestande þone unrihtwisan, and him his unrihtwisnysse secge, ic of-ga his blodes gyte æt þinum handum. ðæs man nolde cyðan þam syngiendum heora synna." Se engel cwæð, "Hit is awriten be ðam yfelan tyman, þæt se snotera sceal suwian þonne he ge-syð, þæt seo bædung næfð nænne forðgang." On eallum þy-sum ge-flitum wæs þæra deofla ge-feoht swyðe styðlic ongan þa sawle, and þa halgan englas, oððæt þuruh Godes dom þa wiðerwinnan wurdon ge-scyld, and se halga wer ða wearð mid ormætum leohte befangen. ða beseah he up, and ge-seah feala engla werod on mycelre beorhtnysse scinende, and þæra halgena sawla wið his fleogende mid unasecgendlicum leohte, and aflagdon þa deoflu him fram, and þæs fyres ogan him fram adydon. ða ge-cneow he betwux þam halgum twegen arwurðe sacerdas, þe ær on life wæron his landes menn swyðe namcuðe. Hi ða ge-nealæhton, and him cuðlice to spræcon; an þara hatte Beanus, oðer Meldanus. ðær wearð þa ge-worden mycel smyltnys þære heofonan, and twegen englas flugon swylce þurh ane duru into þære heofonan, and þa sloh þær mycel leoht ut æfter þam englum, and wæs ge-hyred feower engla weoroda sang, þus cweðende, *Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus Dominus Deus Sabaoth*. ða sæde se engel þam eadigan were, þæt se dream wære of ðam uplicum werode, and het hine georne ðæs heofonlican sanges hlyftan, and cwæð, "Soðlice on ðisum heofonlicum rice ne becymð næfre unrotnyss buton for manna lyre." Eft ða comon fleogende of ðære heofonlican digelnysse englas, and cyddon þæt he sceolde eft to worulde ge-cyrran. Furseus

Ða wearð þurh þas bodunge ablicged, and þa twegen fore-  
 sædan sacerdas abædon æt þam englum þæt hi moston hine  
 ge-sprecan, and cwædon him to, "Hwæs ondræst þu ðe  
 anes dæges færeld þu hæfst to siðienne?" Furseus þa befrán,  
 "be ge-endunge þyses middan-eardes" Hi cwædon, "ne  
 byð se ge-endung þyssere worulde na gyt, ðeah ðe heo ge-  
 hende sy, ac mancynn byð ge-swenct mid hungre and mid  
 cwealme; ðurh feower þing losiað manna sawla, þæt is þurh  
 leahtras, and þurh deofles tihinge, and þurh lareowa gyme-  
 leaste, and þurh yfele ge-lysnunge unrihtwisra heafod-manna.  
 Ofer þam lareowum is Godes yrra swyðost astyroð, forþan ðe  
 hi for-gymeleaseað þa godcundan béc, and ymbe þa woruld-  
 þing eallunga hogiað, bisceopum and sacerdum ge-dafenað,  
 þæt hi heora lare gymon and þam folce heora pearfe secgan.  
 Mynster-mannum ge-dafenað þæt hi heora lare gymon, and þam  
 folce heora lif on stilnysse adreogan. Ðu soðlice cyð þine  
 ge-sihðe on middan-earde, and beo hwil-tidum on digelnysse  
 and hwil-tidum betwux mannum. Ðonne þu on digelnysse  
 beo heald, þonne georne Godes beboda, and eft þonne þu ut  
 færst betwux mannum far for heora sawle hælu na for weoruld-  
 licum ge-streone. Ne beo ðu carful embe woruldlice ge-streon,  
 ac miltsa eallum ðinum wiðer-winnun; mid hlutre heortan,  
 and agild góð for yfele and ge-bide for ðinum feondum. Beo  
 þu swa swa getriwe dihtnere, and nan þing þe nege-ahnige buton  
 bigleofan and scrude. Aféd þinne lichaman mid alyfedum met-  
 tum, and ælc yfel for-seoh." Æfter þysum mynegungum, and  
 menigfealdum oðrum larum, ge-wende eall þæt heofonlice werod  
 upp to þam heofonlicum þrymme, and þa twegen sacerdas Beanus  
 and Meldanus samod. Furseus soðlice mid þam þrim englum  
 ge-wende to eorðan. Hi becomon þa eft to ðam witnigendlicum  
 fyre, and se ge-wepnoda engel rýde him weg þurh þæt fyr, to-dæ-  
 lende þone lig on emp twa. Hwæt ða deoflu þa scuton of ðam  
 fyre, and awurpon ane unrihtwise sawle byrnende uppon þone  
 eadigan wer Furseum, swa ðæt his sculdor and his hleor wur-  
 don, ontende mid witnigendlicum fyre. Furseus sona oncneow  
 þa sawle se wæs his tun-man ær on life, and he ge-nam æt his  
 lice sumne clað swa swa we lytle eow sædon. Ða englas þa  
 ge-læhton þa sawle, and awurpon into ðam fyre. þa cwæð  
 sum þæra deofla, "swa swa þu ær under-fenge his góð, swa  
 ðu scealt beon his even-hlytta on his witum." Godes engel  
 andwyrde, "Ne under-feng he his þing for nanre gytsunge,  
 ac for his sawle alysednysse," and þa fyr sona ge-swác. Ða  
 cwæð se Godes engel to þam were Furseum, "þæt þæt þu  
 sylf on-ældest þæt barn on ðe. Gif ðu ne under-fenge ðyses  
 synfullan mannes reaf æt his forð-siðe, ne mihte his wite ðe de-  
 rian. Boda nu eallum mannum dædbote to donne, and andet-

nysse to sacerdum, oððā endenextan tide heora lifes, ac swa ðeah nis to under-fonne nanes synfulles mannes æhta on his ge-endunge, ne his lic ne sy on haligre stowe be-byrged, ac beo 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 unrihtwisnysse huru on his forð-siðe behreowsað and ge-nihtsumlice dælð. Ne under-fo se sacerd swa þeah nan þing ðæs 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-fón. Furseus þa beseah to his lichaman swylce to uncudum hreafe, and nolde him ge-nealæcan. Se halga engel cwæð, "Hwi onscunast þu to under-fonne ðysne lichaman, ðone þe ðu miht butan leahtre heonon forð habban. Soðlice þu oferswyðdest on ðyssere ge-drefednysse, þa unalyfedlican lustas þæt he heononforð on-gean ðe naht ne magon." ða ge-seah he opnian his lichaman under þam breoste, and se engel him cwæð to "ðonne þu ge-educod byst, ofergeot þine lichaman mid fant-wætere, and þu ne ge-fredest nane sarnysse buton þam bærnytte ðe ðu on þam fyre ge-læhtest. Do wel on eallum þinum life, and we siððan æfter þinum wel-dædum bliðne ðe eft genimað to us." Se halga wer Furseus aras þa of deaðe oþre sipe, 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 þá, and sæde be endebyrdnysse 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 bærnety 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 ða geond ealle Yrland, bodiende þa ðing þe he ge-seah and ge-hyrde, and wæs mid Godes gyfe wunderlice afylled, nanes eorðlices þinges wilnigende. Eallum godum mannum he wæs lufigendlic, unrihtwisum and synfullum egeslic, on godcundum wundrum he scean and aflygde deofu fram ofsettum mannum, and þearfan ge-hyrte. Ferde þa twelf gear swa bodiende betwux Yrum and Sceottum, and syððan ofer eall Angel-cynn, and eac sum mynster on ðysum iglande arærde. Wende syððan suð ofer sæ to Francena rice, and þær mid mycelre arwurðnysse under-fangen wæs, and mynsterlif arærde. ða æfter lytlum wearð he ge-un-trumod and gewat to heofonanrice, to ðære ecan myrhðe þe he ær ge-seah, on þære he leofað ge-sælig symle mid Gode. Amen.

His líc wearð bebyrged mid mycelre arwurðnyss, and eft embe feower gear ansund butange-wemmedlicre brosnunge on oðre stowe bebyrged. Ðær beoð ætowde his ge-earnunga þurh wundra þam Ælmihtigum to lofe, se þe is ealra leoda waldend.

Wrt.

### 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 almightinde, scheppare of hevene ant eerthe, aant in Jhesu Crist oure meneliche loved, that kenned is of þen holigost, y-boren of þen mayden Marie, y-pined under Ponce Pilate, oon rode y-don, det ȝ i-bured, alizste intho helle, þene pridde day aroos of det, astehey into hevene, siþ on his fader rith half Goddes alweldinde, þenene is cominde tho demene quike ȝ þe deede; hic hleve in þe Holigost, holie chirche, tieradene(?) of haluuen, foruizfnesse of sinnen, arysnesse of flesse, ȝ eche lif. So bee hit, þat is, Amen.

*Pater noster.* Fader oure þat art in heve, i-halgeed bee þi nome, i-cume þi kinereiche, y-worthe þi wyll also is in hevene so be on erthe, oure iche-dayes-bred gif us to-day, ȝ forgif us oure gultes, also we forgifet oure gultare, ȝ 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 blessedde among wymmen, i-blessed be frut of þine wumbe. So be hit,

*In manus tuas.* On þine hondes hich breathe (or biteche) mine gost, þu me bowȝtest, loved 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  
    hæreses 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,  
    florete, stat, ecclesia.



Ad eorum laudem  
 Caveamus fraudem,  
     immo quæque vitia;  
 Horum ut doctrina  
 Virtus nos divina  
     ducat ad cœlestia. Amen.

### TOPOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

MS. Arundel, in the College of Arms, No. 50, fol. 214, r<sup>o</sup>. of the beginning of the fourteenth century, formerly belonging to the Abbey of Bury.

Longitudo aulæ Westmonaster. est .cc. lxx. pedes; latitudo, .lxxiiij. <sup>or</sup> ped.

Longitudo aulæ archiepiscopi Ebor. apud Ebor. vj. <sup>xx</sup> .ij. ped.; latitudo, lxxvj. ped.

Longitudo aulæ in castello apud Novum Castellum, .v. <sup>xx</sup> .v. ped.; latitudo, xlvij. ped.

Latitudo claustrî Dunelm. vi. <sup>xx</sup> .xvii. ped. } præter  
 Inter columnas et murum. xiiij. <sup>or</sup> ped. . . . } bancum

Latitudo aulæ hospitum ibidem, lv. ped.; longitudo, .iiij. <sup>xx</sup> vij. ped.

Latitudo claustrî Sancti Eadmundi, vij. <sup>xx</sup> v. ped. } præter  
 Inter columnas et murum. xiiij. <sup>or</sup> ped. . . . . } bancos.

On the verso of the same folio. .

Nomina quarumdam aquarum decurrentium per quasdam villas famosas in partibus borealibus.

Twede currit descendendo a Norham usque Werewiche inter Angliam et Scotiam.

Thille incipit in monte de Chiviot et in citerioribus ejus partibus et paulatim se recolligendo, et juxta Wlhorepund alveum faciendo decurrit in Twede subter (?) Norham.

Choket currit apud Feltone, et non longe inde ubi est castellum de Werkwrthe decurrit in mare, et ibi in insula Coket dicta per unum milliare a terra distante est cella una pertinens ad abbatem Sancti Albani, et habet tantum duos monachos.

Apud Alnewiche currit Alne.

Apud Morpa currit Wanspicht

Circa prioratum Dunelmæ currit Wer.

Ad Novum Castellum currit Thine.

In principio libertatis Sancti Cuthberti currit Theyse.

Item parum citra currit Swale.

Apud Chestre currit Stanleburne.

Apud Alvertone currit

Apud Thrusly currit 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 Wlhore, Glend.

Apud Boweltone, Bremiz.

Apud Pontem de Burche Intpihot(?)

Apud Newewerche, Dunham, et Thorkegeye, Trente.

Apud Lincolne, Withine.

Apud Wetherby, Idele. (?)

*Wrt.*

## OLD SUPERSTITIONS.

From the Pœnetential of Bartholomew Iscanus, bishop of Exeter, 1161—  
1186. MS. Cotton. Faustina, A. VIII. fol. 32.

Qui alieni lactis vel mellis vel cæterarum rerum habundantiam aliqua incantatione vel maleficio auferre et sibi adquirere nisus fuerit.

Qui dæmonis illusionem decepti creduntur et profitentur se in famulatu ipsius quam vulgus insipiens Herodiadem vel Diam 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 arbore vel in bivio abscondunt, ut sua animalia a clade liberentur.

Qui filium suum super tectum aut in fornace posuerit pro sanitate recuperandi, vel propter hoc carminibus vel caracteribus vel figmento 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 fœtus sui pereant.

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 aliquem profectum aut salutem adquirat.

Qui in festo Sancti Johannis Baptistæ aliquam 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 petræ motione vel quolibet alio signo aliquam conjecturam boni seu mali concipit.

Qui masculam vel feminam in lupinam effigiem alicujus animalis transformari posse crediderit.

Qui vestigia christianorum observaverit et cespitem inde tollendo vocem [nocere] alicui posse crediderit.

*ex concil. Agathensi.*

Perquirendum 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 dampnet aut surripiat. Et si aliqua est quæ dicat se cum dæmonum 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. 762. fol. 99, r<sup>o</sup>. 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, medici 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 conteyned,  
 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. for senes doth redounde,  
 P. to pregnantes, to wymen it dooth pertayne,  
 I. for infirmi, that sikeness 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 palpare 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.

|     |      |          |       |          |         |      |        |
|-----|------|----------|-------|----------|---------|------|--------|
| ly. | the. | terbery. | lile. | chester. | colne.  | don. | ceter. |
| E.  | ba.  | can.     | car.  | che.     | lyn.    | lon. | ex.    |
|     |      | ford.    | raci. | chester. | cester. |      |        |
|     |      | her.     | ebo.  | wyn.     | wor.    |      |        |

|        |          |       |       |
|--------|----------|-------|-------|
| 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 lætior ;  
 Et qui se ebiberit, tanto est stultior ;  
 Lectum cum intraverit sompnis 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 ;  
 Whan he goth to his bed, his slepe is the sadder ;  
 At morowe whan he waketh, his brayne is the bradder ;  
 Whan he loketh in his purce, his sorowe is the sadder.

Auro quid melius ? Jaspis. Quid Jaspite ? sensus.  
 Quid sensu ? ratio. Quid ratione ? modus.

Of life and deth nowe chuse the,  
 There is the woman, here is the galowe tree ;  
 Of boothe choyce harde is the parte ;  
 The woman is the warsse, drive forthe the carte.  
 Si sapiens fore vis, sex serva quæ tibi mando :  
 Quid loqueris, et ubi, de quo, cui, quomodo, quando.  
 Calamitis pursse penyles per vicos ecce vagantur ;  
 Yf it be as I ges, male solvunt quod mutantur.

Loqui me sæpe, penitus tacere nunquam.  
 Dimidium lunæ pariter cum sole rotundo,  
 Et pars quarta rotæ, nichil plus exigit 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, postque puer, adolescens, post juvenis, vir,  
 Dicitur inde senex, postea decrepitus.

To thy frende thowe lovest moste,  
 Loke thowe tell not alle thy worste,  
 whatesoever behappes ;

For whane thy frende ys thy foo,  
He wolle tece alle and more too,  
be ware of after clappes.

Accipe per ceram carnem de virginem veram.

I winked, I winked, whan 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 capit 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 possumus cognoscere stultum.

Si quis in hoc mundo vult multum gratis haberi,

Det, quærat, et capiat, plurima, pauca, nichil.

Est tuus, Anna, pater Jozafath, Nazafath, tua mater.

Nulla gratia perit nisi gratia gramaticorum.

Est et semper erit lilit thanke in fine laborum.

Per-vigili cura semper memorare futura.

s/ Tempora trancibunt, 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 adessee videtur.

Nil valet ille labor, ubi nulla præmia 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 millenis sex centum quatuor annis

Nexus in feryo Adam pro crimine primo.

Arbor Lencester, quæ bona cambuca fiet.

Cur moritur 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 perdere famæ.

In veritate dico, pauper est qui caret 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—

(Manie handes make light worke.)

Cum rapitur fraude equus, tunc ostia claude.

S. servus, famulus, C. cervus, bestia silvis

Trem. fra. me. goliob. et ob hoc tibi prebjo dem. fi. *q/*

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 yane, snese, sobbe, wamble, rowte,

Ossito, stermito, 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 capit conditione pari.

Noscitur per nasum cimljæ quæ vendit omasum.

Purnere qui ledit, sed scribit marmore læsus.

In viridi campo steterunt principes ambo,

Unus erat Jesus, alter fuit Bartholomeus;

Emerunt vagam propter dimidium marcum,

Tunc dixit Jhesus "volo comedere solus:"

Respondit Abraham, "non sic facis, per meam barbam"

Accepit baculum, vellet percutere Jhesum;

Jhesus clamabat Petrum, Paulum qui vocabat, *que*

Ambo venerunt, Habraham bene verberaverunt.

Tunc dixit Jhesus, "ego sum hic timide solus;

Adiuvā me modo vagam, grossum vobis dabo."

Tunc dixit Abraham, "heve, hev, quod huc veni unquam,

Si non venissem, nunquam bene verberavisse *my*

Si meus iste liber tingatur sorde, magister

Infringet natibus verbera dira meis.

Dic quot denarios, quot dies, tibi postulat unus;

Tot libras simul et medias tibi suppetit annus,

Grossus tot junge tot denarios superadde,

Si vis post cenam stomachi deponere penam.

Sta quod sis lassus, vel centum perforce 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 cures.

Si cælum multe caderet, morerentur Alaudæ.

Dic homo vas cinerum, quid confert flos facierum,

Copia quid rerum, mors ultima meta dierum.

Aspera vox ite, vox istæ jocunda venite;

Ex meritis vitæ dependunt, ite, venite.

Psallite devote, distincte metra tenete,

Vocibus estote concordēs, vana cavete;

Nunquam posterior versus prius incipiatur,

Quam finis anterior perfecto fine fruatur.  
 Hii sunt qui psalmos corrumpunt nequiter almos,  
 Dangler, cum jasper, lepar, galper, quoque draggar,  
 Momeler, forskypper, forereynner, sic et overleper;  
 Fragmina verborum Tutivillus colligit horum.  
 Anna solet dici tres concepisse Marias,  
 Quas genuere viri Joachim, Cleophas, Salomeque;  
 Ut ductere vivi Joseph, Alpheus, Zebedeus,  
 Prima parit Christum, Jacobum, secunda minorem,  
 Et Joseph justum peperit cum Simone Judam;  
 Tertia majorem Jacobum volucrumque Johannem.  
 Est grave præstare, gravius præstare rogare. *p. 259*  
 Cum peto pardo rem periter debentis amorem. *a/*  
 Whose thought is cumbered and is not clene,  
 Of other mens dedes the worse wolle he deeme;  
 Deme not my deedes, thought they be naught,  
 Deme whate thowe wilte, 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.*

*Secus =* Si secus secum duxit, ambo in foviam cadent.  
 Si vis post cenam stomachi deponere penam.  
 Sta dum sis lassus, vel centum perforce passus.  
*7* Hæc abbathia ruit, hoc notum sit tibi, Christe,  
*7* Jutus et extra pluit, terribilis est locus iste.  
*7* Bullecampe ecce dies attinctus sanguine fuso.

*HULL.*

### 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, v<sup>o</sup>.

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 stotand 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 arn shorte. and somme a long noke,  
 Somme kroken a-*weyward*. als a fleshoke.  
 Qwan i kan mi lesson. mi meyster wil i gon,  
 That heres me mi *rendre*. he wenes i have wel don:  
 Qwat hast thu don, dawn Water. sin saterdai at non?  
 Thu holdest nowt a note. by God! in riht ton.  
 Wayme, leve Water. thu werkes al til shame,  
 Thu stomblest 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 bit him wel to spede.  
 'Got it wot!' says William. 'ther-of hadd i nede:  
 Now wot i qwou *judicare*. 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 *rendrede* 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 solfe and singge after. and is me nevere the nerre;  
 I horle at the notes. and heve hem al of *herre*:  
 Alle that me heres. wenes 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 lare,  
 Of effauz and elami. ne coud y nevere are;  
 I fayle faste in the fa. it files al my fare.  
 3et ther ben other notes. sol and ut and la,  
 And that froward file. that men clepis fa;  
 Often he dos me liken ille. and werkes me ful wa,  
 Mijt i him nevere hitten. in ton for to ta.  
 3et ther is a *streiuant*. witz to longe tailles,  
 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 *moyson*. in gesolrentz en hawt;  
 Il hayl were thu boren. 3if thu make defawt,  
 Thanne sais oure mayster. "que wos ren ne vawt."

Wrt.

THE BOOKE OF HAWKYNG  
AFTER  
PRINCE EDWARDE KYNG OF ENGLANDE.

From the Harleian MS. 2340. 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 goshawkes and sperhawkes. Firste to speke of hawkes, they beth egges, and afterward they be disclosed hawkes. Andwe schuld say that hawkes eyrith in wodes and not bredeth. And then when they begynne to feder anon by kynd, they woll drawe them somewhat 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 woll fle fro tre to tre, and then they beth callyd branchers. Then who so woll take hem, he moste have vrens y-made of good smal threde to encile 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 rabett; and if he falle not there to putt a wesylle; and if he fall not there to loke never other wach. And when thu hast take a hawke encile 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 oght to be. Then bere this hawke upon thy fiste, and kaste here opou 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, fede here and fare feire with here till she woll stande opou thi fiste, for it is drede for hertyng of her whingys, and in the same nyght after that feding wake here all that nyght, and a morow bere her all that day, and then she woll be prevey ynoght to be reclaymed. And if it be a goshawke or tercell that schall be reclaymed, ever fede here with wasche mete eke at the drawing and eke at the reclaymyng; 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 lynnyn cloth wipe here mete. And ever more the iij. day yeve here castyng while she is fleyng. And in this maner yeve here castyng. Take new blanket cloth and kut feire pelotis of an ench long, and take the flesch and kut v. morcells, and with a knyfis poynt 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 glemous repyng and derke and sum clere; for if it be yelow, she gendrith an evyll called the frounce. This yvelle woll arise in the mouthe other in the cheke, and if it be grene she gendrith the ree. This yvell wolle arise in thev hedde and make the hedde swell, and but it have help it woll downe into there leggs, and if it go from the legges to the hedde agayn, forsceth the hawke is but lost. And if it be glemous and roping, she gendrith an yvell y-callyd the cray, that is when an hawke may not mute.

*Medicyne for the Frounce.*

Take a silver sponse, and put the smale ende in the fire til it be hote, and opyn his mouthe, and bren the sore, and anynt 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 rasure in this manner; lete holde the hawke and flytt there the sore is, and thu shallt 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 lynnyn cloth wipe away the blode and anynt the sore with bame iij. dayes arewe, and afterwarde with popilion, unto the tyme that it be hole.

*For the ree to goshawke.*

Take a dase, and stampe it in a mortar, 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 anynt 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 frounca comyth when a man fedith his hawk with porke cat other kydde. iij. 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 iij. 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 hote mete vnwasch, thogh she be a gos-hawke, 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 hote mete waschyn in vinegre, if the hawke be in high astate, and withoute 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 vndyrstand wel that hole fotid bryddes beth not holsom to hawke while hawke is fleyng, but while he is in mew. And clove fotyd bryddes ben good to hawk while he fleith and meweth as wode-coke, snyte, perterich, ffesaunt, and bestes of the venery ben goode as martrys, squirelles, conynggs, 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 poyson to hawke. Also hote befe as it is slay is verey poison to hawke, excepte the herte. Also pigions is goode, for olde colours makith hawke drye. Crow doth the same. Ravyns ben poison to hawkes. A yong roke is full goode as chikyn ben. Pyes cawekes 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, thogh it were in chef fleyng tyme. And also loke what bryddes that bith cloverfoted 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 woll clense a hawkes hedde as tyryng, and the swettteste tyryng that is to goshawke and sperhawke is a pigge is tayle. Nere the lees the rumpe of a beste clensith the hedde better. Allso a pigions fote is good tyryng. Ffor on of the principall causes that the ree genderys is faute oute of tyryng.

*Here beginneth the termys of Hawkyng.—*

In the begynnynge 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 iij. is fede your hawke and sey not geve here mete. The iiij. is that an hawke suyth is beke and not wypith. The v. cast your hawke to the perke, and say not ley. The vj. 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 say this hath a large beke, or a sworte of a huge hedde, or a smalle feire. I sesounde enfered 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 schisith. This hawke hath a feirer long wyng, a feirer long tayle with vj. barrys oute, and stondith upon 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 hawk, 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 brekith 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 founde a covey of pertrich, a bevey of quayles, and eye of fesaunts. And if ye recleme your hawke, ye moste

withdraw on mele into iij. into the tyme that she wolle come, and then encrease 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 lete the spanyell flusch up the covey. And if that she abate lete her fle, but be war that thou constreyned her not to flee. And if she neme oon rewarde her apon here foule, the merke the covey and goo afore them somewhat and lete that partrich that ye have in your bagge fle be a creunche, so that the hawke nym the partrich fleyng; 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 knyfe 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 flesch aboute the neck, and lete her not fle afterwarde til she have sewyd her beke or rowsed her; then is your hawke made as towchyng to pertriches.

*For an hawke that hath casting, and may not cast to make her cast.*

Take the jus of salendyne and yeve it her, other iiij. 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 flesch 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 therein, and fede her therewith onys or twyys, and she shall be hole.

*For wormes within the hawk, called flylaundris.*

Take the jus of nepter, and put 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 sikeness is when a hawke gapith and skryllyth upon the fuste.

*That an hawke ly not on hey in the mewes fore unbaste.*

Take verue rotes that groweth 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 filthede 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 thyn hawke be not put in a full cold place, nether in fervetn sonne but after that she hath bathed, and if she be allinoste dry draw her unto the house till she be dry, and afterwarde put her oute a gayn to prowne and spalch herself, and a non after that proynyng draw her in agayn, but if that it is wynter then it is necessary to her to be oute in the sonne altogeder 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 bryngyng hem in all thyng, kepyng hem fro colde, for if he take colde ore he be full sommyd, for soth he schall gendre the crampe, and fro hurting of her bonys. He benym hem her kynde to suffer stench and filthed. Yif her dene mete, first in the mewes thu moste use her to hackyng; and when thou seist hym hym begyn to feder, draw hym oute of the mewes 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 opou a borde in his neste, and he woll come thider to his paste eche day. Now thu knowyst how he schalle be servyd, but what mete he shal be fed with, I shall tall the; loke that he be fedde iiij. tymes every day after that he is caste oute, first at iiij. at the klok, 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 iij. 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 vreyne 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 creaunce. 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 flesch in the ende, and reclame 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 rever prevely, and lete hym with the stik reclame the hauk that hath the tabre aboute his necke, and when he seith the hauke comyng lete hym bete the tabre and then with the betyng lete him that hath the malard kast her up, and then the hawke 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 hawke schall come in, he shall carie it to londe, then yeve hym the herte to rewarde. And if your hawke 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 hooete mete, and put her in a place at thy devyce, then shew her to the hawke, and the hawke if he have eny corage wol fle to here, and because of the mete that he seith on the herouns hedde, he woll seison her in the hedde; then kutte the grete bonys of the wynggis and with a penne draw oute the merowe, and set opou 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 mellyd togeder: and in this wyse rewarde the hawke when he taketh a crane;



bittour, shoulere, other pofire. And who so wol hawk for the heron or eny of thees foullys, he moſte bring ſugure to rewarde the hawk with hym.

*For to make an hawke use all the ſeson, flee othere leve, et cetera.*

But if that he go to raveyn holde hit in eye then when he levith foly, and taketh that he ſhuld neygh him nere aud nere faire withoute any fray, then rewarde him ooner his foule as myche as he woll ete withoute bryſing or brekyng his cleys, for that is good to do, and then thu myghtest mewe him, and therto use his craſte as thogh he flewe every day, and thus he moſte he ſervyd when men levith hawkyng for a ſeson.

*For to ſlee liſe on hawke.*

Take ſcapysagre, and ſethe it in water, and when it is colde lete the hawke bathe her therin, and afterward he woll ſcheke oute all the lyſe when he dryeth hym.

*For hawke that hath loſt his corage and luſte.*

An hawke 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 anon he yeldeth it up. Therefore take oyle of Spayne and temper it with clere wyne, with the yolke of an ege, and put therin beof, and yeve v. morcell to the hawke, then ſette her in the ſonne, and at yeve fede here with an hoothe foule, and but if that avayle, rubbe his tonge, and the ruff of his mouth with powdere of ſange, and when it draweth toward youe, fede hym with an hoothe 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 hawke that traneyleth upon the teyne.*

An hawke that traveyleth upon the teyne. Man may knowe if he take hede, for ſuche is her maner that ſhe wolde pante for abatying then another doth, for in and if ſhe ſhold fle a litell while almoſte ſhe wold leſe 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 therofin 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 anynt it in powder of canell, and yeve her, and she shal be hoole.

*For wormys called anguilles.*

Sech lassers quikke, and make her swallow 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 departe it as the hawke may over swolowe it, and so put in his body, and knyht the beke for oute castyng.

*For the stone.*

Anoynt the hawke is erys with oyle of olyve and put in powdere of alym with an holow strawe.

*Another.* Yeve hym the jus of crysteg ladder and he shal be hoole.

*For sekenesse of swelllyng.*

A wykked felone is swolle of such maner coverte that no man may it hele, that the hawke schal not dye thus a man may help hit and somewhat his lyf lenght. 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 confurye and sugur eche like moch, and doseth it in a fresch grece with the thyrd part of hony, then draw it thorgh a feire cloth, and ofte yeve thy hawke, and he schall heele.

*For hawke that woll sowre.*

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 hieght other lowe.

*For bleyes in hawke mouthe, called ffoundches.*

Of the ffoundches it is drede for it is a noyous sekenes, and draweth hym to deth, and halte him streyte, for men seith that it comyth outte of coold, for coold doith hawkes grete disese, and makith flume 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 through a clowte,

and otherewyles wasch his hedde therwith and do sum in the ruffe of his mouthe.

*For bocches that groweth in the gewee.*

Kut hem with a knyf and lete oute the quetor that thu findest therin, and afterwarde clense it clene with a silver sponne, other els of tyn, and then fil the hoole full of poudere of arnement y-brent, and opon that poudere do a lytel lard reside, and so it wol away; and if it be in the foote, 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 anynt thy mete therin and fede hym, and but he encrease 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 shal after leve long y-noght, and goode therto ffor a scabbyd hawke.*

Take old grece brymston and cinomome and cofye efere and anynt the scabbe to the fire, and he schall be hole.

*For methys that devorith the pennys of an hawk.*

Take mellfoyle and stamp it, and take it, and put it in vinegre, and menge therto the torde of a gose, and lete all thys remayn togedere iij. dayes, then after take al togedere and put in a lynnyn cloth, and queyse out the jus, and anynt 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 iij. dayes, but not arewe but from to iij. daies.

*For the coght.*

Take poudre of bayes, and do it on flesch of a colououre, and if he have it ofte he woll hele.

*For the cramp in hawkes legges.*

Fede hym with an Irchyn, and but that avayle take the hote blode of a lambe, and anynt 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 almoste 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 iij. 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 delyveryd.

*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 tyl 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 laboure.*

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 anon 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 thorgh the techyng of this boke, and in all poynts of hawkyng experience is chef. If thu wilt that thyn hawke take an hare or a connyng bynde gesses in the both leggs, 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 prowned hym, take that away fro his beke. Also if thy hawke skrylle or crye, other wyse then he ought, take and yeve his jeremyse with powder of peper. Also in the morow tyde when thou goyst oute to hawkyng, say *in nomine Domini volatilia celi*

*erunt sub pedibus tuis.* Also lest he be hurt of the heyron, say, *viciat leo de tribu Juda radix David, allehuya.* Also if thy hawke be bitte of eny man say *Quem iniquus homo ligavit Dominus per adventum suum 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 thou shalt do suche madecyne ffede her wel with an henn, and then make her faste ij. daies after to voydon his bowell, the iiij. 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 drawith toward even fede her with a hoothe foule, for so taght 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 ye- veth hym; and afterwarde when he comyth to traveyle and is avoyde of the rever, then he is slow for to flee, and desireth for to reste, and when he is upon his perke he slepeth for to putt over at the entre, and the flesch that is in his gorge woll be oversoden if it be ther any while long holdyng, and when he is awakyd he assaith for to put over at the entre, and it is a cool- dyd by the glette that he hath gedered that it wol not be, and if he schuld ascape he moste put it 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 thou haste well beten it put thereto Spaynesch salte, and as moche hony therto; wethe theron thy flesch and lete holde the hawke, but if he woll ete it wylfully and make hym over swolowe iiij. morcell a day til he be hole. *Another.* Take hony at the waynyng of the mone, and make powder of a kene metall verey 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 hote with the powder fede hym, and do so ij. tymes and he schall hele.

*For the gout.*

Take and yeve an irchyn 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 anoynte the wounde, and kepe it with wlake wyn unto the tyme; then see

dede flesch to be wastyd, 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 dede flesch theron and woldyst it to be delyvryd, take letigres, and brenne it to pouder, and put upon the wounde till the dede flesch be consumyde, and there anoynt it with the oynement forsayd and he shal hele.

*For the fevere and the hete.*

Take and yeve hym the ins of mogworte onys or twyes. The signe is when an hawke hath the ffevere he holdeth down his hede, and his wynggs hongeth down, and his fete woll be passyng hote.

*For the goute in the wyngis.*

Take guy that groweth on the grounde and sethe it in water, and after stampe it and bynd by the sides aboute his wynges, and his wynges in the seyde water; putte then hote vinegre, and spoute upon his wyngs and oyle of laure, and he woll hele.

*For brekyng of a bone.*

If ther be a bon broke take a hote loff and bynde aboute on nyght. *Another.* Take a cokke torde soden in vinegre and do the same, and sanabitur.

*For a legge or a thigh brokyn.*

Take mastik and an oymtmente of the erth called olybanum serpentarie, and consolidam inmorem, and stampe al this togeder, and put in a linnen clooth, and wrap the leg other the thigh 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 mewe.*

If thu lovyste wel thi hawke put here not in mewe to late; for if it be a sore hawke put her in the month of February, and if it be a mewer put her in the month of January, for who so for covetyse of fleyng lessith the tyme of his hawkys mewing, and holdeth here lenger then afterwardys, he may put here in mewe as aventure wol yeve, for who so put hawke in mewe in the begynnyng of Lente, if he be fedde after here luste, he schall be mewyd in the begynnyng of Auguste. The mewe 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 syryngs of bathyng. She take no hunderyng of her mewyng.

*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, ffor as y understand seke hawke schal never wel mewe, and if he do, he schal not endure, but the while that he is grete and fat, for at the batyng of here astate she may nu lenger endure. Somtyme withoute eny medycyne 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 myn avyse say, as y seyn and lernyd. Who so put gosshawke sperhawke so hight 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 hungri 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 counsell is that she be nether to lowe nether in grete distresse of hunger, but in that state that sche wolde be leffte fleyng ; then take hede the firste dayes of to moche etyng unto the tyme sche be staunched ; 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 usid, such mete fede hym with the firste vij. dayes and the viij. day ; yeve him briddes y-nowe, and lete her hem take, and plume on hom if she woll the which schall clense well her bowell, and make here have a talente to hire mete ; then afterwarde a man may yeve here what mete that he woll. But the moste flesch that woll make her mewe withoute any other medycyne is the flesch 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 gose if she have it hote is full good, and bobetts of grete elys, y-wet in hote blood of moton, for the bobyn nexte 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 woll ligh theron and defile it with here mutyng, for it woll do here passing grete chere and grete refressching. Allso loke that she have every iij. 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 mewyng, 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 greete 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 anynt her mete therein, and lete ete as moche as ye woll, and she shall sone mewe thogh it were in fleying tyme. *Another.* 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 he 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 iij. wette in the sayd jus and he wol not mew, and do so ofte.

*Another.* Take the skyn of a snake other of an edder that better worchith and kut it in to smale morcellys, and temper it in hote bloode, and make thy hawke often tymes ete, and she schal not mewe.

*For to enseyme an hawke.*

Allso loke that thyn 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 enseymyd; 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, ech other nyght tyl the tyme he be enseymyd, and vinegre; also loke that he fle not tyl that he be clene enseymyd, whether he be mewyd other an eyas hawke; and yf thou wilt knowe whether he be enseymyd other no, take the castyng, and wryng it oute in a bason full of clene water, and if the water bubyll he is not clen enseymyd, and if he do not, he is enseymed.

*Here endyth the booke of hawkyng after Prince Edwardes kyng of Englande.*

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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 quartere,  
 A candel, a doblot, an half for hys fere,  
 Two rowndys an an halfe with a goode chere,  
 Thys ys the ferst cowntere of the too hond swerd, sere.  
 Bynde hem togedere and sey god spede,  
 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 noȝte to wyde,  
 Smyte a rennyng 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 stroke wyth.  
 Bere up hys harnes and gete thou the gryth  
 Dobyl up lyȝthy 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 noȝth an hauke yf he lye in thy kyth;  
 Smyte a rennyng quarter sory owte of thy honde,  
 Abyde apon a pendent and lese not thy londe  
 Smyte in the lytfe foote and clene ryȝt doune,  
 Geder oute of thy ryȝte 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 rowndis, 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 hastily 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 thov thou be tochyd a lyte,  
 For an after stroke ys better yf thou dar hym smyte.  
 A gode rounde with an hauke and smyte ryzt doune,  
 Gedyr up a doblet and spare not hys croune.  
 With a rownde 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 syzte,  
 To teche or to play or ellys for to fyzte;  
 These buthe the strokys of thy hole grounde,  
 For hurte or for dynte or ellys for depys wonde.

*Hull.*

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### 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 whyzt, 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.

*Hull.*

## 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 á pié se soit mis  
 Et quant le senglier le choisi,  
 Tellement de bairez parti,  
 Qu'il n'est home si voit tel depart  
 Que il ne vousist estre autre part;  
 Et cellui qui estoit á 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 fust 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 .iiij. 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 a leurs levriers tuez,  
 Et puis si s'en ala sans perdre,  
 Car à lui nul n'osoit aherdre.  
 Mais encor se affaire l'avoie,  
 Plus volenters me combatroye  
 A 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  
 A un serf ou à un senglier?  
 Avoir paour, peril, et paine?  
 N'est-ce mie chose grevaine?  
 Certes si est que que nul die;  
 Mais s'il est qui le contredie,  
 Que les maulx ne faille endurer  
 Que cy m'aves ouï nommer,  
 A ceulx qui deduit de chienz aiment,

Et qui maistre et seignur se claiment;  
 Je sui prest de le mettre por voir:  
 Mais il est trop bon assavoir,

col. 2.

Que deduit d'oiseaulx, monseigneur,  
 Est sans mal en boutte greigneur;  
 Car donne profit et plaisance  
 Et bien honneste sans grevance,  
 \* A tous ceulx qui l'aimera . . .  
 Et qui loyalement le deservaint,  
 Trop plus grandement . . . pe fais  
 Deduit de chiens o . . . u . . . p . . . se defait  
 Maint vaillant homme a seignourie;  
 Si vueil à mon propos se mie,  
 Et monsieur vout presentement  
 Ce que j'ai dit, vecy comment.

Je commenceray aux segnieurs,  
 Car devés leur sont honneurs;  
 En traictant tout premierement  
 Des faucons, car clayment  
 De tous autres oiscaulx co . . . nt,  
 Ceulx qui plus grant *plaisance* font.  
 Le roy qui *tint* les faucons,  
 Pour ce en . . . à beaux et à bons;  
 Dit à ses geus qui veult aler  
 De main à ses oyseaulx voler,  
 Si les mettront à bien apoint,  
 Que de deffault n'y aura point.  
 Il s'est tresbien 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 tresbien païé,  
 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 doÿ 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 ressamble  
 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 blanchiez plumes lées,  
 De vermeil apoint coulourées;  
 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 glose,  
 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 achetté,  
 Mesmement quant le roy de France,  
 Il peut prendre si grant plaisance,  
 Ora le faucon sur le poing,  
 De tel maistre avoit bien besoing;

col. 2.

Car il sera bien gouverné;  
 Le roy ou cheval est monté,  
 Si regarde ses fauconniers,  
 Qui ont oiseaulz sors et muyers,  
 Et de blans en de bis gerfaus,  
 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  
 Lesqueulx 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 quatre 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 tousdiz 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 thiselffe,  
 Wyl thou art alyve;  
 For he that dose after thu dethe,  
 God let him never thryve. *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 secatur ward,  
 Thi part non part at last end.

Too secuturs and an overseere make thre theves.

*Hull.*

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 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. xliiij. Edwardus, filius Henrici sexti, natus erat in festo 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 precedenti ij. mensibus et xviiij. diebus, et scœpелitur apud turrin Londoniæ, anno ætatis suæ 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 quadraginta 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. iij. 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 bloody flyze.*

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 Jeshu Cristi, lancea perforavit et continuo exivit sanguis et aqua sanguis redempcionis, aqua baptismatis. In nomine Patris, cessit sanguis! In nomine Filii, recessit sanguis! In nomine Spiritus Sancti non exeat sanguis gutta ab hoc famulo Dei N., sicut credimus quod sancta Maria vera mater est et verum infantem 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 Englysche.*

Jeshu that was in Bedeleme bore, and baptyste in flom Jorden, and stynte the water on the stone, stynte the blode of this man N., thy servaunt, thorouze the vertu of thy holy name, Jeshu, and thy cosen swete seynte John. And say thes charme v. tymes with v. pater noster, iij. the worsshyppe of the v. woundes.

*Hull.*

### PROVERBS.

From MS. Douce, 15, and MS. Harl. 629, of the fifteenth century

Pees maketh plenté,  
Plenté maketh pride,  
Pride maketh plee,  
Plee maketh poverté,  
Povert maketh pees.

And therefore, grace growith after governaunce.



From MS. Harl. 4294, of the fifteenth century.

Man, remember thy end,  
And thou shalt never be shend.

From MS. Rawl. Oxon. Poet. 32, of the fifteenth century.

A yong man a reowler, recheles;  
A olde man a lechowr, loweles;  
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 whan 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 frend my foo,  
I will beware I do no more soo.

*HULL.*

### 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 climbing and shewing feates of activitie, one of one nation to outbragge the other. At length a nimble yoncker gettethe him to the very toppe of the formaste, and raysing himselfe bolt uprighte, turned round upon his foote without any staye, chalending 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 soone 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 voyce 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 army of the right high, right mighty, and most excellent prince the king of Fraunce and of Englund, my soverain lord beyng here bye hathe commaundyd me to somon you to yelde up this thys toun ~~that~~ ye holde, and that within xxiiij. howres after this my summacion; and yf ye so do, ye schal have your liffs and goods savyd; 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 intencion as touching the same.

The capitaneys 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.

} M<sup>d</sup> iiij. m<sup>t</sup>  
sawdiers.

*Wrt.*

## RECEIPTS FOR GUM AND INK.

From a manuscript written in the year 1511, in the possession of C. W. Loscombe, Esq.

*To make good gome for ynke.*

Take the whyte of oxeyron and make clere gleyr therof, and take the bladder of an oxe, a cowe, or a swyne, 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 ij. unces of grene vitriole, and cast hym together yn a quartre of standyng rayne water, and lett yt rest iiij. dayes, and then take iij. unces of gome, and put therto, and lett yt stond iij. dayes together and rest, and thru thou hast good ynke for texte letter.

*To make gome water.*

Take a vessell with water and do yn gome, and lett yt stond tyll hyt be all lyquyde, and yf thou have a quartre water, take a quartre of gome, and then straye yt thorow a clothe, and then put yn a glas and kepe ytt.

*HULL.*

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## 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 Unversyty.*

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 iij. quarters after iij., and so that day ys vij. owres and a halfe longe, fro the son arysse tyl the son goe downe.

Fowre wekes and vj. dayes after the foresayd xij. dayes, the day encresyth an owre And so the xv. day of Januare, the son aryseth iij. quarteres off an owre after vij., and goth downe a quartere after iij. And so the xv. day is viij. owres and half long.

Two wekes and iij. dayes after the forsaid xv. days, the day encresyth an owre. And so the fyrst day of Februare, the son aryseth a quartere after vij., and goth downe iij. quarteres after iij. And so that forsaid day ys ix. owres and halfe long.

Two wekes and ij. days after the forsaid fyrst day, the son encresyth an owre. And so the xvij. day of Februare the son aryseth iij. quarteres after vj., and so the xvij. day ys x. owres and half longe.

Two wekes and on day after the forsaid xxij. day, the day encresyth an owre; and so the fourt day of Marche, the son aryseth a quartere after vj. and goth downe iij. quarteres after v., and so the fourt day ys xj. 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.

Two wekes and a day after the forsayd iiij. day, the day enkresyth an owre. And so the xix. day of marche, the son aryseth iij. quarteres after v., 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 thrydde, day the day enkreseth an owre; and so the xix. day of April, the sonne aryseth iij. quarteres after iiij., and gooth downe a quartere after vij. And so the xix. day ys xiiij. owres longe and half, fro son to son.

Two wekes and iiij. 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 iij. quarteres after vij., and so the vij. day ys xv. owres longe and half.

Five wekes and j. days after the forsayd sevynt day, the day enkreseth an owre; and so the twelf day of June, the son aryseth iij. quarteres after iij., and goth downe a quartere after viij., and so the xij. day of June ys the longyst in the yere, for he ys xvj. owres and halfe longe.

Thre wekes and v. daes after the xij. day of June, the day decreseth half 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 xvj. owres longe.

Two wekes and iij. dayes after the forsayd xix. daes, the day decreseth an owre; and so the vj. day of August, the son arysyth iij. quarteres after iiij., and goth down a quartere after vij., 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 v., and goth downe iij. quarteres after vj. And so the xxj. day of August ys xiiij. owres and half longe.

Two wekes and ij. daes after the forsayd xxj. day, the day decreseth an owre, and so the vj. day of September, the son aryseth iij. quarteres after v., 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 dekreseth an owre; and so the xvj. day of September, the son aryseth a quartere after vj. and goth down iij. quarteres after v. And so the xxj. day ys xj. oures and half longe.

Two wekes and a day after the forsayd xxj. day, the day decresith an oure; and so the vj. day of October, the son aryseth iij. quarteres after v., and goth down iij. 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 decreseth an owre; and so the viij. day of November, the son aryseth iij. quarteres after vij., and goth down a quarter after iij. And so the viij. day ys viij. oure and half longe.

Fowre weke and v. daes after the forsayd viij. daes, the day decreseth an oure; and so the xij. day of December ys the shortest day in the yere, for the son aryseth a quartere after viij., and goth downe iij. quarteres after iij. And so that day ys vij. oures and half longe.

HULL.

## 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. Movit igitur 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 subintravit, securam ibi noctem cupiens ducere. Erat autem in illo mus silvestris habitator et hospes; qui murem peregrinum statim salutavit et benigne eum suscepit. 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 memoris respondit, omnibus se habundare dicens, quæ muribus possunt esse necessaria; libenter vellet eum tenere secum, quamdiu vellet, et, si hyemare vellet, ibi tota familia sibi præberet obsequium; et dixit se tria sextaria victum alium (*sic*) contraxisse ad hyemen, unum boni ordeï, aliud 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 diceret. 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, nunquam amplius ad ista redire curabis. Et mus nemoris dixit, "placet utique vobiscum vadere, et videam bona vestra, quæ, si talia sunt ut dicitis, ad ista redire non curabo." Summo igitur mane facto viam aggressi 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 quærit ab eo quid sibi de istis videatur, et qualiter placeant sibi, respectu illorum quæ sunt in nemore:" et ille respondit, nullam esse comparisonem istorum ad illa: his itaque factis, in granario hospitium locaverunt et pingua fecerunt convivia. Mus ergo ruris in ferculis delectatus, 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 confusio labiorum et mures fugere videres. Mus ergo extraneus, angulorum ignarus quo fugeret, vel ubi lateret non invenit; novissime vero tota domo pererrato, in rimulam se contraxit angustam. Post moram autem, viro regresso, mures ad epulas redierunt et ad tabulas. Sed hospes adhuc trepidus tristis sedit, et sine verbo. Cui mus domus ait, "quare sodalis, curita sedes ad prandia tristis, et turbaris." Ille respondit, "quia mihi cum cibis et gaudio, cum jam mors sit in hostio." Et aliter dixit, "Quomodo ergo ita cito est mutatus tuus animus, qui prius bona villæ tantum commendasti:" at ille respondit, "Vos vestra bona monstrastis mihi et mala insinuare nolistis, unde et ego secure putavi vixisse. Sed modo video pericula vestra et multiplices malorum causas homines esse, et laqueos timere debetis, et mustelam hostem habetis; catti quoque præcipue cavendæ sunt insidiæ quæ væ vobis si in manus incidentis. Sit ergo bona vestra vobis simul et mala habere, quæ 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 quieta et libera, quam periculosæ divitiæ 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 chirch, thai maken mochel blonder;  
Nou he that syees us above, make ham sone to sonder!  
With an I. and an O. thai praysen not Seynt Poule,  
Thai lyen on Seyn Fraunceys 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 wyenges 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,  
Armachan distroy ham, if it is Goddes wille.

Ther comes one out of the skye in a grey gown,  
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 croun.  
With an O. and an I. why shuld thai not be shent,  
Ther wantes noght bot a fyre that thai nere alle brent.

Went I forther 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 of fyre, as it shuld be,  
A grey frer I sawe therinne, that best lyked me;  
Wele I wote thai shall 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 therto faire mot byfalle.

Thai preche alle of povert, bot that love thai noght,  
For gode mete to thair mouthe the toun is thurgh soght,  
Wyde are thair wonnynges and wonderfully wrought,  
Murdre and horehame ful dere has it boght.

With an O. and an I, For sexe pens er thai fayle,  
Sle thi fadre and jape thi modre, and thai wyl the assaile.

*Hull.*

## 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 thowsand night contentinges,  
Cannott the chaunge of a night or an howre,

Crosse thy delights with a thowsand sad tormentinges?  
Fortune, honore, bewtie, youth ar but blossoms dienge;  
Wanton pleasure, dotinge love, ar but shadowes flienge:  
All our joyes are but toyes, idle thoughts dreaminge;  
None hath power of one hower in thier lives bereavinge.

Earth is but a poynt to the wourld, and a man

Is but a poynt to the wourldes compared center;  
Shale then a poynt of a poynt be so vaine,

As to triumph in a silly poyntes adventure?  
All is hasard that we have, ther is nothinge bidinge;  
Dayes of pleasure ar like streams through the faire medowes glidinge.

Weale or woe, time doth goe, in time no retorninge,  
Secrete fates guyde our states, both in mirth and mourninge.

*Hull.*

*See vol. II, p. 123*  
*Known*  
*h*  
*Vision*  
*up*  
*Swan*  
*and*  
*002*

## A METRICAL PROVERB.

From MS. Cotton. Vespas. A. xxv.

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, &amp;c.

From MS. Sloan. 4, a volume of medical collectanea of the fifteenth century, by William Wyrcestre.

*For to take alle maner of byrdys.* 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 shalle slepe 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 steyll.*—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 vite secundum fratrem Johannem Wellys, ordinis minorum conventus Bryggewater.*—Recipe herbam vocam *warmot*, the tendernesse of bay trees, radyshe redesenelle, merch cerfoyle, sowthernwod rewe an hanfulle, pyllvole ryalle, mawron calamynt, redemyntes, pullyvolle monteyn, mousehere, ocabyons. 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 blasying of armes, that ys to say; sylver and gold metalles; sabylls, aser, gowles, synaper, and vertecolers.

Is thy pott enty, Colelent? Is gote eate yvy.  
Mare eate ootys. Is thy cocke lyke owrs?

*Hull.*

## A DRINKING SONG.

From MS. Cotton. Vespas. 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 shalle bere the blame;  
I drynke to yow with all my harte,  
Yf yow will pledge me the same.

*Hull.*

## 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.

*HULL.*

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 PROPERTIES OF WINE.

From MS. Addit. 10106, of the fifteenth century.

Wyne of natur propurtees hath nyne,  
 Comfortithe courage and clarifieth the sighte,  
 Gladith the hert, licour moost dyvyne!  
 Helithe the stomake of his naturelle myghte.  
 Licour of licours! at festes makithe men lighte,  
 Clensithe woondes, engendrithe gentil blode,  
 Scowrithe the palet and feble heedis makithe wode.

*HULL.*

## BALLADS.

From MS. Bib. Reg. 12 B. I. fol. 160, in the handwriting of Ben Jonson.

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 Salming's round.*

There was a mad lad had an acre of ground,  
And hee sold itt for five pounds;  
Hee went to the taverne and drank itt all out,  
Unless itt 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 taverne,  
And spend eightene pence,  
And kiss for the t'other odd shilling.

*Hull.*

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AN APOLOGY FOR ENGLISH GLUTTONY.

From MS. Harl. 2252, fol. 84, v°, of the time of Henry VIII.

There was a merchaunt 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 prophesyas or myche good do hyt hym, and he sayd he mervayld 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 iij. 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, becawse every man shulde be contente. The second cawse ys for phesyke, for dyvers maladyes that men have some wyll ete one mete and some another, because every man shold be pleasyd. The thyrde cause is for drede; we have so grete abowndance and plente in ower realme, yf that we shulde not kyll and dystroye them, they wolde dystroy and devoure us, bothe beste and fowles.

*HIII.*

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.