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


VOL. II.

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MDCCCXLV.
TO

CHARLES PURTON COOPER, ESQ.

THIS VOLUME IS INSCRIBED,

A TESTIMONY OF RESPECT

FROM HIS

HUMBLE, FAITHFUL, AND OBLIGED SERVANTS,

THE EDITORS.
PREFACE TO VOL. II.

In concluding the present work, the Editors take again the opportunity of thanking both the contributors who have enabled them to enrich the collection with many curious pieces which could not otherwise have been obtained, and the subscribers who have encouraged them to proceed. They feel confident that these two volumes of short miscellaneous documents will be found of use to future philologists, and to all who take an interest in the history of our language and literature. The publication was begun in the consciousness that many of the most valuable materials of this description, illustrations of words, traits of manners, facts of different kinds, lay scattered among those short scraps on the margins and spare leaves of manuscripts which had been neglected, chiefly because there was no previous publication in which they could be conveniently inserted. The present work has not been discontinued on account of dearth of materials, but because it was thought that a large work is often felt by the purchaser as an evil, and that if the design should be taken up again, it will have better success when published as a new series or as a new work.

To the list of contributors mentioned in the preface of the first volume, we have to add the names of David Laing, Esq. of Edinburgh, J. Gough Nichols, Esq., Dr. Endlicher of Vienna, and MM. Paulin Paris and D'Avezac of Paris. The Editors
have felt it their duty to dedicate their volumes to two gentlemen whose names will be long remembered in connection with the history and literature of England in the Old Time. Sir Thomas Phillipps, who has permitted his name to be placed at the head of our first volume, has sought distinction in the same honourable manner as the Cottons and Harleys of former days, and has collected together the most precious and extensive private library of ancient manuscripts that exists in our days, and we may add that no possessor of such treasures has ever been more liberal in allowing them to be used by scholars. Mr. Purton Cooper, who has with equal condescension allowed us to dedicate to him this second volume, merits the warmest gratitude of all lovers of our ancient literature as well as of the general historian, for the active and enlightened zeal with which, while managing secretary of the late Record Commission, he caused the libraries of the continent to be explored in search of the numerous documents which had been carried from our island during the revolutions of the sixteenth century, whereby he has dragged from oblivion some of the most valuable monuments of the Anglo-Saxon language.

May, 1843.
RELIQUIÆ ANTIQUEÆ.

EXTRACTS FROM THE RULE OF NUNS.

At p. 65 of our first volume, we have already given a long extract from this work. For the sake of exhibiting the differences of the language, we now give specimens from the other two manuscripts.

I. From MS. Cotton. Cleopatra C. VI. of the beginning of the thirteenth century.

*Of Greek Fire, fol. 186, r*.

Grickisch fur is i-made of read monnes blod; ἃ pet ne mei nan þing bute migge, sont, ἃ eisil, as me seið, acwenchen. pis Grickisch fur is þe luve Jhesu ure laverd, ἃ ge hit schule makien of þe reade monne blod, þ is Jhesu Crist i-readet mid his achnhe blod on þe deore rode, ἃ wes in read cundeliche, as me weneð, þis blod for ou i-sched upon þe arre twa treon schal maken ow sarraptaines, þ is oncende, mid pis Grickische fur, þ as Salomon seið, nane wattres, þ beð worldliche tribulaciuns, nane temptaciuns nouðer inre ne uttere, ne muchone þis luve acwenchen. Nu nís þenne on ende, bute witen ow warliche wið al þ hit acwenched, þ beð migge þ vont þ eisil, as ich seide. Migge is stench of sunne. On sond ne groweð na god, ἃ bitacneð idele dedis, ἃ acwenched þis fur. Sturieð ow cwicliche in gode werkes, þ þ schal heaten ow, þ ontende þis fur agean þe brune of sunne. For alswa as þe an neil driveð ut þe oðer, alsþ þe brune of Godes luve driveð þe brune of ful luve ut of þe heorte.

*Of the sobriety and works of the Nuns, fol. 190, r*.

Ge ne schulen eoten flesch ne sain bute i muche secneise, oðer hwase is over febe. Potage eoteð bliðeliche, þ wunieð ou to lute drunk. Nodeles ower mete þ ower drunk haveð i-pucht me ofte leise þenne ic walde. Ne feste ge nan dei to bred þ to water bute ge habbe leave. Sum ancre make hire bord wið hire gest utewið, þ is to muche freontschipe, for of
alle ordres penne is hit uncumelukest j mest agein ancre ordre, þ þ is al dead to þe world. Me haveþ i-herd ofte þ deade speke with cwike, ah þ ha eten wiþ cwike ne fond ich Þet neaver. Ne make ge nane gestninges, ne ne tulle ge to þe gete nane uncude harloz, þach þer nere nan ofer uvel bute hare med-laseschipe, hit walde letten ofer hwile heovenliche þochtes. Ne limpeð naut to ancren of ofer monne almesse to maken hire large. Nolde me lachgen an beggere to bismare, þe laðede men to feste. Marie þ Marðe ba were sustren, ach hare lif sundreð; ge ancren beoð i-numen ow to Marie dale þe God seolf herede, Maria optimam partem, etc. Marthe, Marthe, quod he, þu art in muche baret; Marie haveþ i-core bet, þ ne schal hire nauicht reowen hire dale: husewifschipe is Marthe dale, Marie dale is stilineise þj resto of alle worldes noise, þ nan þing ne lette hire to heren Godes stevene. Þ j loke hwat God seid, þ nan þing ne schal ow reave þis dale. Marthe haveþ hire mester, leoteð hire i-wurden, ge sitten wiþ Marie stan stille ed Godes fet þ hercneð him ane. Marthe meoster is to fede povre þ j schruden as hus leðli. Marie nach naut to antermet-ten hire þ prof, gef ei blameð hire þ prof, God seolf ich wer wereð hire, as Halþ Wit witneð. On ofer half nan ancre noch ne-me bute gnedeliche þ hire to neodeð. Hwer of þenne mei ha maken hire large? ha schal libben bi almesse ase naru-liche as ha eaver mei, j naut gederen for te geovenne. Ha nis nan husewif, ach is an chirche ancre. Gef ha mei sparien ani povre schraden, sende ham al dearmeliche ut of hire wanes; under semblant of god is ofte i-huled sunne. J hu schule þeos riche ancres þe tilieð ofer habbeð rentes i-sette, don to povre necheburs dearmeliche hire almes? Ne wilni naut to habbe word of an large ancre, ne for to geone muchel ne beo nan þe gredure for to habbe mare. Beo gredineise rote of hire bitterneise, alle beoð þe bowes bittere þ of hire spruted. Bidden hit for to geoven, hit nis naut ancre richte; of ancre curteisie, of ancre largesce is i-cumen ofte sunne j scheome on ende. Winnen þ j children þ beoð i-swunken for ow, þach ge sparien hit on ow, make ham to eotene. Na mon bute he haben neode ne laðe ge to drinken. Nawicht ne girne ich þ þe me telle ow, hende ancren. Edgode freont, neomeð al þ ow con to deð, hwen ha beodeð hit ow, for nan bode ne neome ge naut wiðute nede, þ ge ne keche þe nome of gederinde an-cren. Of mon þ ge misleveð, nouðer ne neome ge lesse ne mare, naut swa muche þ beo an rote of gingivre. Muche neode schal driven ow for to bidden ei þing, þach edmodliche schawið to owre leoveste freont outhere meoseise.

Ge, mine leove sustren, ne schule ge habben nan beast bute cat ane. Ancre þe haveð achte, þuncheð betere husewif as
Marthe wes, for nanes weis ne mei ha beon Marie wið griñe-fulneise of heorte, for þenne mot ha þenchen of þe cuwes foddre, of heordemenne hure, elch ni þe hawart, warien hwen he wunt hire, þ gelde þacþ pe harmes. Ladlich þing is wat Crist hwen me make i-cune man of ancrees achte. Nu þach gef ani met ne dunge habben hit, loke þ hit na mon ne eili ne ne harmi, ne þ hire þocht ne beo nawicht pron i-vestned. Ancre ne ach to habben nan þing þ utwart drage hire heorte.

Na cheffere ne drive ge ancre, þ is chepilt, ha cheaper hire saule to þe chepmoon of helle. Naut ne wite in ouwer hus of oþer monne þinges, ne'achte ne clades. Of swich witung is muchel uvel i-lunpen ofte sißen. Inwið ower wanes ne lete ge nan mon slepen. Gef muche neod mid alle make broken ower hus, hwil hit eaver is i-broken habbeð prinne wið ow an wummon of cleane lif, deies þ j nicthes. For-þþ per nan mon ne sið ow ne ge him, wel mei don of ouwer clade, beo hit hwit beo hit blac, bute hit beo unorne, warm þ wel i-wracht, felles wel i-tauwet, þ habbeð ase monie as ow to neodeð to bedde þ j to rugge. Nest fleßch ne schal nan werien nan linnene, bute hit beo of harde þ greate heorden. Stamin habbe hwase wule þ hwase wule buten. Ge schulen i nan better þ j i-gurd liggen. Ne beore nan ired ne here, ne ylespiles felles, ne ne beate hire þer-wið ne wið scurge i-leadet, wið holine ne wið breres ne bibliodegi hira seolf, wiðute schriftes leave. Ne neome ed eanes to seole disciplines. Ower scheon beon greate þ j warme. In sumer ge habbeð leave barfot gan þ j sitten. Hosen wiðuten nampeð ligge in hwase wule. Sum wummen i-noch raðe wereð þe brech of here fulwel i-cnotted þe strapeles dun to þe fet i-laced ful neste. Gef ge muchil beoð wimpelles, beoð bi warme cappen, þ pruppon blake veilles. Hwase wule beon i-segen, þach ha atif hire nis nan muche wunder, ach to Godes echnen ha is lußumere þe is for þe luve of him untifett wiðuten. Ring ne broche nabbge ge ne gurdel i-membred, ne gloven ne nan swich þing þ ow ne i-burd to habben.

Eaver me is leovre, se ge don grattere werkes, ne make ge nane purses for to freonden ow wiþ, ne blod bindon of scolc, ach schapeð þ seoweð þ manded chirche clades þ povre menne hettern. Nan þing ne schule ge geven wiðuten schriftes leave. Hiweð wið ower achne swinch se forð se ge muchgen, to schruten ow seolven, þ ðeo þ ow servia, as seint Jerome leareð. Ne beo ge neaver idel, for anan richtes þe feont beot hire his werc þe in Godes werc ne swinkeð, þ tuteleð anan toward hire; for hwil he sið hire bisi, he þencheð þus, 'for naut ich schulde cumen nu nech hire, ne mei ha naut i-geinen to lustin min lare.' Of idelneise awakenes muchel fleßches fondunge. Iniquitas Sodome saturitas panis et otium. þ is, Sodomes cwedschipe
com of idlenesse ʒ of ful womb. Iren ʒ lið stille gedereð muche rust; water ʒ ne stureð naut readiliche stinkeð.

II. From MS. Cotton. Titus, D. xviii, written early in the thirteenth century.

Domestic manners of the Nuns. fol. 103, r°.

Ancre ne schal nawt for-wurðe scolæ-meister, ne turnen an-cres hus to childrene scolæ. Ge ne schulen senden lettres, ne underfon lettres, ne writen, bute leave. Ge schulen beo i-dodded ʒe ger fiftene sidæ, ʒ four sidæ i-lethen blod, ʒ oftre gif ned is. Hwase mai wel beo wiðuten, ich hit mai polien. Hwen ge arn i-lethen blod, ge ne schulen do þreo daies na þing ʒ ow greves, ah talkes to owre servanz, ʒ wið peawfuþ tales schurtes ow to gederes. Ge muhen swa don ofte, hwen ow punches hevie, ofer arn for sum worldliche þing sari ofer seke. Swa wisliche wites ow in owre blod letinge, ʒ haldes ow i swuch rest, ʒ ge longe prafter muhen i Godes servispe þe monluker swinken. And alswa hwen ge felen ani secnesse. Muche sotschipe hit is to lose for an dai, tene ofer twelve. Wasches ow hwer se ned is as ofte as ge wið. Anker ʒ naves nawt neh hond hire fode, beos bisi twa wimmen, an ʒ leave eaver at hame, an ofer ʒ wende ut hwen ned drives, and tat beo ful unorne ofer feir edal. Bi þe wei as ho gas, ga seiendo hire beodes, ni ne halde na tale wið mon ne wið wummon, ni sitte ne stonde bute þe leaste ʒ ho mei ear þen ho ham cume. Nohwider elles ne ga, bute þider as mon sendes hire. Wiðute leave ne ete ho ne ne drinke ute. ʒe ofer beo eaver inne, ne wiðute þe gate ne ga wiðute leave. Bade beo obedient to hore dame in alle þing bute in sunne ane. Na þing nabben ʒ ho hit nute, ni underlo na þing, ne ne give nowþer wiðuten hire leve. Na mon ne leten in ni þe gungre ne speke wið na wepmon wiðute leve. Ne ga nohte ut of tune wiðuten siker fere ne ne ligge ute. Gif ho ne con o boke, segge bi paternostres ʒi bi avez hire hures, ʒ wurche ʒ mon bides hire wiðute gruccinge. Habbe eaver hire eares opene toward hire lafdi. Nowþer of þe familiers ne beo fram hire lafdi ni ni bringe nowþer to hire idele tales, ne newe tidinges, ne bitwenen ham self ne singen, ni ne spoken nane worldliche speches, ne lahwen swa ne pleien ʒ ani mon ʒ hit sehe mihte to uvel turnen hit. Over alle þinge leasinges ʒ luþere wordes hatien. Hore her beo i-corven. Lah lokinge habben. Eidër ligge ane. Ho ne schule cusse na mon, ne cuð mon ne cunnes mon, ni for na cuðe clupen. Ni loke faste o na mon ne toggle wið ne pleien. Hare wede beo of swuch schape, ʒ al hore aturn swuch, ʒ hit beo eðscene hwer to ho beon i-turnde. Hare lates loken warliche, ʒ nan ne edwite ham in hus, ne ut of hus. On alle wise forbeoren to wradden hore dame, and as ofte
as ho hit don, ear ho drinken oher eten, makien hire venie o cneos dun before hire, ȝ seggen, Mea culpa, and underfo pe penitence ȝ ho leis upon ham lutende hirelake. Ȝe anker ȝ ilke gult neaver mare frafter ne upbreide for na wradde, bute gif ho eft sones falle i ȝat ilke, ah do hit allunge ut of hire heorte. Gif ani strif rises bitwenen hame utewið, pe anker make eðer to make oher venie o cneos dun to pe eord, ȝ eðer rihte up oðer, ȝ cussen on ende, and te anker leie on eðer sum penitence, mare up o ȝ ilke ȝ greatluker gulte. ȝis is a þing witen ho wel ȝ is Godd levest, sahtnesse ȝ somentale, ȝ te feond ladest, forþi he is eaver umben to reare sum ladde. Nu seos te swike wel, ȝ hwen fur is wel o brune, ȝ mon wite ȝ hit ga ut, mon sundres te brondes, ȝ he dos hond to ȝ ilke. Luve is Jhesu Cristes fur, ȝ he will ȝ blasie in owre heorte, and te deovel blawe for to puffen hit ut; hwen his blast ne geines nawt, he brings up sum word, oðer sum oðer hwat hwer þurh ho to huren, eðer framward oðer, ȝ te hali gastes fur cwenches hwen he brondes þurh wradde been i-sundret. Forþi halde ham i luve faste to gederes, ȝ ne beo ham nawt of hwen pe feond blawe, nomeli gif monie been i-fest to gedere, ȝ wið luve ontedent. þah anker on hire servanz for openliche gitles leie penitence, to preost noðere latere schrien ham ofte, ah eaver þah wið leave. Gif ho ne cunen noht to mete graces, seggen in hore stude pater-noster biforen ȝ ave Maria, after mete alswa, ȝ credo mare. And seggen þus on ende, Fader, Sune, Hali Gast, an almihti Godd, give ure lavedi his grace, se lengre se mare, ȝ leve hire ȝ us baðe nime god ende, for-gelde alle ȝ us god son, ȝ milce hore sawle, ȝ ȝ us god i-don haven, hore sawle and alle cristene sawle. Bitwene meal ne grusse ge nawt, nowðer fruit, ne oðer hwat, ne drinke bute leave, ȝ te leave beo liht in al ȝis sunne. At te mete na word oðer lut, ȝ ta stille, alswa after þe ancres cumprie aðet prime, ni do þing ne seggen, hwer þurh hire silence muhe beo desturbet. Nan ancres servante ne ah bi rihte to asken i-set hure, bute mete ȝ clað ȝ ho mai flutte bi ȝ Godes milce. Ne mis-leve nan godd hwat se tide of þe anker ȝ he hire trukie, þeo ȝ arn wiðuten; gif ho serven þe anker al swa as ho mahen, hore hure schal beo þe eche blisse of heovene. Hwa se haves ehe of hope toward se heh hure, gladli wile ho serven, ȝ lihtliche alle wa ȝ alle tene þolien, wið eise ne wið este ne buedemon nawt blisse.

Ge ancres ahen þis laste lutle stucche rede to owre servanz euche wike eanes, til ȝ ho hit cunnen, and muche ned is ȝ ge to ham nimen god gen, for ge muhen muche þurh hom beo i-godet wursnet. On oðer half gif ho sunhen þurh owre geneles, ge schule be bicleopet þof bifore þe hehe deme, forþi as ow is muche ned ȝ hom gette mare, geornliche leares ham.
to halden hare riwle, bađe for ow ĵ for ham seolf, liðeliche ĵ luveliche, for swuch ah wummones lare of religiun to beon, luvelich, ĵ liðe, ĵ selscene sturme. Bađe is riht ĵ ho ow dreden ĵ luvien, ah ĵ ter beo eaver mare of pe luve ņen of dred, penne schal hit wel faren. Mon schal heolde eoli ĵ win bađe in wundes after Godes lare, ah mare of softe eoli ņen of bitende win, ĵ is, ma of liðe wordes ņen of suhiende, for ņer of cumes pinge best, ĵ is, luve eie. Lihtliche ĵ swetelich for-gives ham hore gultes, hwen ho ham arn cnaue, ĵ bihalten bote. Ase forð as ge muhen bađe of drinch ĵ of mete, of claðes ĵ of oðer ĵping, ĵ ned of flesch askes, beos large toward ham, pah ge narewe beon ĵ harde to ow seolven. Swa dos ĵ wel blawes, wendes te narewe of pe horn toward his ahne muð, ĵ utward te wide. And ge do alswa, as ge wilh ĵ owre beodes bemen wel ĵ dreamen i Drihtinis eare, nawt ane to owre anres, ah to alle folkes heale, as ure Laverd leve ĵurh pe grace of him self ĵ hit swa mote.

O ĵis boc redes hwen ge arn eise, euche dai lesse oðer mare. Ich hopie hit schal beon ow gif ge hit reden ofte swīðe biheove, purch Godes grace, elles ich hafde uvele bitohen muche hwile. Me were levere, Deu-le-set, to do me toward Rome, ņen for to biginnen hit eft for to donne. Gif ge vinden ĵ ge don alswa as ge reden, þonkes Godd georne. Gif ge ne don nawt, biddes Godd are, and beos umben þer onuven ĵ ge hit bettere halden, after owre mihte. Fader, Sune, Hali Gast, an almihti Godd, wite ow in his warde, he gladie ow ĵ frovre ow, mine leve sustre, and for al ĵ ge for him drehen oðer drehen, ni give ow neaver lasse huire þen al to gedere him selven. Beo he ai i-hehet fram worlde into worlde a on ecnesse. Amen.

Ase ofte as ge haven red oht o ĵis boc, gretes ure Lavedi wið an ave for him ĵ swanc her abuten.

Wrt.

SI DEDERO.

From MS. Reg. 8, B. VI. fol. 18, r°, of the sixteenth century.

Dum cano “si dedero,” protinus mea commoda quaero.
Si dedero, decus accipiam flatumque favoris:
Ni dedero, nil perciption, spem perdo laboris;
Si dedero, genus accumulo famamque potentis;
Ni dedero, clauso loculo parit ars sapientis;
Si dedero, mihi laus, lex, et jus prospera dantur:
Ni dedero, mihi fraus, fel, fæx adversa parantur;
Si dedero, meroor in summâ sede locari:
Ni dedero, tenui compellor in sede morari;
Si dedero, veneratus ero, vocor et gratiosus:
Ni dedero, diffamor ego, vocor et viciosus.

Wrt.
ALLITERATIVE POEM ON FORTUNE.

From MS. Laud. 108. fol. 237. in the Bodleian Library, written early in the fifteenth century.

_Here bigynneth Somer Soneday._

_Upon a somer sooneday se I the sonne,
Erly risinde in the est ende;
Day daweth over doune, derk is in towne,
I warp on my wedes, to wode wolde I wende.
With kenettes kene, that wel couthe criez conne,
I hiede to holte, with honteres hende;
So ryfly on rugge roon and raches ronne,
That in launde under lynde me leste to lende,
And lenede;
Kenettes questede to quelle,
Al so breme so any belle,
The deer daunteden in the delle,
That al the downe denede.

Denede dale and downe, for dryft of the deer in drede,
For meche murthe of mouth the murie moeth made;
I ros, and romede, and sey roon raches to 3ede,
They stalke under schawe, schatereden in schade.
And lordez lenged, lenged, and ladies leces to-lede,
With grithle grehoundes gode to game and glade;
And I cam to the game, ther gromes gonne grede,
And at a water wilde I wende over han wade,
Ther was;
I stalked be the stremp, be the strond,
For I be the flod fond,
A bot doun be a lond,
So passede I the pas.

So passede I the pas, prively to pleye,
And ferde forth in that frith, folk forto fynde;
Lawly lone I lustnede, and under lowe lay,
That I ne herde hond, horn, hunte, hert, ne hynde.
So wyde I walkede, that I wax wery of the wey,
 Thanne les I my layk, and lenede under lynde;
And als I sat be side, I say soth for to sey,
A wifman with a wonder whel wene with the wynde,
And wonder;
On the whel were I wene,
Merye men3 madde i-mene,
To hire I gan gon in grene,
And fortune to fond.
Fortune frend and fo, fayrest fere,
Ferli fals fikel to fonde is i-founde;
The whel se torneth to wo, fro wo into wele,
That were in the ronynge ryng of the roe, that renneth so rounde.
A lok of that levedy, with lovelich lere,
Mi gode gameliche game gurte to grounde;
Couthe I carpe carpyng, trestly and cleere.
Of that birde bastons in bale ire bounde,
Ful bowne;
Nathelles, ne mene I nat nay,
I wile, ar I wende away,
Redy resons in a ray,
Radely to rowne.

Redely to rounge rounes to rede,
A loveloker levedy liveth non in lond;
I wolde han went with that whyt, in worthliche wede,
So ferly fair of face, to fore hire I fond.
The gold of-hire gurdel gloud as a glede,
That blissful burde in bale me bond;
Of hire ly3th heved in herte I hadde hede,
And with a wonderful whel that worthi wyth wond,
Wyth mayn;
A wifman of so much my3th,
So wonder a whelwry3th,
Sey I nevere with sy3th,
Soth forto seyn.

Suthe to seye, sitte I sey, as my si3the sente,
A begynnge gome, gameliche gay;
Bry3t as the blosme, with browes i-bente,
On the whel that the wy3th wonede in the wey,
Wyterly him was wel, whan the whel wente,
For he layked and low, lenyng als he lay;
Loveliche lokyngges the love lime lente,
A meriere man on molde, monen I ne may,
In mynde;
The gome I gaf a gretyng,
He seyde, 'Sestou, swetyng,
The crowne of that comely kyng,
I cleyme be kynde.'

'Be kynde it me cometh to cleyme kyngene kyngdom,
Kyngdom be kynde to me, the whel wile wynde;
Wynd wel, worthliche wy3th, fare fortune, frendene fly3th,
Flitte forth, fly3tte, on the selve sete to sitte.'
RELIQUIAE ANTIQUE.

'Sitte, I say, and sethe on a semeli sete,
Ry3th on the rounde, on the reny[n]g ryng;
Caste kne over kne, as a kyng kete,
Comely clothed in a cope, crownd as a kyng.'
Hey herte hadde he, of hastif hethe,
He leyde his leg oponly at his likyng;
Ful loth were the lordyng his lordsschipe lete,
He wende al the world were at his wyldyng,
Ful wy3th;
On knes I kysed that kyng,
He seyde, 'Sestou, sweting,
How I regne with ring,
Richest in ry3th?'

'Richest in ry3th, quen and knyth, knyg conne me calle,
Mest man of my3th, fair folk to fote me falle;
Lordlich lif ledi, no lord lyvynde me i-liche,
No duk ne dred I, for I regne in ry3th as a riche.'

Of riche thenketh, rewthe is to rede and roune,
That sitten on that sameli sete, seththe with sorwe thoruout sout;
And I beheld on hadde an heved hor als horhownc,
Al blok was his ble, in bitere bales browth.
His diadem of dyanams droppede a-doun,
His weyes were a-weyard, wrothliche wroth,
Tynt was his tresor, tente, tour and tou
Nedful and nawthi, naked and nawth,
I-nome;
That gome I grette with grit,
A word he warp, and wepte with,
Hou he was crownd kyng in kith,
And caytif be-come.

'Be-comme a caytif, a cast kyngus king couthe me calle,
Fram frendes falle, lond, luthe, litel, lo! last,
Last, litel, lordene, lif fikel is, fortune nou fer fro,
Here wel, here wo, here knyth, her kyng, her caytif.'

A caytif he was be-come, and komed on care,
He myste many merthes, and meche mai stri;
And ech I say, soriere likyng ful sare,
A bare body in a bed, a bere I broth him by
A duk drawe to the deth, with drouping and dare.

* * * * * * * *

The poem ends imperfectly.  Mdn.
Clara dies Pauli bonitatem denotat anni;
Si fuerint venti, crudelia praelia genti;
Quando sunt nebulae, pereunt animalia quaque;
Si nix aut pluvia sit, tunc fiunt omnia chara.

Fevrier de tous les mois,
Le plus court et moins courtois.
En Mars me lie, en Mars me taille,
Je rends prou quand on m'y travaille.

Le curé disoit, Les Pasques pluvieuses, sont souvent frout-menteuses. Et son clerc respondit, et souvent fort menteuses.

Depuis Pasques au jeu,
Depuis Noel au feu.

En May rosée, en Mars gresil,
Pluye abondante au mois d'Avril,
Le laboureur contentent plus
Que ne feroient cinq cens escus.

En Mars quand il tonne,
Chascum s'en estonne;
En Avril s'il tonne,
C'est nouvelle bonne.

Es mois d'Aoust et de Juillet,
Bouche moite, et l'engin sec.
Hoc mihi dixit hiems, Si sim quandoque morosa,
In candeloso semper ero radiens.

Dès le sainct Martin,
Boy le nouveau vin.

Qui voit à Noel les mouschons,
A Pasques verra les glaçons.

La Lune est perilleuse au cinq,
Au quatre, six, et huict, et vingt.
Prenez du temps la reigle commune,
Au premier Mardy de la lune
Le soleil fait par excellence
Au Samedy la reverence.

Du Dimanche au matin la pluye
Bien souvent la semaine ennuye.
Vendredy de la semaine est
Le plus beau jour, ou le plus laid.
Pauvre Laboureur, tu ne vois
Jamais ton bled beau l'an deux fois;
Car si tu le vois beau en herbe,
Tu ne l'y verras pas en gerbe.

Janvier le frilleux,
Fevrier gresilleux,
Et Mars le poudreux,
May clair et venteux,
Font l'an et l'om heureux.

PALAMON AND ERSYTE.

This fragment is copied from a MS. of the time of Henr. VI. preserved in the library of Trinity College, Dublin.

Palamon.
This Palamon in his bed lay,
And herd Emlyn syng so dowcely,
That unto his brother he gan say,
Wer is my love and my lady?

Emlyn.
Goyng merely in a garden grene,
Singyng herself this lady bright,
She ravissshed bothe the hertes, I wene,
Of Palamon and his brother Ersyte.

Palamon.
Syr Palamon it is my name,
And for this lady I ber gret blame
In preson stronge, Emlyn I chese
Unto my love and my maystres.

Emlyne.
O thou, Emlyne, thi fayrenes
Brought Palamon and Ersyte in gret distresse;
In a garden whan thou didist syng
So fresshely in a May mornynge.

Ersyte.
I Ersyte with my brother lay,
Palamon, whan he chese this may;
I had or he of her a sighte,
Therfore I chalenge hir to righte.

(No more in the MS.)

Edinburgh.  D. L.
METRICAL PROPHECIES.


In the yere of owere lorde a thowsande v c. lij. and one, Schalle theys be doyenge and done.

In Brettane thys ilond, that ys callyd Albyone, Grete sorowe ys lyke to be there in.

Warwik. A Beare fowlle and gryssely grette harme schalle begyne, And mayntenyd he schalle be there ine.

Pen. A Dragone alle grene hys syde schalle of-take, But at the laste sowthly he schalle hyme for-sake.

Schrowe. And thene, jentylle Talbott, be-ware thy hed, For swerly a grene Dragone schalle put the to dred.

Derbe. And (sic) Eagelle alle bryghte schalle fly alle abowyte, And helpe the frome there handes, that er so hygthe of rowte.

Wyn. The Fawcone in mewe wylle hyrselsealle gates be, The Fennyxe alle sumynge schalle make wepyngge eyes.

Arendel. The Wyghte Horse with leappynge schalle make an end Of the fowlle evelle Bere, wyche God hathe send.

Pen. But the Dragon alle grene a falle schalle then be-tyde, And wandere howe schallte, with owte any gyde. And the Coke of the Northe schalle ease thy payne, Butt a Wolfe schalle dashe the a-gayne. A Bogett of wayttere schalle umbre, and also brynge A flock at hys tayle, to helpe hys lyeye kynge; The wychelyes wepyngge, withowte halle or bower, Or plase for hyme mete, but one a barre flore. And then, alas! thy yer yere spentte, Strangeres and tyr rantes that schalle the tormente. Also gyde yowe wylle, ladys, that dwelle in bower, For your maydens and yowe, theye schalle meste dewore.
Trwe wedynges for-gottone of eche mane,
And lemans for spowses schalle every mane take
in honde:
The kynge a pooer maydene schalle ine hys mynde,
And hys playfelowes hyme seke, but none schalle
hyme fynde.
And of thys lady he schalle get a flowerc,
That schalle warne all kynges as he lest every
owere.
Thene gret tokens schalle be sene in the elementes,
And sone alle blody, schalle feldes be wer wayt-
teres doo rene,
Thene schalle the kynge gyde as he lyste eche
waye,
But he schalle hyme be-hed, for hys folysh pleye.
And more traytores he schalle owytte cry at the
last,
But smal redrese makynge, the thynges be soo fare
past.
Thene hangynge and drawynge thow schallte
style see,
But moche adewe to set thynges as they hawe bee.
But at the last God schalle hyme helpe the olde
waye,
And schalle alle set in concorde and staye.
And then, yowe mayddens, that lyes in your
stronge walle,
For after thys to your reame schalle no hurte falle,

Finis.

Anno Regny Marie, Regene Anglie primi, primo, xix. daye
Julij.

Mdn.

RULES OF CONDUCT.

From MS. Sloane, No. 1860, written in the year 1545.

Pray not to God wyth thy lyppes only,
But wyth thy heart fervently.
In the mornynge ryse erley,
And serve God devoutly,
Go to thy meate appertly,
And syt theret Kyndly,
And receive yt of God thanckefully.

Hull.
GRAMMATICAL RULES.

From MS. Sloan. No. 1210, fol. 123, v*, of the fifteenth century.

My lefe chyld, I kownsel ye
To furme thi vj, tens, thou awyse ye;
And have mynd of thi clensoune,
Both of nowne and of pronowne,
And ilk case in plurele,
How thai sal end, awyse the wele;
And thi participyls forgete thou nowth,
And thi comparysons be yn thi thowth;
Thynnk of the revele of the relatyfe,
And then schalle thou the bettyr thryfe;
Lat never interest downe falle,
Nor penitet with hys felows alle;
And how this Englis schalle cum in,
Wyt tanto and quanto in a Latyn,
And how this Englis schalle be chawngede,
Wyt verbis newtyrs qwen thai are hawede;
And how a verbe schalle be furmede,
Take gode hede that thou be not stunnede;
The ablatyfe case thou hafe in mynd,
That he be saved in hys kynd;
Take gode hede qwat he wylle do.
And how a nowne substantyfe,
Wylle corde with a verbe and a relatyfe;

Posculo, posco, peto.
And yf thou wylle be a grammarion,
Owne thi fyngers to construccyon,
The insenytyfe mode alle thorowth,
Wyt his suppyns es mykylle wroth;
And thynnk of propur nownyns,
Both of kastels and of townyns;
And when oportet cumis in plas,
Thou knawys miserere has no gras,

Hill.

PROVERBIAL VERSES.

Written in the margin of MS. Cotton. Cleopatra C. vii. fol. 21, v*, and 22 r*, in a hand of the thirteenth century.

Liper lok and tuinkling,
Tihing and tikeling,
Opin brest and singing,
peise midoutin lesing
Arin toknes of horelinge.
King conseilles,  
Bissop loreles,  
Wumman schameles,  
Hold-man lechur,  
Jong-man trichur,  
Of alle mine live  
Ne sau I worse five.

Ne be pi winpil nevere so jelu ne so stratende,  
Ne pi faire tail so long ne so trailende,  
That tu ne schalt at evin al kuttid bilevin,  
And tou schalt to bedde gon so nakid as tou were [borin].

Wrt.

DIRECTIONS FOR WRITING IN CIPHER.

From MS. Sloan. No. 351, fol. 15, v°, of the fifteenth century.

C for B, D for C, F for D, G for G, K for H,  
L for K, M for L, N for M, P for N, Q for P, R for Q, S  
for R, T for S, B for T.

E for A, A for E, I for O, O for I, V for himself, and Y  
for himself.

Item, in every word the first consonant shall be changed as  
is abovesaid, and never elles.

Item, when ij. consonants comen togider which will not be  
sowned, ther shall be set bitwene hem, or next afore or after,  
as hit wil falle, this silable ex, the which shall stande for nought  
save for the sownynge of the word.

Item, for W, sh, Item, for ch, th, and for th, ch, when-  
evere hit happenth in bigynnynge or ende or the myddes of any  
word.

Item, wherever Q standeth ther shall folwe an U, which shall  
stande for nought but for the sownynge of the word.

Item, wherever this word the comith, ye shall sette afore this  
lettre R, which will make Rthe.

Item, ye shall never set this lettre Y save in such places as  
he may stande for himself, as your, yold, yif, and not for Joy,  
Justes, or Jhesus.

Hill.
QUEEN CATHARINE PARR'S CHILD.

The following curious letter from the Duchess of Suffolk to Mr. Cecil is extracted from MS. Lansd. No. 2, art. 10.

It refers to the child of Queen Catharine Parr by her third husband, Sir Thomas Seymour, Baron Seymour of Sudley, nursed at the Duchess's house at Grimesthorpe in Yorkshire, (see the Archologia, vol. ix. p. 8.) It also contains an inventory of Plate belonging to the Nursery. It is dated 27th August, 1548. 2 Edw. VI.

Hit is sayd that the best meane of remedie to the sicke, is first playnly to confess and to disclose the disease; wherfore bothe for remedie and agayne for that my disease is so strong that hit will not be hidden, I will discover me unto you. Ffirst I will as hit were under Benedicite and in hiegh secrecie declare unto you that all the world knowete, though I goo never so covertly in my nette, what a veary begger I am. This sicknes as I have sayde I promise you increasethe mightily upon me. Amongst others the causes therof is you will understand not the least, the Quenes child hathe layen and yet dothe lye at my howse with her companie abowte her, hoofy at my charidges. I have written to my lady Somerset at large, which was the let I wrote not this with myne awne haund unto you, and amongst other things for the child that there may be some pention alotted unto her, according to my lordes grace promise. Now good Cicill, help at a pinche all that you may helpe. My lady also sent me word at Whitsentide last by Bartue,* that my lordes grace at her suite had graunted certeyn nurserye plate shuld be deleyvered with the child; and lest there might be stey for lacke of a present bill of suche plate and stuffe as was there in the nurcrye, I send you one hereinclosed of all suche parcelles as were apointed out for the childes only use; and that ye may the better understand that I cry not before I am pricked, I send you also mistress Eglenbies (governess) letter unto me, who with the maydes nourrice and others dayly call on me for there wages, whose voyces myne eares may herdly beare, but my couffers much worse,—wherfore I cease, and comitte me and my sickenes to your diligent care, with my hertie commendations to your wief. —At my mannour of Grymesthorpe, the xxvith. of August.

Your asured loving frend,

K. SUFFFOULK.†

SUGLEYE.

* Richard Bartue, Esquire, ancestor of the Lords Willoughby d'Eresby, the Duchess's husband.
† Daughter of William, Lord Willoughby, and the fourth wife (relict) of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk.
RELQUAE ANTIQUE.

A bill of all suche plate and other estuf as belongethe to the norcerye of the Quene's child.

Plate

Firste, ij. pottes of silver, all white.
Item, iiij. goblettes, silver, all white.
Item, one sallt, silver and parcell gilt.
Item, a maser with a bande of silver and parcell gilt.
Item, xj. spones, silver, all white.

Item, a quyllt for the cradell, iiij. pillowes, and j. pair fustians.
Item, iiij. fetherbeddes, iiij. quyltes, and iiij. pair fustians.
Item, a testour of scarlette, embrothered, with a counterpointe of silke saye, belonging to the same, and curtens of crymsyn taffetta.
Item, iiij. counterpointes of imagerye for the norces bedd.
Item, vj. pair shetes, little worthe.
Item, vj. pair pieces of hanginges within the inner chambr.
Item, iiiij. Carpettes for wyndowes.
Item, x. pieces hanginges of the twelve monethes, within the utter chambr.
Item, ij. cuyshens, clothe of golde.
Item, j. chayre of clothe of golde.
Item, ij. wrought stooles.
Item, a bedstedde, gilt, with a testour and counterpoint, with curtens belonginge to the same.

Item, ij. mellche beasts, whiche were belonginge to the norcerye, the which it maye please your grace to wryte maye be bestowede upon the ij. maydes towards ther maryages, which shalbe shortlye.

Item, one lute.

Beddinge and other estuf.

Indorsed.

To my loving frend Mr. Cecil,
attendant upon my Lord
Protector Grace.

27 of August.

From my Lady of Suffolkes grace to my Mr.
Concerning the Quenes child nursed at her house at Grimsthorp, with a bill of plate belonging to the nurcery.
Anno. 2. Ed. 0.

G. J. A.
FRAGMENTARY VERSES.

From the fly-leaf of MS. Bodley 622, written early in the fourteenth century.

A later copy occurs in the Cotton MS. Cleop. D. vii. f. 1.

That in thi mischef forsakit the no3th,
That in thi bonchef axit the no3th,
That wanne thou trespassest for-berit the no3th,
That in thi nede wernit the no3th,
He is thi FRENDE.

Wan y was pore, than was y fre,
Wenne y gan gredere, tho let y be;
Wanne y was ryche, tho was y harde,
And er y wyste, y deies [deied Cott.] amidwarde.
Alas! richesse, so mich in thouth,
To-day y was riche, and now have y [ri3t Cott.] nouth.

A scheld of red, a crosse of grene,
A croune y-writhe with thornes kene;
A sper, a sponge, with nayles thre,
A body y-bound to a tre;
Who [so Cott.] this schild in herte wul take,
A-monge his enimes thar he no3t quake.

Benediction and Prophecy.

From the Pontificale of Egbert, Archbishop of York, in the Bibliothèque du Roi at Paris, a fine MS. written about A.D. 950. The first is written on a scrap of velum inserted; the other in a vacant space at the end.

h'.  Brødrer ða leofestan, we onlysað eow of synna bendum,
on ge-wricle ðæs eadegan Petres ðæra Apostola ealdres, sám
ðe ure dryhten ðone anweald seald se synne to ge-bindienne ð
eft to onlysenne.  Ac swa miclum swa eow to belimpð eowra
synna ge-wregednes ð us to ge-byreð sö for-gifenes, sie God
ælmightig lif ð hælo callum eowrum synnum for-gifen ðurh
ðone ðe mid him leofað ð ricsað geond world aworld.  Amen.

Anno millesimo septimegentesimo nonagesimo, rex captivus,
regina pene occisa, vae ecclesiæ! principes fugient, sceptrum
contractum, paulo post reviviscit ferrum et ignis in nobiles,
spoliatio templi.  Hæc Dunstanus servus Dei.

Wrt.
SCRAPES OF LOVE SONGS.

From a MS. in the College of Arms, marked E. D. N. No. 27; written in a small illegible hand of Edward II. time. The second is written as prose in the manuscript.

A levedy ad my love leyt, the bole bigan to belle,
The cokeu ad the kite keyt, the doge is in the welle;
Stod y in my stirop streyt, i-schake out of the schelle,

As ryt as ramis orn.

Filipe with is fauchun fantes, be god, sayd, rake in hille,
With arm an . . . the bolle get in the corne, but mi lema[n]
love well.
If you love a wenche wel, cry laude and stille,
Bestir wel, but yef hir noute, grant hir al hir welle,
Be thou nowt so hardy hir onis to grille;
Wan thou hast thin welle, dan let hir morne still with an
I swar be the leves, let hir ches, were sche wel love or bene.

As I stod on a day, me self under a tre,
I met in a morueninge a may, in a medwe;
A semlier to min sithe saw I ner non,
Of a blak bornet al wos hir wede,
Purfiled with pellour doun to the teon;
A red hod on hir heved, shragid al of shridis,
With a riche riban gold be-gon.
That birde bad on hir boke evere as he yede,
Was non with hir but hir selve a-lon;
With a cri gan sche me sey, sche wold a-wrenchin awey,
But for I was so neye.

[A line gone]
I sayd to that semly that Xpx [Crist] should hir save,
For the fairest may that I ever met;
'Sir, God yef the grace god happis to have,
And the lyginges of love,' thus she me gret.
That I mit becum hir man, I began to crave,
For nothing in birde fondin wold I let;
Sche bar me fast on hond, that I began to rave,
And bad me fond ferther, a fol for to feche.
'Quaer gospellis al thi speche?
Thu findis hir nont hire the sot that thu seche.'

For me thothe so fair, hir wil wold I tast,
And I freynd hir of love, therat she lowe;
'A! sire,' she sayd, 'hirt thow for non hast,
If it be your wille, ye an sayd innowe,  
It is no mister, your word forto wast,  
Ther most a balder byrd billin on the bow;  
I wend be your semlant a chese you for chast,  
It is non ned to mak hit so tow.  
W ... ri wet ye wat I rede,  
Wend fort ther ye wenin better for to spede.'

Mdn.

ALLITERATIVE VERSES.

From MS. Harl. 3724, fol. 4, r, of the thirteenth century.

De sancto Petro martire.

Petre, piis plausibus pro petra punito,  
Plaudat præsens populus pectore polito;  
Petrus pater pauperum purus prædicator,  
Petræm plebi prædicat pacis propagator;  
Pungit prædicatio pregnans puritate;  
Pravos parant prærium pleni pravitate;  
Promunt paricidium patrem perimentos,  
Primipulum puerum primitus petentes;  
Passo Petro pateram pœnis perpetratis  
Panditur potentia patris pietatis;  
Pululant prodigia Petro promerenti;  
Pedes, palmæ, palpebræ præbentur petenti;  
Pellitur paralisis, podagra, putredo,  
Pavor, pestilentia, prominens pinguedo;  
Pagem, Petre, postula prolem procedentem,  
Pacem præsta populo, perde persequentem,  
Præbe posse pariter propulsis peccatis  
Poli palmis perfuiri probis praeparatis.

Amen!  

Hill.

SCRAPS.

From MS. Bib. Publ. Cantab. Ee. i. 5. of the fourteenth century.

Al it is fantam that we mid fare,  
Naked and povre henne we shul fare;  
Al shal ben other mannes that we fore care,  
Ant that we don for Godes love, have we no mare.

From MS. Dd. xi. 78, also of the fourteenth century.

Lege hoc versum netrograde et invenies contrarium sensum,  
Abel. Sacrum pingue dabo non macrum sacrificabo.  
Caim. Sacrificabo macrum non dabo pingue sacrum.

Hill.
THE SIEGE OF CALAIS.


*Her biginyth the seige off Calaies,*  
in *the yer off our Lord J M* v

In Juyl whan the sone schon,  
Tres, levys, and herbis grene,  
Wyth many sonder colowris;  
And fresch flowris that April mad,  
Gane for to feynt and to fad,  
Of lusty colowris,  
And of swete odowris.

And fruyte on tre both gret and smale,  
Gan for to rip and wax fulle pale,  
Than comyth time off labowr;  
To profit and to wirchip wyne,  
In armes, so ther be no treson inn,  
Untruth, ne fals colowr.

The duk of Burgayn off grete prid,  
Mad grete assemblle in landes wyd,  
In Flanders, and in Breban;  
Of his power and in chevalry,  
In Burgayn, and in Pikardye,  
Of Henaw, and off Holand.

A c. l. M* i* and mo,  
That weryne alle to ryd and go,  
To ber sper and schild;  
And mak avant Calys to wyn,  
And schuld dye that wer theryn,  
Both man, woman and chyld.

The wolles and the merchandys,  
And othir god with the ymprise,  
They wold have a serteyne;  
The walles they wold ber a downe,  
Towr, castelle, and dongen,  
Alle schuld be mad fulle playn.

And so with red baners displayed,  
With o[r]dir in the bateyllys arrayed,  
They cum they cum (*sic*) the towne abote;  
Statly tentes anon they py3te,  
Larg and long and gret of sy3th,  
It was a ryalle rowte.

Wyth gunnes gret, and other gret ordinance,
RELQUIÆ ANTIQUEÆ.

Them to help and to avanc,
With many a proud payys;
Gayly peyned and stuffed welle,
Ribawdes armeyd with iyrne and stele,
Was never better off devyce.
Ix. Ml. cokkes to crow at ny3th,
And viij. Ml. cressetes to brene li3th,
Gret wonder to her and se;
How sone the had mad her logyng,
Defens off herth and dicyng
Redier my3th non be.
The erle of Mortayne mad a diner,
And felowys be of good chere,
Off no thing hav we no dred;
I trust to god to se that day,
That for alle the proud aray,
Fulle low schalle thay lowth.
The levetent Ser John Raclyf,
That ever loyvd worschyp and dred repreve,
Kept fulle god governance;
And so did the baron off Dudley,
In the castell, the soth to say,
Mad fulle good ordinance.
My lord Camoys at Bolyn-gate,
The bulwerkes he did undertak,
At no tyme wuld he fayle;
Nether late ne erly,
Yff any without wer so hardey,
It onys to assayle.
At the Mylk-gate Ser Johne Aston,
And Ser Jefferey Warbulton,
With a many a hardy man;
The trompetes lowd they dyd blow,
That the duk my3th well know,
The wach whan yt bigan.
The porters kept the gattes full manly,
The gattes oyn continually,
To wate they wer not irk;
The trew sodiers both day and nythe,
Lay on the walles in harnes brighe,
Hit was ther hows and kirk.
The burges and men wer full bown,
For to defend the possession,
Hit longith to them off ry3th;
The merchanttes wer full redy,
At all tymes and every skry,
Hyt was a full good sy3th.
And so did the good conyns,
That had stuffed well the town,
With the good and vitayle;
In town and feld to rid and go,
And all odur werkes to doo,
In all that my3th avayle.
The women, both yung and old,
Wyth stones stuffed every scaffold,
The spared not to swet ne swynk;
With boylyng cawdrens both gret and smalle,
Yf they wold assaute the walle,
All hote to gev them drynk.
The fyrst day ther enmys prowed,
Gan to skirmysch with schowtes lowd,
But cowntred they wer anon;
Gonners to schew ther arte,
In to the town in many a parte,
Schote many a fulle gret stone.
Thankyd be God and Mary myld,
The hurt nothir man, woman, ne chyld,
To the hoseis thow they did harm;
Sent Babara! than was the cry,
When the stone in the stone (sic) did fly,
They cowd non other charm.
And for the duk lay them no nere,
At the sowth west corner,
Off gonnes he had a song;
That anon he left that place,
And to the west end he mad a chace,
Hym thowth he bod to long.
Ther men my3th se archerys good,
Cast from them both gown and hood,
The better for to schote;
That Frensch and Flemysch was ful fayn
To ther tentes to retorn ogayn,
They saw non othir boote.
And one amang, an Iyrrysch man,
Uppone his hoby swyftly ran,
Hyt was a sportfulle syghte;
How hys darttes he did schak,
And when him lyst to leve or tak,
They had fulle gret dispit.
All so a hownd that did hyege go by,
That longid to the water bayly,
Fulle swyftly wold he ren;
And every skyrmisch to travayle,
Man and hors he wold assayle,
Fulle welle he coude them k[e]nne.
And so hit byfelle upone a Thysday,
The erle of Mortayn made a fray,
At seynt Peturs on the playne;
And drove them to there tentys nere,
And toke many a praysoner,
And many off them were slayn.
And after they com with gret navi,
With bolgit schipis ful craftly,
The havyn for to han schent;
At Friday but on the morow,
Than began the dukes sorow,
Hys schypis when he saw brent.
And so after within a whyle,
Drawyn a down was hys castell,
With many a hardy man;
His men of armes wer layd to grownd,
And sum askapid with dethys wond,
And few off them wer tan.
The next morow or yt was day,
Erly the duk fled oway,
And with hym they off Gant;
And after Bruges and Apers both,
To folow after they wer not loth,
Thus kept they ther avant.
For they had very knowyng,
Off the duk of Gloceturs armyng,
Caleys to rescue;
By caus they bod not ther,
In Flanders he soght hem fer and ner,
That ever may they yt rew.
Only God, in whom ys all,
Sav Caleys that ryall towne,
That ever yt mot wel cheve
Unto the crown of mery Yngland,
Whils that this world wyll stand,
That neany ennys ytt greve.
Lytell wote the fool,
Who myyth ches,
What harm yt wer,
Good Caleys to lese. Amen.

Explicit the sege off Caleys.
PROPHECIES RELATING TO EDWARD III.

From the Bibliotheque du Roi, at Paris, MS. Ancien fonds, No. 5178.  
(Regius, olim Colbertinus).

Versus inventi Londoni in una pila de corio, de Rege Edwardo
iiio. post conquestum,

En pila regalis vocitor, tum ludus ejusdem.  
Anno milleno tercenteno duodeno  
Edwardus tenuis natus est sub Bricio Sancto;  
Hic duodecimus est ab arbore nomine regum  
Angliae, Francorum rex gloriosus erit.  
Trans mediterraneum volabit et aquila grandis,  
Errantes multos adducet ad altitonantem,  
Rebelles cedens maquetat et annumerabit,  
Post rediens pardus prædis visitatis abibit  
Ad reges sanctos, quibus jungetur et ipse.  
Uncio trina patet, quarto nec unctio decet;  
Post tractum Lachesis infelix Atropos occat (secat !),  
Proch dolor! et gemitus sic deficit Anglicos honor.  
Tolle caput milvi, cancer ter simile fiat;  
Et medium solis sex lustra notabis et unum.  
Anglorum Regnum Bastard bello superavit,  
Et monasterium construere rex properavit;  
Jejunis orans, cupiens de sobole scire,  
Divinum mox responsum merebatur audire.  
Quot pedibus fiat ecclesia Batalliae longa,  
Tot annis tua posteritas regnabit in Anglia.  
Quamlibet ecclesiis prolongare voluerunt,  
Trecentos pedes excedere non potuerunt.  
Bruti posteritas cum Scotis associata,  
Anglia regna premet Marte, labore, voce.  
Flumina manabunt hostili tincta cruore,  
Perfida gens omnium fraude subacta ruet;  
Quem Britonum fundet Albanis juncta juventus,  
Sanguine Saxonic tincta rubebit humus.  
Regnabunt Britones Albane gentis amici,  
Antiquum nomen insula tota feret.  
Ut profert Aquila veteri de turre loquuta,  
Cum Scotis Britones plurima regna regent.  
Regnabunt pariter in prosperitate quieta,  
Hostibus expulsis, judicis usque diem.  
Historiae veteris Gildas luculentus orator  
Hec retulit parvo carmine plura notans,
Versus vaticinales editi a Gilda hystoriographo.

Regnum Scotorum fuit inter caetera regna
   Terrarum quondam nobile, forte, potens;
Rex magnifici Bruti de stirpe regebant
   Fortiter egregie Scotia regna prius,
Ex Albiniaceo trina pote potensis Æneæ
   Dictitur Albania, litera prisa probat.
A Scotia nata Pharaonis regis adepti,
   Ut veteres tradunt, Scotia nomen habet.
Post Britones, Dacos, Pictos, Hunnosque repulsos,
   Nobiliter Scoti jus tenuere suum.
Fata ducis celebris super omnia Scotia flebit,
   Qui loca septa solo junget ubique sibi;
Principe magnifico tellus viduata vacabat,

Antiquos reges justos, largos, locupletes,
   Formosos, fortes, Scotia moesta luget.
Ut Mellinus ait, post reges belligeratos,
   Regis more carens regia sceptrum geret;
Serviet Angiligeno regi pro tempore quodam,
   Proch dolor! Albania fraude subacta sua.
Quorum respirabit post regis funus avari,
   Versibus antiquis prisca Sibilla canit.
Candidus Albanus Patotis causa ruines,
   Traditione sua socia regna teret.
Rex Barrolis eum numerosa classe potitus,
   Affliget Scotos ense, furore, fames.
Exera gens tandem Scotorum fraude peribit,
   In bello princeps Noricus ense cadet;
Gallica quem gignet, qui gazis regna replebit,
   O dolor! o gemitus! fratris ab ense cadet.
Anglia Neustrenses festu decorata leonis,
Regibus offensis sit pluribus aucta coronis,
Anno milleno tercenteno medioque,
   Centum cum deno, populo pugnatu utroque;
Mens, cur, cor cupiens, lex Christi, vita jocunda,
   Formam cunctorum tibi primam dabit futurorum.
Albus draconem draco rubeum superbabit;
Anglorum nomen tollit, rubeique durabit.
Cum fuerint anni completi mille ducenti,
   Et decies deni, post partum Virginis alme,
   Et sex et seni, sulcabit æquora remi,
Inter saxosum vicum castrumque nodosum
   Corruet Anglorum gens perfida fraude suorum.

D'A*.
EXTRACTS ILLUSTRATING COSTUME, &c.

From MS. Laud. 416. olim. C. 90, fol. pap. circa 1480. A paraphrase of the Ten Commandments, in 7. line stanzas, illustrated by "Narraciones" or Tales. Imperf. at beginning, as the first fol. is marked xxxvij.

Under the Third Commandment not to break the Sabbath, occur these lines, f. 44. v°.

Also use not to pley at the dice ne at the tablis,
Ne none maner gamys upon the holidais;
Use no tavernys where be jestis and fabilis,
Syngyn of lewde balettes, rondelettes, or virolais;
Nor erly in morynyng to fecche home fresch mais,
For yt makyth maydins to stomble and falle in the breirs,
And afterward they telle her councele to the freirs:

Now y-wis yt were wele done to know
The dyfference bytwene a damselle and a maide,
For alle bene lyke when they stond in a row;
But I wylle telle what experience said,
And in what wyse they be entyrid and araied;
Maydyns were callis of silk and of thred,
And damsellis kerchevis pynnid uppon ther hed.

Wyffis may not to chirch tille they be entyrred,
Ebridyllid and paytrelid, to shew her aray,
And fetyd alle abowte as an hacony to be hyred;
Than she lokyth aboute her if any be so gay;
And oon thynge I comend, which is most to my pay,
Ther kerchef hanggyth so low, that no man can a-spye,
To loke undirneth the oons to shrew her eie.

Jangelyng in chirche among hem is not usid,
To telle alle her howswyfry of the weke byfore;
And also her husbondis shalle not be accusid,
Now crokyd and crabbed they bene ever more;
And suche thynge lo! they can kepe no store,
They bene as close and covert as the horn of Gabrielle,
That wylle not be herd but from hevyn to helle.

Under the Sixth Commandment the writer is very severe against women in the following lines; f. 54.

But and the wyf oons happe to go astray,
Hyt hard is for evyr to gete yt a wey.

Tylle dethe depart she wylle not blynne,
She is nothynge jelows of her name;
For she is so bold off her synne,
She seith it is but a comyn game;
Why shuld she than have any shame,
Yf she can any goodly man a-spye,
Wyth her crokyd instrument encrese and multeplie.

In suche foule lustis is moste her delyte,
And to make her fresh wyth gay attyris;
She sparith no cost to yef men aptyde,
To sette up her hornys with long wyris;
And to be made muche of she gretly desyris;
She wil be redy with the twynkelyng of an eie,
And wyth her lytille whetyng-corne to encrese and multeplye.

Of oon straunge thyng she held hir not paide,
She must ech day have chaunges new;
And if eny be bettyr than she araide,
Or have clothynge of a fressher hew,
Then to have ther of she wille fast purswe;
And if that she have it not, ye must sey her why,
Or els wyth her twychylle wille encrece and multeplye.

Bochas rehersith of wyfis many oone,
Which to her husbandis were contrarious;
Among alle other he wrythyth of oone,
Semeramis hir name, of levyng vicious,
Quene of Assirie, he callyth hir thus;
Which wold no man in eny wyse denye,
But wyth her crokid shap encrece and multeplye.

She ne sparid straunger ne other,
And if he come not, she wold hym calle;
She toke her sonne and eke her brother,
Suche a fals lust was on her falle;
Hir corage was to have ado with alle;
She had no mynd that she shuld die,
But with her pretty tytmose to encrece and multeplye.

And yet the most party, by God, I dare welle saye,
Are of an hole mynde fulle stedfast and sure;
Buxom and bonaire, and meke as a maie,
And without man they can right welle endure;
Of clennes and chastyté they have bothe in cure;
And yet som men wille thynk and say that y lie,
There are so many workars to encrece and multeplye.

* * * * *
RELIQUIÆ ANTIQUÆ.

f. 60.

I can fynd no man now that wille enquire,
The parfyte wais unto Dunmow;
For they repent hem within a yere,
And many within a weke, and sonner, men trow;
That cawsith the weis to be rowgh and over grow,
That no man may fynd path or gap,
The world is turnyd to another shap.

Befo and moton wylle serve wele enow;
And for to seche so ferre a lytill bakon flyk,
Which hath long hanggid, resty and tow;
And the wey I telle you is comborous and thyk,
And thou might stomble, and take the cryk;
Therfor bide at home, what so ever hap,
Tylle the world be turnyéd into another shap.

MDN.

THE PROPERTIES OF GOOD WINE.

From MS. Lansdowne, No. 397, fol. 9, v°. of the fourteenth century.
It is a different and more complete copy of the scrap printed at p. 273 of our first volume.

De vino.


WRT.
SONG OF THE BOAR’S HEAD.

From MS. Porkington, No. 10, sm. 4to. sec. 15. on paper. This Song or Carol differs from the two on the same subject printed in Ritson’s Ancient Songs, p. 126.

Hey, hey, hey, hey, the borrys hede is armyd gay.
The boris hede in hond I bryng,
With garlond gay in porttoryng,
I pray yow alle with me to synge, With hay.

Lordys, kny3ttes, and skyers,
Persons, prystis, and wycars,
The boris hede ys the furt mes, With hay.

The boris hede, as I yow say,
He takis his leyfe, and gothe his way,
Gone after the xij. theyl ffyt day, With hay.

Then commys in the secunde kowrs with mykylle pryde,
The crannus, the heyrrouns, the bytteris by ther syde,
The pertrychys and the plowers, the wodcockus and the snyt,

Larkys in hot schow, ladys for to pyk,
Good drynk therto, lycyus and fyne,
Blwet of allmayne, romnay and wyin, With hay.

Gud bred alle and wyin dare I welle say,
The boris hede with musterd armyd soo gay;
Furmante to pottage, with wennissun fyne,
And the hombuls of the dow, and all that ever commis in;
Cappons i-bake, with the pesys of the roow,
Reysons of corrons, with odyre spysis moo.

It ends abruptly thus at the bottom of a page. Mdx.
A BRIEF DIARY.

Written apparently by some citizen of London, temp. Hen. VII. and Hen. VIII. from MS. Vespasian A. xxv.

K. H. the viij.

M. Remyngton, mayir. Then came yn my lady Kataryn, the kyngges daughter, of Castell, into Ingland.

M. Schawe, mayir. Then was prince Arthur, the son of kyng H. the viij., maryid unto my lady Kataryn above said, at Polles; and agaynst her comnyng into London was many goodly pageantes made in the citte, at Alhahotwilde, when they weree maryid.

M. Bartilmew Reede. Then dyid prync Arthur above sayd.

M. Capelle, mayir. Then was London Bridge a fyir.

M. Wynggar, mayir.

M. Knesworth, mayir. Then came in dewke Phillip, of Burgon, agaynst his wille with tempast of wethir, as he was goyng into Spayn, whiche afterward was kyng of Castelle. Then was Polles wethir-cok blown doun.

M. Haddon, mayir.

M. Brown and M. Elmar, mayir.

M. Jenynges, mayir. Then dyid K. H. the viij. the xxij. day of Aprelle; then did the duke of Yorke, whiche was brothur unto prync Artur aforesayd, mary with my lady Kataryn his brothers wife, and was crownyd bothe kyng and quene, on Midsomer day, Sunday next after following.

K. H. the viij.

M. Bradbery and M. Capell, mayrs. Then was Richard Emson and Edmond Dudley, which was afore chefe men with K. H. the viij., behedid at Touer hille, and then was pette waals in Tennyms strete a fyir.

M. Kebylle, mayir.

M. Arsscheley, mayir.

M. Cepynger and M. Haddon, mayrs. Then went K. H. the viij. into Ffraunce, with a grete pover. Then the emprour that then was, whois name was Maximyulanus, and alle his oste, toke wages of our Kyng, and then was Towyyn and Torney won and gevyn away anone after. Then came yn Kyng Jamys of Skotland, with a grete powar, ffull cowardly when our kyng
was in Ffrance, and was kylde for his labour. And on saynt Laurans day was the Regent of Ingland and the grete caricke of Fraunce burnd, whiche was i. the gretist shippes in Crisindom.

M. Brown and M. Tate, mayirs.
M. Monox, mayr.
M. Butlar, mayir.
M. Rest, mayir. Then was the Ille May-day, the comons of the citté and prentesis did rob and spoylle strayngars; and then was in diverce places of the citté galous set up, and there was hanggid and quararid. Then was Midsomer terme kept at Oxford a litlle while.
M. Exmew, mayir.
M. Morfyn, mayr. Then was the Menoris burnd.
M. Yarford, mayir.
M. Brigges, mayir. Then was the Deuke of Buckynnggame behedid at Towy Hille, the xvij. day of Maye, Fryday, and is beryd at freer Austens.
M. Mylburn, mayir. Then came in the emprour Charlus, whiche was son of the Kyng of Castelle aforesayd.
M. Mundy, mayir. Then came yn the Kyng of Denmark, and his quene, and lay in the Bissop of Bathis place, withoute Tempulle bar, and then was the Roodes lost.
M. Bawdre, mayir.
M. Bayly, mayir.
M. Allen, mayir,
M. Semer, mayir.
M. Spenser, mayir. Then was no watche kepte at Midsomer.
M. Rudstone, mayir.
M. Dodmore, mayir. Then was the Cardenalle pute oute of his Chauncelarship, and Sir Thomas Moore Knyght, was made Chauncelar of Ingland.
M. Pargetar, mayir.
M. Lambart, mair. Then came in a grete ffisshe at Tynmouth.
M. Pecok, mayir. Then was quene Kataryn lady douagear put aside; then did the Kyng mary with my lady An Bullen, and crownyd her queene at Westminster on Wistonday, the fyrst day of June.
M. Askew, mayir. Then was the holy mayde of Kent, ij. freers, ij. monkes, and the parson of Aldermay, drawn from
the Touer to Tiburn, there hangid and hedid; then was Mr. Doctor Taylar, prest, put oute of the Rolles, and Mr. Thomas Cromwelle, temporalle man, made master of the Rolles and the Kyngges secretary, and after that lord prevé sele, and after that vicar generalle of alle Inglond and Knyght of the Gartar, and after that lord Chamburlayn and Erle of Essex.

M. Champney, mayir. Then was iii. monckes of the Chartarhouce of London, and the ffather of Syon, and a preest, drawen from the Towr to Tiburn, ther hangid, hedid, and quartarid; and after that iii. monckes more of the Chartarhouce, and the Bisshop of Rochester, behedid at Tour hille on Midsomer eve, is eve, and is beryid in Barkyng churcheyard, by the northe doore; and Sir Thomas Moore, Knyght and Chauncelar of Inglond, behedid at Tour hille, on Saynte Thomas eve after Midsomer, and was beryid within the Tour of London; then the Kyng made his owne hed to be pold, and many lorde and knyghtes and alle the Corte.

M. Allen, mayir, agayn twyis hole for hymselfe. Then dyid quene Kataryn aboute twelfetide, and was beryid in Peturborow Abbey. The xvij. day of Maye was behedid at Tour hille, my Lorde Recheford, quene Ans Brothur, and M. Noris, M. Weston, M. Breuton, and M. Marke for treson, and beryid alle in the Tour; the xix. day of Maye was beheded within the Tour, apon a skaffold, quene An, and there was beryid. Then the kyng did mary with my lady Jane Semer. Then dyid the Kyngges bastard son, deuke of Rechmond, at saynt Jamys be yend Charyng. Then roos up the comons of Lyncolshe and of Yorksheer. Then was dyverse halidayes put doun, and then began the abbés to go down.

M. Waren, mayir. Then was my lord Garet, the Erles son of Kildare in Erlond, and v. of his unckulls, drawn from the Tour to Tiburn, there hanggid, hedid, and quartarid, the morow after Candilmas day, Satterday the xxv. day of Maye. Fryday, Inbir day, was sir John Browmer Knyght drawn from the Tour to Tiburn, there hanggid, and hedid, and his wife that same our burnd in Smythfeld, both for treson, and sir Héyn Hamorton Knyght, and sir Nicolás Tempas, the abbot of Fountans, the priour of Gisburgh, and doctor Pekeryng, drawn from the Tour to Tiburn, there hanggid, hedid, and quartarid. The ij. day of June, Satterday, was sir Thomas Perci Knyght, my lorde Lumle, is son sir Ffraunces Beygot Knyght, the abot of Jarvis, drawn from the Tour to Tyburn, ther hanggid, hedid, and quartarid. On Saynt Peturs eve, was my lorde Hussey, and sir Robart Constabulle Knyght, and M. Aske, which was the hed capten of alle, sent home into the vol. ii.
norte the contre, and there they suffred de the, and M. Aske was hanggid in York castell in cheynys. The last day of June, Satterday, was my lorde Darcy behedid at Tour hille. On Saynte Edwardes eve, Ffriday, in the mornyn, was prince Edward born, the trew son of K. H. the viij. and quene Jane, his mother, in Hamton Corte. His godfathers was the deuke of Norfock, and the deuke of Suffolke, and the bisschop of Caunturbery, and his godmother, was his owne sister, whiche was doughter of quene Kataryn aforesayd. On Saynte Crispyns eve, Wensday, dyid quene Jane in childbed, and is beryd in the castell of Wynsor.

M. Gressam, mayir. On Saynt Mathies day thastostulle, the xxiij. day of February, Sonday, did the bisschop of Rochester preche at Polles Cros, and had standyng afores hym alle his sermon tyme the pictur of the Roode of Grace in Kent, that had byn many yeris in the abbey of Boxley in Kent and was gretely sought with pilgryms, and when he had made an ende of his sermon, the pictor was toorn alle to peces; then was the pictour of Saynte Saviour, that had stand in Barmsay abbey many yeris in Sowthwarke, takyn down. The xxij. day of May, Wensday, was there set up in Smythfeld, iij. skaffoldes, then one was for my lord mayir and aldyrmen, and the deuke of Norfock, the deuke of Suffolke and my lord prevé sele, and the tothir for the bisschop of Worcetter, wheeron he stooде and preche, and the third skaffold was made over agaynst the bisschop, where on stode doctor Fforrest, a graye freer of Grenewithche, at Polles Crosse, and beside hym was there a pictour set up, that was brought oufe of Walis that was callid Dervelle Gadern, and a litille beside that, a payr of galous set up, and when the bisschop had made an end of his sermon, then was the freer had to the galous, and hanggid alive by the myddyll, and the armys with chaynys, and there burnd, and the pictour cast into the fyir to. Then was the pictour of our lady of Worcetter brought to London. Then was the rode that stode in Saynt Margit Pattens Churchyard takyn awaye, which had stonde there xxxv. yere and more, and withyn a litille while after, ther was burnd on a nyght over agaynst the same churche, a grete mayné of housis. Then was the pictor of our lady of Walsynggame whiche was the grettist pilgremage in alle Ingland, brought to London. Then was the rode of Northor and Saynt Uncumbur, that stode in Polles many yeris, takyn down, and Our Lady of Grace that had stond in Polles many yers. Then was Saynt Thomas schryne of Canterbury, take down, whiche had byn many yeris a grete pilgremage. Then was every man, woman, and child, commandid to lerne ther patar noster, ave, and crede, in Englissche. Then hit was com-
maundid that no light shuld be set in churchis afore no image, but all take awaye.

M. Fforman, mayir. Then was the monckes of the Chartar-house, and alle the freers in London, put oute of ther housis. The ix. day of Disseembar, Monday, was beheddid at Tour Hille the erle of Devensheer, othurwyis callid Markes of Exceter, whiche was nye kyn unto the kynge and my lorde Muntegewe and Sir Edward Nevelle, knyght. The viij. day of Maye, Thursday, did all the citté of London every householder hymselfe, and every servand that he had that was parsonabulle, had harness les or more, and white cotes and a red crose, and a sword set apon the cote, bothe behynd and before, and alle the chefe men had ther cotes some of white sattten and som of white damaske, and crossis and swordes upon them, as alle the tothir had; then went they alle, and my lorde mayir, and alle the aldirmen, to Myle-end withoute Algate, in the mornyng, and there they were set forthe, be five in a ray, with standardes born afore them, and drounslates playing afore them alle the way, and they weere devided in iiij. battelles with bowis, gonnys, mores, pikes, and billles, and so came thorow alle the Citte and thorow alle Westmynster, and aboute alle the newe parke, and came homwarde by Saynt Jamys, and so over the fieldes, and thorow Holburn, and so home agayn; and the kyang stode at Westmynster over the new gate, and saw them alle from the begynnyng to the endynge. Then was no watche kepte at Midsummer. The ix. day of July, Wensday, was beheddid at Tour Hille, sir Andry Floskew Knyght, and a Knyght of the Roodes. Then did the biship of Worcetter, whois name was Latemar, give up his bishiprike to the kyang.

M. Hollys, mayir. The iiijde. day of Jenyver, Satterday, did the kyang, and alle the noblis of the reme, and the mayir, and alle the aldirmen in ther best arayye, and every craft in ther best arayye, went down in ther barges to Grenwitch, and every barge as goodly drest as they coude device, with stremsars and bannars, and ther the kyang did mete and reseve on Blacketh my Lady An, the deukes daughter off Kleve, and made her queene of Ingland. The xxvij. day of July, Wensday, was behedid at Tower hille, Thomas Cromwelle, whiche that had byn afore master of the Rolles, and after that the Kynges secretary, and after that vicar generalle, Knyght of the Garth. Erle of Essex, and lord Chamburlayn of Ingland; and my lord Hungfurfoord was beheddid theer that same tyme too. The xxx daye of July, Fryday, was there drawn from the Tower to Smythfeld vi. doctors, iiij. of them was burnd and the tothir iiij. was hanggid and quarterid; they that were burnd, ther namys weer doctor Barns, doctor Garet, parson of Honny-
lane, doctor Jherom, vicar, of Stepney; and ther namys that was quartard, doctor Powelle, doctor Abelle, and doctor Fethurstone; and the heddes of my lord Croumwell, and my lorde Hungurford, weer set up on London bridge, and ther bodyis beryyd in the Tour. This same yere was quene An, the dewkes daughter of Kleve aforesaid, pute aside. The viij. day of August, Sunday, did the kyng mare with my lady Kataryn Haward, the deuke of Norfocke his broethers daughter, and made her quene of Ingland. That yere dyid my lorde of Saynt Jhons in his bed, whois name was William Weston; and that yere was new sargeantes of the queff made and kepte ther feste at Saynt Jhons. That summer was a hoote, and drye, and of grete dethe, and greete of the agew.

M. Roche, mayir. That wynter, was a very colde wynter, as was many yeris afore. The xxvij. day of May, Fryday, was the countes of Salisbury behedid within the Tower.

The xxvij. day of June, Tewisday, was my lorde Lenard Markes behedid at Tower hille. The xxix. day of June, Wensday, Saynt Peturs day, was my lord Dakars of the southe led betwene bothe the scherevis of London afote from the Tower to Tiburn, and there was he hanggid. That yere the kyng rode in progrce to Yorke, and all the conr aboute. That yere was take doun theloyt in Polles, whereyn stode the roode of Northor and Saynt Artuolles Schryme in Polles, and Saynt Edwardes schrynge at Westminster, and the said lord Dakars above saide was beryyd in Saynt Powlkurs Churche, and the said lord Dakars was hanggid for robbre of the kyngges deer, and murther of the kepars.

1542.

M. Dormor, mair, the x. day of Dessemer, Satterday, was M. Cowlpeppir and M. Duran drawn from the Tower to Tiburn. Cowlpeppur was hedid, and Duran was hanggid and quartard, bothe them for playng the harlotte with queen Kataryn that then was.

The xij. day of Februeary, Monday, was queene Kataryn and my lady Recheford behedid, bothe in the towr of London; the xvij. day of Marche, Friday, was a mayde boyld in Smythfeld, in a grete led, for poyseyng of many that she had doon. This yere came oute of Erlond the erlle of Desmond, and the grete Aneel and other lordes of Erlond, and did submyt themselfe to our kyng; and this yere the dewke of Norfocke and othervern and lordes with a grete army of men into Skotland.

This yere was Chounceré-lane, and Ffayter-lane, and Scho- lone, alle thorow pavid. And this yere was the new chamburs in Tempulle garden. And alle this summer was a colde summer and wete.
M. Gotes, mayir. Then came into Inglond kynge Jamys of Skotland, with a pouar of men, after Alhalow tide, and one John a Musgrave, with his company, met with hym, and in that skyrmysche the kynge was hurte or drounde; and there was takyn of the Skottes xxj. or xxxii. personars, that is to say, ij. erlles, vj. lordes, and alle the othir knyghtes and jentilmen, and they were brought to the kynge, to London, the xix. day of Desember. In the monthe of July the kynge did mary with my lady Kataryn Latemer, wedow, and made her queen; and this wynter was a colde wynter, hit began afore Cristmas and lastid tell Ester Monday, of and on, and of grete dethe, and parte of Mighellmas terme was kepte at Saynt Albons. How be hit that M. Bowear was at that tyme mayir, for the terme began after Alhalow tide, bycause of the grete dethe that was the somer before.

M. Bowear and M. Waren, mayrs. This yere dyid in his bed at Crichurch, sir John Audeley, lorde Chauncelor of Inglond, and M. Bowear beyng mayir. This yere was moche harm doon in Skotland, as Edynborow and othir townys burnd and spoylid; and this yere the suffragris that longgid to the lateny was songe in Engliische toung; and this yere the kynge, in the monthe of July, went into Fraunce with a gret powar of men. And this yere was the yere of our lord God, 1544, and the xxxvj. yere of the reng of kynge Hary the viij. And this yere was Bullen won and gevyn up; and this yere was the angelle nobulle reysyd to viij. s.

M. Laxton, mayir. This yere was Jhesus stepulle, that stode in Polles churche yerde, take down, and no watche kepte at Midsomer, nor Midsomer terme kepte. The xxij. day of August, dyid in his bed, in Gilford, the dewke of Suffocke, whois name was Charles Brandon. The xij. day of September, Satterday, in the mornyng, about five of the klocke, was Saynte Jylis churche burnd, belles and alle, without Crepiile gate. The viij. day of Octobare, Thursday, at nyght, aboute viij. a klok, was a ship of a nothir cuntre burnd at Blackewalle, thorow mysefortune of fyir.

M. Bowser. This yere dyid my lorde Bawdwyn, chefe justise of the Commen place. Then did my lorde Muntegew, whiche was chefe justise of the Kyngges benche, make labour for to be chefe justise of the Commen place, and so he was; then was my lorde chefe baarn of the Kyngg's Excheke, whois name was Lister, made chefe justise of the Kynggs benche and sargeant, alle oone day, the day the ix. day of November, Monday, in the yere of our lorde God xv C. xlv. in the xxxvij. yere of the reng of K. H. the viij.
DELIQUÆ ANTIQUÆ.

DEFINITION OF ROBBERY,

From MS. Sloane, 1785, of the fourteenth century.

De latrocinio manifesto.

Aperte thefte dos he that man,
That thorou sleght aperty stele can,
And hauntis of that foly,
To susteyne hym and his therby;
He were worthe, as I understand,
To be hanged thorou lawe of lond.
A pryvé thefte dos he this,
That takes ouzt that is not his,
And holdes it pryvely as his owen,
And ʒut is he for trewe man knownen;
But whether he take more or lesse,
A pryvé thefte he that es;
But al if he here befor trew kid,
Fro God may not that theft be hid;
And if he scape her the law of londe,
To Gods law hym behoves stonde.
For whan his soule is hethen flemed,
Thorou Gods law he shal be demed,
And parchaunce to endles payne,
But he ʒelde it here agayne.
A covert thefte dos he in case,
Wich kepyng of his lordis goodis hase.
As bailyfes, sergaeunt of grayve,
That falles his lordis rent receyve;
And his acontes recken les
The receytes than the spence es;
So sleghly he can his acontes sette,
That his lorde rennes in his dette,
And puttes hymself to avauntage,
There he shuld be in average,
So sleghly steles his lordis rente,
Methinke he were worthi to be shent.
ʒette thorow colour of his ofuyce,
He hauntes coverly this vice,
Avauntage of other men to take,
With falce sleythes that he can make;
Thus can he covertly stele,
And ʒitte it semys that he were lele,
But ʃif he west what he were worthi,
For seche dedis he aʒt be sory.
RELIQUIÆ ANTiquæ.

Also a wife schuld honour stonde,
That takes the goodes of hyre husband,
Agayne his leve or his wylle,
She stelis that good and dos ful ille;
Or he that is a man of religioue,
That takys the godis of his house,
Witoutyn leve of his soverayneye,
He stelis thoo goodys for certayne;
For wyfe ne man of religioun,
Of thoo goodis that ar comoun.

Hill.

A BALLAD.

From MS. Harl. 1370, of the seventeenth century.

I have been in debt, in love, and in drinke,
This many, many yeare;
And those three plagues were enough on would thinke,
For any mortall to beare.

'Twas love made me fall into drinke,
And drinke made me run into debt;
And although I have strugled and struggled and strove,
Yet I cannot get out of them yet.

'Tis mony that only can cure me,
And ease me of my paine;
Itt will pay off all my debts,
And remove all my lettes,
And my mistris that could not indure me,
Would love me and love me againe,
And then I'd fall to lovinge and drinkinge amaine.

Hill.

A SONG.

From MS. Harl. 1317, of the time of Henry the Eighth. It appears to be incomplete.

Wep no more for me, swethart,
Wepe no more for me!
As sharpe as a dart
Hathe perysh my hart,
That yo shod morne for me.
Upon a mornynge of May,
In the mornynge grey,
   I walkyd plesantly,
To a garden gren,
So fresh be-sen,
   That joy hyt was to se.

Ther walkyd I,
Al so burly,
   Musyng me myselfe alone;
Tyll sodenly
I blenkkyd my ny,
   Wher I spyyd won.

Whych in gret payne,
Methowt sarteyne,
   Hyt semyd that he was;
Hys gowne al blake
Apon hys bake,
   Lyke lede hys colore was.

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SCRAPS.

From MS. Sloane, No. 1210, of the fifteenth century.

Characteristics of the Months.

Januarius    Februarius    Martius
Poto, ligna cremo, de vite superflua demo,

Aprilis 
Malus
Do gramen gratum, mihi servit flos, mihi pratum,

Julius
Augustus
Fænum declino, segites tero, vina propino,

October
November
Semen humo jacto, mihi pasco sues, mihi macto.

Proverbial Sayings.

Qworle in tho qwew go lyghtly,
Qwene I was a zong man so dyd I.
Gira in algore leniter,
Quum fui juvenis ita feci.

Tho smallere pese tho mo to the pott;
Tho fayrere woman tho more gyglott.
Quo graciles pise plures offendimus ollæ;
Quo mage formosa mulier mage luxuriosa.

Wrt.
CHARACTERISTICS OF COUNTIES.

The following piece, which differs a little from the copy given in our first volume, p. 269, was printed from a different MS. by Thomas Hearne, in the Introduction to the fifth volume of Leland’s Itinerary.

Here sueth the propertees of the shyres of Engelond.

The propyrte of every shyre
I shal you telle, and ye will here.
Herefordshire, sheeld and spere;
Worsetershire, wryng pere.
Gloucetershire, sho and nayle;
Brystowe, shippe and sayle.
Oxenfordshire, gyrde the mare;
Warwykshire, bynde bere.
London, resortere;
Sowtherey, gret bragere.
Essex, ful of good hoswyfes;
Middlesex, ful of stryves.
Kentshire, hoot as fire;
Sowsiks, ful of dyrt and myre.
Hertfordshire, ful of wode;
Huntyngdonshire, corn ful goode.
Bedfordshire is nought to lakke;
Bokynghamshire is his maakke.
Northamptonshire, ful of love,
Benethe the gyrdyll and noth above.
Lancastreshire, fayre archere;
Chestreshire, thwakkere.
Northumbrelond, hasty and hoot;
Westmerlond, tprut Scotte.
Yorkshire, ful of knyghtys;
Cambrigeshire, ful of pykes;
Holond, ful of grete dykes.
Northfolk, ful of wyles;
Southfulk, ful of styles.
I am of Shropshire, my shines be sharpe,
Ley wode to the fyre, and dresse me my harpe.
Notynghamshire, ful of hoggges;
Derbyshire, ful of dogges.
Leycetershire, ful of benys;
Staffordshire, ful of quenys.
Wilkshire, fayre and playne;
Barkshyre, fyll the wayne.
Hampshire, drye and wete;
Somersetshire, good for whete.
Devenshire, myghty and stronge;
Dorseteshire wil have no wronge.
Pynnokshire is not to prayse,
A man may go it in to dayes.
Cornewayle, ful of tynne;
Walys, full of goote and kene.
That Lord that for us all dyde dyke
Save all these shires! Amen, say we.

A SERMON AGAINST MIRACLE-PLAYS.

From a MS. volume of English Sermons, written at the latter end of the fourteenth century, and now preserved in the library of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, London.

Here bigynnis a tretise of miraclis pleyinge.

Knowe see, Cristen men, that as Crist God and man is bothe weye, trewh, and lif, as seith the gospel of Jon, weye to the erryng, trewh to the unknowyng and doutyng, lif to the strynge to hevene and weryng, so Crist dude nothinge to us but effectuely in weye of mercy, in treuth of ritwesnes, and in lif of ȝildynge everlastynge joye for oure continuely morning and sorwyng in this valey of teeres. In myrACLIS therefore that Crist dude heere in erthe, outhere in hymself outhere in hise seyntis, weren so effectuel and in ernst done, that to synful men that erren thei brouȝtene forȝyvenesse of synne, settynge hem in the weye of rijȝt beleve; to doutouse men not stedefast, thei brouȝten in kunnyng to betere plesen God and verru hope in God to been stedefast in hym; and to the wery of the weye of God, for the grette penaunce and suffraunce of the trybulacioun that men moten have therinne, thes brouȝten in love of brynynge charité, to the whiche alle thing is liȝt, and he to suffere dethe, the whiche men most drenen, for the everlastynge lyf and joye that men moste loven and disire, of the whiche thing verru hope putthith awey alle werinesse heere in the weye of God. Thanne sythen myraclis of Crist and of hyse seyntis weren thus effectuel, as by oure blyewe we ben in certeyn, no man shulde usen in bourde and pleye the myraclis and werkis that Crist so ernystfully wrouȝte to oure helye; for whoveroe so doth, he errith in the blyewe, reversith Crist, and scornyth God. He errith in the blyeve, for in that he takith the most precious werkis of God in pley and bourde, and so takith his name in
idil, and so mysusith our e bileue. A! Lord! sythen an ernessy
servaunt dar not taken in pley and in bourde that that her
ernessy lord takeith in erness, myche more we shulden not maken
oure pleye and bourde of the myraclis and werkis that God so
ernessfully wrouzt to us; for sothely whan we so done, drede to
syne is taken awey, as a servaunt whan he bourdith with his
mayster leesith his drede to offendyn hym, namely, whanne he
bourdith with his mayster in that and that his mayster takith
in erness. And riʒt as a nayl smyten in holdith two thingis to-
gidere, so drede smyten to Godward holdith and susteyneth
oure bileve to hym. Therefore riʒt as pleyinge and bourdnyng
of the most ernessful werkis of God takith aweye the drede of
God that men shulden han in the same, so it takith awey oure
bileve and so oure moste helpe of oure salvacioun. And sith
takyng awey of oure bileve is more venjaunce takyng than
sodeyn takyng awey of oure bodily lif; and whanne we taken
in bourde and pley the most ernessful werkis of God, as ben
hyse myraclis, God takith awey fro us his grace of mekenesse,
drede, reverence, and of oure bileve; thanne whanne we pleyin
his myraclis as men don nowe on dayes, God takith more ven-
jaunce on us than a lord that sodaynly sleeth his servaunt for
he pleyde to homely with hym; and riʒt as that lord thanne in
dede seith to his servaunt, "pley not with me, but pley with
thi pere," so whanne we taken in pley and in bourde the my-
raclis of God, he fro us takynge his grace seith more ernessfully
to us than the forseid lord, "pley not with me, but pley with
thi pere". Therefore siche myraclis pleyinge reversith Crist;
firste, in takyng to pley that that he toke into most erness;
the secound, in takyng to myraclis of oure fleysh, of oure lustus,
and of oure fyve wittis, that that God tooc to the bryngynge
of his bitter deth, and to techynge of penaunce doyngne, and to
fleyinge of fedyng of oure wittis, and to mortyfying of heyn.
And therfore it is that seyntis mychenoten that of Cristis lawth-
yng we reden never in Holy Writt, but of his myche pe-
naune, teris, and schedynge of blod, doyng us to witen therby
that alle oure doyng heere shulde ben in penaunce, in disci-
plynyng of oure fleyssh, and in penaunce of adversitë, and
therfore alle the werkis that we don and ben out of alle thes
thre utturly reversen Cristis werkis, and therfore seith seunt
Poul, "ʒat ʒif ʒee been out of disciplyne of the whiche alle gode
men ben maad perceveris, thanne avoutriris ʒee ben and not
sones of God." And sith myraclis pleynge reversen penaunce
doying, as thei in greet likyng ben don and to grete likyng ben
cast biforn, there as penaunce is in greet mournyng of hert and
to greet mournyng is ordeynyd biforn, it also reversith dis-
sipline, for in verrry discipline the verrry voyes of oure mayster
Crist is herd, as a scoler herith the vois of his mayster; and the
wes of God in the hond of Crist is seyn, in the whiche siȝt alle ourre othere thre wittis for drede tremblyn and quaken as a childe trembth seyng the ȝerde of his myaster; and the thridde in verry discipline is verry turnyng awye and forȝeþyng of alle tho thingis that Crist hatith and turnyde hymself awye heere, as a childe undir discipline of his myaster turnyth hym awye fro alle thingis that his myaster hath forbedun hym, and forȝeþyng hem for the greet mynde that he hath to done his maystris wille. And for thes thre wriþtis seynt Petur seyinge, “Bë ȝee mekید undur the myȝty hond of God, that he henhaunce you in the tyme of visityng all ȝoure bisynesse throwynge in hym”. That is; be ȝee mekید, that is to Crist, herynge his voyce, by verry obeschauence to his hestis; and undur the myȝty hond of God, seeing evere more his þird to chastisen us in his hond ȝif we waxen wantown or idil, bethenkyng us, seith seynt Petre, that “hydous and ferful it is to fallen into the hondis of God on lyve;” for riȝt as most joye it is to steyen up into the hond of the mercy of God, so it is most hydous and ferful to fallen into the hondis of the wrath of God. Therfore mekely drede we hym heere evere more seynghe and thenkynghe his ȝerde overre ourre hevyd, and thanne he shal enhauyncyn us ellis where in tyme of his graceouys visityng. So that alle ourre bysinesse we throwyn in hym, that is, that alle othere erthely werkis we don, not bitt to don his gostly werkis, more frely and spedely and more plesauntly to hym trystynge, that to hym is cure over us, that is, ȝif we don to hym that that is in oure power he schal mervelously don to us that that is in his power, bothe in delyverynge us fro alle perils and in ȝyyynge us graciously al that us nedith or willen axen of hym; and sythen no man may serven two lordis togyledere, as seith Crist in his gospel, no man may heren at onys efectuely the voyce of oure myaster Crist and of his owne lustis. And sythen myraclis pleyinge is of the lustis of the feyssh and myrthe of the body, no man may efectuely heeren hem and the voyce of Crist at onys, as the voyce of Crist and the voyce of the feyssh ben of two contraries lordis; and so myraclis pleyinge reverstis discipline, for as seith Seynt Poul, “echeforsothe discipline in the tyme that is now is not a joye but a mournyng”. Also sithen it makith to se veyne siȝtis of degyse, aray of men and wymmen by yvyl continaunse, eyther stirryng othere to letcherie and of debatis, as aftir most bodiþ myrthe comen moste debatis, as siche myrthe more undisposith a man to paciencie and ablith to glotonye and to othere vicis, wherfore it suffrit not a man to be holden enterly the ȝerde of God over his heved, but makith to them ken on alle siche thingis that Crist by the dedis of his passion badde us to forgeten. Wherefore siche myraclis pleyinge, bothe in penance doyng, in verry discipline, and in paciencie,
reversyn Cristis hestis and his dedis. Also, siche myraclis pleying is scornyng of God, for riȝt as ernestful levyng of that that God biddith is dispensing of God, as dide Pharao, so bourdfullly takynge Goddis biddynge or wordis or werks is scornyng of hym, as dyden the Jewis that bobbiden Crist. Thanne sythen thes myraclis pleyens taken in bourde the ernestful werks of God, no doute that thei ne scornen God, as didden the Jewis that bobbiden Crist, for thei lowen at his passioun as these lowyn and japen of the myraclis of God. Therfore as thei scorneden Crist, so theese scorn God, and riȝt as Pharao wrooth to do that God bad hym dispiside God, so these myraclis pleyers and maytenours, leevynge plesingly to do that God biddeth hem, scornen God. He forsothe hath beden us alle to halowyn his name, ȝyyynge drede and reverence in alle mynde of his werks, without any pleying or japyngyng, as al holynesse is in ful ernest men, thanne pleyinge the name of Goddis miraclis, as pleyngly thei leeye to do that God biddeth hem, so thei scornen his name and so scornyn hym.

But here ægen is thei seyen that thei pleyen these myraclis in the worschip of God, and so dyden not thes Jewis that bobbiden Crist. Also, ofte sithis by siche myraclis pleyinge ben men convertid to gode lyvynghe, as men and wymmen seyng in myraclis pleyinge that the devil by ther aray, by the which thei moven echone on othere to leccherie and to pride, makith hem his servauntis to bryngen hemselves and many othere to helle, and to han fer more vyleyne herafter by ther proude aray heere than thei han worschiphe heere, and seynghe furthermore that al this wordly beynge heere is but vanité for a while, as is myraclis pleying, wherethou thei leeven ther pride and taken to hem afterward the meke conversacioun of Crist and of his seyntis, and so myraclis pleyinge turneth men to the blyve, and not pervertith. Also, ofte sythis by siche myraclis pleyinge men and wymmen, seynge the passioun of Crist and of his seyntis, ben movyd to compassion and devocioun, wepynghe bitere teris, thanne thei ben not scornyngge of God but worschipyng. Also, prophitable to men and to the worschiphe of God it is to fulfillun and sechen alle the menes by the whiche men mowen scene synne and drawen hem to vertues; and sythen as ther ben men that only by ernestful doyng wylen be convertid to God, so ther been othere men that wylen be convertid to God but by gamen and pley; and now on dayes men ben not convertid by the ernestful doyng of God ne of men, thanne now it is tymhe and skilful to assayen to convertyn the puple by pley and gamen, as by myraclis pleyinge and other inaner myrthis. Also, summe recreatioun men moten han, and bettere it is or lesse yvele that thei han theyre recreacoun by pleyinge
of myraclis than bi pleyinge of other japis. Also, sithen it is levesul to han the myraclis of God peyntid, why is not as wel levesul to han the myraclis of God pleyed, sythen men mowen bettere reden the wille of God and his meravelous werkis in the pleyinge of hem than in the pe-yntyng, and betere thei ben holden in mennum mynde and oftere rehersid by the pleyinge of hem than by the pe-yntyng, for this is a deed bok, the tother a qu[i]ck.} 

To the first reson we answeryng seyng that siche myraclis pleyinge is not to the worschip of God, for thei ben don more to ben seen of the world and to plesyn to the world thanne to ben seen of God or to plesyn to hym; as Crist never ensaumplide hem but onely hethene men that everemore dishonoure God, seyng that to the worschip of God, that is to the most velyne of hym; thercfure as the wickidnesse of the misbyeve of hethene men lyth to themselv whanne thei seyn that the worshipying of theire maumentrie is to the worschip of God, so mennnus lecherye now on dayes to han ther owne lustus lieth to hemself, whanne thei seyn that suche miracles pleyynge is to the worschip of God. For Crist seith that folk of avoutrie sechen siche syngny, as a lechour sechith signes of verrey love, but no dedis of verrey love; so sithen theis myraclis pleyinge ben onely syngnis of love withoute dedis, thei ben not onely contrarious to the worschip of God, that is bothe in signe and in dede, but also thei ben gyynys of the devvel to cacchen men to byleve of Anti-Crist, as wordis of love withoute verrey dede ben gyynys of the lechour to cacchen felawchipe to fulfullynge of his leccherie. Bothe for these myraclis pleyinge been verrey leesynge, as thei ben syngnis withoute dede, and for thei been verrey idillnesse, as thei taken the myraclis of God in idil after their owne lust, and certis idillnesse and leesynge been the most gyynys of the dyvul to drawen men to the byleve of Anti-Crist, and thercfure to pristis it is uttirly forbedyn not onely to been myracl pleyere but also to heren or to seen myraclis pleyinge, lest he that shulde been the gyyn of God to cacchen men and to holden men in the byleve of Crist, thei ben maad azenward by ypocrisie the gyn of the devel to cacchen men to the byleve of Anti-Crist. Thercfure riȝt as a man swerynge in ydil by the names of God, and seynghe that in that he worschipith God and dispisith the devyl, verrily lyinge doth the reverse, so myraclis pleyers, as thei ben doers of ydillnesse seynghe that thei don it to the worschip of God, verrreyly lyyn; for as seith the gospel, “not he that seith, Lord! Lord! schal come to blisse of heven, but he that doth the wille of the fadir of hevene schal come to his kyndam”; so myche more not he that pleyith the wille of God worschipith hym, but onely he that
doith his wille in deede worshipith hym. Rıght therfore as men by feynd tokenes bygilen and in deede dispisen ther ney3boris, so by siche feynd myraclis men bygylen hemisiff and dispisen God, as the tormentours that bobbaden Crist.

And as anentis the second resoun, we seyen that rıght as a vertuous deede is otherewhile occasioun of yvel, as was the passioun of Crist to the Jewis, but not occasioun 3yven but taken of hem, so yvelle dedis ben occasioun of gode dedis otherewhile, as was the synne of Adam occasioun of the comyng of Crist, but not occasioun 3yven of the synne, but occasion takin of the grete mercy of God, the same wise myraclis pleynge, albeit that it be synne, is othere while occasioun of convertyng of men, but as it is synne it is fer more occasioun of pervert-yng of men, not onely of oon synyuler persone but an hool comynté, as it makith al a puple to ben ocupied in veyn aqenus this heeste of the Psaunter Book, that seith to alle men and namely to pristis that eche day reden in ther servysye, “Turne awey myn eyen that thei se not vanytes,” and eft, “Lord, thou hatistde alle waytynge vanytes.” How thanne may a prist pleyn in entirlodis, or 3yve hymisiff to the sıyt of hem? sythen it is forbeden hym so expresse by the forseyde heste of God; namely, sythen he cursith eche day in his service alle tho that bowen awey fro the hestis of God; but alas! more harme is, pristis now on dayes most shrewyn hemisiff and al day, as ma[n]y that al day crie th “watte, shrewew!” shrewynge hymisiff. Therfore myraclis pleynge, sythen it is aqenus the heest of God, that biddith that thou shalt not take Goddis name in ydil, it is aqenus oure bileeve, and so it may not 3yven occacioun of turnyng men to the bileeve but of pervert-yng; and therfore many men wenened that ther is no helle of everlastyng peyne, but that God doth but thretith us and not to do it in dede, as ben pleynge of miraclis in sygne and not in dede. Therfore siche myraclis pleyning not onely pervertiour bileeve but oure verrey hope in God, by the whiche seyntis hopiden that the more thei absteneden hem fro siche pleyes, the more mede thei shuld then have of God; and therfore the holy Sara, the dougter of Ra-guel, hopynge heie mede of God, seith, “Lord, thou woost that nevere y covetyte man, and clene y have kept myselfe fro all lustis, nevere with pleyeris y-myngid me mysylyf;” and by this trwe confesioun to God, as she hopide, so sche hadde hir preyeris herd and grete mede of God; and sythen a zonge womman of the Olde Testament, for kepyng of hir bodily vertue of chastité and for to worthily take the sacrament of matri-monye whanne hir tyme shulde come, abstenyde hir fro al maner ydil pleying and fro al cumpany of idil pleyeris; mychen more a prist of the Newe Testament, that is passid the tyme of
childehod, and that not onely shulde kepe chastité but alle othere vertues, ne onely mynystryn the sacrament of matrimonye but alle othere sacramentis, and namely sythen hym owith to mynystre to alle the puple the precious body of Crist, awste to abstene hym fro al ydil pleying bothe of myraclys and ellis. For certis sythen the quen of Saba, as seith Crist in the Gospel, schal dampne the Jewes that wolden not reserve the wisdom of Crist, myche more this holy womman Sara at the day of dom schal dampnen the pristis of the Newe Testament that 3yvis hem to pleyes, reversen her holy maners aprovyd by God and al holy chirche; thefore sore au ten pristis to be aschamyd that reversen this gode holy womman and the precious body of Crist that thei treytn in ther hondis, the whiche body never 3af hym to pley but to alle siche thing as is most contrarious to pley, as is penaunce and suffryng of persecution. And so thes myraclis pleyinge not onely reversith feith and hope, but veryr charité, by the whiche a man shulde weylen for his owne synne and for his neyeburs, and namely pristis; for it withdrawith not onely on persone but alle the puple fro dedis of charité and of penauncce into dedis of lustis and lik thingis, and of fedynyng of houre wittis. So thanne thes men that seyen “pley we a pley of Anti-Crist and of the day of dome, that sum man may be convertid therby,” fallen into the heresie of hem that reversynge the aposteyl and seyden, “do we yvel thingis that ther comyn gode thingis,” of whom, as seith the aposteyl, dampnyng is riȝtwise.

By this we anweren to the thridde resoun, seyinge that siche myraclis pleyinge 3yveth noen occassion of verrey wepyngen and nedeful, but the wepyngg that fallith to men and wymmen by the siȝte of siche myraclis pleyinge, as thei ben not principaly for theire owne synnes ne of theire gode feith withinne sorye, but more of theire siȝt withoute. Sory is not alowable byfore God, but more reprowable; for sythen Crist hymself reprovye the wymmen that wepten upon hym in his passioun, myche more thei ben reprovable that wepen for the pley of Cristis passioun, leevynge to wepen for the synnes of hemsylf and of theire chyldef, as Crist bad the wymmen that wepten on hym.

And by this we anweren to the furthe resen, seyinge that no man may be convertid to God but onely by the earnestful doyinge of God, and by noon veyn pleying; for that that the word of God worclith not, ne his sacramentis, how shulde pleyinge worchen, that is of no vertue but ful of defaute. Therfore riȝt as the wepyngg that men wepen ofte in siche pley comunely is fals, witnesseenge that thei lovyn more the lykyng of theire body and of prosperité of the world than lykyng in God and,
prosperité of vertu in the soule, and thersore havyng more compassion of peyne than of synne, thei falsly wepyng for lakkyng of bodily prosperité more than for lakkyng of gostly, as don dampnyd men in helle; rjst so ofte sythis the convertynge that men semen to ben convertid by siche pleyng is but feynyd holynesse, worse than is othere synne biforehande. For 3if he were werryly convertid, he shulde haten to seen alle siche vanýte as biddith the bestis of God, al be it that of siche pley he take occasion by the grace of God to fle synne and to folowe vertu. And 3if men seyn heere that, 3if this pleyng of myraclis were synne, while God converten men by the occasion of siche pleyng! heereto we seyen that God doith so for to comenden his mersey to us, that we thenken enterly hou good God is to us, that whil we ben thenkyng ægynus hym, doynge idilnesse and with-seyng hym, he thenkith upon us good and sendyng us his grace to fleen alle siche vanýte; and for ther shulde nothinge be more swete to us than siche maner merci of God, the Psauter Bock cleipeth that mercy blessyng of swetnesse, where he seith "Thou cam before hym in blessynges of swetnesse," the whiche swetnesse, al be it that it be likyng to the spirit, it is while we ben here, and ful travelous to the body whan it is verry; as the flesche and the spirit ben contrarious, thersore this swetnesse in God wil not been verely had while a man is ocaped in seyng of pleyis. Therefore the pristis that seyn hemsylf holy, and byssen hem aboute siche pleyis, ben verry ypocris and lyeris; and herby we answeren to the fiyte resone, seyng, that verry recreation is leeveful ocupiynge in false werkis to more ardently worschen grettore werkis, and therefore siche myraclis pleyinge ne the siȝte of hem is no verrey recreasion, but fals and wordly, as provyn the dedis of the fautours of siche pleyis, that 3it nevere tastiden verely swetnesse in God, traveylyng so myche therinne that their body wolde not sofien to beren siche a travelye of the spirite; but as man goith fro vertue in virtue, so thei gon fro lust into lust, that thei more stedefastly dwellen in hem, and therefore as this feynyd recreacioun of pleying of myraclis is fals conceite, so it is double shrewidnesse, worse than thouth thei pleyiden pure yaniteis. For now the puple 3yveth credence to many mengid leessyngis, for other mengid trewthis, and maken wenen to be gode that is ful yyel; and so ofte-sithis lasse yyele it were to pleyin rebauodye, than to pleyin siche myriclis. And 3if men axen what recreacioung men shulden have on the haliday after theire holy contemplacioun in the chirc, we seyen to hem two thingis, oon, that 3if he hadde veryly ocupiede hym in contemplacioun byforn, neyther he wolde aske that question ne han will to se vanyté; anothere, we seyn that his recreacioun vol. II.
shuld be in the werkis of mercy to his neyebore, and in
dilityng hym in alle good comunicacioun with his neyboire,
as biforn he dilit hym in God, and in alle othere nedeful
werkis that rexon and kynde axen. And to the last reson we
seyn, that peinture 3if it be verray withoute mengyng of lesyngis,
and not to curious to myche fedyngne mennus wittis and not
occasion of maumentrie to the puple, thei ben but as nakyd 
lettris to a clerk to riden the treuhte; but so ben not myrACLIS pleyinge,
that ben made more to deliten men bodily than to ben bokis to
lewid men, and therefore 3if thei ben quike bookis, thei ben
quike bookis to schrewidenesse more than to godenesse. Gode
men therefore seinge ther tyme to schort to ocupyen hem in gode
ernest werkis, and seinge the day of the rekenynge neyzen
faste, and unknowyng whan thei schal go hennys, fleen alle
siche ydilnessis, hyinge that thei were with her spouse Crist
in the blisse of Hevene.

An half frynde tariere to soule helthe, redy to excusen the
yvil and hard of bileve, with Thomas of Ynde, seith, that he
wil not leevyn the forseyd sentense of myrACLIS pleyinge, but
and men schewen it hym bi holy writt opynly and by ore
bileve. Wherfore that his half frenschip may be turnyd to
the hoole, we preyn hym to beholden first in the seconde
maundement of God that seith "Thou schalt not take Goddis
name in idil;" and sythen the marvelous werkis of God ben
his name, as the gode werkis of craftsman been his name, than
in this hest of God is forbeden to takun the mervelouse werkis
of God in idil; and how mowen thei be more takyn in idil than
whanne thei ben maad mennus japynge stikke, as when thei
ben pleyid of japeris! And sythen ernestly God dyde hem
to us, so take we hem of hym; ellis fosote the taken hem in
veyyn. Loke thanne, frend, 3if thi blyche telleth that God dide
his myrACLIS to us for we shulden pleyen hem, and yn trowe
seith to the, "nay, but for thou schuldist more dredyn hym
and lovyn hym," and certis gret drede and gret effectuel
loove suffrith no pleyinge nor japynge with hym. Thanne
sythen myrACLIS pleyinge reversith the wille of God, and the
ende for the which be wroust myrACLIS to us, no doute but that
myrACLIS pleyinge is verré takynge of Goddis name in ydil.
And 3if this suffisith not to thee, albeit that it shulde suffiseth
to an hethene man, that therefore wil not pley in the werkis of
his mawmete, I preye thee rede enterly in the book of lyf that
is Crist Jhesus, and if thou mayst fynden in hym that he evere
exsaumplide that men shulden pleye myrACLIS, but alwey the
revers, and oure blyche cursith that ladden or lassen over that
Crist exsaumplide us to don. Hou thanne darst thou holde
with myrACLIS pleyinge, sythen alle the werkis of Crist
reversiden hem, and in none of his werkis thee ben groundyd? namely, sythen thou seyst thiselven that thou wolt nothing leven but that may be schewid of oure bileve, and sythen in thing that is acordyng with the flessh and to the likyng of it, as is myraclis pleyinge, thou wilt nothing don ægensus it, but 3if it be schewid of oure bileve; myche more in thing that is with the spirit, and alwey exsawmplid in the lif of Christ, and so fully writen in the booke of lif, as is levyng of myraclis pleyinge and of alle japyng, thou shuldest not holden ægensys it, but if it myste ben schewid ægens the bileve, sythen in al thyngh that is dowtous men shulden holden with the partye that is more favourable to the spirit, and more exsawmplid in the lif of Christ; and so as eche synne distruiyth hymself, and eche falshed, so thi answere distruiyth hymself, and therby thou mayst wel witen that it is not trewe, but verré unkyndencesse; for if thou haddist hade a fadir that hadde suffered a dispitouse deth to geten thee thyn heritage, and thou therafter woldest so liȝtly born it to make therof a pley to the and to alle the puple, no dowte but that alle gode men wolden demyen the unkynde, miche more God and alle his seynitis demyen alle tho cristen men unkynde that pleyen or favouren the pley of the deth or of the myracles of the most kynde fadir Crist, that dyede and wounde myraclis to bryngen men to the evere-lastande heretage of hevene.

But peraventure heere thou seist, that if pleyinge of myraclis be synnen, never the latere it is but litil synne. But herefore, dere frend, knowe see that eche synne, be it never so litil, if it be mayntenyd and prechid as gode and profitable, is deadely synne; and therefore seith the prophite, “Woe to hem that seien gode, yvel, and yvel, good!” and therfore the wyse man dampeneth hem that gladen when thi don yvel; and therfore alle seynits seyen, that mannysche it is to fallen, but develiche it is to abyden stylle therinne. Therfore, sithen thes myraclis pleyinge is synne, as thou knowelich, and is stedefastly meyntenyd, and also men deliten hem therinne, no dowte but that it is deadly synne, and damnable, develiche not mannysch. Lord, sythen Adam and Eve and al mankynde weren dampnyd out of paradise, not onely for etyng of the appul, but more for the excusyng therof, myche more pleyinge of myraclis not onely excusid but stedefastly meyntenyd is damnable and deadly, namely sythen it not onely pervertith oon man but al a puple, that thei seien good, yvel, and yvel, gode. And if this wil not suﬀise thee, albeit that it shulde suﬀisen to eche Cristen man, that nothing schulde done oute of the techynge that Crist tauȝte, tachide to the dedis that God hath done, of whiche we reden that at the biddyng of God, for Ismael pleyide with his brother Isaac,
bothe Ismael and his modir weren thrown out of the hous of Abraham, of the whiche the cause was for bi siche pleyinge Ismael, that was the sone of the servant, myȝte han begilid Isaac of his heretage, that was the sone of the fre wif of Abraham. Another cause was sythen Ismael was born after the fleysh, and Isaac after the spirit, as seith the apostele, to exsaumpem that pley of the fleysh is not covenable ne helpely to the spirit, but to the bynymmenyge of the spiritus heretage. And the thridde cause was to figure, that the olde testament, that is testament of the fleysh, may not ben holden with the newe testament, that is testament of the spirit; and ȝif it be hooly kept with the testament of the spirit, it doith awaey verré fredom, and bynymmeth the heretage of hevene. Thanne sythen the pley of Ismael was not leveful with Isaac, myche more fleyishly pley is not leveful with the gostly werkis of Crist and of his seynts, as ben hise myraclis to coverten men to the bileve, bothe for fer more distauce of contrarité is bitwene fleyishly pley and the ernestful dedis of Crist than bitwene the pley of Ismael and Isaac, and also for the pley bitwene Ismael and Isaac was figure of the pley bitwene the fleysh and the spirit. Therefore, as two thingis most contrarious mowen not pleyyn togidere withouten hurtyng of either, as experiens techith, and most that party schal hurtyng that is most meynentynyd, and that partie schal be most hurt that is lest meynentynyd; than pleyinge that is fleschely with the werkis of the spirit, is to harmynge of ever either, and most schal the fleysh hurtyng the spirit, as in suche pleyinge the fleysh is most meynentynyd and the spirite lasse. And as in good thingis the figuride is evermore bettere than that that is figure, so in yvel thingis that that is figurid is fer worse than the figure; than sythen the pleyinge of Ismael with Isaac is figure of the pleyinge of the fleysh with the spirit, and the ton is yvel, thanne fer worse is the tother. Than pleyinge with the myraclis of God disservith more venjaunce, and more synne is, than disservyde the pleyinge of Ismael with Isaac, and lasse yvel was; and as felawchip of a thral with his lord makith his lord dispisid, so myche more pleyinge with the myraclis of God makith hem dispisith, sythen pleyinge to comparison of the mervelouse werkis of God is fer more cherl than ony man may ben cherl of a lord; and therefore the pleyinge of Ismael, that was the sone of the servant, with Isaac, that was the sone of the fre womman, was justly reprovyd, and bothe the damme and the sone put out of his cumpanye; myche more mennus pley with the mervelouse werkis of God is reprovable, and worthi to ben put out of ther cumpanye. And therfore, as seith the apostel, as ther is no godecommyng betwene the develis instrument to perverten
men, as pleying of the fleysh, and goddis instrewment to converten men, as be his mervelous werkis, therefore, as this is a verré lesynge to seyen that for the love of God he wil ben a good felowe with the devil, so it is a werry lesynge to seyen that for the love of God he wil pleyen his myraclis: for in neyther is the love of God schewid, but his hestis to-brokun. And sythen the serymonyes of the olde lawe, albeit that thei weren given by God, for thei weren fleyshly, thei shulden not be holde with the newe testament, for it is gostly; myche more pleyinge for it is fleyysly, never bedyn of God, shulde not ben don with the mervelous werkis of God, for thei ben gostly; for as the pleyinge of Ismael with Isaac shulde hanbynomyn Isaac his heretage, so in the kepyng of the serymonyes of the olde lawe in the newe testament shulde han bynomen ther bileve in Crist, and han made men to gon bacward, that is to seie, fro the gostly lyvvyng of the newe testament to the fleyshly lyvvyng of the olde testament. Myche more pleyinge of myraclis benemeth men ther bileve in Crist, and verré goynge bacward fro dedis of the spirit to onely syngnes don after lustis of the fleysh, that ben aegenus alle the dedis of Crist, and so myraclis pleyinge is verré apostasye fro Crist, and therfore we schal never fyndyn that myraclis pleying was usid among Cristene men; but sythen religious onely in tokens shewiden ther religiuon, and not in dedis, and sythen pristis onely in syngnes and for money shewiden ther pristhode, and not in dedis, and therfore the apostasye of these drawith myche of the puple after hem, as the apostasye of Lucifer the first aungel droow; myche of hevene after hym.

And if this, frend, wil not suffisen to thee, that the eyzen of the blynd pite takun sijte, take hede how the pleyinge of two contrari partis togidere, as of the pleyinge of the childe of Abner and of the childe of Joab, weren thre hundrid men and sixti sleyen, and mo out of doute, myche more harm doth pleyinge of gostly werkis, after lustus of the fleysh, as thei ben more enemys; for it is of myraclis pleyinge as it is of thes apostates that prechen for bodily avauntage; for riȝt as thes han bodily avauntage at more pris than the word of God, as thei maken the word of God but a mene to ther avauntage, so these myracle pleyeris and the fawtours of hem ben verré apostasas, bothe for thei puttun God bihynde and ther owne lustis biforn, as thei han mynde of God onely for sake of ther pley, and also for thei deliten hem more in the pley than in the myraclis silf, as an apostata more delith hym in his bodily wynnyng than in the truwthe of God, and more preysith seemely thingis withoute forth than any faynnesse withinne forth to God-ward. And herfore it is, that suche myraclis pleyinge thretith myche the
maunse of God; for rìst as a jelous man seeyne his wif to conapun with his kyndnessis, and to lovyn by hem another man more than hym, abidith not longe to don variaunse to chastisyng of hyr, so sithe God is more jelous over his puple, as he more lovyth it, than ony man is jelous upon his wif, he seeyne the kyndnessis of his myraclis put byhynde, and mennus lustis befor, and so menis wil to ben more lovyd than his owne wille, no wondir thof he sende some venjaunse therafter; as he moot nede, for his gret rìstwessnesse and mersy; and therefore it is that the wise man seith, "The ende of myrthis is sorowe, and ofte youre lawyzng shal be medelid with sorowe. And therfore, as experience proveth, ever sithe regnyde siche maner apostasie in the puple, seside never the venjaunce of God upon us, outhir of pestilence, outhir of debate, outhir of flodis, other of derthe, and of many othere, and commely when men be most unskilfully merye sone after fallith sorowe. Therfore siche myraclis pleyinge now on dayes witnesith thre thingis, first, is grete synne byforne the, second, it witnesith grete foly in the doinge, and the thridde gret venjaunse after; for rìst as the chyldren of Israel, whan Moyyses was in the hill bially preyinge for hem, thei mystristyng to hym, honouriden a cailf of gold, and afterward eetynd and drincken and risen to pleyn, and afterward weren sleyn of hem thre and twenty thousands of men; so thanne as this pleyinge witnesse the synne of ther maumetric befor, and her mystryst to Moyyses whanne thei shulde most han tristenede to hym, and after ther foly in ther pleyinge, and the thridde the venjaunse that cam after; so this myraclis pleyinge is verré witnesse of mennus averice and covetyse byfor, that is maumetric, as seith the apostele, for that that thei shulden spendyn upon the nedis of ther nezboris, thei spenden upon the pleys, and to peyen ther rente and ther dette thei wolun grucche, and to spende two so myche upon ther pley thei wolun nothinge grucche. Also to gideren men togidere to bien the derre ther vetailis, and to stiren men to glotonye, and to pride and boost, thei pleyn thes myraclis, and also to han wherof to spenden on these myraclis, and to holde felawschipe of gloteny and lecherie in sicb dayes of myraclis pleyinge, thei bisien hem beforin to more greddily bygilen ther nezboris, in byyinge and in sellyng; and so this pleyinge of myraclis now on dayes is werré witnesse of hideous covetyse, that is maumetric. And rìst as Moyeses was that tyme in the hil most travelynge aboute the puple, so now is Crist in hevewe with his fader most bially preyinge for the puple; and never the latere as the chyldren (sic) of Israel diden that tyme that in hem was, in ther pleyinge of ther maumetric, most folily to distrojen the grete travele of Moyeses, so men
now on dayes, after ther hidouse maumtree of covetyse in ther pleyinge of myraclis, thei don that in hem is to distroge the entitative preyere of Crist in hevene for hem, and so ther myraclis pleyinge witnessith ther most forlye in ther doynge, and therfore as unkyndely seiden to Aaron the children of Israel, Moyses beinge in the hil, "we witen never how it is of Moyses, make us therfore Goddis that gon biforn us," so un-kyndeli seyen men nowe on dayes, "Crist doth now no myraclis for us, pley we therfore his olde," addyng many lesynges therto so colowrably that the puple sife as myche credense to hem as to the trwthe, and so thei for;eten to ben percever of the preyere of Crist, for the maumtree that men doth to siche myraclis pleyinge; maumtree, I seye, for siche pleyinge men as myche honoryn in more than the word of God whanne it is prechid, and therefore blasfemely thei seyen, that siche pley-inge doith more good than the word of God wannne it is prechid to the puple. A! Lord! what more blasfeme is a;enus thee, than to seyen to don the byddyng, as is to prech the word of God doth fer lasse good than to don that that is bodyn onely by man and not by God, as is myraclis pleying? Rit forsothe, as the lyknesse of myraclis we clepen myraclis, rt so the golden calfe the children of Israel clepiden it God; in the whiche thei hadden mynde of the olde miraclis of God befor, and for that licesse thei worschipiden and preyseden, as thei worschipiden and presiden God in the dede of his myraclis to hem, and therefore thei diden expresse maumtree. So sythn now on daies myche of the puple worschipith and preysith onely the licesse of the myraclis of God, as myche as the worde of God in the prechours mouth by the whiche elle myraclis be don, no dowte that ne the puple doth more maummetric now in siche myraclis pleyinge than dide the puple of Israel that tyme in herynge of the calf, in as myche as the lesynges and lustus of myraclis pleyinge that men worschipen in hem is more contrarious to God, and more acordyng with the devil, than was that golden calf that the puple worschipid. And therefore the maumtree that tyme was but figure and licknesse of mennus maumtree nowe, and therfore seith the apostel, asse thes thingis in figure fallen to hem, and therefore in siche my- raclis pleyinge the devel is most plesid, as the dyvel is best payid to disceyve men in the licesse of that thing in whiche by God man weren convertid bifornhond, and in whiche the devel was tenyd bifornhond. Therfore out of doute siche myraclis pleying pretith myche more venjaunce than dide the pleyinge of the chyldren of Israel, after the herynge of the calf, as this pleyinge settith but japes grettere and more ben- fetes of God.
A! Lord! sythen chyldres pleyinge witnessth ther fadris synnes before hem, and ther owne oryginal synnes befor, and ther owne defaute of wisdam, whanne thei pleyen, and ther chastisyn afterward schal more greve hem, so myche more this myraclis pleyinge witnessth mennys hydous synnes befor hand, and the for-jetyng of ther mayster Crist, and ther owne folye, and the folye of malyce passyng the folye of chyldre, and that ther is grete venjaunce to comyn to hem more then thei shul mowen paciently boren, for the grete lykyng that thei han in ther pley. But, frend, peraventure zee seyen that no man schal make the blyleven but that it is good to pleyen the passion of Crist, and othere dedis of hym. But here azenus herith, how whanne Helyse steyede up into Bethel, chyldre pleyingly comyng azenus hym, seiden, "stepe up, ballard, stepe up, ballard;" and therfore hee cursid hem, and two bores of the wylde wode al to-toren of hem, two and fourty chyldre; and as alle seyntis seyen the ballednesse of Helisee betokeneth the passion of Crist, thanne sythen by his storie is opynly schewid that men schuldlen not bourden with the figure of the passion of Crist, ne with an holy prophete of Crist, myche more in the newe testament, and whanne men shulden be more wis, fethere from alle maner pleyinge and ernestful dedis more commaundid, now than that tymne, and the passion of Crist more shuld ben in drede than that tymne schulde han ben Helisee, men shulden not pleyen the passion of Crist, upon payne myche grettere than was the venjaunce of the chyldre that scornyden Helisee. For siker pleyinge of the passion of Crist is but verré scornyng of Crist, as it is seid befor, therefor, dere frend, beholdith how kynde tellith that the more eldere a man waxith the more it is azen kynde hym for to pleyyn, and therfore seith the booc "cursid be the childe of han hundred zeeir!" And certis the world, as seith the apostil, is now at his endyng, as in his laste age; therfore for the grete ne3yng of the day of dome, alle creaturis of God nowe weryen and wrathen of mennus pleying, namely of myraclis pleyinge, that most schuln be schewid in ernest and into venjaunce at the day of dome; therfore azen kynde of alle creaturis it is now myraclis pleyinge, and therfore God now on dayes sendith som wisdam to children then herbyforn, for thei schulden now on dayees leven pleyinge, and zyven hem more to ernestful werkis, pleasanta to God. Also, frend, take hede what Crist seith in the gospelle, that "rist as it was in the daies of Noye azenus the greet floyd, men weren etynge and drynkynge and ther lykyngis takynges takyng, and feerenley cam the venjaunce of God of the greet floyd upon hem; so it schalle ben of the comyng of Crist to the day of dome," that whanne men zifen
hem most to ther pleyinge and myrthis, serely schal come the
day of dome upon hem with greet venjaunce beforne. [Therefore
oute of dowte, frynd, this myracle pleyinge that is now usid is
but trewe thretyng of sodeyn venjaunce upon us; and therfore,
dere frend, spende we nouthere oure wittis ne oure money aboute
myrachis pleying] but in doinge hem in dede, in grete drede,
and penaunce, for sikir the wepyng and the fleysly devotion
in hem ben but as strokis of han hamer on every side, to dryve
out the nayl of oure drede in God and of the day of dome, and
to maken the weye of Crist slidir and hevy to us, as reyn on
erthe and cley weies. Than, frend, zif we wil en algate pleyen,
pleyne we as Davith pleyide biforn the harrke of God, and as
he spac byfor Mychel his wif, dispisyng his pleyinge, wherfore
to hir he seyde in this wise, "The Lord lyveth, for I shal pleyyn
biforn the Lord that hath chosen me rather than thi fadir, and
al the hous of hym, and he comaundide to me that I were duke
upon the puple of the Lord of Israel, and I schal pleyyn, and I
schal be maad fowlere more than I am maad, and I schal ben
meky in myn ezen, and with the hand-wymmen of-the whiche
thou speke I schal more glorious aperen;" so this pleyinge hath
thre partelis, the firste is that we behalden in how many thingis
God hath zyven us his grace passynge oure ne3theboris, and
in so myche more thanke we hym, fulllyng his wil, and more
tristyng in hym azen alle maner reprovyng of owre enmys; the
secound partel stant in contynuall byynge devovt to God al-
my3ty, and fowl and reprovable to the world, as Crist and his
apostelis schewiden hemself, and as Davith seide; the thridde
partel stant in byynge as lowly in owre owne ezen or more than
we schewen us withoute forth, syttynghe lest by in us silf, as
we knownen mo synnes of us silf than of ony other, and thanne
before alle the seyntis of hevene and biforn Crist at the day of
dome and in the bliss of hevene we shul ben more glorious,
in as myche as we pleyyn betere thre forseid perselis heer, the
whiche three perselis wel to pleyyn heere and after to comyn to
hevene, graunt the holy Trinite! Amen.

ESTIMATE OF MEASURES, AND BURLESQUE.

From the end of a compotat roll in the possession of George Matcham,
Esq. M. D. of Newhouse, Wilts. The place or county to which the roll re-
lates is obliterated, but dates occur of the 18 and 19 Edw. II.

Per statutum tocius regni Angliæ fuit mensura dominii Regis
composita, viz. quod denarius Anglicanus qui nominatur ste-
relingus rotundus et sine tonsura, ponderabit xxxij. grana fru-
menti in medio spicæ, et xx. denarii faciunt unciam et xij.

VOL II. 1
In the last volume of Mr. Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott is inserted a Memoir by Sir William Gell, containing recollections of Sir Walter's Visit to Naples in the early part of the year 1832. In this Sir William Gell says, "I must not omit stating that at an early period of his visit to Naples, an old English manuscript of the Romance of Sir Bevis of Hampton, existing in the Royal Library, had attracted his attention, and he had resolved on procuring a copy of it, not, I think, for himself, but for a friend in Scotland, who was already possessed of another edition. When Sir Walter visited the library at the Museum, the literati of Naples crowded round him to catch a sight of so celebrated a person, and they showed him every mark of attention in their power, by creating him Honorary Member of their learned Societies. . . . . The King of Naples, learning his wish to copy the book, ordered it to be sent to his house, and he employed a person of the name of Sticchini, who, without understanding a word of English, copied the whole in a character as nearly as possible the fac-simile of the original," &c. vol. vii. p. 351.

Having had an opportunity last September of visiting Naples, I felt desirous to examine a MS. volume, which Sir Walter Scott thought worthy of having copied under such peculiar circumstances. On going to the Library, I inquired for the transcriber, as the likeliest person to point it out—but no such person was known in the place. But becoming acquainted with the Chevalier de Licteria, the principal keeper of the printed books in the Royal Library, (an old gentleman who was personally known to Sir Walter, and who in fact had drawn his attention to the MS. in question,) he recollected where it was placed, and obtained permission from the keeper of the MSS. for me to examine it in the Library. But so little was known of the contents of the volume, as will be observed from the following memorandum, that it was entitled, and entered in the Catalogue of MSS. as a collection of German (Tedeschi) poems. As it was impossible to obtain there any books of the kind necessary for comparison, I spent two or three forenoons in examining the volume with some care, and in making occasional extracts, for the purpose of identifying the several pieces it contained, and for verifying Stichini’s accuracy, in case any of them might afterwards be found worthy of publication and the use of his transcripts be obtained from the Abbotsford Collection.

Having recently compared these extracts, I find that the MS. is one of no very great importance, as the several pieces it contains have either been already published or exist in more ancient MSS. in some of the English Libraries. It is interesting, however, from the unlooked-for place where it has been preserved, and it would also furnish an Editor with an abundance of various readings, and passages omitted by the old transcribers of similar collections.

Folio MS. in the Royal Library at Naples, on paper, middle of the fifteenth century, marked on the back “MS. di Poesie Tedeschi, O 4 n 6.—12 A. 47.” On the fly leaf, in a somewhat recent hand, is written, “Questo manoscritto in Lingua Tedescha (now corrected to Inglese) l’ho hanuto da Diomede di leonardis e fu primieramente . . . . . [blank in MS.]

P. 1—19 are filled with Medical Receipts, &c. such as “To helpe a woman in travel of childe.” “For the disease after her travalle.” “To deliver a woman of childe deye or quike.” “Whoo sa hath the pose.” “Another medecyne for the same.” “To restore manys complexion.” “Another for the same.” &c. &c.

P. 20—22, are blank, or filled with some rude pen drawings of a later date.

P. 23—79.

Sir Bevys of Hamptone.

This well-known metrical romance, translated from the French, was analysed by Ellis in his Specimens. It has more recently been printed entire from the copy in the Auchinleck MS. by a zealous antiquary (Mr. Turnbull), as a contribution to the Maitland Club, Edinb. 1838, 4to.
The romance also exists in three black-letter editions of the sixteenth century, as well as in older MSS. in England. The Neapolitan MS. like the Auchinleck copy commences in stanzas of six lines, and after proceeding thus through eight pages, the metre is changed into couplets of eight syllables. In Mr. Turnbull's edition the romance extends to 4460 lines, the Neapolitan MS. I reckoned has 4660 lines. It begins,

Lordlingis, lystenith to my tale,
That is meriour than the nyghtingale
That I wolle you synge
Of a knyght Sir Bevone,
That was bore in Southamptone,
Withouten lesing.

He was a stalworth man,
And many kyngdomes wan,
To Godis lawis;
He was the best that come in feld,
And most wan with spere and schild,
Bi his lyfe daies.

I woll yowe telle al to-gadir,
Of the knyght and of his fadir,
The good Erle Sir Gy;
Of Hampton he was lord and sire,
And of alle that ilke shire
Him to wardy.

Lordlinges this Erle that I of telle,
In his tyme man of flesche ne felle
Nas non so stronge;
And ever he lyvid without wife,
As he was in ech estrife
Tille late and long.

Tho he was fallen in elde,
That he ne myght him silfe welde,
He wolde a wife take;
And sone therafter, I understond,
Him had ben lever than alle this lond,
Had he hur forsake.

A wife in elde he toke on honde,
The kyngis doghter of Skotlandne,
So feire and bright.
Alas! that he hur ever chese,
His owne life for hur he lese,
With mochelle unright.
This maide that I have of tolde,
A faire woman scho was and bolde,
And free i-bore;
Of Almayne the Emperour
Hur loyyd par amour,
Welle longe ther before.

Oft to hur fadir he sent,
And hym silfe thedir went,
For hir sake;
Moche he desirid hur to wyve,
The kyng for no thing on lyve
Wold hur him take.

And sithen he gave hur to Sir Gy,
A stalworth man and an hardy,
Of Southampstone;
But whan he fille in to elde,
Febill and waxen unwelde
Bi right resoun.

So long thei yede togadir to bedde,
A man childe togadir thei hedde,
That Bevys hete;
A faire childe he was and bolde,
He nas but vij. yere olde
Tho his fadir him lete.

After 40 additional stanzas of 6 lines, relating to the death of Bevys's father, the poem proceeds.

Now wol we of him mone,
And tel of Bevys his yong sone,
How wo him was;
Ffast he wepte and hondis wrong,
And for his fadir he seid among,
Allas! alas!

He clepid his modir, and seide this sawe,
"Ffoule hore, thu were worthe to draw,
And al to-twight;
Me thinketh ther of I were fawe,
Ffor thou hast my fadir slawe
With moche unright.

Alas! modir, thi feire ble,
Wil bicomythe the an hore to be,
To holde bordell;
Alle horis, for thi sake,
The devil of helle I hem bi-take,
Both flesche and felle.

Bot, modir, o thing I the swere,
Mowe I ever armus bere,
And be of elde,
Alle that have my fadir slawe,
And i-brought him of life dawe,
I schalle hem yelde."

His modir herd that wondir stound,
The child she smote with hir hond
Undir the ere;
To ground he fille, and that was skatne,
His maister toke him up ful rathe,
That hete Sabere.

The poems continues through 96 more stanzas of 6 lines (but one or two lines appear to have been omitted by the transcriber) when the form of the versification is changed into couplets, thus—after relating how Bevys had been sold to the Saracens—

The steward went to the Kyng,
And presentid him with that childe yonge.
The Kyng was therof glad and blithe,
And thankid him many a sithe;
"Mahonde!" he seide, "nowe were I prout,
Wolde this childe to us lout,
Yef hit wolde a paynim be,
I wolde hope hit wolde the.
Bi Appolyn, that sitteth on hie!
A fairer childe never I ne sye,
Neither of lengthe ne of brede,
Ne so feire lemys hede.
"Childe," he seid, "where were thu bore?
What is thi name? telle me fore,
Yef I wist hit were me lefe."
"Sir," he seid, "my name is Befe;
I-bore ich was in Englonde,
In Southamptone bi the strond.
My fadir was ther Erle a while;
My modir hym slewe alle with gile;
Sho me solde into this lond,
Sho is woman for to fond.
But, sir, yef hit ever so bi-tide,
That I may on hors to ride,
Armys bere, and shaftis breke,
My fadiris dethe I wol a-wreke."
Alle he tolde him in his sawe
Howe the emperour had his fadir slaw.
When B[evys]* had this him tolde,
Therfor the Kingis hart was cold,
And seid, "I have no heire after my day,
But Josiane that feire may;
And thou wolt thi Lord forsake,
And to Appolyn my god to take,
Hur I wol yeve the to wyve,
And my lond after my lyve."
"Nay," quod B[evys], "that do I nolde,
Ffor alle thi silver and alle thi gold
That is undir heven lyght,
Ne for thi doghtir that is so bright,
I nolde forsake in no manere
Jhesu that boght man so dere.
Alle mot he be doumbe and deve,
That on fals goddis bi-leve."
The kynge him lovid welle the more,
That eyghe him stode no man fore,
And seid, "Bevys, while thu art swayn,
Thou schalt be my Chamburlayn
But when thu art dubbid knyght,
My baner schalt thu bere in fight.
B[evys] answerid, &c. . . . . . . .

Near the close of the romance when Sir Mills and Sir Gy, the two sons of Bevys, rescue him, at London—it says

So hard thei gan togadir mete,
The blood gan renne in eche strete,
As it seiyth in Romaunçe;
Bothe in Englond and in Fraunce,
So many men there were dede,
That the watir in Temze waxid rede,
From Seint Marie at Bowe, &c. .

And the romance concludes with the following lines,

To Umbrauence B[evys] is furthe fare,
Josian was sike and wondirly sare;
Therfore was B[evys] wondirly wo,
And to his stabul he was go,
Aroundel he found ther dede,
To Gy his son he it seide:
"Sur," he seid, "my moder wol dy."

* After this Bevys is usually written in the M.S. simply B.
To hur he wente hastely;
Sur B[evys] in his armys hur lace,
And kissed hur at that cace.
And thei deide bothe in fere.
The kyng nolde in no manere,
That thei in erthe buried were;
Of Senct Laurence he lete a chapel rere,
And of gold made a chist gay,
And bothe hur bodies therin lay.
Men tellith both in gest and ryme,
Thei were laide in maner of shryne;
And a hous maad of religion,
To synge ever for Sir Bevon;
And for Josian the fre,
God of her sowlis have pité!
And also for Arundel,
Yef that for her men may bid wel!
Thus endith B[evys] of Hamptone,
That was king and nobil barone;
Al that of his life have herd in ucrone(?),
God yeve hare sowlis haven pardon,
And that we were al of suche renown
As was B[evys] of Hamptoune!
Amen.

Here endith Bevys of Hampto[n].

Of Saint Alex of Rome.

The Legend of Saint Alexins the Confessor, son of Euphemius, was translated from the Latin into English verse by Adam Davie, Marshall of Stratford-le-Bow, near London, about the year 1312. The MS. in the Bodleian Library is the only one known in England; but I am unable from the lines quoted by Warton to say whether this is not a different version of the same Legend. It begins,

Sitteth still withouten [a]trife,
Ycche wolle you telle the life
Of an holi man;
Alex was his right name,
To servy God he thouȝt no schame,
Ther of never he ne blan.
His father was a grete lordlyng,
Of Rome a kyng evenyng,
And hight Sur Eufamyen;
Pore men to clothe and fede,
In al Rom that riche stede,
Suche ne was ther nan.

Explicit vita Sancti Alex.

In all 618 lines, or 103 stanzas of six lines each.

P. 87—113.  

Libious Disconious.

The romance of Sir Libeaux Desconus belongs to the thirteenth century, and is mentioned by Chaucer as a popular romance. It was first published by Ritson in his "Ancient English Metrical Romances," vol. 2, p. 1. His text contains 2130 lines; the present one, has about 2290 lines.

Jhesu Criste owre Saviour,
And his modir that swete flour,
Helpe us at our nede;
That listenith of a conquerour,
That was wis, witty, and wight werrour,
A dougli man of dede,
His name was hote Gyngeleyn,
Y-gete he was of Sir Gaweyn,
Bi a ferestus side.
Of a betir knight ne profitable,
With Arthur at the Round Table,
Hurd never yet man rede.

Gyngeleyn was feire and bright,
Gentil of body and feire of sight,
Bastarde though he were;
And his modir kepethim with myght,
That he schulde se no knight
Y-armed in no manere.
For that he was so savage,
And blitheli wolde do outrage,
To his felowis in fere,
&c.

The romance finishes with the following lines.

The myrthe of that bridale
May no man tel in tale,
Ne saye in no gest.
In that semely halle
Were lordis gret and smalle,
And ladies ful honest;
Ther was wel sertayne
Servise fulle good wonne,
Both most and lest;
For soth the mynstrals alle
That were in the halle
Had ȝiftes at that fest.

Sir Libeous moder so fre
ȝede to that maungeré,
Hur rode was rede so rys;
She newe Libeous wel bi sight,
And wist wel anone right
That he was of moche pris.
She went to Sir Gaweyne,
And seid withouten delayne,
"This is our childe so fre."
Than was he glad and blithe,
And kissed hir fele sithe.
And seid, "that liketh me!"

Sir Gaweyne, knyght of renowne,
Seid to the lady of Synadowne,
"Madame, trewliche,
He that wanne the with pride,
I wanne him bi a forestis side,
And gate him of a giantis lady."
That ladi was blithe,
And thankd him many a sith,
And kissid him securely.
Than Libeous to him ranne,
And ever kissid that manne,
For sothe trewly.

He fille on kneis that stound,
And sate knelyng on the ground,
And seid, "for God alleweldond,
That made this worlde round,
Feire fadir, wel be ye found,
ȝe blis me with your hond."
The hyndy knyȝt Gaweyne
Blessid his sonne with mayne,
And made him up to stond;
And comandid knyȝtis and swayne
To calle Libeous Gyngelayn,
That was lord of that lond.

xl. daies they dwelled there,
And hare fest thei hilde y-fere,
With Arthur the kyng;
As in Romaunce it is tolde;
Arthur with knyȝtes bolde,
Home he gan ham bryng.
x. 3ere thei levid in same,
With moche gle and game,
He and that swete thinge.
Jhesu Crist our Saviour,
And his modir that swete flour,
To blys he us alle bryng! Amen.

Qui scripsit carmen sit benedictus. Amen.

Hic explicit Libeus Disconyus.

He that lovyth welle to fare,
Ever to spend and never spare,
But he have the more good,
His here wol grow throw his hood.

Quod More.

Hic pennam fixi, penitet me si mala scripsi.

P. 114—118.

Fragment of Sir Isumbras.

Two copies of this romance of an old date are known: also an edition in black letter. It is usually considered to have been one of this class of compositions ridiculed by Chaucer in his Ryme of Sir Thopas, which is "full of phrases taken from Isumbras and other romances." (v. Tyrwhitt's Chaucer.) The present copy, which contains only 121 lines at the commencement, differs wholly from the black letter edition by Copeland, which was re-published by Mr. Utterson. It begins,

He that made both heven and erthe
And al this worlde in daies sevyn,
That is ful of myghth,
Send us alle his blessyng,
Las and more, olde and yong,
And kepe us day and nyght!
Y wol you telle of a knyght,
That was douȝty in ilke fight,
In towne and eke in fielde;
Ther durst no man his dynt abide,
With spere ne with schilde.
Man he was riche y-nowe,
Ox to drawe in his plowe,
And stedis in his stalle;
Man he was curteyse and hynde,
Every man was his frende,
He was lord of alle;
Curteis and hynde he was,
His name was clepid Sir Isombrase.

&c. &c. &c.
Griselde.

This poem on the subject of Patient Griselidis has no title, but is in fact Chaucer's Griselde, or The Clerke of Oxenfordes Tale, which, as the Clerke declares in his prologue, he learned of Petrark at Padua. A leaf in the MS. which contained the title is lost, unless it was transcribed from an imperfect copy, as here it begins with the sixth stanza.

Noble Markis, yowre humaneyté
Assurith us and yeveith hardynesse,
As oft as tymes is of necessité,
That we to yowre mowen telle our hevyness.
Accepteth, lord, nowe of yowre gentylnesse,
That we with peteous hert onto yowe pleyne,
And lete not youre eris my vois disdeyne.

14 stanzas of 7 lines.

Explicit prima pars. Et incipit secunda pars.

Noght[fer] fro that paleye honorable,
Where as this Mark[i]s shope his mariage,
There stode a throte of site delitable,
In whiche that pore folke of that village
Hadden here bestis and here herborage,
And of her labour toke bare sustynance,
Aftir that the erthe yeve hem habundaunce.

35 stanzas.

Explicit secunda pars. Et incipit pars tertia.

Thar fille, as hit byfallith tymes moo,
Whanne that this childe had sowked but a throwe,
This Mark[i]s] in his hert longeth soo,
To tempte his wife hur sadnes for to knowe,
That he ne myght owte of his hert throwe
This mervailous desire his wife to assay,
Nedles, God wote, thought hur for to affray.

29 stanzas.

Explicit tertia pars. Incipit pars quarta.

In this estat ther passid bith fowre yere,
Or shee with childe was, but as God wolde,
A knave childe she bare bi this Waltere,
Ful gracious and feire to beholde;
And whanne that folke hit to his fader tolde,
Not only he but alle his country mery
Was for this childe, and God thei thonke and hery.

25 stanzas.

Explicit pars quarta, et incipit pars quinta.
Amoge alle this, aftir his wikked usage
This Mark[i]s yet his wife to tempte more, &c.

56 stanzas.—The last stanza follows:

For whiche here for the Wifes love of Bathe,
Whose life and alle her secte God menteyne
In high maistre, and els were it skathe,
I wil with lusti hert fresche and grene,
Say yowe a songe to glad yowe y wene,
And let us stinte of ernestful materie,
Herkenith my song that seith in this manere.

_Cantus._

Griselde is dede and eke her pacience,
And bothe y-buried at onys in Itaile;
Wherefore I crie in open audience,
No weddid man so hardi be to assaile
His wifis pacience, in trist to finde
Grisildis, for in certeyne he schalle faile.

O noble wifis, ful of high prudence!
Let no humilitie your tonge naile,
Ne let no clerke have cause or diligence
To writ of you a stori of suche merveile,
As of Griseldis pacience and kynde,
Lest Chyvache yowe swolowe in her entraile;

Folowith ekko that holdeth no silence,
But ever aunsverid at countretail,
Beth nought bedaffid for your innocence,
But sherply takith on you the governaile;
Emprentith wel this lessen in your mynde,
For commine profite, sith hit may nought advaile.

Ye leche wifes stoudith at the defence,
Sith ye bith strong as in a gret camaille;
Ne suffrith nought that men doon yow offence,
And sclenders wifis feble as in bataile,
Beth egre as a tigre zonde in Inde,
Ay clappith as a mylle, I zow conseile,

Ne dredeth him nought, doth him no reverence,
For thoghe thi husbonde armed be in maile,
The arowis of thi crabbid eloquence
Shalle peirsche his brest and eke his ventaile.
In jelousy y rede eke thowe him bynde,
And thu schalt mak him cowche as doth a quaile.
Reliquiae Antiquae.

If thou be faire, ther folk ben in presence,
Show thow thi visage and thy apparaile;
If thou be fowle, be free of thy dispence,
To gete the frendis ay do thow thi travaile;
Be ay of chere as lighte as lefe on lynde,
And lete him care and wepe, wring and waile.

This worthi Clerk whan endid was his tale,
O wre oft saide and sware by Goddis bonis,
Me were lever than a barelle ale,
My wife at home had herd this legend onys,
This gentille tale for the nonys;
As to my purpos wiste ye my wille,
But thing that wolle nat be lat it be stille.

Explicit; finis.

Hic pennam fixi, penitet me si male scripsi,
gd. mprf. Anno domini 1457.

O ye wyrmyn, which been enclyned,
Bi enfulence of youre nature,
To bene as pure as gool fined,
In youre strenght for to endure,
Arme your silfe in strong armour,
Lest men asseale your sikinesse,
Set on youre brest 3our silve to assure
A myghti schilde of doblenesse.


The Puisnes Walks about London.

From MS. Harl. 3910, fol. 38, b. of the seventeenth century.

When I came first to London towne,
I was a novice, as most men are,
Me thought the king dwelt at the sign of the Croune,
And the way to heaven was through the Starr.

I sett up my horse and walkt to Poules,
"Lord!" thought I, "what a church is heere!"
And then I swore by all christen soules,
'Twas a myle long, or very neere.

Nay, mee thought 'twas as high as a hill,
A hill (quoth I), nay as a mountayn!
Then up I went with a very good will,
But gladder was to come downe againe.
For on the topp my head tworn'd round,
For be it knowne to all christen people,
That mans not a little way from the ground,
Thats on the topp of all Paules steeple.

To Ludgate then I ran my race:
When I was past I did backward looke,
Ther I spied Queen Elizabeth's grace,
Her picture guylt, for all gould I tooke.

And as I came downe Ludgate hill,
Whome should I meet but my good Lord Mayor?
On him I gap'd as yongsters still
Gape on toyes, in Bartilmew faire.

I know not which of 'em to desire,
The mayor or the horse they were both so like;
Their trappings so rich you would admyre,
Their faces such, non could dislike.

But I must consider perforce
The saying of ould, so true it was,
The gray mayor is the better horse,
And all's not gould that shynes lyke brass.

In Fleet strete then I heard a shoote:
I putt of my hatt, and I made no staye,
And when I came unto the rowte,
Good Lord! I heard a taber playe.

For so, God save mee! a Morrys Daunce:
Oh ther was sport alone for mee,
To see the hobby horse how he did praunce
Among the gingling company.

I proffer'd them money for their coats,
But my conscience had remorse,
For my father had no oates,
And I must have had the hobbie horse.

To see the Tombes was my desire,
And then to Westminster I went,
I gave one twoe pence for his hyre,
"Twas the best two pence that ere I spent.

"Here lyes" (quoth hee) "King Hery the third."
"Tis false," said I, "hee speaks not a word."
"And here is King Richard the seacdnd interd,
And here is good King Edwards sword."
I tooke a boate, and would stay no longer,
And as I towards the Bridge did Rowe,
I and my selfe began to wonder,
Howe that it was built belowe.

But then my frend John Stow I remember,
In's Booke of London fall'd the Survaie,
Saith that on the fift daye of September,
With wooll sacks they did it underlay.

Then through the Bridge to the Towre I went,
With much a doe I wandred in,
And when my penny I had spent,
Thus the spokesman did begin.

"This lyon's the Kings and this is the Queenes,
And this is the Princes that stands by hym."
I drew nere not knowing which hee means,
"What ayle you, my frend, to go so nigh him?"

"Doe you see the lyon, this that lyes downe?
Its Henry the Great, twoe hundred years olde."
"Lord bless us" (quoth I) "howe he doth frown!"
"I tell you" (quoth hee) "hee's a lyon boulde."

Now was it late, I went to my Inne,
I supt and I slept and I rose betymes,
Not wak't with crowes nor ducks quackling,
But with the noyse of Cheepside chymes.

Hill.

THE DEMAUNDES JOYOUS.

From an unique copy in the Public Library of the University of Cambridge, printed by Wynkyn de Worde. The great curiosity as well as rarity of this tract will we think justify its being printed complete, in spite of a few gross passages which it contains. It is chiefly an abridgment of a very rare French tract with the same title, of which a copy is preserved in the British Museum, and which far exceeds the present in grossness.

Demaunde. Who bare the best burden that ever was borne? R. That bare the asse when our lady fled with our lorde into Egypte. Demaunde. Where became the asse that our lady rode upon? R. Adams moder dede ete her. Demaunde. Who was Adams moder? R. The erthe. Demaunde. What space is from the hyest space of the se to the depest. R. But a stones cast. Demaunde. Whan Antecryst is come into this worlde, what thynge shall be hardest to hym to knowe. A hande barowe, for of that he shalle not
knowe whiche ende shall goo before. Demaunde. How many calves tayles behoveth to reche frome the erthe to the skye? R. No more but one and it be longe ynoough. Demaunde. How many holy days be there in the yere that never fall on the Sundayes? R. There be eyght, that is to wete the thre holy dayes after Eester, iii. after Whyt Sondaye, the holy Ascen-cyon daye, and Corpus Crysty day. Demaunde. Whiche ben the trulyest tolde thynges in the worlde? R. Those be the steyres of chambres and houses. Demaunde. Whiche parte of a sergeaunte love ye beste towarde you? R. His heles. Demaunde. Whiche is the best wood and leest brente? R. Vynes. Demaunde. Whiche is the most profytable beest and that men eteth leest of? R. That is bees. Demaunde. Whiche is the brodest water and leest jeopardye to passe over? R. The dewe. Demaunde. What thynges is it that the more that one drynk-eth the lesse he shall pysse? R. It is fartes and fyestes, for who that drynketh a hondreth thousande they shall never pysse a drope. Demaunde. What thyngye is it that never was nor never shall be? R. Never mouse made her nest in a cattes ere. Demaunde. Why dryve men dogges out of the chyrche? R. Bycause they come not up and offre. Demaunde. Why come dogges so often to the chyrche? R. Bycause when they se the aulters covered, they wene theyr mastyers goo thydere to dyner. Demaunde. Why dooth a dogge tourne hym thryes aboue or that he lyeth hym downe? R. Bycause he knoweth not his beddes hede from the fete. Demaunde. Why doo men make an oven in the towne? R. For bycause they can not make the towne in the oven. Demaunde. What beest is it that hath her tayle bytwene her eyen? R. It is a catte whan sche lycketh her arse. Demaunde. Whiche is the most cleynlyest lefe amonge all other leves? R. It is holly leves, for noo body wyll not wype his arse with them. Demaunde. Who was he that lete the fyrst farte at Rome? R. That was the arse. Demaunde. How may a man knowe or perceyve a cowe in a flocke of shepe? R. By syghte. Demaunde. What thyngye is it that hathe hornes at the arse? R. It is a sacke. Demaunde. What almes is worst bestowed that men gyve? R. That is to a blynde man, for as he hathe ony thyngye gyven hym, he wolde with good wyll se hym hanged by the necke that gave it hym. Demaunde. Wherfore set they upon chyrche stipples more a cocke than a henne? R. Yf men sholde sette there a henne, she wolde laye egges, and they wolde fall upon mennes hedes. Demaunde. What thyngye is it that hathe none ende? R. A bowle. Demaunde. What wode is it that never fyyes reste upon? R. The claper of a lazers dysshre. Demaunde. How wolde ye saye two paternosters for your

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frendes soule, and God never made but one paternoster? R. Saye one two tymes. Demaunde. Whiche ben the most pro-
fytable sayntes in the chyrche? R. They that stonde in the
glasse wyndowes, for they kepe out the wynde for wastynge
of the lyghte. Demaunde. What people be they that never
go a processyon? R. They be those that rynge the belles in
the meane season. Demaunde. What is it that freseth never?
R. That is hote water. Demaunde. What thynge is that,
that is moost lykest unto a hors? R. That is a mare. Demaunde. Wherefore be there not as many women conteyned
in the daunce of poules as there be men? R. Bycause a
woman is so ferefull of herte that she had lever dauncce amonge
quycke folke than dede. Demaunde. Whiche is the cleri-
liest occupacyon that is? R. That is a dauber, for he may
neather shyte nor ete tyll he hath wasshed his hands. De-
maunde. What daye in the yere ben the flyes moost aferde? R. That is on Palme Sunday, whan they see every body have
an handeful of palme in their hande, they wene it is to kyll
theym with. Demaunde. What tyme of the yere may may-
dens moost with theyr honesté fyest in the chyrche? R. In
Lent season, for then every sayntes nose and face is covered
so that they smell nothynge. Demaunde. What thynge is it the
lesse it is the more it is dredd? R. A brydge. Demaunde.
Wherefore is it that yonge children wepe as soone as ever they
ben borne? R. Bycause theyr moder is noo more mayden. De-
maunde. Wherfore is it that an asse hathe so grete eres? R.
Bycause her moder put no begyn on her heed in her yought.
Demaunde. What is it that is a wryte, and is no man, and he
dothe that no man can, and yet it serveth bothe God and man? R. That is a be. Demaunde. Whiche was fyrst, the henne or
the egge? R. The henne, whan God made her. Demaunde.
Whye dothe an oxe or a cowe lye? R. Bycause she can not
sytte. Demaunde. What people be they that love not in no
wyse to be prayed for? R. They be beggers and poore people,
whan men say, God helpe them! whan they aske almes. De-
maunde. Howe many strawes go to gose nest? R. None, for
lacke of fete. Demaunde. What tyme in the yere bereth a gose
moost feders? R. Whan the gander is upon her backe. De-
maunde. What was he that slewe the fourthe parte of the
worlde? P. Cayne, whan he slewe his broder Abell, in the
whyche tyme was but foure persons in the worlde. Demaunde.
What was he that was begoten or his fader, and borne or his
moder, and had the maydhenede of his beldame? R. That was
Abell. Demaunde. What thre thynges be they that the
worlde is moost mayntened by. R. That is to wete by wordes,
erbes, and stones. Why? with wordes man worshippeth God,
and as of erbes that is all manner of corne that man is fedde
with, and as stones one is that gryndeth the corne and the other
encreaseth the worlde. Demaunde. What is the age of a
felde mous? R. A yere, and a hedge may stande thre mous
lyves, and the lyfe of a dogge is the terme of thre hedges stand-
ynge, and the lyfe of a hors is thre dogges lyves, and the lyfe
of a man is thre hors lyves, and the lyfe of a gose is thre
mennes lyves, and the lyfe of a swanne thre gose lyves, and the
lyfe of a swalowe is three swanne lyves, and the lyfe of an egle
is thre swalowes lyves, and the lyfe of a serpent is thre egles
lyves, and the lyfe of a raven is thre serpentes lyves, and the
lyfe of a harte is thre ravens lyves, and an oke groweth fyve
hondreth yere, and it fadeth fyve hondreth yere, besyde the rote
whiche doubleth three tymes everyche of the thre ages afore-
sayd. Demaunde. A man had thre daughters of thre ages,
which daughters he delyvered to sell certayne apples, and he
toke to the eldest daughter l. apples, and to the seconde .xxx.
apples, and to the yongest ten apples, and all these thre solde
in lyke many for a peny, and brought home in lyke moche
money, now how many solde eche of them for a penny? R.
The yongest solde fyrist seven for a peny, and the other two
systers solde after the same pryce, than the eldest syster had
one oddde apple lefte, and the seconde syster two, and the
yongest thre apples, now these apples lyked the byer soo well
that incontynent he came agayne to the yongest syster, and
bought of her thre apples after thre pens a pece, than had she
ten pens, and the seconde thoughte she wolde kepe the same
pryce, and solde her two apples for thre pens a pece and than
had she ten pens, and the eldest solde her one apple for thre
pens, and than had she ten pens, thus solde they in lyke many
apples for a peny and broughte home in lyke moche money.
Demaunde. What man is he that geteth his lyvyngne back-
warde? R. That is ropemaker. Demaunde. What people
be tho that getethe theyr lywyngne moost merylyest? R. Tho be
prestes and fullers, for one syngheth and the other daunceth.
Demaunde. What is he that made all and sold all, and he that
bought and loste all? R. A smyth made an all and solde
it, and the shomaker that bought it lost it. Demaunde.
Whether is it better to lyve by thefte or by almes dede? R.
The rewarde of thefte is to be hanged, and yf thou lyve by
almes dedes, that is by beggers tordes.

Thus endeth the Demaundes Joyous, imprinted at London,
in Flete Strete, at the sygne of the sonne, by me Wynkyn de
Worde. In the yere of our lorde a M. cccce and xi.
A CHRISTMAS CAROL.


This endurs nyȝt I see a syght,
A sterre schone bryght as day,
And everymeng a meden song
was, By, by, lulley!

This [endurs nyght.]

This lovely lady sete and song,
and tyll hur chyld con say,
"My son, my lord, my fadur deyr,
why lyns thou thus in hey ?
My none swete bryd, what art thu kyd
and knowus thi lord of ey ?
Never the lesse I will not sesse
to syng, By, by, lulley!"

This [endurs nyght.]

This chyld ontill is modur spake,
and thus me thouught he sayd,
"I am kent for heven kyng,
in cryb thought I be leyd ;
Angelis bryght schalle to me lyght,
3e wot ryclight welle in fey ;
Off this be hest, gyffe me 3owr brest,
and syng, By, by, lulley!"

This [endurs nyght.]

"My aune der son, to the I say,
 thou art me lefe and dere ;
How schuld I serve the to pey
and plese on all manere !
All thi wyll I wyll fulfylle,
thou wottes ryȝt well in fay ;
Never the leyse I wyll not sesse,
to syng, By, by, lulley !"

This [endurs nyght.]

"My dere moder, when tyme it be,
3e tak [me] up on loft,
And sett me ryȝt apon dour knye,
and hondule me ful soft ;
In dour arme 3e kepe me warme,
both be nyght and day,
Gyff I wepe and will not slepe,
to syng, By, by, lulley!

This [endurs nyght.]

“My aune dere son, sen it is thus,
that thou art lord of alle,
Thou shuld have ordent the sum bydyng
in sum kynge halle.
Me thankus aryght a kyng or a knyght,
shuld be in rych arey,
And yett for this I woll not seysse

to syng, By and lulley!”

This [endurs nyght.]

“May aune der son, sen it is thus,
at all thyng is at wyll,
I pray the grant me a bone,
gyf it be ryght of skylle.
Chyld or man that will or can,
be mery on this gud day,
To hevun blysse grawnt hit us,
and syng, By, by, lulley!”

This

D. L.
MIDDLE-ENGLISH GLOSSES.

From a MS. of Walter de Bibbesworth, in the Public Library of the University of Cambridge, written in the reign of Edward II. The transcript was made some years ago, and was it is feared not always accurate. It has been corrected as far as possible by MS. Arundel, No. 220.

be-litter, enfaunter
swath-clut, maylolez
a rockeir, berceir
credel, berce
to crepe, chatoner
slaveres, il baave
fro slavering, de baavure
a slavering clout, une baatiere
bi-lagge him, espaluer
laminge, maine
hurting, blesure
stomble, ceste
falle, chece
the scheld, la greve
the shed, la greve
the feldefare, la greve
lockes, les chevenu
 crispe, recerclles
foretop, toup
hechele, serences
a toppe of flax, de lin le toup
athe toppe, au toup
wind the yarne, deser mes le toup
hernepanne, hanepel
brayn, cervele
goundi, chaciouse
the gounde, chacie
maldrop, la rupie
precious stones, de la rubie
the appel of the eie, la prunel
the eie lidde, le pauvour
heres, les cils
browes, les surcils,
thurles, nariz
gristel, tendroun
the co, la chowe
cheke, jouve
lippe, lever
the hare, leverer
the pount, la liver
bock, livr
rok, palet
bissi, ententives
the gomes, gingives
honde, aleines
the throtebolle, le gargate
miderede, li gist rate
faxwax, le wen au col
kanel bon, la fourcele,
wombe, ventre
back, dos
bac bon, l'escine
schuldir, espaul
arme, bras
breste, petrine
nethere, suzaine
wangeteth, messeleres
dalke, un fossolet
the skale, le filet
hole, molet
ume, (!) kakenole
of hernes, cervele
thone wonges, le gernoun
scoldor bon, blazoun
armole, ascel
axetre, le escel
mist, le broil
erthe, soil
strif, le toil
north hest, le vent de bise
thowinge, remoil
helbowes, coustez
the virste, la koude de la meih
the back, la clay dehor (?)
the spone, galeins
the spen, galeins
a ribbe, une coste
of a side, de une coste
shzare, le penile
thees, [quassys]
bottokes, les nages
clift, la fourchure
RELIQUIÆ ANTIQUÆ.

riding, chevechure
legges, jaumès
knes, genois
hammes, karrez
starke, rez
hammes, garrez
garthors, gareters
cartiers, charretiers
kalf, la zure
tristes him, se assure
shzin-bon, le kanel
sole, plaunte
to, urtil
hele, taloun
ankel, kenil
pinne, kynil
herte, queir
livre, joy
longen, pomoun
milte, esplen
tharine, bouele
kidenei, reynoun
mawe, estomak
senewes, nerf
bleddre, vescie
helpe, aie
thees, reynes
galle, fel
a skine, pel
hide, la pel
fleyx, la char
wayn, le char
scorn, eschar
quakes, fremist
swellin, gurdisent
laste knel, le drener apel
bokel, mordaunt
tongge, hardiloun
bore, tru

of a nalkin, de fubiloun
lompe, bribe [de blanc payn]
ssynere, une lesche
schelle, l'eschale
soupe, hume
yolke, mouwel
sterene, germinoun

stalk, l'estiche
kore, pepinerè
hertes, cerfs
crapes, grousè
partriz, perdiz
larkes, alounes
coltes, poleins
cherles, des vileins
smale briddes, des oyseaux
mork, des feius (?)
teles, cercèles
houting, jouper
berre, ourse
cow, vache
lowes, mugist
crane, gruwe
crekès, groule
rounes, rougist
hasil, coudre
quakes, troule
neyes, henist
larke, alowe
croukes, gerist
cisses, cisle
roreth, recane
suan, cine
cissèz, recisle
wolfè, louwe
yolles, oule
berkes, baie
suluuard, putois (?)
steres, afracia
fox, jopîl
wellet, cleye
brocke, thelson (?)
gandre
quekez, tariol
quekine, taroil
trappe, garoil
tode, crapast

frogge, reyne
snake, couivre
gris, porcel
wineth, gerist
boor, cengler
yelleth, releis
kide, cheverau
mutterers, cherist
bole, tor
yelleth, toririe
souue, troye
gronnes, groundile
drak, drache
doukere, ploundur
kakeles, patile
leyth, poune
a henne, geline
coppet, hyppe
and kakeles, e spatile
szep, berbis
bleateth, baleie
hoppeth, bale
bagge, bale
gones, baal
raxes him, se espreche
nette, rey
hock, hesche
ring, tresche
spade, besche
lompe, abbesche
szivere, alesche
liketh, lesche
lappen, flater
dewe, rose
losengour, flater
glounden, espetuker
a mote, poyon
catel, aver
have, aver
reed, soor
reed, goules
quene, reyne
frock, reyne
forwe, reyoun
nette, rey
in myne hevedelonde, enmaforere
don out of tune, foreiner
thef, lers
sithe, fais
mowe, fauches
a swethe of mede, une audeine

sikel, faucil
rep, siez
a repe, un javele de ble
repes, javeles
szeves, garbes
a pese ris, un warrock de peys
beene, favois
szeves, warrock
se, segle
barli, orge
sarnel, yverai
drauck, betel
thar, azoun
kokil, le noget mele
bloweth, blauerole
malue, mauve
szerlok, caroil
totelle, reteer
haling wippe, riote demener
reke, moye
stake, thasse
reke, moiloun
avenes eylez, des arestez
biddest, guiliez
windewith, ventez
groudenu, moulu
grist, le moudre
mele, farin
boltingcloth, le bulenge
branne, fourfre
ribbe, rastuer
trohw, mouandez
rake, raster
ribbe, rastuer
thow, le auge
ferin, feugere
the mower, li faucheur
mouweth, fauche
chaf, fail
stre, paille
pese stre, pessaz
housewif, la mesner
lynsede, lyneis
filaxiollas, buchraus
wedeh hit, le sarchez
druwe hit, le secehes
swinglestock, pessel
swingle, estuguer
ribbe, rastuer
hechele, serence
rocche, consil
werne, le voucl(?)
spinnel, fusil
flint, cailleron
vyr-hirne, le fusil
mulne spinel, (molu par le) fusil dornhep, nare revertez (?)

abidige, delai
gret pol, lay
mire, betumay
zyne, nace
neth, reg
zyne, nace
ridel, cruere
smale, mennement
the bothem, le guret

to the rel, au traual
to the yerne, filere
to relend, trauller
tharne-winde, la widere
to winden, wider
rel, traual
weven, tister
a clewe, un lussel
windes, wude
werpen, peru le hai(?)
spooles, tremes
a webbing sauly, une lame
breser, breser
kistes, troces
a keiex, une frenole
a cake of spices, brakenole
fat, cuve
tep, enfondrez
laden outh, d'escoude
swepen, bater
spired, germee
malt, breez
rouwes, renges
lepe, une corel
kulne, torral
grounden, molu
mahssingfate, keuerel
wort, bertil
grout, berzize
berme, greste
hose, arc
honten, tuper
fische, pescher
laden hout, espuchez
pole, stauncke
arweai, destoraunt

fulthe, l'ordure
tode, crapaude
henete, zeart
nedder, serpant
snake, color
greet, gravele
flint, caulloun
snayl, lymacoun
gilles, vembergis
keling, mulevel de mer
gappe, crevesoun
grene balke, vert cerail
szadewe, umbrail
wode hevese, l'ourail
stepinstones, passueres
stremes, russeles
hevese, hourail

lindes hurdes, le keuje laroun
balke, tenail
bandel, tenoun
tiller, cotuyer
tonges, tenailles
colles, carbuns
smith, fervre
thaweth, [degele]
szlidinde, tidaunt
sletes, cymere

a flake of snowe, un aunfe de
neif
haileeth, grele
smale, grele
thonner, toner
thondres, tonue
tonne, tonue
stepleth, tonue
wineled, li estomac
hand moule, capinole
garlond, chapec
bloweth, blauuerole
keith, friole
becippe hure, l’acole
pokes, veroles
maselinges, les rugeroles
pleyen, esbanoer
lilie, fluir de lys
solicle, furer de surcye
helpe, aye
kousloppe, primeveir
weibredre, plauntayne
hertetong, cerlauge
chine, ruceriez
dayscie, consoude
smerdocke, [mercurial]
surdoke, furele
roddok, la parele
mogwed, nermoise
maythe, meroke
tuybil, besagn
appiltre, pomer
peretre, terere
chiritre, cereiser
haish, freine
brom, genet
plountre, pruner
hawethen, ceneiller
hawes, ceneilles
slothorne, funder
slos, foudernes
breere, eglenter
hepes, peperonges
bolastre, crekerre
bolas, crekes
cirnetre, alier
cirnes, alies
quincetre, coingner
in stockes, nef coingner
stockes, ceps
a wegg, un coigner
box, buit
palm tre, paumere
mapil, arable
holintre, la houte
tabart, houte
helren, sucan
wilwe, sauz
hoke, cheine
w, eye
helre, sucy
houle, houswan
throstel, mauviv
bosco, busson
osel, merle
sheldedrake, herle
stare, filaundre,
wodelarke, chalaundre
criket, saulemandre
scheden him frome, espaundre
telles, espandi
schedes, espande
flakerers, paunder
spele, espander
fumment, eiles
sparwes, moschorns
swimmeth, née
drounes, noe
hores, nuduns(?)
rowen, nager
bot, baleles
szipman, mariner
snowe, negger
flakes, aumfes
woddekoc, oysel à let
roddocke, verder
forester, forester
wranne, le verender
stone, tresel
stone, trescel
fithele, la viele
floute, frestele
titemose, musinge
thour sekes, renge
ther gurdel, ta renge
the rede fleye, la paenole
golfinges, cardenerole
boterfleie, papilouns
thistele, charduns
breres, runces
gheshop, grissiloun
hirchoun, yrichoun
fleies, mouches
gnattes, urues
netle, urtic
dike, anede
doukere, plounjoun
wipes, waneles
lanes, veneles
faune, wanne
haterade, haane
wildeges, un ouwe rosée
rock, fru
swalwe, arounde
storck, sygoun
hevesing, cheverounde
swalwe, arounde
snyte, bekas
streing, alas
kochon, kokel
wodewale, l’oriol
brocke, tesseloun
fox, gupil
fulthmard, mauputois
glading, rehei’t
wessele, beleth
ratonz, raz
molde warpes, taeヹaines
tayl, kou
a boske of breres, la dume
fethiers, la plume
polt, pluche
dwerne, neim
augulkoc, un treyn
sleth, ceyn
kart, un charette
weles, les tres
boudes, bendeaus
spokes, les raïs
bemes, les raïs de soleil
szlakes, les raïes
bureles, les raïs de charrette
nawes, moeyaus
xaxes, moail
wel, la roef
yolke, mouwe
hei, l’œf

axetre, essel
pinnes, hetes
cloutes, juneres
cartbody, chartil
ronges, rideles
staves, roilouns
nayles, clous
letherincloct, sauneres
ladders, eschelez
axetre, clout, li ad essel(?)
arneholle, ascel
thilles, lymons
thille hors, limower
womberop, center
taylrop, vaumer
chiling, gysme
thille hors, limouer
eyhe, bracerole
bicluppes, eolc
pinnes, billez
hambrowes, esceles
homes, esselez
halingwippe, la rioite
gode, aquilloun
horsoome, estle
scorne, agaz
wispe, torbas
watred, wacz
foth, penoun
handel, mawnal
sturte, tenoun
ploureste, oroulloun
sheldbred, l’escuchoun
koltre, soke
shzar, vomer
plousbem, la haie
hegh, du haie
yokes, les jus
streingued, artez
hele woth, la mesere
huswif, messure
haiward, by messere
the wineretre, le poutre
gistes, les soillouns
pinne, kintil
nauger, terere
pantir, genchour
lachyes, grenchouns
splentes, trenchons
splentres, trenchons
gnaewinges, trenchesouns
lover, aumeur
therswalde, la lyme
hoverdorne, la sullime
dorstodes, gyrneans
hokes, les goums
hengles, verteeves
mochul, fimer
szhides, asteles
annd birnes, furchez de ferz
hambors, osceles
holiz, aune
aylis, frrine
berche, la fue
becche, de feu
greahed, verdour
sparkes, estencles
imbrers, breses
szherd, un teske
glading, bele chere
huyseles, flaumecches
hendes, les boues
sydes, les eures
soly, sale
hall, sale
biselot, bolke
nailes, les eles
fleysh hocck, [oirtoun]
uhive, rouche
ladil, la louche
szhike, [jontet]
szhikinston, lucchier
wele, teille
welwit, enflestrich
bees, des ces
swannes, les docs
houny come, breche de mel
haringes, bisseaus
lappes, escoues
steppes, escous
bi-spirnet, esclavote
steppes, esclos
soly cloth, fale toupe
wlafez, bauleye
snyvele, naser
a pile of garlec, un aillie
slavereth, baave
stotreth, il buge
koker, deing
whlispen, pleiser
kouwe, tussor
spete, estouper
bolke, ruper
spywe, vomer
cer, cerneile
wamblez, laumber
fleye, mouche
cheulkere, masche
suolwes, gousle
bolke, ruper
spewe, vomera
cranes, grues
pokockes, poeuns
suannes, cynes
kides, cheverearvs
porceaus, purceus
hennes, gelines
woddekoches, astiez
feldesfare, grues
larkes, alaves

Wrt.
THE ROMANCE OF ATHELSTON.

From MS. No. 175, in the library of Caius College, Cambridge.

Lord, that is off mygtys most,
Fadyr and sone and holy gost,
   Bryng us out off synne,
And lene us grace so for to wyrke,
To love bothe God and holy kyrke,
   That may hevene wynne!
Lystnes, lordyngs that ben hende,
Off sfalsnesse hou it wil ende,
   A man that ledes him therin.

Off sfoure weddyd brethryn I wole you i-tel,
That wolden yn Yngelond go dwel,
   That sybbe wer nouzt off kynde.
And alle four messangeres they were,
That wolden yn Ynglond lettrys bere,
   As it wes here kynde.

By a fflost gan they mete,
Wer a cros stoode in a strete,
   Be leff undyr a lynde.

And as the story telles me,
Ylke man was of dyvers cuutre,
   In book i-wreten we ffynde.
For love of here metyng thar,
They swoor hem weddyd brethryn for ever mar,
   In trewthe truewely dede hem bynde.

The eldeste off hem ylkon,
He was hyzt Athelston,
   The kings cosyn der.
He was off the kyngs blood
Hys eemes sone I undyrstood,
   Therfore he neyzyd hym ner.
And at the laste, weel and fayr,
The kyng hym dyyd wyouthen ayr,
   Thenne was ther non hys pere
But Athelston hys eemes sone,
To make hym kyng wolde they nouzt schon,
   To corowne hym wyth gold so clere.

Now was he kyng semely to se,
He sendes afftyr hys brethryn there,
   And gaff hem her waryson.
The eldest brothir he made eere of Dovre,
And thus the pore man gan covre
    Lord off tour and toun.
That othyr brothyr he made eerl of Stane,
Egelond was hys name,
    A man off gret renoun.
And gaff hym tyl hys weddyd wyff,
Hys owne sustyr, dame Odyff,
    With gret devocyoyn.  

The ferthe brothir was a clerk,
Mekyl he cowde off Goddys werk,
    Hys name it was Alryke.
Cauntyrbury was vacant,
And fel into that kynges hand,
    He gaff it hym that wyke.
And made hym bysschop of that stede,
That noble clerke on booke cowde rede,
    In world was non hym lyche.
Thus avaunsyd he hys brothrys thorw3 Goddis gras;
And Athelston hym selven was
    A good kyng and ryche.  

And he that was eerl off Stane,
Ser Egeland was hys name,
    Was trewe as se schal her.
Thorw3 the myst off Goddys gras,
He gat upon the countas,
    Twoo knave chyldren dere.
That on was flyfftene wyntyre old,
That other thryttene, as men me told,
    In the world was non her pere;
Also whyt so lylye fflour,
Red as rose off here colour,
    As bryst as blosme on brere.

Bothe the eerl and hys wyff,
The kyng hem lovede as hys lyff,
    And here sones twoo;
And offten sythe he gan hem calle,
Bothe to boure and to halle,
    To cousayl whenne they scholde goo.
That sere Wymound hadde gret envye,
That eerl off Dover, wyttyrlye
    In herte he was ful woo;
He thow3te al for here sake,
False leyngis on hem to make,
    To don hem brenne and sloo.
And thanne sere Wymound hym bethouȝte,  
Here love thus endure may nouȝte,  
Thowȝ wurd our werk may sprynge. 

He bad hys men maken hem ȝare,  
Unto Londone wolde he fare,  
To speke with the kynge. 

Whenne that he to Londone come,  
He mette with the kynge ful sone,  
He sayde, "welcome, my derelyng!"  
The kynge hym fraynyd soone anon,  
Be what way he hadde i-gon,  
Withouten ony dwellyng:—  

"Come thou ouȝt be Caunturbery,  
There the clerkys syngen mery,  
Bothe erly and late?  
Hou faryth that noble clerk,  
That mekyl can on Goddys werk,  
Knowest thou ouȝt hys state?  
And come thou ouȝt be the eerle off Stane,  
That wurthy lord in hys wane,  
Wente thou ouȝt that gate?  
Hou fares that noble knyȝt,  
And hys sones fayr and bryȝt,  
My sustyr ȝiff that thou wate?"  

"Sere," thanne he sayde, "withouten les,  
Be Caunturbery my way I ches,  
There spak I with that dere;  
Ryȝt weel he gretes thee that noble clerk,  
That mykyl can off Goddys werk,  
In the world is non hys pere.  
And also be Stane my way I drowȝ,  
With Egeland I spak i-nowȝ,  
And with the countesse so clere;  
They fare weel, is nouȝt to layne,  
And bothe here sones."—The kynge was frayne,  
And in hys herte made glad chere.  

"Sere kynge," he sayde, "ȝiff it be thi wille,  
To chaunbyr that thou woldest wenden tylle,  
Counsayl for to here,  
I schal the telle swete tydande,  
Ther comen never non in this lande,  
Off all this hundryd sere."  
The kynge herte than was ful woo,  
With that traytour for to goo,
BELIQUIÆ ANTIQUEÆ.

They wente bothe forth in fflere;
And whenne that they were the chaumbyr withinne,
False lesyngs he gan beginne,
On hys weddyd brothyr dere.  

"Sere kyng," he sayde "woo were me,
Ded that I scholde see the,
So moot I have my lyff!
For, by hym that al thyss world wan!
Thou hast makyd me a man,
And i-holpe me ffor to thryff.
For in thy land, sere, is a fals traytour,
He wol doo the mykyl dyshonour,
And brynge the on lyve.
He wole depose the slyly,
Sodaynly than schalt thou dy,
Be Crystys woundys fflyve!"

Thenne sayde the kyng, "so moot thou the!
Knowe I that man and I hym see?
His name thou me telle."
"Nay," says that traytour, "that wole I nouȝt,
For al the gold that evre was wrouȝt,
Be masse book and belle,
But iȝf thou me thy trowthe wil plyȝt,
That thou schalt nevere bewreye the knyȝt
That the the tale schall telle."
Thanne the kyng hys hand up rauȝte,
That fals man his trowthe be-tauȝte,
He was a devyl off hell.

"Sere kyng," he sayde, "thou madyst me kniȝt,
And now thou hast thy trowthe me plyȝt,
Oure counsayl for to layne.
Sertaynly it is non othir,
But Êgelane thy weddyd brothir,
He wolde that thou were slayne.
He dos thy sustyr to undyrstande,
He wole be kyng off thy lande,
And thus he begynnes here trayn.
He wole the poysoun ryȝt slyly,
Sodaynly thanne schalt thou dy,
Be hym that suffryd payne!"

Thanne swoor the kyng be cros and roode,
"Meete ne drynk schal do me goode,
Tyl that he be dede.
Bothe he and hys wyff, hys soones twoo,  
Schole they nevyr be no moo  
    In Yngelond on that stede."  
"Nay," says the traytour, "so moom I the!  
Ded wole I nouȝt my brothir se,  
    But do thy beste rede."  
No longere there then wolde he lende,  
He takes hys leve, to Dovere gan wende,  
    God geve hym schame and dede!

Now is that traytour hom i-went:  
A messangere was affyr sent,  
    To speke with the kyng.  
I wene he bar his owne name,  
He was hoten Athelstane,  
    He was foundelyng.  
The lettrys were i-maad fullyche thare,  
Unto Stane for to flare,  
    Withouten ony dwellyng,  
To ffette the eerl and his sones twoo,  
And the countesse alsoo,  
    Dame Edyve, that swete thyng.

And in the lettre hit was it tolde,  
That the kyng the eerlys sones wolde  
    Make hem bothe knyȝt.  
And thereto his seel he sette;  
The messanger wolde nouȝt lette,  
    The way he rydes ful ryȝt.  
The messanger, the noble men,  
Takes hys horse and forth he wan,  
    And hys a ful good spede.  
The eerl in hys halle he fande,  
He took hym the lettere in his hande,  
    Anon he bad hym rede.  
"Sere," he sayde al so swythe,  
"This lettre ouȝte to make the blythe,  
Thertoo thou take good hede."

"The kyng wole for the cuntas sake,  
Bothe thy sones knyȝtes make,  
    To London I rede the spede.  
The kyng wole for the cuntas sake,  
Bothe thy sones knyȝtes make,  
    The blythere thou may be.  
Thyffayre wyff wyth the thou bryng,  
And ther be ryȝt no lettyng,
That sy3te that sche may see."
Thenne sayde that eelr with herte mylde,
"My wyff goth ry3t gret wyth chylde,
And for-thynkes me,
Sche may now3t out off chaumbyr wyn,
To speke with non ende of here kyn,
Tyl sche delyvryd be."

But into chaumbyr they gunne wende,
To rede the lettrys before that hende,
And tydynges tolde here soone.
Then sayde the cuntasse, "so moot I the!
I wil nouʒt lette tyl I there be,
To morwen or it be noone.
To see hem knyʒtis my sones ffre,
I wol n则是 lette tyl I there be,
I schal no lengere dwelle.
Cryst for selde my lord the kyng,
That has grauntyd hem here dubbyng!
Myn herte ys gladdyd welle."

The eelr hys men bad make hem ʒare,
He and hys wyff sfforth gunne they far,
To London fflaste they wente.
At Westemynster was the kyngys wone,
Ther they mette wyth Athelstone,
That afltyr hem hadde sente.

The good eelr soone was hent,
And fetryd fflaste verayment,
And hys sones twoo.
Ful lowde the cuntasse gan to crye,
And sayde, "goode brothyr, mercy!
Why wol3e us sloo?"
What have we aʒens ʒow done,
That ʒe wol3e have us ded so soone?
Me thynkith ʒe arn oure fʃoo."
The kyng as wood ferde in that stede,
He garte hys sustyr to prysun lede,
In herte he was ful woo.

Then a squyer was the cuntasses fʃrende,
To the quene he gan wende,
And tydyngis tolde here soone.
Gerlonedes off chyryes off sche caste,
Into the halle sche come at the laste,
Long or it were noone;
"Sere kyng, I am before the come,
With a chyld dou3ter or a sone,  
Graunte me my bone.  
My brothir and sustyr that I may borwe,  
Tyl the nexte day at morwe,  
Out off here paynys stronge;  
That we mowe wete be comoun sent,  
In the playne parlement,  

"Dame," he sayde, "go6 ffo me,  
Thy bone schal nou3t grauntyd be,  
I do the to undyrstande.  
For, be hym that were the crowne of thorn!  
They schole be drawen and hangyd to-morn,  
3iff I be kying off lande."  

And whenne the qwene these wurdes herde,  
As sche hadde be beten with 3erde,  
The teeres sche leet doun falle.  
Sertaynly, as I 3ow tell,  
On her bare knees doun sche felle,  
And prayde 3it for hem alle.  
"A! dame!" he sayde verrayment,  
"Hast thou broke my commaundement,  
Abyyd ful dere thou schalle!"  
With hys foot, he wolde nou3t wonde,  
He slow3 the chyld ry3t in her wombe,  
Sche swownyd amonges hem alle.  

Ladyys and maydenys that there were,  
The qwene to here chaumbyr bere,  
And there was dool' i-now3;  
Soone wythinne a lytyl spase,  
A knave chyld i-born there wase,  
As bry3ht as blosme on bow3;  
He was bothe whyt and red,  
Off that dynt was he ded,  
Hys owne fadyr hym slow3;  
Thus may a traytour baret rayse,  
And make manye men ful evele at ayse,  
Hym selff now3ht afftyr it low3.  

But 3it tho qwene, as 3e schole here,  
Sche callyd upon a messangere,  
Bad hym a lettre fonge;  
And bad hym wende to Cauntrybergy,  
There the clerkys syngen mery,  
Bothe masse and even-songe.
"This lettre thou the bysschop take,
And praye hym for Goddys sake,
Come borowe hem out of here bande;
He wole doo more for hym, I wene,
Thanne for me thow3 I be qwene,
I doo the to undyrstande. "

An eerldom in Spayne I have of land,
Al I sese into thy hand,
Trewely as I the hy3t;
An hundred besauntys off gold red,
Thou may save hem from the ded,
Jiff that thyh hors be wy3t."

"Madame, brouke weel thy moreyeve,
Also longe os thou may leve,
Therto have I no ry3t;
But off thy gold and off thy ffee
Cryst in hevene for-ylde it the,
I wolde be there to ny3t. "

Madame, thrtyty myles off hard way,
I have reden sith it was day,
Full sore I gan me swynke,
And for to ryde now fuye and twenti thereto,
An hard thyng it were to doo,
For sothe ry3t as me thykke.

Madam, it is ner hand passyd prime,
And me behoves al for to dyne,
Bothe wyn and ale to drynke;
Whenne I have dynd thenne wolde I fare,
God may covere hem off here care,
Or that I slepe a wynke."  

Whenne he hadde dynd he wente his way,
Al so faste as that he may,
He rod be Charynge Cros,
And entryd into Flete strete,
And seththyn thorw3 Londone, I 3ow hete,
Upon a noble hors.
The messanger, that noble man,
On Londone brygge sone he wan,
For his traveyle he hadde no los.

From Stone into Steppyng bourne,
For sothe his way wolde he now3t tourne,
Sparerd he nou3t for myre ne mos. "

And thus hys way wendes he,
Fro Ospryng to the Blee,
Thenne my3t he see the toun
Off Countyrbery, that noble wyke,
Therin lay that bysschopryke,
   That lord of gret renoun;
And whenne they rungen undern belle,
He was in Londone, I 3ow telle,
   He was nouer redy;
And sit to Countyrbery he wan,
Longe or evensonge began
   He rod mylys ffty.

The messanger no thyng abod,
Into the palays forth he rod,
   There that the bysschop was inne;
Ry3t welcome was the messanger,
That was come from the quewne so cleer,
   Was of so noble kynne.
He took hym a lettre ful good speed,
And sayde, "sere bysschop, have this and reed,"
   And bad hym come with hym;
Or he the lettre hadde halff i-redde,
For dool hym thowte hys herte bleded,
   The teeres fyly ovr hys chyn.."

The bisschop bad sakele hys palfrey,
Also fflaste as thay may,
   "Bydde my men make hem 3are,
And wendes before," the bysschop dede say,
   "To my maneres in the way,
For no thyng that 3e spare;
And loke at ylke ffyve mylys ende,
A ffresch hors that I ffynde,
    Schod and no thyng bore;
Blythe schal I nevere be,
Tyl I my weddyd brothir see,
   To kevre hym out off care."

On nyne palfrays the bisschop sprong,
Ar it was day from evensong,
   In Romawance as we rede;
Certaynly, as I 3ow telle,
On Londone brygge ded down felle
   The messangeres stede.
"Allas!" he sayde, "that I was born,
Now is my good hors forlorn,
   Was good at ylke a need;
3isterday upon the grounde,
He was wurth an hundryd pounde,
   Ony kyng to lede."
Thenne bespak the archebysschop,
Oure gostly fadyr undyr God,
Unto the messangere,
"Lat be thy menyng off thy stede,
And thynk upon oure mykyl nede,
The whylys that we ben here;
For siff that I may my brothir borwe,
And bryngen hym out of mykyl sorwe,
Thou may make glad chere;
And thy warysoun I schal the geve,
And God have grauntyd the to leve
Unto an hundryd zere."

The bysschop thanne nouȝt ne bod,
He took hys hors and forth he rod,
Into Westemynstyr so lyȝt,
The messanger on his floot alsoo;
With the bysschop come no moo,
Nother squyre ne knyȝt,
Upon the morwen the kyng aros,
And takes the way to the kyrke he gos,
As man of mykyl myȝt;
With him wente bothe the preest and clerk,
That mykyl cowde off Goddys werk,
To praye God for the ryȝt.

Whenne that he to the kyrke come,
To-soore the rode he knelyd anon,
And on hys knees he felle:
"God, that syt in trynyté,
A bone that thou graunte me,
Lord! as thou harewyd helle;
Gytyles men siff they he
That are in my presoun ffree,
For cursyd there to zelle,
Off the gylt and they be clene,
Lene it moot on hem be sene,
That gart hem there to dwelle."

And whenne he hadde maad hys Pryer,
He lokyd up into the qweer,
The erchebyeyschop sawe he stande;
He was for wondryd off that caas,
And to hym he wente apas,
And took hym be the hande,
"Welcome," he sayde, "thou erchebysschop,
Oure gostly fadyr undyr God,"
He swoor be God levande,—
"Weddyd brothir, weel moot thou spede,
For I hadde nevre so mekyl nede
Sith I took cros on hande." "

"Good weddyd brothir, now turne thy rede,
Doo not thyn owne blood to dede
But ziff it wurthy were;
For hym that weres the corowne off thorn,
Lett me borwe hem tyl to-morn,
That we mowe enquere;
And weten alle be comoun asent,
In the playne parlement,
Who is wurthy be schout.
And but ziff ze wolde graunt my bone,
It schal us rewe both or none,
Be God that alle thyng lent!" "

Thanne the kyng wax wrothe as wynde;
A wodere man my3te no man fynde,
Than he began to be.
He swoor be othys sunne and mone,
"They schole be drawnen and hangydy or none
With eyen thou schalt see.
Lay doun thy cros and thy staff,
Thy mytyr and thy ryng that I the gaff,
Out off my lande thou fflee:
H3e the faste out off my sy3t,
Where I the mete thy deth is dy3t,
Non othir then schal it be.” "

Thenne be-spak that erchebysschop,
Oure gostly ladyr undyr God,
Smerty to the kyng,
"Weel I wot that thou me gaff
Bothe the cros and the staff,
The mytyr and eke the ryng.
My bysschopryche thou reves me,
And Crystendome forbede I the,
Preest schal there non syngge;
Neyther maydyn chyld ne knave,
Crystyndom schal ther non have,
To care I schal the brynge." "

I schal gare crye thow3 ylke a toun,
That krekys schole be broken doun,
And stoken agayn with thorn.
And thou schalt lygge in an old dyke,
As it were an heretyke,
Allas! that thou were born!
3iff thou be ded that I may see,
Asoyld scholt thou nevre bee,
Thanne is thy soule in sorwe.
And I schal wende in uncouthe [lond],
And gete me stronge men of hond,
My brothir 3it schal I borwe.
I schal brynge upon thy lond,
Hungyr and thyrst ful strong,
Cold, drou3the, and sorwe.
I schal nou3t leve on thy lond
Wurth the gloves on thy hond,
To begge ne to borwe."

The bysschop has his leve tan,
By that his men were comen ylk
They sayden "sere, have good day!"
He entryd into Flete strete,
With lordys of Yngelond gan he mete,
Upon a nobyl ray;
On her knees they kneleden adoun,
And prayden hym off hys benysoun;
He nykkyd hem with nay;
Neyther of cros neyther off ryng,
Haddde they non kyns wetyng,
And thanne a kny3t gan say :

A kny3t thanne spak, with mylde voys,
"Sere, where is thy ryng? where is thy croys?
Is it ffo the tan?
Thanne he sayde, "3oure cursyd kyng
Hath me reff off al my thyng,
And off al my worldly wan;
And I have entyrdyted Yngelonde,
Ther schal no preest synge masse with hond,
Chyld schal be crystenyd non;
But 3iff he graunte me that kny3t,
Hys wyff and chyldryn fayr and bry3t,
He wolde wyth wrong hem slon."*

The kny3t sayde, "bysschop, turne agayn,
Off thy body we are ful fayn;
Thy brothir 3it schole we borwe;
And but he graunte us oure bone,
Hys presoun schal be broken soone,
Hymself to mekyl sorwe.
We schole drawe doun bothe halle and bounes,
Bothe hys castelles and hys toures,
They schole ligge lowe and holewe;
Thow3 he be kyng and were the coroun,
We scholen hym sette in a deepe dunjoun,
   Oure Crystyndom we wole folewe." "

Thanne as they spoken off this thyng,
Ther comen twoo kny3tes ffrom the kyng,
   And sayden, "bysschop, abyde,
And have thy cros and thy ryng,
And welcome whyl that thou wylt lyng;
   It is nou3t for to hyde.
Here he grauntys the the kny3t,
Hys wyff and chyldryn, fayr and bry3t,
   Agayn I rede thou ride;
He prayes the pour charyté,
That he my3te asoylyd be,
   And Yngelond long and wyde." "

Hereoff the bysschop was fful ffayn,
And turnys hys brydyl and wendes agayn,
   Barouns gunne with hym ryde
Unto the brokene cros of ston,
The dyr com the kyng ful soone anon,
   And there he gan abyde;
Upon hys knees he knelyd a-doun,
And prayde the bysschop off benysoun,
   And he gaff hym that tyde.
With holy watyr and orysoun,
He asoylyd the kyng that weryd the coroun,
   And Yngelond long and wyde. """

Then sayde the kyng anon ry3t,
" Here I graunte the that kny3t,
   And hys sones sfree,
And my sustyr hende in halle,
Thou hast savyd here lyvys alle,
   I-blessyd moot thou bee."
Thenne sayde the bysschop al so soone,
" And I schal geven swylke a dome
   With eyen that thou schalt see;
3iff thay be gylny of that dede,
Sorrere the doome thay may drede,
   Than schewe here schame to me." """
Nyne plow3 lengthe on rawe,
As rede as ony glede.
Thanne sayde the kyng "what may this mene?"
"Sere, off gylt and thay be clene,
This doom hem that nouȝt drede!"
Thanne sayde the good kyng Athelston,
"An hard doome now is this on,
God graunte us alle weel to spede!"

They fetten forth sere Egelan,
A trewere eel was there nan,
Before the ffyr so bryȝt;
Ffrom hym they tokon the rede scarlet,
Bothe hosyn and schoon that weren hym met
That fel al ffor a knyȝt.

Nyne sythe the bysschop halewid the way,
That his weddyd brothir scholde gоo that day,
To praye God for the ryȝt.
He was unblemyschyd ffoot and hand,
That sawȝ the lorde off the land,
And thankyd God off hys myȝt.
They offeryd hym with mylde chere
Unto seyn Poȝlys heȝȝe awtere,
That mykyl was off myȝt.
Down upon hys knees he felle,
And thankyd God that harewede helle,
And hys modyr so bryȝt.

And ȝit the bysschop tho gan say,
Now schal the chyldryn gon the way
That the fadayr ȝede,
Ffro hym they tooke the rede scarlette,
The hosen and schoon that weren hem mete,
And al her worldly wede.
The ffyr was bothe hydous and red,
The chyldryn swownyd as they were ded,
The bysschop tyl hem ȝede,
With careful herte on hem gan look,
Be hys hand he hem up took,
"Chyldryn, have ȝe no drede!"

Thanne the chyldryn stood and lowȝ,
"Sere, the fyȝr is cold i-nowȝ;"—
Thorȝout he went a pase.
They weren unblemesshyd foot and hand;
That sawȝ the lordys off the land,
And thankyd God of his grace.
They offeryd thanne wyth mylde chere
To seynt Poulys that hyȝe awtere,
   This myracle schewyd was there.
And hit the bysschop eft gan say,
   “Now schal the countasse goo the way,
   There that the chyldryn were.”

They setten forth the lady mylde,
Sche was ful gret i-gon wyth chylde,
   In Romaunce as we rede;
Before the fyr when that sche come,
To Jhesu Cryst she prayde a bone,
   That leet hys woundys blede,
   “Now God, lat nevre the kyngys foo
   Quyk out off the fyr goo!”
   Theroff hadde sche no drede;
Whenne sche hadde maad her pryer,
Sche was brouȝt before the sfeer,
   That brenydyd bothe fayr and bryȝt.

Sche wente fyr o the lengthe into the thrydde,
Stylye sche stooed the fyr amydde,
   And callyd it merye and bryȝt.
Harde schowyres thenne tooke here stronge,
Both in bak and eke in wombe,
   And sith then it ffeel at syȝt.
Whenne that here paynys slakyd was,
And sche hadde passyd that hydous pas,
   Here nose barst on bloode;
Sche was unblemeschyd ffoot and hand,
That sawȝ the lordys off the lande,
   And thankyd God on rode.

They comaundyd men here away to drawe,
As it was the landys lawe,
   And ladyys than tyl here ȝode.
Sche knelyd down upon the grounde,
And there was born seynt Edemound,
   I-blessyd be that floode!
And whanne this chyld i-born was,
It was brouȝt into the plas,
   And was bothe hool and sound;
Bothe the kyng and bysschop sfree,
They crystnyyd the chyld that men myȝt see,
   And callyd it Edemound;
   “Halff my land,” he sayde, “I the geve,
   Also longe as I may leve,
   With markys and with pounde,
And al aftyr my dede,
Yngelond to wysse and rede."
   Now i-blessyd be that stounde!

Thenne sayde the bysschop to the kyng,
"Sere, who made this gret lesyng?
   And who wrou3te al this bale?"
Thanne sayde the kyng, "So moot I thee,
That schalt thou nevere wete for me,
   In burgh neyther in sale,
For I have sworn by seynt Anne,
That I schal nevere bewreye that manne,
   That me gan telle that tale;
They arn savvyd thow3 thy red,
Now lat al this be ded,
   And kepe this counseyl hale."

Thenne swoor the bysschop "So moot I the!
Now I have power and dignyté,
   For to asoyle the as clene
As thou were hoven off the fount ston,
Trustly trowe thou ther upon,
   And holde it for no wene.
I swere bothe be book and belle,
But 3iff thou me his name telle,
   The ry3t doom schal I deme,
Thy selff schalt goo the ry3t way,
That thy brother wente to-day,
   Thou3 it the evele beseme."

Thenne sayde the kyng, "So moot I the!
Be schryfite off mouthe telle I it the,
   Therfo I am unblyve;
Certaynly it is non othir
But Wymound owre weddyd brothir,
   He wole nevere thrive."
"Allas," sayde the bysschop than,
"I wende he were the treweste man
   That evere 3it levyd on lyve;
And he with this ateynt may be,
He schal be hongyd on trees three,
   And drawen with hors ffyve."^

And whenne that the bysschop the sothe bade,
That that traytour that lesyng made,
   He callyd a messangere,
And hym to Dovre that he scholde founde,
Ffor to fette that eelr Wymound,
   That traytour has no pere.
"Sere Egelane and hys sones be slawe,
Bothe i-hangyd and to-drawe,
Doo as I the lere,
The countasse is in presoun done,
Schal sche nevere out off presoun come
But ziff it be on bere."

Now with the messanger was no badde,
He took his hors as the bysschop radde,
To Dovre tyl that he come;
The eerl in hys hall he ffand,
He took hym the lettre in his hand,
On hyz wolde he nouzt wone;
"Sere Egelane and his sones be slawe,
Bothe i-hangyd and to-drawe,
Thou getyst that eerdemome:
The countasse is in presoun done,
Schal sche nevre more out come,
Ne see neyther sunne ne mone."

Thanne that eerl made hym glade,
And thankyd God that lesyng was made,
"It hath gete me this eerdemome."
He sayde, "ffelawe, ryzt weel thou bee!
Have here besauntys good plenté,
Ffor thyn hedyr come."
Thanne the messanger made is mon,
"Sere, off 3oure goode hors lende me on,
Now graunte me my bone;
Ffor 3ystyrday deyde my nobyl stede,
On 3oure arende as I 3ede
Be the way as I come."

"Myn hors be fatte and corn fed,
And off thy lyff I am a dred,"
That eerl sayde to hym than;
"Thanne ziff myn hors schole the sloo,
My lord, the kyng, wolde be ful woo,
To lese swylk a man."
The messanger zit he brozte a stede,
On off the beste at ylke a nede
That evere on grounde dede gange,
Sadelyd and brydelyd at the beste;
The messanger was ful preste,
Wyztly on hym he sprange.

"Sere," he sayde, "have good day!
Thou schalt come when thou may,
I schal make the kynge at hande."
Wyth sporys faste he strook the stede,
To Gravyysende he come good spee,
Is sfourty myle to ffande. "

There the messanger the traytoure abood,
And setthyn bothe in same they rod,
To Westemynstyr wone;
In the palays there theyt ly3t,
Into the halle theye come-ful ry3t,
And mette with Athelstone.
He wolde have kyssyd his lord swete:
He sayde, "traytoure, nou3t 3it lete,
Be God and be semyt Jhon!"
Ffor thy falsnesse and thy lesyng,
I slow3 myn heyr scholde have ben kyng
Whenne my lyf hadde ben gon." "

There he denyyd faste the kyng,
That he made nevere that lesyng,
Among hys peres alle;
The bysschop has hym be the hand tan,
Fforth in same they are gan
Into the wyde halle,
My3te he nevere wyth crafft ne gynne,
Gare hym schryven off hys synne,
Ffor nou3t that my3t befalla.

Thenne sayde the goode kyng Athelston,
"Let hym to the ffyr gon,
To preve the treweth in dede."
Whenne the kyng hadde sayd soo,
A gret ffyr was maad thoo,
In Romance as we rede;
It was set, that men my3ten knawe,
Nyne plow3 lenge on rawe,
As rede as ony glede;
Nyne sythys the bysschop halewes the way,
That that traytoure schole goo that day,
The wers hym gan to spee.

He wente ffro the lengthe into the thrydde,
And there he ffel the ffyre amydde,
Hys eyen wolde hym nou3t lede.
Than the eerlys chyldryn were war ful smerte,
And wy3tly to the traytoure sterte,
And out off the ffyr hym hade,
And sworuen bothe by book and belle,
"Or that thou deye thou schalt telle,
Why thou that lesyng made."

"Sertayn I can non othir rede,
Now I wot I am but dede,
I telle 3ow no thyng gladde;
Sertayn there was non othir wyte,
He lovyd hym to mekyl and me to lyte;
Therfore enyve I hadde."

Whenne that traytour so hadde sayde,
Ffyve goode hors to hym were tayde,
That alle myston see with y3e;
They drowen hym thow3ilike a strete,
And setthyn to the elmes, I 3ow hete,
And hongyd hym ful hy3e.

Was ther nevere man so hardy,
That durste ffelle hys ffalse body,
This hadde he ffir hys lye.

Now Jhesu that is hevene kyng,
Leve nevere traytour have betere endyng,
But swych dome ffir to dye! t

Explicit.

The MS. which contains the foregoing romance appears to have been written about the middle of the fourteenth century.  Wrt.

LATIN POEM ON THE WONDERS OF IRELAND.

From MS. Cotton. Titus. D. xxiv. fol. 74, v°, of the thirteenth century.  It is the concluding portion of a poem attributed in the MS. to St. Patrick, but this is of course altogether fanciful.

De Rebus Hibernicæ Admirandis.

His ita prodigiis signisque per omnia dictis,
Nunc quoque describam patriæ miracula nostræ
Nomine quæ proprio vocitatur Hibernia cunctis.
Finibus in nostris famosa est insula parva,
Quæ satis examines corruptos impedit esse
Vel putridos tabo, carnem sic efficit omnem;
Illic cernit awm quisquam retinere figuram,
Cujus ibi crescut ungaes simul atque capilli.

Terraque nostra tenet stagnum quod continet istam
Vim, qua ligna solent lapides mox esse sub undis,
Post tamen annorum ceu dicunt tempora septem.
Est aliud stagnum cui fons quoque mirus adheret,
Quinque pedum spatio tantum qui distat ab illo,
Sive igitur crescat de largis imbribus illud,
Seu nimio servore magis decrescat, habebit
Quinque pedum spaciun semper distantia tantum.
Cernitur a multis alius fons more probatus,
Qui facit ut dicunt canos mox esse capillos.
Fons alius si tactus erit vel visus ab ullo,
Efficit ingentes pluvias, quas fundere cœlum
Non cessat, si non obtiit sacra repellant.
Fons est si verum cernentis tempora signans,
Nam salit eructans cum signat tempora longa,
At silet attestans cernentem mox moriturum.
Fons est dulcis aque constans in vertice montis,
More maris retinens accessum sive recessum.
Dicunt esse duos fontes contraria agentes;
Alter namque necem potatus perpetrat, alter
Non auferit vitam, neuter cognoscitur ullo,
Tangere non audent iccirco utrumque periti.
Proximus esse mari modicus quoque fertur acervus,
Jam lapidum quiddam mirabile quiue ministrat,
Non magis apparens fluctu fugiente marino,
Quam solito cursu quando mare litora replet,
Occultante mari illic quæ magis alta videntur.
Est aliquod saxum mirabile, namque repente
Si fuerit virga percussum, suscitat imbres,
In quo tempestas oritur sequiturque caligo.
Antea Temoriam sedem rex quisque tenebat
Scottorum, fuerant ubi tres res maxime minæ;
Nam lapis, atque puer parvus, nanique sepulcrum.
Nam lapis ut fertur calcatus rege sonabat,
Jam rugiens, prolem genuit septennis et ille
Parvulus, ac lectus nunciatur ad omnibus seque
Quinque pedum spacio, brevior non addidit unquam,
Quem numerum fuerat qui non majore minutus.
Illa nimi miranda quidem piscina, leprosos
Quæ facit intrantes omnes se illicque lavantes,
Est tamen hæc eadem non noxia parte sequente,
Quæ solito cursu petit ac sic intrat in ipsam,
Inter utranque tamen partem distantia parva
Esse pedum spacio binorum pene videtur.
Continet hæc hominis cujusdam terra sepulcrum
Fœmineas turbas fallentis more doloso,
Ille etenim numerum ingentem violavit earum:
Fine tamen fuerat felici crimina deflens:
Ergo modo miro mulier, si viderit illud,
Pedere vel ridere solet cernendo sepulcrum,
Dormine jam resonat quod si non rideat illa.
De infantibus sanctum Patricium invocantibus.

Ex utero matris quondam sunt ista locuti
Infantes, "Nos sancte veni Patrici bene salva."

De Sancto Kienano.

Sanctus in hac patria quidam vir nomine Kyenan
Permanet incorruptus, habens nunc integra membra,
Mortuus ante tamen quingentos circiter annos,
Ejusdemque loci defuncti quique putrescunt.

De hominibus qui se vertunt in lupos.

Sunt homines quidam Scottorum gentis habentes
Miram naturam majorum ab origine ductam,
Qua cito quando volunt ipsos se vertere possunt
Nequiter in formas lacerantum dente luporum,
Unde videntur oves occidere sœpe gementes;
Sed cum clamor eos hominum seu cursus eorum
Fustibus aut armis terret, fugiendo recurrunt.
Cum tamen hoc faciunt sua corpora vera reliquist,
Atque suis mandant ne quisquam moverit illa;
Si sic eveniat, nec ad illa redire valebunt.
Si quid eos lædat, penetrent si vulnera quæque,
Vere in corporibus semper cernuntur eorum.
Sic caro cruda hærens in veri corporis ore,
Cernitur a sociis, quod nos miramus et omnes.

De homine decollato capite. vii. annos vivente.

Decollatus erat quidam languore doloris,
Postea septenos furtur vixisse per annos,
Gutturae namque miser possebat aperto alimentum.

De muliere cum corpore a daemonibus rapta.

Hæc res mira solet numero celebrantibus addi:
Vir bonus et verax aliquid mirabile vidit;
Quodam namque die volucres in flumine cernens,
Projiciens lapidem percussit vulnere cignum,
Prendere quem cupiens tunc protinus ille currit;
Sed properante viro, mire est ibi fœmina visa,
Quam stupidus visu aspiciens, haec querit ab illa,
Unde fuit? quid ei accidit? aut quo tempore venit?
Hæc, "infirmæ fui," inquit ei, "et tunc proxima morti,
Atque putata meis sum quod defuncta videbar,
Daemonibus sed rapta fui cum carne repente."
Hanc vix credibilem rem tunc audivit ab illa,
Quam secum ducens satiavit veste ciboque,
Tradidit atque suis credentibus esse sepultam,
Qui quod erat factum vix credere jam potuerunt.
De navi quæ visa est in aere.
Rex fuit in theatro Scottorum tempore quodam
Turbis cum variis, cum milibus ordine pulcris,
Ecce repente vident decurrere in aere navim.
De qua post piscem tunc unus jeicerat hastam,
Quæ ruit in terram, quam natans ille retraxit.
Ista quis auditurus erit sine laude tonantis?

De muliere elemosinam in Hibernia agente.
Martini quidam peregrinus venit ad urbem,
Cujus erat genitrix propria regione relicta,
Prædicti in feria quæ inopes satiare solebat.
Ille igitur matrem vidit tunc tradere carnum
Pauperibus cum lacte bono, sed vasis aperte
Abstulit occulte mirans et traxit operculum;
Postea sed redens matri monstraverat illud.
Protinus ergo videns, recolit; sed quaerit ab illo
Unde habuit, qui dixit ei, "tua teque videbam
Munera in urbe viri Martini scilicet almi,
Certe corporeis oculis in luce diei."
Quod multum miratur anus, miratur et ille.
Est celebranda piis haec res quæ mira videtur,
Exemplumque bonum, quia verum est, tempore longo.

De insula quadam satis admiranda.
Est quoque in hac petria mirabilis insula parva,
Quam fugiunt omnes volucres, nec adire volentes
Fœminei generis, nequeunt quia tangere terram
Sanctam, seu frondes, sexus sed visitat alter,
In qua more hominum est, avium divisio mira,
Illic nemo mori peccator seu sepeliri
Quit, soli sed rite viri qui ascendere possit
Ad cælum, exemplis multis quod sæpe probatur.

De molendino die dominico non molente nisi necessitate
hospitis, furtumque respuente.
Ecce molendum his mirum in regionibus extat;
Namque die Domini nulla vi posse moveri
Dicitur excepto spacio cum venerit hospes,
Tunc id enim vertit pistrinum sæpe molare,
Cursus aquæ retrahens, alter tunc posse negatur,
Preterea furtum semper bene respuit, illud
Nil molit en etenim cui furti crimen adhaeret.

De ipsa Hibernia in qua non vivunt serpentes.
Insula serpente nemullum jam continet ista,
Quam patriam Scotti certe cernuntur habere;
Sed certe moritur mox sin aliunde feratur.
Nec ranas, nullasque feras de more nocentis,
Vulpibus atque lupis exceptis, gignit alitve.

*De lapide sanguinem aliquando fluente.*
Sancti in sede lapsi cujusdam mirus habetur,
Sanguine sæpe fluens, rubrum fundensque crūorem,
Cum locus ille viris certe sploliatur iniquis.

*De fonte qui mutat fraxineam virgam in nuceam.*
Quidam fons mutat virgarum sæpe virentum
Naturam, ceu fama est, quæ merguntur in illo;
Nam qui fraxineam virgam modo mittit in illum,
Is nuceam mire paulo post abstrahit illo.

*De eo quod extinguit flamam labiis et lingua.*
Ecclesiae princeps cujusdam tempore semper
Natalis Domini, quiddam mirabile monstrat,
Magnam nam labiis et lingua extinguere flammam
Cernit a populo stupidum spectante lucernæ,
In nullo læsus tamen igne pyramidis alto.
Sanctus namque suis Colmanus jussit amicis,
Hoc semper fieri mirum indubitabile verum;
Donec namque poli numerentur sidera summi,
Quis numerare potest sanctorum facta virorum
Mira, Deus gentem per quos salvaverat istam.

*De admiratione Dei.*
Quic magis est mirus mirandis omnibus istis,
In numeris non mille modis quibus omnibus unus
Cuncta satis superat certe miracula nostra,
Scilicet angelicis quod tam videatur acutis
Agminibus mirus Deus, ut post milia multa
Non minus annorum, mirentur, amant, et adoren,
Quam cum principio coeperunt cernere primo.
Nam coeœus assiduo posset vilescre visu.
Quid magis hoc mirum vel mirum æquale videtur.
Gloria sit patri, domino quoque gloria Christo,
Gloria spiritui sancto, per sæcula cuncta! Amen.

VERSES ON THE WREN.

Inserted in Walter de Biblesworth, MS. Arundel, No. 220, fol. 301 v*.

Levere is the wrenne,
Abouten the schowe renne,
Than the fithel draut,
Other the floute craf.

Wrt.
Syr Peny.

From MS. Moore, 147, in the Library of Caius College, Cambridge, written on vellum and paper, in the fifteenth century. Communicated by the Rev. J. J. Smith, Fellow and Tutor of Gonville and Caius College. Another copy of the same ballad is printed in Ritsou’s Pieces of Popular Poetry, second edition, and in the appendix to Walter Mapes.

In erth there ys a lityll thynge,
That reynes as a grete kyng
There he is knowne in londe;
Peny is hys name callydde,
Ffor he makyth both yong and olde
To bowe unto hys hande.

Pope, kyng, and emperoure,
Byschope, abbot, and prioure,
Parson, preste, and knyght,
Duke, erle, and baron,
To serve syr Peny are they boen,
Both be day and nyght.

Peny chaungeth oft menys mode,
And garreth them do of ther hode
And ryse hym ageyn;
Men doth hym all obedyns,
And full grete reverens,
That lityll roende swayn.

In a courte hit is no bote
Agyen syr Peny for to mote,
Ffor hys mekyll myght;
He is so wyse and so strange,
Were hit never so mekyll wrang,
He wyll make hit ryght.

With Peny men may women tyll,
Be they never so strong of wyll,
So ofte hit may be sene,
Agyen hym they wyll not chyde,
Ffor he may gar them trayle syde
In burnet and in grene.

When Peny begynnys to spelle,
He makyth them meke that are were fell,
Fful ofte hit is i-sene;
The nedes are fulle sone spedde,
Both without bowor or wedde,
There Peny goeth betwene.
Peny may be both hevyn and helle,
And alle thyng that is to selle,
    In erth hath he that grace;
For he may both lose and bynde,
The pore is ay set behynde,
    There Peny comes in place.

Peny is set on bye dese,
And servd at the best messe,
    And the hygh borde;
Men honoure hym as a man,
If he litell gode can,
    3yt he is in borde.

Peny doth 3yt well mare,
He makyth men have moch care,
    Hym to gete and wynne;
He garrith men be forsworen,
Soule and lyfe be forloren,
    Ffor covetyse of syn.

The dede that Peny wyll have done,
Without let hyt spedys sone
    At his owen wylle.
Peny may both rede and gyffe,
He may gar fle, he may gar lyfe,
    Both gode and ylle.

Be he nevyr so strang a thefe,
Peny, that is man fulle lefe,
    May borowe hym to lyfe;
Peny is a gode felowe,
Both with hygh and with lowe,
    And councell for to gyffe.

He is a redy massyngere,
When he comes far or nere;
    An erande for to do,
Come he erly or late,
Hym is warned nor dore ne 3ate,
    That he comes onto.

Other thyng wylle they not have,
But that lityll roende knave,
    That covetyteth ech man.

Peny hath do alle treson,
Both in cite and in toen,
    In castelle and in coure.
When Peny comyth with schylde and spere,
He wynnys the gre in ylke a were,
And in ylke a boure.

With reson may ye wele se,
That Peny wyll mayster be,
Prove nowe man of mode;
Peny rydys troen be troen,
Ovyr all in ylke a toen,
On land and eke on flode.

He makyth the fals to be soende,
And ryght puttys to the grounde,
And fals lawys ryse.
This may ye find yf ye wyll loke,
Wretyn ill without the boke,
Ryght on this wyse.
Explicit de Dynario yhe magistro.

RIDDLES.
From MS. More 71, Caius College, Cambridge, of the fourteenth century.

 Arbor inest silvis, quae scribitur octo figuris;
Inde tribus demptis, unam vix inde videbis.

Ligneus est lectus, nullo tamen arbore sectus:
Solve qui poterit solvat, et ejus erit.

Est animal parvum, quod semper pascit in arvum;
Si convertatur, tunc quadrupes inde ligatur.

Hic non intreoeas nisi quae sunt haec tria dicas.
Qui facit et non fit, facit et fit, non facit et fit.

PROVERBS.
From the copy of the first edition of Caxton's Chaucer in the British Museum, written by an early possessor of the volume.

A womon is lesse pittefulie than a man; more envious then a serpant; mor malysceous then a tyrante; and more deceytfulle then the devylle.

Blyndnes wyth the mystes of jugemente dymeth the knoledge of reson.
More avayleth example then worde; and muche better be men toght by doing, then they ar by speking.

Better is a good nam then ambundance of riches; for good estymacyon surmottethe alle tressurs.

Envy is blind and canne do nothinge, but desprays vertewe; it is a scabbe of this world to have envy at vartew.

Fridyes in advercetie ar a refuge; and in prosperitie a pleasour and delight, to commynicat our pleassurs with alle together.

Hill.

A SERMON BEFORE THIEVES.

From MS. Cotton. Vespas. A. xxv. fol. 53, written in or soon after 1573.

A Sermon of parson Hyberdyne, which he made att the commandemente of certen theves after they had robbed hym besyde Hartlerowe in Hamshyer in the feldes ther standinge upon a hyll, where as a wynde myll had bene, in the presens of the theves that robbed hym, as followithe.

The Sermon as followethe.

I greatly mervell that any man wyll presume to dysprase theverie, and thynke the dooeres therof to be woorthy of deathe; consyderinge it is a thynge that cumithe nere unto vertue, beinge used of many in all contries, and comendid and allowed of God hym selfe: The which thinge, by cause I cannot compendiously shew unto yow at soo shorte a warnyng, and in soo sharpe a wether, I shall desyer yow, gentle audiens of theves, to take in good parte these thynge that, at thys tyme, cumythe to my mynde: not mysdowtynge but that yow, of youvre good knowledge, are able to add mutche more unto ytt then this which I shall nowe utter unto yow. Fyrst fortitude and stowtnes of corage, and also bowldnes of minde is commendyd of sume men to be a vertue, which beinge grawnted, who is yt then that wyll not judge theves to be vertused, for thay be of all men moste stowte and hardy, and moste withowte feare; for thevery is a thynge moste usuall amonge all men; for not only yow that be here presente, but many other in dyverse places, bothe men and wemen and chyldren, rytche and poore, are dayly of thys facultie, as the hangman of Tyboorne can testyfye; and that yt is allowed of God hymselfe, as it is evyndente in many storries of scriptures: for, yt yow looke in the hole cowrse of the Byble, yow shall fynde that theves have
bene beloved of Gode; for Jacobe, whan he came owte of Mesopotamia, dyd steale his uncle Labanes kydde; the same Jacobe also dyd steale his brother Esaues blessynge, and yet God seyde ‘I have chosen Jacobe, and refused Esau.’ The chyldren of Ysrael, whan they came owte of Egypte, dyd steale the Egiptians jewelles of sylver and gowlde, as God commawnd-ed them soo to doo. Davyd, in the days of Abiather the hygh preste, did come into the Temple, and dyd steale the hal-lowed breede, and yet God saide, ‘David is a man after myne owne harte.’ Chryste hymselfe, whan he was here on the erthe, did take an asse and a cowlte, that was none of hys, and yow knowe that God said of hym, ‘this is my beloved soone, in whome I delighte.’ Thus yow may see, that God delightithe in theves. But moste of all I marvell that men can dispysye yow theves, where as in all poynites almoste yow be lyke unto Christe hymselfe; for Chryste had noo dwellynge place, noo more have yow: Christe wente frome towe to town, and soo doo yow: Christe was hated of all men, savynge of his freendes, and soo are yow: Christe was laid waite upon in many places, and soo are yow: Chryste at the lengthe was cawghte, and soo shall yow bee: He was brough before the judges, and soo shall yow bee: He was accused, and soo shall yow bee: He was condemned, and soo shall yow bee: He was hanged, and soo shall yow bee: he wente downe into hell, and soo shall yow dooe; mary, in this one thyng yow dyffer frome hym, for he rose agayne, and assended into heaven, and soo shall yow never dooe, withoute Godes greate mercy, which Gode grawnte yow. To whome with the Father and the Soone and the Holy Ghoste bee all honore and glorye for ever and ever, Amen.”

Thus, his sermon beinge endyd, thay gave hym his money agayne that thay tooke frome hym, and .i.j.s. to drynke for hys sermon.

Explicit.

SCRAPS.

From MS. Douce, 257, written at the commencement of the fifteenth century.

vijj. ys my love, jif ix. go before
Wer vijj. y-gert above, iij. were wel therefore.
I love vij. xijj. and iijj. god,
Drof of hors and gyl of fisch,
So hat my lemmen war 3e ys;
Water of rother and taymys brother,
So hat my lemmen in non other.
RELIXUE ANTIQUE.

A yong wyf and an arvyst gos,
Moche gagil with bothe:
A man that [hath] ham yn his clos,
Rreste schal he wrothe.

Hull.

SIR JOHN MAUNDEVILE AND THE SULTAN
OF EGYPT.

From MS. Bodl. E Musæo, 160, in the Bodleian library, a quarto volume on paper of the beginning of the sixteenth century. It apparently forms part of a larger treatise, which is given in the MS. very imperfectly.

The commonyng of Ser John Mandevelle and the gret Souden.

Opon a tymne when Ser John Mandevelle
In Egipte was in his jornaye,
Two 3ere with the souldene did he dwelle,—
Wel beloved he was of hym allewaye.
A lordes doghter and his ayre ryght gaye
He offert to hym, if he wald forsake
His fayth and take Machometes laye,
But no sich bargan wold he make.
On a tymne to counselle he did hym take,
And put alle othere lordes hym fro;
He sayde, “telle me your Cristyn state,
And how they kep theyr leyving tho.”
John Mandevelle sayd agayn hym too,
“Ryght welle, I trust, by Goddes grace.”
The sowden sayd “it is not soo;
ffor your prestes, that suld tech vertus trace,
They ryn rakyll out of gud race,
Gylle ylle ensamnille and lyse in synne;
Off God services of his holy place,
They gyf no forse, but gud to wynne,
In dronken hed and licherese synne;
Ylle cownselle to prinsese they geve;
They by and selle by craft and gyn,
Theryr mysord cawses alle myscheve.
The commoun pepille of God thay greve
On holy festes, when they suld pray,
They seke sportes, and playse, and tavernes chefe,
In sloth and glotoné alle that daye.
In lichery like bestes ar they,
In occar, falshed, and robbare,
Stryf and detraction, suth to saye,
Mich perjury and many lee:
for felle pride disgysed they bee,
Now lang, Now shoerte, for mekille changenge;
Abowt sich pride is alle the studee.
Agayn ther law and Cristes byddynge.
They ought to be meke and of devowt lyvynge,
Ever tru and ylk an other love;
We knaw they lost, for sich synynge,
The Holy Land, that is best to prove;
We fer not but to hald it to our behove,
Als lang as they lefe on this wyse.
Neverlesse we knaw they salle be above,
for ther better leyvyng then salle thay ryse;
But sit they hast not to be wyse,
for-thi we trust to hald it lange.”
Then Mandevelle said his hart did gryse,
To her us so rebuket of a haythen man;
“Lord save your reverence,” son sayd he than,
“How cowth se knaw thses thinges so clere?”
He sayd, “I send theder many man,
With marchandes, truth tylle enquere.”
Loo! Cristyn men, now may se here
How heythen men doth us dispise!
for Cristes love lat us forbere
Our ugly synnes, and radly ryse.
Our mede is mekylle in paradise,
Yf we thus do, or elles dowltlesse
Depyst in helle in paynes grise,
Hawee our set in payne endlesse.
O, is not this a gret hevynese,
So many folke be lost for lakk of faythe!
Now it senys lowsit is Sathanesse,
That sett this ward thus owt of graythe.
Saint John in his Apocalipse saythe,
“Sathanas sal be lowset and do myche scathe.”
Surly that may be previd here,
That when passit is a thowsand seere,
for agayn Crist and his gospelle clere,
The sowden, the Turke, and the gret Caane,
With Prester John and alle ther subjictes seere,
By fayth and life Crist in again,
Alle lust pleurse use they playn,
Covates and prid, and countes it no syn,
He at hase most pleurse is best they sayn,
And most joy in paradise salle wyn.
About a thousand yere this did begyn
After Cristes byrthe, in most owtrage,
Sathanase was lowset and cawset this syn,
Als Saint John did prophecy and saye.
Je have hard how Macometes lay
Doth promesse a paradise that cannot bee,
But the gret Cane and his subjectes do saye
A hevyn they trust to have and see.
But wylle je here how blynd thaye bee
By the beryynge of ther gret Caane?
Sfor so beleeveth ale the commontee,
And many mekylle wars certayn;
When thay saile bery the gret Caane,
Mekylyle mete and drinke on the erth they cast
To fede hym after he be gane,
Sfor they thinke the saule it may not faste.
Than the body they bryng unto that place
When he saile ly armet in his wede,
In a tabernacle or a case,
Right preciose and by hym his stede,
With sheld and spere and other wede,
With a whit mere to gyf hym in ylke.

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CHARTER RELATING TO THE BUILDING OF
ST. GEORGE’S CHAPEL AT WINDSOR.

The original of the following document is preserved in the archives of the
Dean and Chapter of Windsor.

This indenture made the vth day of the moneth of June in
the xxith yeare of the reigne of our Soveraign Lord King
Henry the viith, betweene George Talbott Lorde Steward, Giles
Daubeney Lord Chamberlain, and Sir Thomas Lovell Knight,
in the name of our said Soverain Lord and and all the Lords
and Knights of the most honorable order of the Garter of the
oon partie, and John Hylmer and William Vertue fremasons
oun the other partie, witnesseth that it is covenauted, bar-
gayned, and agreed betwixt the parties above named, that the
said John Hylmer and William Vertue at their owne proper
costs and charges shall vawltte or doo to bee vawlted with free
stone the roof of the queere of the College Roiall of our Lady
and Saint George within the Castell of Wyndsoare, according
to the roof of the body of the said College ther, which roof
conteyneth vii. senereys, as well the vawltte within furth as
archeboceus, crestys, corses, and the King's bestes stondying on theym to borye the fanes on the outsides of the said quere, and the creasts, corses, beasts above on the outsides of Maister John Shornes Chappell, to bee done and wrought according to the other creastes, and comprised within the said bargayne: provided alway that the principall keyes of the said vawte from the high awter downe to the Kings stall shall bee wrought more pendaunt and rotower then the keyes or pendaunts of the body of the said colege, with the king's armes crowned with lyons, anteloppes, greyhoundes, and dragons, beryng the said armes, and all the other lasser keys to bee wrought more pendaunt and holower then the keyes of the body of the said colege, also with roses, portecolys, floure-de-lyces, or any other devyce that shall please the King's grace to have in them. To all which worke the said John and William promysen and by these presents bynden themself, their heires, and executors, in ccc sterlings, to fynde all manner of stone, tymbre of scaffolds, bords, nayles, and all other things necessary, with caryage for the same by water or by land, and to have fully finyshed the said vawte with the appurtenances by the Fest of the Nativyte of our Lord, which shall bee in the yeare of our Lord God after the course and acounting of the church of England mcccx. and viij; for all which workes before-named the King's grace and the Lords and Knights of the Garter must paye or doo to bee paid to the sayd John and William, or to their assignes, viij. c. li. sterling after this manner and foureme folowing, that is to say at their sealing of thies indentures c.ii. At the fest of the nativty of our Lorde, then next following c.iii. At the fest of Ester, then next and immediately folowing lxxx. At the fest of the Nativyte of Seint John Baptist, then next following lxxxii. At the fest of St. Michael the archangell, then next folowing lxxxvi. At the nativyte of our Lorde, then next folowing lxii. At the fest of Ester, then next folowing lxii. At the nativyte of Seint John Baptist, then next folowing lxii. And the residue of the somme amounting to fourscore pounds to bee payed as the worke goes forward bitwixt that and the Fest of the Nativitee of our Lorde then next folowing, by which day the said worke must bee finyshed and ended. To all which bargaynes and covenantes wele and truly to bee kept and performed the parties above named to their present indentures interchaungeably have set to their seales the daye and yere abovesaid.
SCRAPES.

From the Margins, &c. of Manuscripts.

1. From a Psalter of the fourteenth century, discovered in a farm-house in Leicestershire, by J. Stockdale Hardy, Esq. F.S.A.

Les aprises qu' le sages aprent à ces enfaunz.
La premere est Loyalté en bouche.
La secounde est Amour en quoor.
La tierce est Sage e garny en fayt.
La quarte est Chaste de corps.
La quynte est Mesure en totes choses.
L'enfaunt qu' tayr vodra,
A cestes choses se tendra.

Maddamys alle as 3e bee,
Rememyr this wane 3e hyt see;
Sche that wylle stwde here [! scrwde here] over muche,
Sche shalve not gate tho by crose no the cruche;
Scho that haw wyll to play the chytle,
Apon this sche most loke oth wylle.
Ware welle, ladys, and remener thys,
I haw wryttyn to yow I nott wat hit ys.

2. From a handsome Latin breviary, in the possession of Henry Walter, Esq. of The Willows, near Windsor.

Iste liber pertinet domini Aeliciæ Champnys moniali monasterii Shastonie, quem dicta Aelicia emit pro summa decem solidorum de domino Richardo Marshallre re[c]tore ecclesiæ parochialis sancti Rumboldi de Shastina prædicta.

Trium puororum cantemus hymnum quem cantabant in camino ignis benedictentes Dominum. O swete Jhesu, the sonne of God, the endles swetnesse of hevyn and of erthe and of all the worlde, be in my herte, in my mynde, in my wytt, in my wylle, now and ever more, Amen. Jhesu mercy, Jhesu gramercy, Jhesu for thy mercy, Jhesu, as I trust to thy mercy, Jhesu as thow art fulle of mercy, Jhesu have mercy, on me and alle mankynde redenyd with thy precyous blode. Jhesu, Amen.

J. G. N.

Ω AN HISTORICAL POEM.

From MS. Bodl. E Musæo, 160, on paper in quarto. The first stanza and some lines in the middle are too imperfect to be at all intelligible.

King Herré the eght of fair Yngland,
And Katryne his gud and vertuose wheyne,
King of France, Francis to understand,
With Clawdia his wife, I weyne;
Thes iij. kinges with their courte bedeyn,
At the Ynglische palace in rich araye
Besid Calace did mete so cleyne,
Charls the grete emperour and gaye.
At their dyner fulle lange sat thaye,
ffro none to none withowtyn cesse;
Kinge Herré alle ther costes did paye,
Many gret astate com unto that dese.
After justynge of knightes fersse,
And gudly gammis of ser degree,
Thay departid with love and perse,
God grauntid lang to last and bee!
In Yngland tempest of waters felle,
In ser places out of com se did flowe.

[The MS. is torn in this place.]
Gret browses it bare downe . . . brase,
And trees and tymber stud in it waye;
Both nete and shepe in divers place
It drownet, and bare down mekille haye.
Gret clerkes this tym did saye
That felle thinges in this wold suld falle,
And grete farlies within this iiiij.were daye,
God turnet to wele at welden alle!
At Beverley a sudden chaunce did falle,
The parish chirch stepille it felle
At evynsonge tyme, the chaunce was thralle,
ffourscore folke ther was slayn thay telle.
Sudden deth one certen richemen felle;
The deyn of Powls left in gud gold,
xv. thousnd pownd to telle,
With as miche money as a bushell myght hold.
flor alle this fro he was laid in mold,
He had never a messe don for hym thay said;
The king and cardinalle gat the gold,
Covates men herby may be flayed.
A riche man of London also,
In gold he had a thousnd pownd,
Alle sufferances xx.s. a pece ar tho,
By temptacion of a bellis hownd
He hangit hymself, a deth unsound.

This poem is written on two leaves which are separated in the manuscript, from the ignorance of the binder, there being five leaves betwixt them. The MS. is not foliated.
POETICAL SCRAPs.
From MS. Harl. 2316, fol. 25, r°. of the earlier part of the fourteenth century, written as prose, partly a palimpsest.

O Men rent me on rode
  Wiht wndern wolich wode,
  Al blet mi blode!
  Thenk, man, al it is se to gode!
Thenk who se first wroghte,
  For what werk helle sowhte;
Thenk who se ageyn bowhte,
  Werk warli, fayle me nowhte.
Biheld mi side,
  Mi wndern sprede so wide,
Restles I ride,—
  Lok upon me, put fro se pride!
Mi palefre is of tre,
  Wiht nayles nayled 3wrh me,
Ne is more sorwe to se,
  Certes noon more no may be.
Under mi gore
  Ben wndern selcow3e sore;
Der man, mi lore,
  For mi love sinne no more!
Fal nowht for fonding,
  3at schal se most turne to goode;
Mak stif wiht stondinge,
  Thenk wel who me rente on se rode!

O Jhesu Cryst, myn leaman swete,
  3at for me deyedes on rode tre,
Wiht al myn herte I se biseke,
  For 3i wndern to and thre,
3at al so foste in myn herte
  3i love roted mute be,
As was 3e sperre into 3i side,
  Whan 3ow suffredis ded for me!

Kyndeli is now mi coming
  Into 3is [werd] wiht teres and cry,
Litel and povere is myn having,
  Bri3el and sone I falle from hi!
Scharp and strong is mi deying,
  I ne woth whider schal I;
Fowl and stinkande is my roting,
  On me, Jhesu, 3ow have mercy!
Ded is strong and maystret alle thing!
Ded for-doth barown and king!
Ded is fel and mercy hat noon,
For al 3is werld to ded schal gon!
Ded is derne and stalket stille!
Ded warnet noman 3at he wile spille!
Ded men dredet, and 3at is skil,
For alle he take at his wil!
Man, of 3i lyf be nowht to bold,
For ded ne sparet ying ne old!

God wiht hise aungeles I have for-loren,
Allas! 3e while 3at I was boren!
To sorwe and pine I bringe at eende,
Man 3at me lovet I schal him schende!

To 3e send I owe fewté,
Truage, homage, and gret lewté.

Mercy is hended where sinne is mest,
Mercy is lastere 3ere sinne is lest.
Mercy abidet and loke al day,
Whan man fro sinne wile turnen away;
Mercy savet 3at lawe wolde spille,
Mercy asket but Godes wille!

3is is 3i sete, domes man,
3if rihtful dom 3if 3ow kan;
Wiht 3in hond tak 3ow no gifte,
Ne for biseking doi non unriht;
Lawe and liht is 3i faderis fel,
Loke on 3at and deme wel!

Marie, 3ow quen! 3ow moder! 3ow mayden briht!
3ow wilt! 3ow canst! 3ow art of miht!
3ow lyf! 3ow love! 3ow hope of blisse!
In sinne, in sorwe, in nede, us wisse!

He is wys 3at kan be war or him be wo;
He is wys 3at lovet his frend and ek his fo;
He is wys 3at havet i-now and kan seyn, "ho!"
He is wys 3at kan don wel; and doeth al so.

Hope is hard 3er hap is foo;
Hap wile helpen 3er hope is froo:
Unhap at nede is werdes wo,
God sende him hap 3at wolde wel do!

Sey, sinful man, what is 3yn thowht,
3at to 3is werd art al yoven?
Hezen schat 30w beren riht nowht,
30w Cristendom al were 3yn owen!

Man, loke 30w troste se nowht to fele,
30w 3w have gold and werdis wele;
For here 3w schalt nowht evere ben,
Thenk 3w schalt deyen and hezen teen:
3i godes schulen pasen everyhon,
And hem schulen haven in hap 3i son,
3i fleysch schal roten fro 3e bon,
But 3ine dedes schulen wiht 3e gon!

Men hem bimenin of litel trewthe,
It is ded and 3at is rewthe;
Lesing livet and is above,
And now is biried trewthe and love!

Sinful kynde fro kyndeli skil,
Wihtowten mynde wol fer got wil;
But best I fynde wihtowten skil,
To lawe of kynde lowande his wil.

Riche mannis r1sflowr,
Povere mannis purveyowr,
Old mannis somenowr,
Prowd mannis miowr. (i. e. mors.)

Blisse it were in londe to haven wrchipe and miht,
Yef ded mihte no man reven his riht;
But blisse lestit nothing, and 3at is mikel schame,
And ded is at 3yn ending, and doet awey 3i name!

O He yaf himself as good felawe,
When he was boren in wre wede;
Als good norice he bowh down lowe,
When wiht himself he wolde us fede.
Als good schehiprde upon 3e lowe,
His wed he yaf for wre nude;
In hevene as king we schulen him knowe,
Qwan he himself schal yiven in mede.

Now goot falshed in every flok,
And trewthe is sped under a lok;
Now no man may comen 3er to,
But yef he singge si dedero.

Writ.
DUTTON'S COMPANY OF ACTORS.

The following very curious satire is taken from MS. Harl. 7392, fol. 97, a collection of poetry made in the time of Queen Elizabeth. For information relative to the Duttions, see Collier's *Hist. Dram. Poet.* vol. i. p. 291.

The Duttions and theyr fellow-players forsakyng the Erle of Warwycke theyr mayster, became followers of the Erle of Oxford, and wrot themselves his Comediанс, which certayne gentlemen altered and made Camelions. The Duttions, angry with that, compared themselves to any gentleman; therefore these armes were devysed for them.

The fyeld, a fart dutty, a gybbet crosse-corded,
A dauncycng Dame Flurty of alle men abhorred;
A lyther lad scampant, a roge in his ragges,
A whore that is rampant, astrythe wyth her legges.
A woodccke displayed, a calle and a sheepe,
A bitche that is splayed, a dormouse asleepe;
A vyper in styne, la part de la drut,
Spell backwyrde this Frenche and cracke me that nut.

Paertie per pillery, perced with a rope,
To slyte the more lytherly anoynted with sope;
A coxcombe crosse of token of witte,
Two eares perforate, a nose wythe slytte.
Three nettles resplendent, three owles, three swallowes,
Three mynstrylmen pendent on three payre of gallowes,
Further sufficiently placed in them
A knaves head, for a difference from alle honest men.

The wreathe is a chayne of chaungeable red,
To shew they ar vayne and fickle of head;
The creste is a lastrylle whose feathers ar blew,
In signe that these fydlers will never be trew;
Whereon is placed the horne of a gote,
Because they ar chast, to this is theyr lotte,
For their bravery, indented and parted,
And for their knavery innebulated.

Mantled lowsy, wythe doubled drynke,
Their ancient house is called the Clynke;
Thys Posy they beare over the whole earthe,
Wylt please you to have a fyt of our mirthe?
But reason it is, and heraultes alowe welle,
That fidlers should beare their armes in a towelle!

William.
WHAT IF A DAY, A MONTH, OR A YEAR.

From MS. Addit. 6704, fol. 183, an entry book of the Wigley family of the time of Queen Elizabeth. Another copy of this song, consisting of two stanzas only, is printed in vol. i. p. 323.

What ye a daye or a month or a yeare
Crowne my desyres with a thousand wisht contentmentes,
Cannot the chaunce of a nighte or an hower
Crose thy delytes with a thousand sad tormentmentes?
Fortune, favoure, bewty, youth, are but blossomes dyinge,
Wanton pleasures, dotinge love, are but shadowes flyinge!
Alloure joyes are but toyes, idle thoughtes delightinge!
None have power of an hower in their lyves bereavinge.

Th'earth's but a poyn to the world, and a man
Is but the poynye to the earthes compared centur!
Cann then the poynye of a poynye be so fonde,
As to delighte in a sille poynetes adventure?
Alle is hassard that wee have, their is noughte abydinge;
Dayes of fortune are but streames throughe faire meadowes glydinge:
Weale or woe, tyme dothe goe, in tyme noe returninge;
Secrete fates gydes our states, bothe in mearth and mourninge!

Go, sille nete, to the cares of my deare,
Make thyselfe bleste, in her sweetest passions languishe!
Laye thee to sleepe in the bedd of her harte,
Geve her delighte, though thyselfe be madd with anguish:
Then wheare thou arte, thinke on me that from thee ame vanisht,
Saye once I had bine content, thoughge that nowe ame banisht;
Yett when streames backe shall rune and times passed shall rewe,
I shall teaze her to love and in lovinge to be trewe.

Hill.
A MYSTERY OF THE BURIAL OF CHRIST.

From MS. Bodl. e Mus. 160, a quarto volume on paper written early in the sixteenth century. The number of the MS. in Bernard's Catalogus Lib. MSS. Angl. et Hib., tom. i. p. 176, is 3692.

PROLOGUE.

The prologe of this treyté, or meditatioun off the buryalle of Criste and mourning therat.

A soule that list to singe of love
Of Crist that com tille us so lawe,
Rede this treyté it may hym move,
And may hym teche lightly with awe
Off the sorow of Mary sumwhat to knawe,
Opon gudfriday after-none,
Also of the appostiles awe,
And how Mwdleyn sorowe cessit not sone.
    And also
How Josephe of Aramathye,
And othere persons holye,
With Nichodeymye worthely,—
How in thair harte had wo.

ffyrst lat us mynde how gud Josephe
On this wise wepite Cristes dethe.

Josephe. Alasse! that ever I levit thus longe,
This day to se so grete wronge;
So felle cruelltee and paynes stronge
Were never seyn or this.
Such envy, such rancor, such malesse,
Of cruelle tormentis such excesse,
O, Pilate! Pilate! in thy palesse,
He that never did amysse
This day was dampnyt! O innocent bloode!
Most of vertue, most gracioso and gude,
This day streymyt owt lik a floode,
And lyk a ryvere grete!
On Calvery mownt on lenghe and brede,
O Calvery; thy greyn colore is turnyd to rede
By a blessit lames bloode, which now is dede.
Alesse, for saynt I swete!
Remembringe that so cleyne on innocent shuld dye,
Which ledd his life the most perfitlye,
And wrought sikh werkes wonderoslye,
Ose Judea can recorde.
RELIXE ANTIQUE.

What mortalle creature that powre myght have
To make a dede man rise owt of his grave,
Lyinge therin iiiij. dayes tayve,
But God the gretist Lorde?
A man to have his sight born starke blinde
from Adams creation where shall we fynde,
Or what prophettes can ye calle ty mynde
Of whom may be verryfyed
So grete a miracle above naturs righte?
To many othere blind men he gave the sighte,
And wroghte many wounders by godly myghte,
As it is welle certifie.de.
from the hylle I com bot now downe,
Wher I left the holy women in dedly swowne;
O ye pepulle of this cety and of this towne,
Herd ye not the exclamation;*n
And the grete bruunte which was on the hille,
"Crucyfy hym! crucify hym! slo hym and kille!"
Peace now, harkyn, I pray you stand stille,
Methink I here lamentatioun.

OFF THE WEPINGE OF THE THRE MARIES.

This is a play to be played on part on gudfriday afternone,
and the other part opon Esterday afternone. The Resurrection
in the morowe but . . . . begynyge at certen tynes which
. . . . . not be said if it be plaied, which . . . . . a til.

Thre Mariye sais allegidere in a voce,

O most dolorose day! O tym of gretist sorowe!
O systers, stand stille untyllе tomarowe!
I trow I may not leve!

Josephe. I here the, Mawdleyne, bitterly compleyn;
What gud creature may hymself refrayn
In this piteose mysccheffe?

Prima Maria. O day of lamentatioun!
Secunda Maria. O day of exclamatione!
Thrid Maria. O day off suspiratione,
Which Jewes shall repent!

Mary Mawdlen. O day most doloruse!
Secunda Maria. O day paynfulle and tediose!
Tertia Maria. O pepulle most cruelle and furiose,
Thus to slo an innocent!
Secunda Maria. O Mawdleyne! your maister dere,
How rewfully he hinges here,
That set you first in ceile!

Mawdleyn. Acesse, sisters, it sloes my chere,
His dulfulle deth I may not bere!
Devowt Josephe I se hym here,
Our cares for to keyle.
O gud Josephe, approche to us nere,
Behold hym mowndit with a sper,
That lovede yow so weyle.

Josephe. O god Mawdleyn, I pray you here,
And your susters als to be of gud chere.
Magdalen. O frende Joseph, this prince had never pere.
The welle of mercy that made me clere,
And that wist ye weile.

Nay, gude Josephe, com nere and behold,
This bludy lames body is starke and cold,
O! hadde ye seyn his paynes many fold,
Ye wald have beyne right sory!

Josephe, luk bettere, behold and see
In how litlle space how many woundes bee,
Here was no mercye, her was no pitee,
But cruelle delinge paynfully!

O, goode Josephe! I am alle dysmayede
To see his tendere fleshe thus rewfully arayed,
On this wise so wofully displayed,—
Woundit withe nayle and sper.

O dere Josephe, I feylye my hart wex cold,
Thes bressite fete thus bludy to behold,
Whom I weshid with teres manyfold,
And wypped with my heare!

O, how rewfulle a spectaclle it is!
Never hast bee seyn, ne shalle be after this,
Such cruelle rigore to the kinge of blisse,—
The Lord that made alle

Thus to suffere in his humanitee,
And that only for our iniquitee,—
O, makere of man! what love and pitee
Had thou for us so thalle!

O, gude Josephe, was ye not present here?

Joseph. Yis, moder Mawdleyn, it changid my chere,
The wounder was so grete I yrkit to com nere,
But I was not farre hence.

Magdalena. O Josephe, if I told you evrycircumstaunce
Of the moste merite and perseveraunce
Of hym that never did offence,
Thys highe kinge that hingis befor our face,
Displayed on crosse in this piteos place,
And telle you of his pacience,—
ffrende Josephe, this day am I sure
Scantly with force ye myght it indure,
But your hart shuld tendere,
How he sufferte to be takid,
Sor scourgit and nakt
On alle his body slendere!
And notwithstanding your manly hart,
Frome your oes the teres wald starte
To shew your hevynesse.
Com hithere Josephe and stande ner this rood,
Loo, this lame spared not to shedd his blude,
With most paynfulle distresse;
Her was more rancore shewed than equitee,
Mich more malace than ony pitee!
I reporte me yourself, behold and see,—
His payn passis alle othre!
Alle if he were the prince of peace,
Therfor my sorow haves no releace.
Josephe. Gude Mawdleyn of your mourynge cease,
It ekes my doole, dere moder.
Maria Jacobi secunda. Goode frende Josephe, what creature maye
But sorow to se this wofulle daye,—
The day of gretis payne?
Maria Salomee. Wo and sorow must nedis synke
Mor in our hartes than met and drinke,
To se our Saveyoure slayne.
Josephe. Alese, women, ye mak my hart to relente,
Beholdinge his body thus torne and rente,
That inwardly I wepe.
But, gude Mawdleyn, shew unto me
Where is Mary his mothere so free;
Who have that maide to kepe?
Maudleyn. A! Josephe from this place is sho gone;
To have seyn hir a harte of stone
ffor runthe wuld have relente:
Right many tymes emange us here
Sche sowwnyd with most dedly chere,
Ose mothere mekest kente;
With fullonge prayere scant we myghte,
Cause hir parte from this peteose sighte
Sche madde many compleynyte.
Ye saw never woman this wise dismaide,—
3ebedeus and John hase hire convaide,—
To spek of hire I faynte!
Many men spekes of lamentacioun,
Off moder and of their gret desolatioun,
Which that thay did indure
When theyr childer dy and passe,
But of his peteose tender moder, alassee!
   I am verray sure,
The wo and payn passis alle othere;
   Was ther never so sorowfulle a mothere
      ffor inward thoght and cure!
When sho harde hym for his enmyse praye,
And promesid the thefe the blissis aye,
And to hirself no word wald saye,
   Schi sighid, be ye sure.
The sonne hynge and the moder stood,
And ever sho kysis the droppes of blood
   That so fast ran down:
Sche extendit hir armes hym to brace,
But sho myght not towch hym, so high was the place,
   And then sho felle in swoun.

*Josephe.*  A! gude Mawdleyne, who can hir blame,
To se hir awn sonne in so grete shame
   Withowt any offence.
But, Mawleyne, had he ony myud in his passioun?

*Mawdleyne.*  See, yee, Josephe, of hir he had grete compassioun,
   As apperit by evidence:
      ffor hanginge on the crosse most petfully,
He lukyd on that maide, his moder, rewfully,
   And with a tender cowtenance:
As who say, moder, the sorow of your harte
Make my passion mor bitter and mor smarte,—
   Ye ben ever in my remembrance:
Dere moder, becawse I depart of nowe,
John my cosyn shalle waite on yowe,
   Your conforte for to bee:
Loo! he had hir in his gracioso mynd,
To teche alle childeren to be kind
   To fader and moder of dewtee:
This child wald not lefe his moder alone,
Notwithstandinge hir lamentabile mone
   And heuyynes.

*Joseph.*  A! gud lady, fulle wo was shee!
But can ye telle what wordes saide hee
   There in that grete distresse?

*Mawdleyne.*  O, Josephe! this lame most meke
In this cruelle tormentes and paynfulle eke
   But fewe wordes he hadd!
Save that in grete agonye
He saide thes wordes, "I am thrustye,"
   With chere demure and sadd.
Joseph. Mawddeyne, suppose ye his desire was to
drinke?
Mawddeyn. Nay, verrelye, frende Joseph, I thinke
He thrustede no lyquore:
He thruste water of charitee,
for our faihte and fidelitee,
   He ponderite the rigore
Off his passion done so cruellye,
for the helth of mannys saulle cheflye
   He thrustid and desirede:
And then after tormente longe,
And after paynes felle and stronge
   This mekist lam expyrede.
for wikkit synners this lame is dede!
Ales! my hart wex hevy os lede,
   Myndinge my writhchitisnesse.
Where was ever a mor synfule creature
Than I myself? nay, nay,—I am sure
   Was none of mor offencesse.
O, what displesur is in my mynd,
Rememberinge that I was so unkynd
   To hym that hinges here,—
That hinges here so piteoslye!
for my synnes done owtragoslye
   Mercy, Lorde, I requere.
Notwithstandinge the gre[te] enormitee
Of my fowle synnes and of his humylitee,
   This lambe, this innocent,—
for my contritioun he forgave mee,
Only of his fre mercifulle pitee,—
   Neddes must my harte relente!
This is the sacrifice of remissioun,
Crist alle synners havinge contritioun
   Callith to mercy and grace:
Sayinge thes swete wordes, "retorne to mee,
Leve thy syn and I shal be with thee,
   Accepthe in every place."
Had not beyne his most mercifulle consolatione,
I wrecche of alle wretches into desperatioun
   Had fallen right dangerslye!
My dedes were dampanbille of righte,
But his mercee accepte my harte contrighte,
And reconciled me gracioslye.
O, mekest Lambe, hanginge here on hye,
Was ther none othere meyn but thou must nede dy,
Synners to reconcyle?
A! sisters, sisters, what sorow is in me,
Beholde my master on this petose tree!
My harte saint I may no longer dree,—
Now lat me pawse a whyle.
O, where shalle ony comforthe com to mee,
And to his modere, that maid so free?
Wald God here I myght dye!
The ij. Maries. Gud Mawdleyn, mesure youre distillinge teres.
Mawdlayn. O, sisters, who may hold their cheris?
These are the swete fete I wipet with heris,
And kissid so devowlye.
And now to see tham thyrlyte with a nayle,
How shulde my sorrowfulle harte bot sayle,
And mowrne contynually?
Cum hithere, Joseph, beholde and looke
How many bludy letteres beyn written in this buke,
Smalle margente her.
Josephe. Ye, this parchement is strichit owt of syse;
O, derest Lorde, in how paynfulle wise
Have ye tholit this!
O, alle the pepille that passis hereby,
Beholde here inwardlye with your ees gostly,
Consider welle and see,
Yf that ever ony payn or torment
Were lik unto this, which this innocent
Haves suffert thus mekle!
Remembere, man, remembere welle and see
How liberalle a man this Lord was and free,
Which to save mankind
On droppe of blude haves not kepit ne sparid,—
Sfulle litlle for ease or plesure he carid,
By reason ye may finde,
Which on dropp of blood hase not resarvyd.
O Lord, by thy deth we beyn preservyd,
By deth thou hast slayne deth:
Was never no love lik unto thynye,
That to this meknes thyselfe wald inclyne,
And for us to yelde thy brethe.
Thou knewe there were no remedy to redeyme syn,
But a bath of ther blude to bathe mans saule in,
And thou were welle assent
To let it renne owt most plentiesly.
Where wer ever sich love? never verrely,
That such wise wald content.
To his fathere for us he made a sure rendere:
Loo, every bone ye may nowmbere of his body tendere
for untollerabille paynes.
The tormentours sparede no crueltee,
Whith sharp scowrge to terre his fleshe ye may see,
With thorns thrust in his braynes.
Grete nayles dreveyn the bones alle to brake,
Thus in every parte the nayles thay did wrake!
O cruelle wikitnese!
from the crowne of the hede unto the too,
This blessit body was wrappit alle in woo,
In payne and distresse!
In this displaied body where may it be founde,
On spott or a place bet ther is a wounde,
O wther mor or lesse?
Se his side, hede, handes, and fete!
Lo, alle his body with blude is wete!
Lo, paynfulle was his presse!
On yche parte he is payned sore,
Save only the tunge, which evermore
for synners did prayee.
Mawdeyn. Who saw ever a spekttacle more piteus,
A more lamentable sight and dolorus?
A! A! this wofulle dye!
Alesse! this sorow that I endure,
With grete inwarde heyses and cure!
Alesse! that I do not dye!
To see hym dede made me of noghte,
And with his deth thus haves me boughte!
O cruelle tormentyre!
O dere master, be ye not displeasid;
Yf I myght dy with yow, my hart wel wel easid!
O ffaynt and faynt it is!
Joseph. What meyn se, women, in Goddis name?
Moder, to mych sorow se mak; ye be to blame;
I pray yow leve alle this.
He that hingeth here of his humilité,
ffrom deth shalle aryse for right,—so saide hee,
His wordes must nedis be trewe.
This is the finale cauase and conclisouen,
To bringe our mortalle enmy to confusion,
And his powere to subdewe.
for this case he descendit from the hevyly place,
Born of the mekest virgyn, alle fulle of grace,
    Which now most sorrowfulle is.
for that case he did our natur take,—
Thus by deth to sloo deth, for mannes sake,
    And to restor hym to blyssse:
Wherfor, good women, yourself comforte,
Amongst us agayn he shalle resorte
    I trust verelye.
I pray you compleyne not thus hevylee.

Mawdleyne. Nedes must I compleyne and that most bitterlee,
    And I shalle telle you whye.
If sensibille creatures beyn troublid, 3e see,
The son had lost his sight, ecleppid was hee,
    Th'erth tremblide serfullye,—
The hard flynt and stone is brokyn in sundre,
Yf resonable creatures be troublid it is no wonder;
    And emange alle specially,
I a wrecyth woman, a wrecche! a wrecche!
Behold these bludy welles, her may thou seche
    Balme more preciosie than golde.
O ye welles of mercy dyggide so depe,
Who may refrayn, who may bot wepe
    These bludy streynys to beholde?
O fontans flowinge with water of life,
To wash away corrupcioun of wondes infectyse,
    By dedly syne grevose!
Alle with meknese is mesured this ground without dowte,
Wherin so many springes of mercy flowes owte,
    Beholde how so plentose.

Alter Maria. Mawdleyne, your mowrnynge avaylis nothinge,
Lat us speke to Josephe, hym hertely desiringe
    For to finde some gude waye,
This crucified body downe to take,
And bringe it to sepulchure, and so lett make
    Ende of this wofulle daye.

Josephe. Gude women and worthye,
3e shalle understand yit more that I
Have beyne with the juge Pilat instantlye,
    for this same requeste,—
To berye this most holy bodye,
Ande he grauntid me fulle tenderlye
    To do os me thought beste.
I have spokene with Nichodemus also,
Ye shalle se hyme takyn downe or ye go,
    That he taryes so longe I marvelle.
A! I se hym now com upward the hille,
Cesse of youre wepinge, I pray you be stille,—
    I trust alle shal be welle.
Nichodemus, come nere, we have longe for you thoxt.
Nichodemus. O worthy Lorde, who made alle thinge
    of noght,
With the most bitter Payne to deth is thou broughte,
    Thy name blessit bee!
O how a pitefulle sight is this,
To se the prince of everlastinge blisse
    To hinge here on this tree,—
To hinge here thus soo piteoslye!
O most lovable Lorde, thy gret mercy
    To this havese the constreynyd!
Why wold thyn awn pepille, thi awn flokke,
Thus crucify the and naylle tille a stokke?
    Why haves thou not refreynyd?
ffor fourty yere in wildernesse
Theire olde ffaders in theire progresse
    Thou fed with angelles foode,
And brought tham into the land of promission,
Wer they fand lond in every condischion,
    And alle thinge that was goode:
A! A! Is this theire gramercy? Is this theire reward?
Thy kindnesse, thy gudnesse can they regard
    No better but thus?
Notwithstandinge the vesture of thi humanyté,
That thou were the verrey son of God thy myst see
    By myracles most gloriosye!
Joseph. Gude brothere, of your compleinte cesse,
3e renewe agayne grete hevynesse
    Now in thes women here.
Nicodemus. Gret comfurthe we may have alle,
ffor by his Godly powere arise he shalle,
    And the thride daye apere:
ffor ons he gave me leve with hym to reasone,
And he shewet of this deth and of this treasone,
    And of this crueltee,
And how for mankynd he com to dye,
And that he shuld arise so gloriosye
    By his myghtee majestee;
And with our flesche in hevyn tille ascend,
Many swete werdes it plesit hym to spend,
    Thus speking unto me,—
That no man to hevyn myght clym,
But if it were by grace of hym
Which com downe to make us free.
Nemo ascendit in cælum nisi qui descendit de cælo. [Ephes. iv. 9.]

Joseph redy to take Crist downe sais,
To tak down this body lat us assaye,
Brother Nichodemus, help I yow praye,
On arme I wald ye hadd
To knokk out thes nayles so sturdy and grete,
O Safyoure, they sparid not your body to bete,
Thay aught now to be sadd!

Mawdleyne. Gude Josephe, handille hym tenderlye.
Josephe. Stonde ner, Nichodemus, resave hym softlye;
Mawdleyne, hold ye his fete.

Mawdleyne. Haste yow, gude Josephe, hast yow whiklye,
ffor Marye his moder wille com fer I,
A! A! that virgine most swete!

Nichodemus. I saw bir benethe on theare sid,
With John; I am sure she wille not abid
Longe frome this place.

Mary virgyn and mother com then sayinge,
A! A! my dere sone Jhesus! A! A! my dere sone Jhesus!

John Evaungeliste. Gude Marye, swete cosyne,
mowrne ye not thus,
Ye see how stondes this case.

Mawdleyne. Allese, scho commys! A! what remedye!
Gud Joseph, comfurth hire stedfastlye,—
That virgyne so fulle of woo!

Mary virgyne sais, fallen in swowne,
Stonde stille, frendes, hast ye not soo,
Have ye no fere of mee?
Lat me help to tak my dere son downe.

Mary Mawdleyne. Lo, I was sure sho walld falle in a swowne!

Her on every sid is pitee.

Josephe. Help, Mawdleyne, to revyve hir agayn.
A! A! this womans harte is plunged with payn,
Hir sorwe sho cane not cesse.

John Evaungeliste. A! A! dere ladee, wherfore and why
ffare ye on this wise? wille ye here dy?
Leyf of this hevynnesse:
Ye promesit me ye wold not do thus.
Mawdleyne. Speke, ladye, speke for the love of Jhesus,
Yourse swete sone, my master here!
Marye virgyn. A! A! Mawdleyn, Mawdleyn, your
master so deere!
ij. Mariies. Most meke modere, be now of gude chere!
John Evaungeliste. Wipe awaye that rynnyys owte so
faste,
ffrom your remembraunce rayse owt at the last
Of his passione the crueltee!
Josephe. Tak comfurthe, Marye, this wailinge helps
nothinge;
Your dere son we wille to his sepulcre bringe,
Als it is alleoure dewtee.
Mary Virgyn. God reward yow of your tendernesse,
I shalle assiste you with alle humylenesse,
But yit or he departe
Suffere me my mynd for to breke;
Howbeit fulle scantly may I speke,
ffor faynte and febille harte!
A ! A ! cosyyn John, what shall I saye?
Who saw ever so dolfulle a daye,—
So sorowffulle a tym as this?
This wofulle moders sorow who cane itt expresse,
To se hir own chyld sleyn with cruelnesse?
Yit, myn owne swet son, your woundes
wold I kysse!
O Gabrielle! Gabrielle!
Of grete joy did ye telle
In your first salutatioun!
Ye saide the Holigost shuld com in mee,
And I shuld consave a child in virginitee,
ffor mankind salviatioun!
That ye said truthe right welle knaw I,
But ye told me not my son shuld dye,
Ne yit the thought and care
Of his bitter passioun which he suffert nowe!
O old Symeon, fulle suthlye said yowe,
To spek ye wold not spare!
Ye saide the sword of sorow suld enter my hart,
Ye, ye, just Symeon, now I felle it smarte
With most dedly payne.
Was there never moder that felit so sore,
I-wise, John, I felle it alway more and more!
Help, help, now Mawdlene!
Et cadit in extase.

Mawdleyne. Mek moder and mayde, leve your lamentatioun!
Ye swowne stille on pase with dedly supiratioun,
Ye mare youreself and us.

John Evaungeliste. Ye shuld lefe of your paynfulle afflictione,
Callinge to your mynd his resurrectione,
Whiche sal be so gloriose:
This knew ye and that beste.

Mary virgyn. I knew it welle, or ellis in reste
My harte shuld never bee;
I myght not leve nore endure
On mynnate, bot I am sure
The thrid day ryse shalle hee;
But yit havinge remembranunce,
The gret crueltie and ffelle vengance
Of the Jues so unkind,
Which thus wikkitly has betrayed
Goddes son, borne of me a mayd,
Most sorowfulle in my mynd!

O Judas, why didist thou betraye
My son thi master? What can thou saye
Thyself for tille excuse?
Of his tender mercyfulle charité,
Chase he not the on [of] his xij. to bee?
He wald not the refuse!
Callyt not he the to his sopere and last reserectioun?
Cowth thou not put owt thi pesyn and infectioun,
Save thus only
Unto thy master to be so unkind?
Was his tender gudnese owt of thy mynd
So unnaturalle?
Gave he not to the his body in memoriale,
And also in remembranune perpetuale,
At his suppere there?
He that was so comly and fayre to behold,
How durst thou, cruelle hert, to be so bold
To cause hym dy thus here?
By thy treson my son here is slayne!
My swete, swetist sone, how said I refreyne
This bludy body to behold!

Josephe. Gud dere Marye, git you hence!
We shalle bery hym with alle reverence,
And ly hym in the mold.
Have hir hence, John, now I desire.

*Johannes Evangeliest.* Com on, swete lady, I sow require;
  I shalle gife yow attendance.

*Joseph.* On of yow women ber hir companye.

*Altera Maria.* I shalle wayte on hir. Go we hence, Marye;
  Put alle this from your remembrance.

*Marie Viryn.* What meyn ye, frendes? what is your mynd?

Towardes me be not so unkinde,—
  His moder am not I?

Wold ye have the moder depart hym fro?

To lese hym thus I wille not so,
  But bide and sitt hym bye.

Therefore, gud Joseph, be content!

*Joseph.* A! A! Marve, for a gud consent,
  We wald not have you here.

*Marie Viryn.* Wold ye renewe mor sorow in me?

*Joseph.* Nay, gud lady, that were pitee.

*Marye Viryn.* Than late me abide hym nere.

John, why spek ye not for my conforte?

Mi dere sone bad me to you resorte,
  And allway on you calle.

Ye knaw welle her is my tresure

Whom I love beste, whom alle my plesure
  Is and evere be shall?

Her is my likinge and alle my love!

Why wald ye than me hens remove?
  I pray yow harty cesse!

Depart I may not bot by fors constreynyd,

Remembringe departinge ales! my hert is paynid!

Mor then I may expresse:

Now, dere swete cozysyne, I yow praye,

Myn aunn dere love which on Thursdaye,
  Of his grace specialle,

Of his lovinge mynd and tendernessse,

And of verrey inward kindnesse,
  At suppere emanges you alle,—

He admyttid you friendly for to reste,

And slepe on his holye godly breste,
  ffior a specialle prerogatifte,

Because of your virginité and clennesse.

Der cosyn, encrease myn hevynesse,
  Yf ye desire my life;

But, gud frendes, here intreyt not ye,

But be content, and suffere mee
  Ons yit for to hold—

ffior to holde here in this place,
And in myn armys for to embrace
This body, which now is cold,—
This bludy body woundit so sore
Of my swet son, John, I aske no more!
John Evangeliste. Lady, if ye wille have moderatioun
Of youre most sorrowfulle lamentacioun,
Do as ye list in this case.

Marie Virgyne. John, I shalle do os ye thinke gude:
Gentille Josephe, lat me sit under your rude,
And holde my sone a space.

Nichodemus. Let us suffer the modere to compleyn
Hir sonnes dethe in verrey certeyn,
Till ease hir and content.

Josephe. Ye, so shalle hir sorrowfulle harte
Alway to sufferethe smarte,
And we can bot repente.

Marie Virgyne. O sisters Mawdleyen, Cleophe, and Jacobye;
Ye see how pitefulle my sone doth lye,
Here in myne armys dede!
What erthly mother may refreyn,
To se hir sone thus cruelly sleyn?
A! my harte is hevy os lede!
Who shalle gife me water sufficient,
And of distillinge teris habundaunce,
That I may wepe my fille, with hart relent,
After the whantité of sorofulle remembraunce!

ffor his sak that made us alle,
Which now ded lyes in my lappe,
Of me a mayd by grace speciale
He pleside to be borne and sowket my pape;
He shrink not for to shew the shape
Of verreye man at his circumcision,
And ther shed his blude for mannys hape;
Also at my purificatioun
Of hym I made a fayre obligatioun,
Which to his fader was most plesinge;
ffor fere than of Herodes persecutioun,
Intille Egip fast I fled with hym:

His grace me giddy in every thinge:
And now is he dede! that changes my chere!
Was never child to moder so loyinge!
Who that cannot wepe at me may lere!
Was never deth so cruelle as this,
To slo the gyvere of alle grace!
Son, suffer me your woundes to kisse,
And your holy blude spilt in this place;
Dere sone, ye have steynyd your face,
   Your face so frely to behold!
Thikk bludy droppes rynnes down apace,—
   Speciosus forma the prophet told,
But alese! your tormentes so manyfold
   Hase abatid your visage so gloriose!
Cruelle Jewes, what mad yow so bold
   To commyt this cryne most ungraciose,
Which to yourself is most noyose?
   Now shalle alle the cursinges of your lawe
Opon yow falle most myschevose,
   And be knawen of vagabundes over awe!
He and I com both of your kyn,
   And that ye kithe uncurteslye,
He com for to for-doo your syn,
   But ye forsuke hym frowardly!
Who cannot wepe, com sit me bye
   To se hym that regnyd in blisse
In hevyn with his fader glorioslye,
   Thus to be slayn in alle giltlesse!
Son, in your handes ar holes wid,
   And in your fete that so tender were!
A gret wounde is in your bessit sid,
   Sfulle deply drevyn with a sharpe spere!
Your body is bete and brussid here,
   On every sid no place is free!
Nedes muste I wepe with hevy chere,
   Who can not wepe com lerne at me!
And beholde your Lorde, myn awn der sone,
   Thus dolfulye delt with, ose ye see!
Se how his hede with thornys is thronge!
   Se how he naylit was tille a tree!
His synows and vaynes drawne so straytlee,
   Ar brokyn sonder by payns ungude!
Who can not wepe, com lerne at me,
   And beholde hym here that hange on rude!
Se alle abowte the bludy streynes,
   O man, this suffert he for thee!
Se so many felle and bitter pynes,
   This lame shed his blude in fulle plente!
Who can not wepe, com lerne at mee,
   Se alle his frendes is from hym fled!
Alle is but blude, so bett was hee,
   Sfro the sole of his feete unto the hed!
O swete child, it was nothinge mete,
   Save your sufferaunce ye had no pere,
To lat Judas kisse these lippes so swete,
    To suffer a truytor to com so nere
To betray his master myldist of chere!
    O my swete child, now suffer yee
Me your moder to kiss yow here,
    Who cannot wepe com lerne at me,—
To kisse and swetly yow imbrace,
    Imbrace and in myn armes hold,
To hold and luke on your bessit face,—
    Your face most gracie to behold!
To beholde so comly ever I wold,
    I wold, I wold stille with yow bee,
Stille with yow to ly in mold,
    Who can not wepe com lerne at me!
My wille is to dy, I wald not leve,
    Leve how suld I, siten dede ar yee?
My lif were ye, noght can me greve
    So that I may in your presence bee,
Me your wofulle moder her may ye se,
    Ye see my dedly sorow and payne,
Who can not wepe, com lerne at mee,
    To see so meke a lambe her slayne,
Slayne of men that no mercy hadd,
    Had they no mercy I reporte me see,
To se this bludy body is not your hart sadd!
    Sad and sorrowfulle, have ye no pitee?
Pité and compassioun to se this cruellee?
    Cruellee! unkindese! O men most unkind,
Ye that can not wepe, com lerne at mee!
    Kepinghe this crucifixe stille in your mind;
When ye war borne of me a mayde myld,
    I sange "lullay" to bringe you on slepe,
Now is my songe, "alese! ales! my child!"
    Now may I wayle, wringe my handes, and wepe,
Who shal be my comforth? who shal le me kepe?
    Save at your departinge ye segnyt to mee,
John your cosyn most vertuus and zepe,
    Who that can not wepe, com and lerne at mee!
O derest childe, what falt haf ye done?
    What was your trispace? I wald know it fayn,
Wherfor your blessid blude is forsied forth to rome,
    Have murtherid any person or ony manne slayne?
That your awn pepille thus to yow dose endeyene,
    Nay, nay, nay, ye never did offence,
Was never spote of syne in your clere conscience!
    And notwithstandinge their felle indignatioun,
Only of gudwille and inward charitee,
    Also for love and mannes salvatioun,
3e have suffert alle this of your humylitee!
    Of your large mercee gret was the whantité,
Grete was the multitude of your merites alle,
    Thus for mannes sake to tast the bitter galle;
Sone, helpe, help your moder in this wofulle smarte,
    Comfurth your wofulle moder that never was unkind,
In your concepioun ye reyoyet my harte,
    But now of dedly woo so gret cawse I find,
That the joy of my haylsinge is passid fro my mynd,
    Yit suffer me to hold yow her on my lape,
Which sumtym gafe you mylk of my pape!
O swete, swetist child, woo be unto me!
    O most wofulle woman, your own moder, loo!
Who shalle graunt it me with you fore to dee?
    The son is dede, what shalle the moder doo?
Where shalle sho resorte? whider shalle sho goo?
    Yit suffer me to hold yow a while in my lap,
Which sumtym gafe yow mylk of my pap!
O crewelle deth, no lengere thou me spare!
    To me thou were welcom and also acceptabille!
Oppresse me down at ons, of the I have no care!
    O my son, my saveyour, and joye most comfortabille,
Suffer me to dy with yow most merciabille,
    Or at lest lat me hold you a while in my lape,
Which sumtyme gave yowe the milk of my pape!
O ye wikkit pepille, without mercy or pitee,
    Who do ye not crucrefye and hinge me on the crosse?
Spare not your layles! spare not your crueltee!
    Ye can not make me to rone in greter losse
Than to less my son, that to me was so dere,
    Why sloo ye not the moder which is present here?
Dere sone, if the Jues yit wille not sloo me,
    Your gudnes, your grace, I besech and praye,
So calle me to your mercy of your benignitee,
    To youre mek suters ye never saide yit naye!
Then may ye not your moder in this cause delaye,
The moder with the child desires for to reste,
Remembere, myne awne sone, that 3e sowket my breste!
    Remember, when your fleshe was soft os tender silke,
With the grosse metes then yow I wold not fede,
    But gave yow the licour of a maydyns mylke!
Tille Egipe in myne armes softly I did you lede,
But your smylinge contenauence I askit non other mede!
Then be content that I with you may riste,
Remembere, my der son, that 3e sowkit my briste!
At your nativitee remember, my dere sone,
   What vesselle I brochit to your noblle grace,
Was ther never moder that brochit sich a tone,
   ffrom my virgyne pappes mylk ran owt apasse,
   To your godly powere natur gaf a place,
Ye sowkit maydens milke and so did never none;
Nore herafter shalle, save yourself alone;
When ye sowkid my brest your body was hole and sound,
Alese, in every place now se I many wound!
Now help me, swet Mawdley, for I falle to the ground,
And me wofulle Mary help now, gud John!
John Evangeliste. Than, gude swete lady, lif your gret mone.
Mary Virgyne. A! A! Mawdley, why devise ye notinge
To this blessid body for to gif praysinge?
Sum dolorose ditee express now yee,
In the dew honour of this ymage of pitee.
Mawdley. To do your biddyne, lady, be we righte fayn,
   But yit, gud lady, your teres 3e refreyyn.
Josephe. Now, Mary, deliver that blissit body till e us.
Mary virgyne. Wille 3e tak from me myn own sone Jhesus?
Nichodemus. Good lady, suffre us to bringe hym to his grave!
Mary virgyne. Swete frendis, suffer me mor respit to have!
Have compassioun of me, frendes, I 3ou praye,
So hastely fro me tak hym not awaye!
Yf to his sepulcre nedis ye wille hym bere,
Bery me his moder with myn awn son here!
When he was lyvynge to leve I desirid,
Now sithen he is ded alle my joye is expirid;
Therfor lay the moder ingrave with the child!
Johannes Evaungelista. O Mary modere and maiden most myld,
Ordere yourselfe os resone dot require!
Josephe. Com on, lat us bery this body that is here!
Mary Virgin. O now myn harte is in a mortalle dred,
Allas! shalle I not kep hym, nothere whik ne ded,
   Is ther no remedye?
Yit, Josephe, agayn the cloth ye unfold,
That his gracioso visage I may ons behold,
   I pray yow interlye!
Josephe. Pece, gude Marye, ye have had alle your wille.
Mary Virgin. Ales! this departinge my tender hart doth kill!
Gud coyson John, yit spek a word for mee.
Johanne Evaungeliste. Be content, swet Mary, for it may not bee.
Mary Virgyne. A! A! toward me ye be verreye cruelle,
Yit lat we bid ons myne own son farwelle!
    Ye may it not denye.
Now farewell, only joye of alle my harte and mynd!
farewelle, the derest redemption of mankind,
    Suffert most bitterlye!
Johanne Evaungeliste.  Com one, Mary, come.
Nichodemus.  Some of your women ber hir companye.
i. Maries.  We shalle gife hire attendance,
    faithfully with humble reverance.
[Exeunt.
Joseph.  Now in his grave lat us ly hym downe,
And then resorte we again to the towne [sepelitur.
    To here what men wille saye.
Mawdeyne, ye must hense departe.
Mawdeyn.  Ye, and that with a sorewfulle harte,
    Mowrnyngye nyght and daye!
farewelle, sweete lambe! farwelle, most innocent!
Wricht Mawdelyn with most hartyt intent
    Commendes hir to your grace!
farewelle, der master! farwelle, derest lord!
Off your gret mercye 3e shalle the world record,
    Herafter in ylk place!
Summe preciose balmes I wille go bye,
Tille anoynt and honour this bessit body,
    Os it my dewty is.
ffayre Josephe and gude Nichodemus,
I commend 3ou to the kepinge of Jhesus,
    He wille whyt 3ou alle this.
Joseph.  farewelle, Mawdeyn, to yourself comfurth take,
Of this bessit beriale lat us ane end make!
Here now is he gravid and here lyes hee,
Which for love of man of his charité
    Suffert bitter passioun.
Gret conforthe it is unto us alle,
That the thride day aryse he shalle
    In the most gloriouse fassioun.
The tyme drawethe the fast and approchis nere,
Schortly I truste sum gud tidinges to here:
Devowte Nichodemus, departe we as nowe.

    Thus here endes the most holy beriaile of the body of Christ Jhesu.

Hill.
A MYSTERY OF THE RESURRECTION.

[From the same manuscript.]

Her begynnes his Resurrection on Pasche-daye at morn.
Mawdleyne begynnes sayinge,

O this grete hevynese and payn!
Alese, how longe shalle it remayn?
How longe shalle it endure
And rist within my most carfulle hart?
How longe shalle I feyle this dedly smarte?
Who shalle my sorowe cure?
How longe shalle I lif in desolatioun?
When shalle the houre com of consolatioun,
That my master I maye see,
Which opon the friday laste,
Was crucified and nailit fast
Peteosly tille a tree?
So pyteose a sight and lamentabile,
So dolorose and miserabile,
I hop ye shalle never fynd!
Cursid Kayn was verrey cruelle,
And slew his awn brothere Abelle,
Of a maliciose mynd;
Yit was he not so maliciose
Ose the cruelle Jewes most owtrajose,
Which here has slayne my Lord!
The sonnes of Jacob gret envy had
Agayns ther brother Joseph, counge, wise, and sad,
Os Scriptur doth record;
Thay intendit to slo hym malishosly,
And yit thay did not soo cruelly
Os wrought thes Jewes wild!
ffewe 3eres past Herod the kinge
Put to deth many 3onglinge,
And many moderis child,
Here in the land of Israel;
But of such cruelté harde ye never telle
Ose done was one fridaye,
When so grete rigore and tyrannye
Was in theire hertes to garre hym dye,
Which was so graciose aye.
Abelle and Josephe wer gude and graciose,
But theire dedis were not so glorioso,
Nor of so virtuose kynd,
Ose of hym which, in his humanitee,
Wroughe grete myracles in his divinitie,
    Als ye may calle to mynd;
for alle his werkes so welle devyside,
Emange them thus to be dispised,
    And with cruelty slayne!
Ales! when I remembere his woo,
Scantly may I speke or goo,
    In harte I have suche payne!
I have bought here oyntment precioues
To enslave his body most gracioso,
    To do it reverence:
My sister Cleophe saide that shee
To the sepulchre wald goo with mee,
    And doo hir diligence.
Of the thrid day this is the mornynge,
And of my dere master yt herd I nothinge.
    Wherfore I am most hevee!
Alese! felishipe her is noone!
Rathere then I faile I wille go alone:
    A! dere Lorde, your mercée!

Secund Marye commys in, and sais,

A! my harte, what thou art faynt!
How longe shalle we thus mak complaynt?
    So sorowfulle tym never was!
When shalle comforth com of our desire?
What woman is this that lyes here?
    It is Mawdleye, alese!
Sister Mawdleyn, why waile ye on this wise?
Gud sister, we pray you stand up and arise!
    Comforth yourself wyslye!

Mawdley. Off your commynge, sister, I am glade,
I-wise I knaw welle that ʒe be sadd,
    Ye have cawse os welle os I!

Secund Marye. Ther is no gud creatur dar I saye,
But inwardly sorowe he may
    And compleyn bitterelye:
To remembere the felle torment,
And cruelle payne of this innocent,
    Which levit so vertuoslye.
Of his meknesse hymself he offred,
Whatsoever payn to hym was profred,
    This lambe God sone is free;
Nothinge ragid he ne was unpaciente,
But ever most mekly tille his payne he went,
    With bayne benignitee!
ffrom the tym of Abrahame,
And that our faders from Egip came,
Or when sorow was maste,
I am suere was never day so piteouse,
So doolfulle and so dangerouse,
Ose Friday that is paste;
When alle the crueltye was owtsought,
To distroy hym made alle thing of noght,
To sloo hym that gyves life.
Owt of my mynd this never goo shalle,
That for man diete the maker of alle,
By his manthed passyve.

Mawdleyn. So doolfulle a day was never befor this!
But go we to the monyment where his sepulcre is,
To anoynte his body there.

Second Marye. Sister, I com for that sam intent,
Ther is nothing can me better content,
To go I have no sere.

Mawdleyn. Then, gude sister, lat us goo devowtlee.

Secunde Marye. Abide, yonder comes Marye Jacobee,
I trow with us sho wille goo.

Third Marye comys in.

O gude sisters, howe is it with sowe?
Mawdleyn. A! dere sister, never soo eville os nowe.

Third Marye. Gud Mawdleyn, say not soo;
This is the thrid day 3e remember welle.

Mawdleyn. The bot of my master and lorde I here not telle,
Therfore I canot cease:

We were goyng to monyment,
Wher os lyeth that swete innocent,—
Loo here! oyntmentes of swetnese!

Third Marye. Gude sisters, on yow shalle I wayte.

Secunde Marye. Then let us tak the way furth strayte.

Mawdleyn. Sisters, I perceyve the place is her bye,
Lat us ordeyn our oyntmentes accordinglye,

With alle humylité:
Here lyes he that was mercifulle to synners alle,
Here lyethe he most piteose when we did calle!

Com nere, sisters, and see.
Loo, here is the place wher the body was laid,
Which borne was of a virgyn and a cleyne maid,
Tille honour it grete cawse have wee:

Gud sisters, be we not affrayd
To do hym reverence and dewtee.
Here he lyeth whose lif surmountes alle other,
Which rāyse[d] from deth to lyve Lāzārus my brother,
   Now a levinge man!
He lyse here, which by hys powre devyne
In Chana Galilee turnyde water to wyne,
   Ose many testyfye can.

   The angelle spekes,

Whom seke ye, women sanctifiede?

   Three Maryes togider sais,

Jhesus of Naṣāreth crucified,
   The rederer of mankind!
Angelle. He is resyne, he is not here;
To his discipules he shalle aper,
   In Galilee thy shalle hym fynd!
Mulier, quid ploras? Woman, why wapis thou soo?
Mawdlen. for myn harte is fulle of sorow and woo;
My Lorde, that was the kinge of blisse,
Is takyn away, I wat not wher he is.
Angelle. Com hidere, woman, approche mor nere:
Be of gude comfurth and of gud chere,
for so gret caswe ye have;
He that ye seke so beselye,
With gude mynd so faithfullye,
   Is resyn here from his grave!
The son of Gode, in his humanité,
Sufferde deth, and, by his divinitee,
   Is resyn the thrid daye!
for redemption of man was he borne,
Displayede on the crose, and alle to-torne
   In righete piteose araye!
The batelle is done and victoyre renuym,
The grete enmy of man therby is subduyd,
   That most hatid mankynd;
Com hidder, and behold with your eye
The place where the body did lye,—
   Be joyeos now of mynd!
Loo, here is the cloth droppid blud,
Which was put on hym takyn of the rud,
   Ose yourself did see;
for a remembraunce tak it yee,
And hy yow fast to Galilee,
   for ther apper shalle bee.
Mawdleyn. Yit must myn herte wepe inwerdeyley,
Yit must I mowrne continuallye,
   Myndinge my master dere!
O what myn harte is hevy and lothe,
When I beholde this piteose clothe,
    Which in my hande is here!
This cloth with blude that is so stayned,
Of a maydens child so sor constrayned,
    On cross when he was done!
O rygore unright! O crueltee!
O wikkite wyulfullenese! O perversitee!
    O hertes harde os stone!
To put to deth a lamb so meke,
Welle may the teres rone down your cheke,
    Welle may your hertes relent;
Myndinge the payn my lorde and master felte,
O in my body my herte now dothe melte!
    To dy I were content!

Secund Marye. Sister Mawdlen, to blame ye are,
With this dedly sorow yourself to marre,
    Yourself thus to torment!
Ye torment yourselfe and crucifye,
Ye have cawse to tak gladness, and whye,
    Ye have prove evident:
That your master and oures by his Godly myght
Is resen from deth to lyfe, an angelle bright
    Schewes thes tidinges tilles us;
And shewed us the place wher his body laye,
Which is not ther, for-thi let passe awaye
    Our sorow most grevous.

Thrid Marye. Sister Mawdleyn, in your hart be stabille,
We shalle here tidinges right comfortabile,
    And yit I trust shortlye;
ffor that is thouth veritabile,
    Saide so afore sthlye.

Mawdleyn. A! A! sisters, my sleuth and my negligence,
I have not don my dewayte ne my diligence,
    Ose unto me did falle:
At my masters sepuledge if I hade gisen attendaunce,
And waytid wisely with humble affiance,
    Os I was bounde most of alle,
I shuld have seyn his uprisinge gloriose,
Of my swete lorde of the which desirose
    I am, and nedes must bee.
Alesse! sisters, I was to tidiose
    That holy sight to see!
Than I shuld have had comforth uncomperabile,
Of the which joye to speke I am not abille,
    Than I hade seyn my Lorde
To have resyn from his sepulture,
With his bludy woundes of hym I had bene sure!
    Ales! when I record
How I myghte have had a sight of your presence,
Who then aught of verrey congruence
    To be mor glad than I?
Which ye have callid by your grace onlee,
Beynge gretist synner unto your large mercée,
    And that most curtesly:
Whoso wille not wayte when that tym is,
When faynest he wold thereof shalle he mysse,
    So it faris by mee:
O wold to God I had made more haste!
My sleuthfulle werke is now in wast,
    Jit, gud Lord, have thou pitee!
When Symon to dyner did hym calle,
Amonges the gestes and straungrers alle,
    With meknese soberlye,
I com in with mynde contrite,
ffor I hade levid in fowlle delite,
    In syn of licherye!
Notwithstandinge the gret abhomynatioun
Of my grete synnes, fulle of execrationioun,
    Yit of his benignité,
As with alle mercy he was replete,
He sufferte me with teris to wesh his fete,
    Loo! his mercyfulle pitee!
My synfulle lippes which I did abuse
To towch his blessit fleshe, he wald not refuse,
    And ther right oppenlye,
Off his most piteouse tendernese,
The pardone of my synnes and gret excesse,
    He gave to me hoolye,
How may I wringe, both wepe and wayle,
Myndinge on Friday his gret bataile,
    He had on crosse of tre:
And tuk opon hym for us alle,
To overcom the fend that made us alle,
    A! sisters, welle mowrne may wee!
Secunde Marye. Sister Mawdley, it is bot in vayn,
Thus remedilesse to mak compleyn,
    Therfor it is the best,
Ych on of us a diverse way to take;
His apperinge joyfulle may us make,
    And set our hartes in reste.
The thride Marye. Ye, to sek and inquere let us hast and hye;
Sister Mawdlene, this is next remedye,
And therefore departe wee.
Mawdleyne. O Lorde and master! help us in hye
To have a sight of thee.

Tunc exeunt ha tres Marie. Petrus intrat flens amare.

O allmyghty God, which, with thyn inward ee,
Seest the depest place of manmys conscience,
And knowest every thinge most cler and perfitlee,
Have mercy, have pitee, have thou compatiensce!
I confesse and knowteth my most gret offence,
My fowle presumtioun and unstabilnetse,
Let thi mekille mercy overlowe my synfulnesse,
And yit I knaw welle,
No ertyl thinge can telle,
Nor zit it expresse!
My fawtes and gret syn,
Which I am wrappid in,
With dedly hevinessse,
Ther may not be lightly a greter trispesse,
Then the servaunt the master to denye,
His owne master, his own kind master, alesse!
I make confesioun here most sorowfullye,
That I denied mayster and that most unkindlye!
ffor when thay did enquere, if that I did hym knoo,
I saide I never sawe hym, alesse! why did I soo!
With teres of contritioun,
With teres of compassioun,
Welle may I mowrnynge make!
What a fawte it was,
The servaunte, alas!
His master to forsake!
When his grace callid me fro warldy besines,
And of a poore fisheere his discipule chas mee;
I was callit Symon Bariona, playnly to expresse,
But he namid me Petrus,—Petræ was hee,
Petræ is a stone fulle of stabilitee,
Alway stedfaste, alase! wherfor was I
Not stabille accoridghe to my nam stedfastlye?
O my febille promesse!
O my gret unkindnesse!
To my shame resarvyd:
O mynde so unstabille,
Thow hast made me culpabille,
Deth I have deservyd:
It plesid thy gudnesse gret kindnese to shew mee,
Callinge me to thi grace and gudly conversatioun,
And when it pleasid thi Godhed to tak but three
   To beholde and see the highe speculatioun,
Of thy Godly majesty in thy transfiguration,
Thy speciale grace did abille me for one,
With the gud blessid James and thi cosyn John,
Alese! that I was so unkind
To hym, so tender of mynd
   To me most unworthy!
Alese! the paynes ar smarte,
Which I fele at my harte,
   And that so bitterly:
O Lorde, what example of meknesse shewed yee!
   On Thursday after supere it pleasid your grace,
To wesh your servauntes fete who ever are did'fe,
   More perfite me knese shewet in any case,
I myself was present in the same place;
Alese! of myself why presumyd I,
Consideringe your meknesse don so stedfastlye,
A!' myn unkinde chaunce,
   When it commys to remembraunce,
In my mynde it is ever:
I fele owt of mesure,
Dedly payne and displeasure,
   That I can not dessevere:
O mercyfulle Redemer, who may yet recounte,
   The paynes which thysel for us did endure:
Unworthy if I were, I was with the in the mount,
   Where thou swet bludy droppes man saule to recure,
In that gret agonye I am right verrey sure
Stony hartes of flint thou wald tham have mevid,
Seynge thy tendernese to man by the relevid.
O that passion was grete,
   When blud droppes of swet
   Ran downe apace.
That was excedinge payne
In every membre and vayne,
   As apperit by his face.
Of Judas thow were betrayede by and bye,
   Which was thy discipulle and familiere with the,
It grevid the more, I knew it certanlye,
   He was fede at thi burde of thi benignitee:
And se were betrayed by his iniquitee;
Yf a straunger had don that dede so traytorous.
It had been mor tolerabile and not so grewowe.
David did say in prophecye
"Homo pacis meæ in quo speravi
Supplantavit me."

O Lord, your pacience may be perceyvid,
Which suffert so to be betrayed
 Of Judas, woo is hee!

ffulle of wo may I bee sorrowule and pensyve,
Complenynge and wepinge with sorow inwertlee,
And wep bitter teres alle the days of my life,
Myn unstabile delinge is ever in myn ee.
I saide I wald not leve my master for to dee,

He said I shuld forsak hym or the crok crow thris,
But I was presumptuose, unware, and unwise!
Afterwerd, when hee

Lokid upon mee

With a myld cowntenaunce,
Ose he stude on the ground,
Emange his enmyse bownd,
 O I wepit abundaunce!

Then my teres continuelly
Ran down most sorrowfully,
And yit thay can not cesse!

How may I cesse or stynte?
Yf my harte wer of flinte,
 I have caus to wepe dowtlesse!
O caytife! O wofulle wrecche!

From thy harte thou may feche
Sore and sighes depe:

O most unkind man,
What creatur may or can

The from sclaundre kepe.

To forsake thi master so tender and so gude,
Which gave to the the keyes of alle holy kirke;
And morover for thy sake shed his owne blud,
O synfulle caytyfe, now aught I sore tille irke!

Ales! John, why did not I
ffelow my master so tenderlye,
 Os 3e did, to the ende?
But for ye detl soo stedfastlye,
My master gave you Marye
To kep in your commend.

Yf this dedly woo and sorowe
Endure with me unto to-morowe,
Myn hart in sunder wille breke!

Now, Lorde, for thi tender mercyes alle,
Reconcyle me to grace and to thi mercy calle!
 Ales! I may not speke!
Et sic cadit in terram stens amare. Andreas frater Petri dicit,
A! brether Peter, what nedes alle this!
I se welle good councell will woy menyse,
Dry up your teres and rise!
Comforth yourselfe, I require you and praye,
We shalle have gud tidinges, this is the thrid day,
Sorow not in this wise.

Johannes Evaungelest. Stand up, gud brether, and mesar your hevyynese,
This great contritioun of your hart dowtlese
To God is plesant sacrifice.

Petrus. A! gud brether Andrew and John,
Was never creatur so wo begone
Os I wrecch most unwyse!
for rememberinge the infinite gudnesse
Of my Lorde, and my most unkyndnesse
Don so writchitye,
At my hart sorow sittes so sore,
That my dedly paine encreses mor and more;
Alesiel my gret folye!

Andreas. Gud brother Peter, yourself 3e comfort,
Ther is none of alle bot comfurth may he hase,
for emonges us agayn our Lorde shalle resorte,
By his Passioun his purpasse was mankind to save.
This is the thrid daye in which from his grave
He shalle arise fro deth, I have no dowte,
Therfor lett comfurth put this sorowe owt!
Brothere Peter, thee verrey truth to saye,
ffew of us alle hade perfitt stedfastnesse,
But sumwhat dowtid and wer owt of the waye,
Notwithstandinge of his Godhede the clerennesse,
Shewed by his miracles withalle perfittnesse.
And yf ye remember, brethe, in his last oblatiouen,
He spak of our unstabilnesse and of his desolation
Saynge "Omnes vos scandalum patiemini,"
Alle ye shalle suffer sclauder for me,
Os who say ye shalle forsak me a lonly,
The hirdman shal be strikyn, and the flokk, which we bee,
Schal be disperbilit and away shalle flee!
Loo! gud brother Peter, he knew our frealtés alle,
Our gude master is mercifulle and graciose withalle,
And yow, brether Peter, the most specialli
Hase cause of comfurth, for of his church the hed
He chace you by order by his grace frelye.
  ffor-thi from your harte put this fere and dred;
   Yf ye remember he said to yow in dede,
"Thy faith shalle never faile whatsoever befalle,"
Therfor have gud hope and comforth specialle,
Ye askit hym ons a whestioun wherwith he was content,
"How oft to your brother synne ye shuld reles"—
Ye thought vij. tymes were verrey sufficient,
   But he said "sevynty tymes and vij. ye suld forgif
dowtelese,"
A gret now[м]ber it plesit hym tille expresse;
The gret frely of man he saw in his Godly mynd,
 ffor-thy for your trispace pardon may ye find;
Howbeit of yourself to presume to blame ye were,
Man that is freale of hymself suld have fere;
Your pennaunce contritioun acceptabille must bee,
   Ther for in your harte rejoye ye may be fayne,
Rememberinge he has put in gret auctoritee,
   That he has saide ons he wille never calle agayne.
"Quodcumque ligaveris," he said, thes wordes ar
playne,
And gave yow tho keyes of hevyne and of helle,
So to lowse and to bynd this can we alle telle.
Johannes Evaungelista. Gude brother Peter marke ye welle
and note
The wordes of Andrewe beyn sadd and ponderose,
In your conscience I knaw welle is not so great mote,
   But that mercy may clere it of hym that is so gracioso.
Peraventur it was the wille of our master Jhesus,
That ye shuld not be present his passioun to see,
Which he hade on the hille in the most cruelte;
Peter, if ye had seyn your mastere at that poynyt,
   I trou that syzt had beyn te hevy to yow tille endure,
He had torment apon torment in every vayn and joynyt,
   He was so harde nailet to that paynfulle lure;
His flesh that was so tender born of a mayden pure,
And was wont to be towchid with virgyns handes swet,
Was al to-torn most piteosly from hede to the fet:
When his body was halid and stritchid with ropes,
   To caws his armes and fet to the holes extend,
Then the nayles drefflyn in and of the blude dropes
   Ran owt so plentuosly, his wille it was to spend,
Alle his precios blude mannes sor tille amend,
Without complent he suffert the nayles and the spere,
But gretist payn that he had was for his moder dere.
He sufferd patiently,
To be betrayed unkindly,
To be accusid falsly,
To be intreytid cruelly,
To be scornynd most dedenynglye,
To be juged wraungfully,
To be dampnyt to deth dolfully,
   With other paynes sere!
To be crucified piteosly,
To be woundid universally,
   With scourges, nayles, and spere.
ffor thes causes he wald be born of a maid most obedient,
   Now the gret rawnsom is paied which was requirid,
ffor redemptioun of man of the fader omnipotent,
   The tyme of desolation is now expirid,
   The tyme of grace is commen so longe of us desirid,
Hevyn 3eates so longe closid for gret syn,
Our Saveyour gafe yow the keyes to open and to lat in,
He knew welle for his deth we shuld be afrayed,
   And therfor ose 3e remembere he told us afore,
His Godhed saw welle that we shuld be dismaid,
   Of his resurrectioun he comfortid us therfore,
   He saide he shuld arise and live everemore,
This is the thride daye, therfor dowt nothinge,
But shortly we shalle here of his gloriose uprisinge.
Brother, I wold tarrye with yow longe here,
   But nedes I must go to the virgyn mylde,
Most sorowfulle is hir hart, most hevy is hir chere,
   Alle joye and comfurthe from hir is exilde!
   Alle hir rememberance is of hir dere childe!
My master assignyt me to gyve hir attendance,
And that is my dewtye with alle humblye observaunce.
Hir sorow increacysye aye,
As welle nyght os daye,
In most piteose araye,
   ffor I dar say suerlye,
Sen hir son was betrayed,
   And in his grave layde,
The maid hase me dismaide,
   ffor sorow inwerdlye!
That sho nowther tuk rist ne slepe,
Ne from hevynese hirself cowth kepe,
But evermore stille dose she wepe;
   That I am verrey sure,
Hartes harder then stone,
Wold be mollyfyed anone,
And melte to see hire mone,
   That sho dose endure:
To hire hir mourn so moderlye,
To se hir wep so tenderlye,
Alle myn hert it fayles:
Now she spekes of the scornes,
Now she remembers the thornes,
And the grete sturdy nayles!
Now she spekes of his pacience,
Now she myndes his obedience,
That unto deth was;
Now of his visage spekes shee,
Defilid with deformitye,
Of fowle spittinge, alassee!
Now of his woundes dos she speke,
And of the sperse which did brake
Hir sonnes blessid sid;
Thus is she alle comfurtherlesse,
Replet with alle dulfulnesse,
Therfor I may not bide:
As for this tyme I wille departe,
Brother Peter, be of gud harte,
ffor other cause have ye none!
Now farwelle for a starte,
I shalle sow mete anone.

Peter. Praye fore me, brother, for Godes sake.

Johannes Evanghelista. Brother, to yow no discomfurth take,
But truste ever faithfullye,
We shalle have comforth yowre sorowe to slake,
And that I trust shortlye.

Tunc exit Johannes et dicit Petrus,
Brothere Andrewe, God reward yow ever speciallye,
ffor John and ye, with youre swete wordes of consolation,
Hase easid my mynd with conforte stedfastlye;
I am in trewe faith and hope without desperatioun,
In my saule now havyngte spirituaile jubilatioun,
Trustinge on the mercy of my master and lord,
Of whose infinite gudnese I shall ever record:
Let the dew of mercy falle opon us!
Ostende faciem tuam et salvi erimus!
Schewe thy powere, gud Lord, and to us appere,
Let beames of thi grace approche to us nere,
Super nos writchit synners!

Inrat Maria Magdalena.

O I, writchit creature, what shalle I doo?
O I, a wofulle woman, whidere salle I goo?
    My Lorde wher shalle I find?
When shalle I se that desirid face,
Which was so fulle of beuty and grace,
    To me the most unkind?
I have sought and basely inquerid
Hym whom my harte alleway has desired,
    And so desiries stille!
Quem diligit anima mea quaesivi,
Quesivi illum et non inveni,
    When shalle I have my wille?
I have sought hym desirusly,
I have sought hym affectuosly,
    With besines of my mynd;
I have sought hym with mynd hartely,
The tresure wherin my hart dose lye,
    O deth, thou arte unkind!
On me use thou and exercise
The auctorité of thyh office,
    My bales thou may unbind!
What effence, Deth, have I don to the,
Which art so over unkind to mee?
    Nay, nay, Deth, be not soo!
Affilia Jerusalem, wherof ye goo?
Nunciate dilecto meo,
    Quia amore langueo!
Of Jerusalem the virgyns clere,
Schew my best love that I was here,
    Telle hym, os he may prove,
That I am dedly seke,
    And alle is for his love!

_Jhesus intrat in specie ortulani dicens,_

Mulier, ploras, quem queris?
Wooman, why wepis thou? whom sekes thou thus?
    Telle me whome thou wald have.
_Mawdlene._ I sek my master and swete Lorde Jhesus,
    Which hir was layd in grave.
_Jhesus._ Woman, thou mournest to piteoslye,
And compleynist the most hevilye,—
    Thy mynd is not countent!
Thyn hart is trowblit welle, I see,
Alle fulle doloruse, os thinkes mee,
    Thou has not thyn intente!
_Mawdley._ Myn intent that knawes hee,
On whom my hart is set and ay shal bee,
Gardener, I yowe praye,
Schew unto mee, if ye can,
Yf that ye did see here ony man
Tak his body awaye.

\textit{Jhesus dicit \textit{"Maria!}}\textit{ Mawdleyne answers \textit{"Raboni!"}}

\textit{Jhesus.} Noli me tangere!
Mary, towche me not now,
But into Galilee go theowe,
And to my brother saye,
And to Peter which sorowfull is,
That I am rescue from dethe to lif ay in blisse,
Renynge perpetuallye!
Exhort tham to be of gud chere
And hastely wylle I to tham apere,
To comfurth joefullye. \[Exit Jhesus.\]

\textit{Mawdelyn.} O myn harte, wher hast thou bee?
Com home agayn and leve with mee,
My gret sorow is past!
Now may thou entone a mery songe,
Sfor he whom thou desirid so longe
I have foun now at laste!
I thanke your grace with hert intere,
That of youre gudnes to me wald apere,
And make my hert thus light.

\textit{Secund Marye intrat cum tertia.}

Soror, nuncia nobis:
Gud Mawdleyne, sister, how standes with yow?
\textit{Mawdelyn.} Dere sisters, never so welle os nowe,
Sfor I have hade a sight
Of my lorde and master to my comfurth specialle,
To his godhed I render thankes immortalle,
Os I am bound of dewtee!

\textit{Thrid Marye.} It apperis, suster, by your countenaunce,
That the gret sorow is owt of remembraunce;
And so by your sawe gret cause have yee.
\textit{Mawdelyn.} I have gret cause, sisters, I knaw it welle,
Sfor of my joye he is the springe and welle,
And of my lyfe sustenaunce.

\textit{Secunde Marye.} Have ye seyn our Lord, sister, are ye sure?
\textit{Mawdlene.} Sister, I have seyne my gretist tresure,
My hartly joye and plesaunce.

\textit{Thride Mary.} A! sister, gret comfort may your hart inflame.
\textit{Mawdlene.} Zee, gude sister, he callit me \textit{Mary} by my name,
And spak with me homlye.
I saw hym bodely, in flesh and bloode,
Oure Redemere, which for us hang on the roode,
   He shewed hyme gratioslye.
And bade me go to his discipes sone,
Thanne to certifye of his resurrectioune,
   And so wille I shortlye doo.

_Secunde Marie._ A! A! Mawdleyne, right happee ye were,
Ye spente not in vayn so many bitter tere,
   Gret grace is lent yow too.

_Tunc venit Ihesus et salutat mulieres istas tres._ Tamen
mulieres nil dicunt ei, sed procedunt ad pedes ejus.

Avete! hayle, blesst women leve,
My blessinge here I youe geve,
Let sorow no more youre harte meve,
   But have comfort allwaye.
I am resene fro deth, so may he telle,
I have deliverit my presoners frome helle,
   And made tham sure for aye!

_Mawdleyne._ Now, gud sisters, be no more sadd,
Ye have cause os welle os I to be gladd!
   Oure Lorde, loo, of his gudnese,
Of his heghe and godly excellence,
Haves shewede us here his joyefulle presence,
   With wordes of sweetese!
My wordes wer not fantasticalle, sister, yee see!
I told youe no lesinge, sisters, report mee
   Ye have seyn with your eye.

_Thrid Mary._ Oure spirites bene revivid, our hartes beyn light!
O Mawdleyne, this was a glorioso sight
   Eschewed to us gracioslye!

_Secund Marye._ Blessid be that Lorde! blesst be that kinge,
That haves comfurth us thus with his uprisinge
   So sone and glorioslye!

_Mawdlen._ Susters, in joye of this joyfullenesse,
A songe of conforte letus expresse,
   With notes of armony.

_Tunc hæ tres cantant id est Victime Paschalis totum usque ad . . . . in cantifracto vel saltum in pallinodio._

_Tunc occurrent eis apostoli, scilicet, Petrus, Andreas, et
Johannes, cantantes hoc, "Dic nobis Maria quod vidisti in
visu." Respondent mulieres cantantes, "Sepulcrum Christi
vincum" etc. usque ad "crendem." Apostoli respondentes
cantant "Credendum est magis soli Marie veraci, quod vides
turbe fallaci." Mulieres iterum cantant "Scimus Christum surrexisse vere." Apostoli et mulieres cantant quasi concr""dentes, "Tu nobis, Christe rex, misere. Amen!" Post cantum dicit Petrus (sufficit si cantentur eisque notis et cantantur ut habetur in sequentia predicta),

Petrus dicit post cantum,

How is it now, Marye, can ye telle
Any newes which may lik us welle?
Blithe is youre countenaunce!
Mawdley. Peter, in youre mynde be fast and stabille,
I can shew youe tydinges most comfortabille
Trust it of assurance
Pete. Gude Mary, of hym I wold knowlege have.
Mawdleyne. Peter, oure master is resyn from his grave
He apperit unto us three
In fleshe and bone in a gloriose wise;
He sase restorid Adam and his into paradise,
Which were in helle captivitee.
Pete. God graunte youre wordes war not in vayne!
Mawdlen. Peter, that I saye is trew and certayne,
And therfor dowt no more.
Secun Marye. Brother we saughe our Lord face to face;
He apperit to us in this same place,
And bad as mowrne not so sore.
Thride Mare. He bade us testify and telle
That he was resyne in flesh and felle,
And dy he shalle no more.
Petrus. A! Mary, gret grace to youe is lent,
To whom our Lord was so content
Befor other tille apere.
Mawdlen. He said ye alle shuld see hym in Galilee;
And, Peter, youreselle expreslye namyd hee,
Therfore be of gud chere.
Andrene. Yit to his sepulcre lat us go and see,
To satisfye our myndes from alle purplexitee.
Pete. So cownselle I we doo.

Tunc ibit precurrens Johannes dicit,

Brothe Peter, com hither and behold!
It is no fabille that Marye us hase told,
This thinge is certen, loo!
How say ye? brother, be ye satisfied?
Petrus. Brotheere John, I am fully certifeyd
To gife credens her too.
Now shalle the suth be verefied?
Of hym that most may doo.
O myche ar we bound gud Lord to your highnes!
    sfor us wer ye born and also circuncised,
    sfor us were ye tempid in the wildernese;
    Now crucifyed to deth most shammfully dispised,
Yit alle this gude Lorde had us not sufficayed,
But ye had resene fro deth by your godhed gloriuse,
Your resurrectioun was most necessarye for us,
Youre meknese suffert deth for our salviatioun,
And now are ye resen for oure justificatioun;
    Youre name ever bessit bee!

Andrew. This resurrectioun to alle the world is consolatioun,
    sfor of oure fayth it is trew consolatioun,
    Approved by his divinitee.

Johnnes Evangelista. Brether, joy and comfurth, and inward jubilatioun,
    And gostly gladnese in us alle encrease may;
We have passid the tyme of dole and desolatioun,
    And also I am sure, and right wille dare I saye
    The joyfull treure of our hart we salle se this daye;
Honour, joy, and glory, be to hym without end,
Which after sich sorow comfurte can send!
To laude and prayse hym lat us be abowt,
To love hym and lofe hym and lawly hym lowt,
    With mynd and mowth devoutlye;
Ther, brothere, with joyfull harte,
And devot sisters, in your parte,
    Entone sum ermonye.

Tunc content omnes, scilicet, "Scimus Christum." Vel altam sequentiam ant ymnnum de Resurrectione. Post cantum dicit Johannes finem faciens,

Loo, downe fro hevyne evermor grace dos springe,
    The gudnesse of God is incomperabille yee see;
Her was sorow and mournynge, lamentacion and wepinge,
    Now is joy and gladnese, and of comfurth plente;
Joyfully depart wee now owt of this place,
Mekly abidinge the inspiratioun of grace,
    Whiche we belefe
Schalle com to us this nyght.
Now farwelle every wighte,
We commend yow alle to his myght
    Which for us suffert grefe!

Explicit.

Hill.
VERSÆ ON POPE JOAN.

From the Cotton MS. Nero. D. xi. fol. 95, (Wyntoun's Chronicle) of the fifteenth century.

*Off a pape that was than,
Johan be nayme, and was woman.*

Qwhen this pape Leo was dede,
A woman occupyde that stede,
Twa 3here ful as pape and mare;
Scho was to wanton of hire fayr.
Scho was Ingles of nacioun,
Richt willy of condicioun;
A burges doughtyr and his ayre;
Prewe, pleyssande, and richt fayr.
Thai callit hir fadyr Hob of Lyme;
Fra fader and moder and al hir kyn
Withe hir luf scho past of lande,
A woman 3onge tyl eylde growande,
And at Athenys in to study
Scho bade, and lerit ithandly,
And nane persawit hir womanne,
Bot al tyme kythit hir as a manne,
And callit hir self Johan Magwictyne,
3ha wit 3he wul a schrewye fyne.
Same agane fra Grece to Rome,
As a solemne clerk scho coymme,
And had of clergy sic renowne,
That be concorde eleccioun
Pape sche was chossyn there;
3it fel it that hyre cubiculare
By hyr lay, and gat a barne,
That al hir clergy canythe not warne.
In til procession on a day
As scho past in til the waye,
Hir childe il al suddandly
Trawalit hir sa angrely,
That suddandly thar was scho dede,
And endit in that ilka stede,
Witheouetyn prayer, orisoun,
Or ony kyn dewocioun;
And but al other honesté,
Solemne or in preweté.
Benedic pape next that wiff
Was twa 3here pape in til his liff.

Ty.
NOTES OF POSSESSION.

It was a common custom in early times for owners of books to write in them metrical notes of their right to possess and keep them. The following are a few of such scraps. I may mention that the earliest printed bookplate that I know of, is inserted in the MS. Claud. D. vii., being that of Sir Henry Savile, the celebrated Antiquary and Historian.

From MS. Ashm. 59, of the fifteenth century.

Yee that desyre in herte and have plesaunce
Olde stories in bokis for to rede,
Gode matiers putt hem in remembraunce,
And of the other take yee none hede;
Byseching yowe of your godely hede,
Whane yee this boke have over-redde and seyne,
To Johan Shirley restore yee it ageine.

From MS. Harl. 1251, written by the Countess of Worcester, about the year 1440.

And I yt los, and yow yt fynd,
I pray yow hartely to be so kynd,
That yow wel take a letel payne,
To se my boke brothe home agayne.

Thys boke is one,
And God's kors ys anoder;
They that take the ton,
God geseth them the toder.

From MS. Bib. Reg. 18, A. xvij., of the fifteenth century.

He that stelys this booke
Shul be hanged on a hooke.
He that this booke stelle wolde,
Sone be his herte colde,
That it mow so be,
Seith Amen for cherité.

Qui scirpsit carmen,
Pookefait est sibi nomen.
Miller jungatur,
"Qui scirpsit sic nominatur.

From MS. Harl. 45, of the fifteenth century.

If ony persone stele this boke,
He shal be hongyd by a hooke,
Or by the necke with a rope.
RELIQUIÆ ANTIQUÆ.


This is the boke of William Tucke,
Christ graunte to hym yn erth good lucke;
And or he dye to send hym grace,
In Hevyn so hye to purchase a place.

From MS. II. vi. 4, in the Public Library of Cambridge, a breviary of the fifteenth century.

Where from ever thys boke be com,
Yt ys Wyllyam Barbors off Newe Bokenham.
Who-so-ever thys booke fynde,
I pray hym have thys in hys mynde;
For Hys love that dyed on tre,
Save thys booke and bryng yt to me!—
Wylliam Barbor off newe Bokenham.

From MS. Harl. 3118, of the time of Henry VIII.

Thomas Beech is my name,
And with my pen I write the same;
Yf my pen had been better,
I would have mended it evrey lettere.

From a printed book formerly in the possession of John Flamstead, the celebrated Astronomer.

John Flamsteed his book,
In it he doth often look.

From a copy of Recorde's "Grounde of Artes," in the possession of Mr. Maynard.

Hic liber mihi pertinet,
Denie it who can?
Ad Jacobum Parsons,
A verie honeste man.
In Gravesendia
He is to be founde,
Si non moveatur,
And laid in the grounde.

1674. Hull.
MORAL SONGS.

From MS. Sloane, No. 2593, fo. 54, r. written about the reign of Henry VI.

God be wyth trewthe qwer he be, I wolde he were in this cuntré.

A man that xuld of trewthe telle,
Wyth grete lordys he may not dwelle,
In trewe story as klerkes telle,
Trewthe is put in low degré.

In laydyis chaumberes comethe he not,
Ther dar trewthe settyyn non fot;
Thow he wolde, he may not
Comyn among the heye mené.

With men of lawe he ha3t non spas;
They lovyn trewthe in non plas;
Me thinkit they han a rewly grace
That trewthe is put at swyche degree.

In holy cherche he may not sythe,
Fro man to man they xuln hym flythe,
It rewit me sore in myn wytte,
Of trewthe I have gret peté.

Relygius that xulde be good,
If trewthe cum ther, I holde hym wood ;
They xuldyn hym rynde cote and hoo'd,
And make hym bare for to flye.

A man that xulde of trewthe aspye,
He must sekyn eslyye
In the bosum of Marye,
For there he is for sothe.

fol. 54, r.

Man, be war, be war, be war, and kep the that thou have no car.

Thi tunge is mad of fleych and blod,
Evele to spekyn it is not good,
But Cryst that deyid upon the rood
So 3yf us grace our tunges to spare.

Thi lyppis arn withoute bon;
Spek non euyl of thi fon;
Man, I rede, be Seynt Jon,
Of euyl speche that thou be war.

Quan thou seyst thi euyl seying,
Be it of eld, be it of 3yng,
Among many men thi speche may spring,
And make thin herte of blysse ful bare.
Therefore I telle the, be seynt Austyn,  
Ther xal non man of evele speche may wyn  
But sorwe and schame and meche syn,  
And to his herte meche care.

Prey we to God and seynt Margerete!  
That we mowun our tunges kepe,  
Qwether we wake or slepe,  
And our body fro evele fare.

fol. 56, r°.

Man, be war er thou be wo, think on pride and let hym goo.

Pryde is out and pride is ine,  
And pride is rot of every synne,  
And pride will never blyrne,  
Til he ha3t browt a man in woo.

Lucyfer was aungyl bry3t,  
And conquerour of meche my3t,  
Throw his pride he les his ly3t,  
And fit doun into endeles woo.

Wenyst thou for thi gaye clothing,  
And for thin grete othis sweryng,  
To be a lord or a kyng?  
Lytil it xal avayle the too.

Quan thou xalt to cherche glyde,  
Wermys xuln ete throw thi syde,  
And lytil xal avayle thi pride,  
Or ony synnys that thou hast doo.

Prey to Cryst with blody syde,  
And othere woundes grile and wyde,  
That he for-jeve the thi pryde,  
And thi synnys that thou hast doo.

fol. 76, r°.

I may seyn, and so mown mo, that in semenaunt goth gyle.

Semenaunt is a wonder thing,  
It begyltyt bothe knyʒt and kyng,  
And makit maydenys of love longyng;  
I warne you of that gyle.

Semenaunt is a sly peyntour,  
It florchyt and fadit in many a flour,  
And makit wommen to lesyn here bryte colour,  
Upon a lytil qwyle.
RELQUIA ANTIQUAE.

In semenaunt be thinges thre,
Thowt, speche, and prevéte,
And trewh the xuld the forte be,
   It is hens a .a'. myle.
Trewthe is fer and semit hynde,
Good and wykkyt it ha3t in mynde,
It fartyt as a candele ende,
   That brennit fro half a myle.
Many man fayre to me he spekyt,
And he wystè hym wel be-wreke,
He hadde we levere myn hed to-breke,
   Than help me over a style.
God that deyid upon the cros,
Ferst he deyid and sythin he ros,
Have mercy and peté on us,
   We levyn here but a qwyle.

fol. 77, r°.

Kep thi tunge, thi tunge, thi tunge, thi wykyd tunge wercit me woo.

Ther is non gres that growit on ground,
Satenas ne peny round,
Wersse then is a wykkyd tunge,
   That spekit bethe evyl of frynd and fo.
Wykkyd tunge makit ofte stryf
Betwyxe a good man and his wyf,
Quan he xulde lede a merie lyf,
   Here qwyte sydys waxin ful blo.
Wykkyd tunge makit ofte stauns,
Bothe in Engelond and in Frauns;
Many a man wyt spere and launs,
   Throw wykkyd tunge to ded is do.
Wykkyd tunge brekit bon,
Thow the self have non,
Of his frynd he makit his fon,
   In every place qwer that he go.
Good men, that stondyn and syttyn in this halle,
I prey 3ou bothe on and alle,
That wykkyd tunges fro 3ou falle,
   That 3e mowun to hefne go.

Wrt.
AN ANGLO-NORMAN DRINKING SONG.

From MS. Reg. 16, E. viii. fol. 103, r°. written early in the thirteenth century, as prose in the MS.

Letabundus.

Or hi parra,
La cerveyse nos chautera,

Alleluia!

Qui que aukes en beyt,
Si tel seyt com estre doit,

res miranda!

Bevez quant l'avez en poin,
Ben est droit, car mut est loing

sol de stella ;

Bevez bien ÿ bevez bel,
Il vos vendra del tonel,

semper clara.

Bevez bel ÿ bevez bien,
Vos le vostre ÿ jo le mien,

pariforma.

De ço soit bien porveu,
Qui que auques le tient al fu,

fit corrupta.

Riches genz fut lour brut;
Fesom nus nostre deduit,

valla nostra !

Beneyt soit li bon veisin,
Qui nus dune payn ÿ vin,

carne sumpta !

E la dame de la maison,
Ki nus fait chere real,
Jà ne pusse elle par mal

esse ceca !

Mut nus done volenters,
Bons beiveres ÿ bon mangers,
Meuz waut que autres multiers,

hec predicta.

Ore bewom al dereyn,
Par meitez ÿ par pleyn,
Que nus ne seum demayn

gens misera !
RELIGIÆ ANTIQUÆ.

Ne nostre tonel nus ne fut,
Kar plein est de bon frut,
E si ert tu à nuit

puerpera. Amen.

Wrt.

LISTS OF ANGLO-SAXON BISHOPS AND KINGS.

From MS. Cotton. Tiberius B. v. fol. 20, r°. written apparently about the year 990.


Nomina episcoporum Australium Saxonum. Wilfrîð, Eadbriht, Eolla, Sigga, Alubriht, Bosa, Gishe, Iota, Piothun, Aðelwulf, Cynned, Guðheard, Ælfred, Eadhelm, Æðelgar, Ordbrht.


Heahmund, Æðelheah, Wulfsgae, Asser, Æðelweard, Waers
tan, Æðelbald, Sigelm, Ælfred, Wulfsgae, Alfwold, Æpelsige.

**Nomina episcoporum Uuiltunensis.** Æðelstan, Oda .iii. Ælrici, Osolf, Ælfstan, Wulfgar, Sigericus dei amicus.

**Nomina Uuillensis ecclesiae.** Æðelm, Wulfhelm, Ælfsheah .ii., Wulfhelm, Briithelm, Kynewerd, Sigegar.

**Nomina episcoporum Cridiensis ecclesiae.** Eadulf, Æðelgar, Ælfwold, Sideman, Ælfric, Alfwold.

**Nomina episcoporum Uuicciorm ecclesiae, Sexwulf, Bosel, Estfor, Ecwine, Wilfrid, Hildred, Warmund, Gilhere, Hea
dered.

**Nomina episcoporum provincie Merciorum.** Primus in prov
vincia Merciorum et Lindisfarorum ac Mediterraneorum Ang
glomerum episcopus, Diuma, Cellaham, Trumhere de natione Anglorum, Bearomon, Tedda, Ginfrið, Seaxwulf. Postea vero in.v. parrochias dividitur post Sexwulfum provincie Merciorum, 
duos episcopus habuit Headdan et Uulfriedum, postea Wilfrid
 electus et Headd praefatus regebat ambas parrochias, deinde 
Ealdwine qui et Uuer nominabatur. Iterum divisa est in duas 
parrochias. Thorhelm, Eadberht, Enpona, Ternenbyrht, Teð
hum, Ealdred, Ceoldred, Hwita, Cemele, Cuðfrid, Berthun, 
Sigeberht, Aldulwulf, Herewine, Æðelwald, Humberht, Kyne
fyð.

**Nomina episcoporum.(sic) Putta, Torhelm, Torhthere, Ealhstod, 
Cuðberht, Dodda, Acca, Ceadda, Aldberht, Esne, Ceolmund, 
Utel, Uulfheard, Peonna, Eadwulf.

**Nomina episcoporum Lindisfarorum.** Eadheah, Æðelwine, 
Eadgar, Cynebyrht, Alowig, Ealdwulf, Ceolwulf, Eadwulf, 
Byrhstred, Leofwine, Ælfnoð, Æscwig.

**Nomina episcoporum Orientalium Saxonum.** Felix, Thomas, 
Beorhtgils, Bisi. Postea in .ii. parrochias dividitur. [. .Jead
wine, Roðberht, Haðelac, Æðelfrið, Eanfrid, Apelwulf, 
Alhheard, Sibba, Hunferð, Hunberht, Æcce, Æscwulf, Ead
red, Guðwine, Alberht, Ecglaef, Heardred, Ælfhun, Widfrid, 
Wermund, Wilred, Æulf, Ælfric, Æedred.

**Nomina episcoporum gentis Norðan-Hymbrorum.** Primus 
Paulinus, a Justo archiepiscopo ordinatus. Aðan, Lines, Col
mann, Luda. Postea in duas parrochias dividitur. Ceadda 
Eboracensi ecclesiae ordinatum Wilfrid Hagstaldensie ordina
tus depositoque Wilfrido a rega Efriso Eata pro eo ordine 
episcopus Hagstaldensie, pro Ceaddan Bosa Eboracensi, De
fundo Iatan Johannes pro eo, post longum vero exilium Wilfrid
iterum in episcopatu receptus est et idem Johannes (sic) defuncto 
Eboraci substitutus.

Nomina episcoporum Haustaldensis ecclesiae. Acca, Fritho-
berht, Alhmund, Gilberht, Æfelberht, Heardred, Æanberht.

Nomina episcoporum Lindisfarorum. Aidan, Finan, Col-
man, Æata, Æðberht, Æanberht, Æadfrid, Kynewulf, Æsigbald, 
Eceberht.

Nomina episcoporum ecclesiae que dicitur Casa Candiona. 
Penthelm, Froðowald, Hehtwine, Æfelberht, Eadwulf.

cccc. xc. iii. Cerdic .xiii., Cyneric .xxiii., Ceaulic .xvii., 
Ceol .v., Ceolwulf .xiii., Cynegils, primus christianus .xxxvii., 
Cenwulf .xxxvi., Sexburh .i. annun, Æscwine .ii., Centwine 
.i., Ceadwalla .iii., Ægelheard .xiii., Cuðberht .xvi., 
Sigebric .i., Cynewulf .xxxvi., Byrhtric .xvi., Ecgbryht 
.xxxvii. j .vii. mon. , Ægelwulf .xix. healf gear, Ægelbald .v., 
Ægelbyrht .v., Ægelred .v., Alfric .xix. j .vii. mon., Ead-
weard .xxv., Æpelstan .xiii. j .vii. wucan, Eadmund .vii. 
healf gear, Eadred x. healf gear, Eadwig .iii. butan .vii. ucan, 
Æadgar .xvi., Eadweard .iii., Ægelred.

Haec sunt genealogiae per partes Britanniae regum regnan-
tium per diversa loca Norðymbrorum.

Eadwine Ællinc, Ælle Yffinc, Yffe Uuscsfreage, Uuscsfre 
Uuilgilsing, Uuilgilsing Ueosterwalding, Ueustoralca Se-
umleng, Seomel Sæfuling, Sæfugul Sæbalding, Sæbald Sig-
geoting, Siggeot Sueðbæging, Sueðbæg Siggaring, Siggar 
Suegdæg, Uuægæg Uooddenning, Uooden Frelafing.

Ecgbrið Osweoning, Oswio Ægelfricing, Ægelfric Ægel-
ricing, Ægelric Ædging, Oda Eopping, Eoppa Eosing, Eosa 
Ægelberhting, Ægelberhting Angelgeoting, Angelgeot Alusing, 
Alusa Ingebranding, Ingebrand Wæbranding, Wæbrand 
Beornicinge, Beornic Bældæging, Bældæg Wodning, Woden 
Frelafing.

Ceolwulf Cuðwining, Cuðwine Leodwalding, Leodwald 
Ecgwaling, Ecgwalg Eadelming, Eadelm Ocgting, Ocg 
Iding. Eadberht Eating, Eata Leodwalding.

Item Norðan Hymbrorum. Alfrid Eanwining, Eanwine 
Brynhaming, Byrnhom Bofing, Bofa Blæchomning, Blæcmon 
Eadriceing, Eadric Iding.

Ida regnavit decem annos, Clapba .i., Odda .viii., Ægelric 
vii., Æodred .vii., Osred .xi., Teonred .ii., Osric .xi., Seol-
wulf .xi., Eadberht .xxi., Oswulf .i., Ægelwulf .vi., Alfrid 
viii., Ægelred .iii., Alfwold .x., Osred .i., Item, Ægelred .vii.
Penda regnavit annos xxi. Peada i., Wulfhere xvii., æpelred xxviii., Cenred v., Cœolred vii., æpelbald xli.


Yne Cenreding, Cenred Cœolwarding, Cœolward Cuðwulfing, Cuðwulf Cuðwining, Cuðwine Celing, Celin Cynricing, Cynric Creoing, Cœoda Cerdicing, Cerdic Alucing, Aluca Giwisging, Giwis Branding, Brand Bældæging, Bældæg Wodning, Woden Frelæfing.

Haec sunt genealogiae regum Occidentalium Saxonum.

Eadweard 7 Eadmund 7 Ææelred æææalingas synodon, Eadgares suna cyninges. Eadgar Eadmunding, Eadmund Eadwerding, Eadweard Ælfreding, Ælfred Apolling, Apulf Ecgbyrhting, Ecgbræth Ealhmunding, Ealhmund Eauing, Eaua

Heingíl, Wealhstód, Coengíl, Beorhtwald, Cealdhun, Luca, Wicceá, Bosa, Stihheard, Herefyríð, Hunbeorht, Andhun, Guðíac, Cuðíred, Ecgwúluf, Dunstan, Ælfriç, Sigegegar, Ælfweard.

Wrt.

A POETICAL LETTER.

From MS. Harl. 2392, fol. 64, v. of the fifteenth century. Very carelessly written.

Worschesfulle brother, and ever thu mynde,
Beyth noth dysplysesd that y wolle say;
To yow, my broðer, bothe gentyl and kynd,
Y recommende me bothe nyth and day!

Yowre wellefare y pray God encresse,
And kepe yow ever out of wo,—
Thys schal y pray and never cesse!
Now doth ye the same alsoo.

Ze now duellying yn your jolyté,
Commend me to alle good frendys;
Y thanke God y am yn prosperyté
Now, yn magyr of alle myn enmys.

And yn specyral, above alle odyr,
Yn consyl to yow y ther welle say,
Jenytt R. and hyr good moder,
But now ys alle the worlde y-tornyd away
Alloe my doster y may welle say,
Whatever men telle byhynd my backe,
Brother, hit ys no lasse, by my fay;
Y pray yow therfore nothyng ye hyre lack.
No more but a letter wold y se,
Of gentylneys wryte of your honde,
With alle the new tydynges of the contré,
But ever be y schal hym onderstonde.

Hull.

SATIRE ON THE PEOPLE OF KILDARE.

By Friar Michael of Kildare, from MS. Harl. No. 913, fol. 7, v°. written
in Ireland, about the year 1508. See an account of the MS. in Mr. Crofton
Croker's Popular Songs of Ireland, pp. 282—287.

Hail, seint Michel with the lange sper,
Fair beth thi winges up thi scholder,
Thou hast a rede kirtel anon to thi fote,
Thou ert best angle that ever God makid.
This vers is ful well i-wro3t,
Hit is of wel furre y-br03t.

Hail, seint Cristofre with thi lang stake,
Thou ber ur loverd Jhesu Crist over the brod lake;
Mani grete kunger swimmeth abute thi fete,
Hou mani hering to peni at West Chep in London.
This vers is of holi writte;
Hit com of noble witte.

Seint Mari bastard, the Maudleinis sone,
To be wel i-clothid wel was thi won;
Thou berist a box on thi hond i-pentid al of gold,
Woned thou wer to be hend, give us sum of thi spicis.
This vers is makid wel,
Of consonans and wowel.

Hail, seint Domnik with thi lang staffe,
Hit is at the ovir end crokid as a gaffé:
Thou berist a bok on thi bak, ic wen hit is a bible;
Tho3 thou be a gode clerk, be thou no3t to he3.
Trie rime la God hit wote.
Soch an othir an erthe I note.

Hail, seint Françeis with thi mani foulis,
Kites and crowis, revenes and oulds,
Fure and .xx.11 wildges and a poucok;
Mani bold begger siwith thi route.
This vers is ful wel i-sette,
Swithe furre hit was i-vette.

Hail be 3e, freris, with the white copis,
3e habbiteth a hus at Drochda war men makith ropis;
Evir 3e beth roilend the londis al a-boute,
Of the watir daissers 3e robbith the churchis.
Maister he was swithe gode,
That this sentente understode.

Hail be 3e, gilmens, with 3ur blake gunes,
3e levith the wildirnis and fillith the tunis,
Menur with-oute and prechur with-inne,
3ur abite is of gadering, that is mochil schame.
Sieilich is this vers i-seid,
Hit wer harme adun i-leiid.

Hail, 3e holi monkes, with 3ur corrin,
Late and rathe i-fillid of ale and wine,
Depe cun 3e house, that is al 3ure care,
With seint Benetis scurge lome 3e disciplineth.
Taketh hed al to me,
That this is sleche 3e mow wel se.

Hail be 3e, nonnes of seint Mari house,
Goddes bourmaidnes and his owin spouse,
Ofte mistredith 3e 3ur schone, 3ur fete beth ful tendre,
Datheit the sotter that tawith 3ure lethir.
Swith wel 3e understode,
That makid this ditee so gode.

Hail be 3e, prestis, with 3ur brode bokes,
Th3 3ur crune be i-schave, fair beth 3ur crokes;
3ow and other lewidmen deleth bot a houve,
Whan 3e delith holi-brede, 3ive me botte a litil.
Sickirlich he was a clerk,
That wrothete this craftilich werk.

Hail be 3e, marchans, with 3ur gret packes,
Of draperie, avoir-de-peise, and 3ur wol sackes,
Gold, silver, stones, riche markes, and ek pundes;
Litil 3ive 3e therof to the wrecch pover.
Sie13 he was and ful of witte,
That this lore put in writte.

Hail be 3e, tailurs, with 3ur scharpe schores,
To make wronge bodes 3e krittith lome gores;
Azens midwinter hote beth 3ur neldes,
Th3 3ur semes semith fair, hi lestith litil while.
The clerk that this baston wrowste,
Wel he woke and slepe ri3te now3te.
Hail be 3e, sutters, with 3our mani lestes,
With 3our blote hides of selcuth bestis,
And trobles and treisuses, bothevampe and alles;
Blak and lothlich beth 3ur teth, hori was that route.
    Nis this bastun wel i-piȝte,
    Euch word him sitte a-rīȝte.

Hail be 3e, skinners, with 3ure drenche kive,
Who so smillith ther to, wo is him alive;
Whan that hit thonnerith, 3e mote ther in schite;
Datheit 3ur curteisie, 3e stinketh al the strete.
    Worth hit wer that he wer king,
    That ditid this trie thing.

Hail be 3e, potters, with 3ur bole-ax,
Fair beth 3ur barmhates, 3olow beth 3ur fax;
3e stondith at the shamil, brod serlich bernes;
Fleiis 3ow folowithe, 3e swolowith y-now.
    The best clark of al this tun,
    Craftfullich makid this bastun.

Hail be 3e, bakers, with 3ur lovis smale,
Of white bred and of blake, ful mani and fale;
3e pincheth on the riȝt white aȝen Goddes law,
To the fair pillori ich rede 3e tak hede.
    This vers is i-wrowȝte so welle,
    That no tung i-wis mai telle.

Hail be 3e, brewesters, with 3ur galuns,
Potels and quarters, over al the tounes;
3ur thowmes berith moch awai, schame hab the gyle;
Beth i-war of the coking-stole, the lak is dep and hori.
    Sickerlich he was a clerk,
    That so sleilich wroȝte this werk.

Hail be 3e, hokessters, dun bi the lake,
With candles and golokes and the pottes blak,
Tripis and kine fete and schepen hevedes;
With the hori tromcheri hori is 3ure inne.
    He is sori of his lif,
    That is fast to such a wif.

Fi a debles kaites that kemith the wolle,
Al the schindes of the crowt(?) a heij opon 3ur sculle,
3e makid me sech a goshorne over al the wowes,
Ther-for ich makid on of 3ou sit opon a hechil.
    He was noble clerk and gode,
    That this dep lore understode.
RELIOLE ANTIQUE.

Makith glad, mi frendis, 3e sittith to long stille;
Spekith now, and gladieth, and drinketh al 3ur fille;
3e habbeth i-hird of men lif that wonith in lond;
Drinkith dep, and makith glade, ne hab 3e non other nede.
This song is y-seid of me,
Ever i-blessid mote 3e be!

Wrt.

A LULLABY.

From the same manuscript as the preceding, fol. 32, r.

Lollai, .l., litil child, whi wepistou so sore?
Nedis mostou wepe, hit was i-3arkid the 3ore,
Ever to lib in sorrow, and sich and mourne evere,
As thin eldren did er this, whil hi a-lives were.
Lollai, litil child, child, lolai, lullow,
In to uncuth world i-commen so ertow.

Bestis and thos foules, the fisses in the flode,
And euch schef a-lives, makid of bone and blode,
Whan hi commith to the world, hi doth ham silf sum gode,
Al bot the wrech brol that is of Adamis blode.
Lollai, .l., litil child, to kar ertou be-mette,
Thou nost noxt this worldis wild bi-for the is i-sette.

Child, if be-tidith that thou ssalt thrive and the,
Thench thou wer i-fostred up thi moder kne;
Ever hab mund in thi hert of thos thinges thre,
Whan thou commist, whan thou art, and what ssal com of the.
Lollai, .l., litil child, child, lolai, lolai,
With sorow thou com into this world, with sorow ssalt wend awai.

Ne tristou to this world, hit is thi ful ro;
The rich he makith pover, the pore rich also;
Hit turneth wo to wel, and ek wel to wo;
Ne trist no man to this world, whil hit turnith so.
Lollai, .l., litil child, the fote is in the whele,
Thou nost whoder turne to wo other wele.

Child, thou ert a pilgrim in wikidnis i-bor,
Thou wandrest in this fals world, thou lok the bifor;
Deth ssal com with a blast ute of a wel dim horre,
Adamis kin dun to cast, him silf hath i-do be-for.
Lollai, .l., litil child, so wo the worth Adam,
In the lond of Paradis, thro3 wikidnes of Satan.

vol. ii.
Child, thou nert a pilgrim, bot an uncuthe gist,
Thi dawes beth i-told, thi jurneis beth i-cast;
Whoder thou salt wend, north, other est,
Deth the sal be-tide, with bitter bale in brest.
Lolla, l., litil chil, this wo Adam the wroght,
When he of the appil ete, and Eve hit him betach.

CHRISTINES OF TOWNS.


Londonus.
Hæc sunt Londonis, pira pomaque, regia, thronus,
Chepp-stupha, coklana, dolum, leo, verbaque vana,
Lancea cum scutis, hæc sunt staura cuntutis.

Eboracu.
Capitulum, kekus, porcus, fimus, Eboracu,
Stal, nel, lampronos, kec et melc, salt, salamonos,
Ratus, cum petys, hæc sunt staura cuntetis.

Lincoln.
Hæc sunt Lincolne, bow, bolt, et bellia bolne,
Ad monstrum scala, rosa bryghta, nobilis ala,
Et bubulus flatus, hæc sunt staura cuntatis.

Norwycu.
Hæc sunt Norwycus, panis ordeus, halpeny-pykys,
Clausus posticus, domus Habrahæ, dyrt quoque vicus,
Flynt valles, rede thek, cuntatis optima sunt hæc.

Coventrie.
Contreye mirum, sopanedula, tractaque wyrum,
Et carmen notum, nova stipula, pedula totum,
Cardones mille, hæc sunt insignia villæ.

Brystoll.
Hæc sunt Brystollys, bladelys, doqelys quoque bollys,
Burges, negones, karinæ, clocheriaque, chevones,
Webbys cum rotis, hæc sunt staura cuntotis,

Cantuaria.
Hæc sunt Cantorum jagæ, dogmata, bal baculorum,
Et princeps tumba, bel, brachia, fulsaque plumba,
Et syserem potus, hæc sunt staura cuntotis.
EPITAPH ON A BALLAD-MAN.

From MS. Harl. 665, fol. 294, of the fifteenth century.

Here lyeth under this marbyll ston,
Riche Alane, the ballid man;
Whether he be safe or noght,
I reche never, for he ne roght!

Hill.

SONG ON ATHELSTAN'S VICTORY OVER THE DANES AT BRUNANBURGH,
AND PRAYER BEFORE THE BATTLE.

From MS. Cotton. Nero. A. II. fol. 8, v°. written in a bold Saxon hand contemporary, or nearly so, with the event (A. D. 998). The song (or fragment) appears to have been taken down from recitation by an ignorant scribe, and is hopelessly corrupt.

Carta dirige gressus
per maris et navium
tellurisque spatum
ad reges palatum.

Regem primum salute
reginem et clitanum
clarus quoque commitis
militis armieros.

Quorum regem cum Æpelstanum
ista per fecta Saxonia
vivit rex Æpelstanum
per fecta gloriosa.

Ille Sictric defuntum
armatum in prelia
Saxonom exercitum
per totum Bryttanium.

Constantinus rex Scottorum
et velum Bryttannium
salvando regis Saxonom
fideles servitia.

Dixit rex Æpelstanus
per Petri preconia
sint sani sint longe
in Salvatoris gratia.
Domine Deus omnipotens, rex regum et dominus dominantium, in cujus manu omnis victoria consistit, et omne bellum contentur, concede mihi ut tua manus cor meum corroboret, ut in virtute tua in manibus viribusque meis bene pugnare viriliterque agere valeam, ut inimici mei in conspectu meo cadant et corruant, sicut corruit Golias ante faciem pueri tui David, et sicut populus Pharaonis coram Moysi in Mare Rubro, et sicut Philistim coram populo Israel ecciderunt, et Amalech coram Moysi et Chanaelei coram Jesu corruerunt, sic cadant inimici mei sub pedibus meis, et per viam unam conveniant adversum me, et per septem fugiant a me, et conteret Deus arma eorum, et confringet framea eorum, et eliquise in conspectu meo sicut cera a facie ignis, ut sciant omnes populi terre quia invocatum nomen Domini nostri Jesu super me, et magnificentur nomen tuum, Domine, in adversariis meis, Domine Deus Israel.

Wrt.

CATALOGUE OF THE LIBRARY OF THE MONASTERY OF RIEVAUX.

Written in the fourteenth century, from a MS. in the library of Jesus College, Cambridge, N. B. 17.

*Hi sunt libri sancte Marie Rieval.*

A. Codex Justiniani.
   Decreta Gratiani.
   Johannes super decreta.
   Haymo super epistolas Pauli.

B. Augustinus de civitate Dei, in uno volumine.
   Augustinus super Johanne, in uno volumine.
   Augustinus super Psalterium, in quinque voluminibus.
   Augustinus de sermone Domini in monte, et de natura et gratia, et epistola ejusdem ad Valentimum, in uno volumine.
   Augustinus de quantitate anime, et Ambrosii de bono mortis et de fuga seculi et de viduis, in uno volumine.
   Augustinus de perfectione justicie, de correptione et gratia, et Dominus vobiscum, in uno volumine.
   Augustinus de caritate, et retractationes ejusdem, in uno volumine.
Augustinus de duabus animabus, de disciplina Christianorum, de decem cordis, regula ejusdem de vita clericorum, de nuptiis et concupiscentia, et Augustinus contra Julianum, et contra duas epistolas Pelagianorum, et de sancta virginitate, in uno volumine. **Augustinus ad Simplicianum contra Pelagium, in uno volumine, et alia.**

C. Augustinus contra Faustum, in uno volumine.
Augustinus de trinitate, in uno volumine.
Augustinus de confessionibus, in uno volumine.
Augustinus de verbis Domini, in uno volumine.
Augustinus super Genesim ad litteram, et versus Damasippe, in uno volumine.
Epistole Augustini, et Augustinus contra interrogationes Pelagii heretici, in uno volumine.
Augustinus de doctrina christiana, in uno volumine.
Augustinus de consensu Evangelistarum, et duo sermones ejusdem de jure-jurando, in uno volumine.
Soliloquia Augustini. **Augustinus contra achaedemicos, et de ordine monachorum.**

D. Bernardus super cantica canticorum, in uno volumine.
Sermones Bernardi per anni circulum, in uno volumine.
Item, Bernardus de gratia et libero arbitrio, et liber ejusdem
ad Ascelinum cardinalem de diligendo Dominum, et
versus Hildeberti de missa, in uno volumine.
Item, Bernardus de diligendo Dominum, et sentencia ejus
de trinitate, et de presciencia, de sacramento altaris, de
quibusdam sacramentis fidei, in uno volumine.
Epistole Bernardi, in uno volumine.
Anselmus, cur Deus homo, de conceptu virginali, de
monte humiliatis, de reparatione humane redemptionis,
expositio evangeli, Intravit Jesus in quoddam castro,
et vita ejusdem, et Wimundus de copore Domini contra
Berengarium, in uno volumine.
Libri Anselmi de incarnatione verbi, Monologion, Pros-
ologion ejusdem, et contra ejusdem libri secundum et
tertium et quartum capita oppositio cujusdam et
responsio illius, epistola ad Walerannum episcopum,
tractatus illius de veritate, tractatus illius de libero
arbitrio, de casu diaboli, de concordia prescientie et
predestinationis et gratie cum libero arbitrio, de simili-
tudinibus, de gramatico, in uno volumine.
Ailredus de spirituali amicitia, et de institutione inclu-
sarum, in uno volumine.
Liber sermonum illius qui sic incipit, Petis a me, etc.,
in uno volumine.
Ailredus de oneribus Ysaie, in uno volumine.
Ailredus de vita sancti Edwardi, de generositate et
moribus et morte Regis David, de vita sancti Niniani
episcopi, de miraculis Haugustaldensis ecclesie, in uno
volumine.
Epistole Ailredi, in uno volumine.
Ailredus de anima, in uno volumine.
Speculum caritatis.
Epistole Romanorum pontificum, in uno volumine.
Epistole Cypriani, in uno volumine.
Ailredus de fasciculo frondium.

E. Origenes super vetus testamentum, in duobus voluminibus.
Rabanus super Matheum, in uno volumine.
Haimo super epistolae Pauli, in uno volumine.
Josephus de antiquitate, in uno volumine.
Josephus de Judaico bello, et Ailredus de generositate
regis David, in uno volumine.
Sentencie magistri Petri Lumbardi, in uno volumine.

F. Moralia beati Gregorii Pape in Job, in quinque volu-
minibus.
Gregorius super Ezechiel, in uno volumine.
Liber pastoralis, et liber de tribus generibus homicidii, et liber de conflictu viciorum et virtutum, in uno volumine. 
Liber dialogorum beati Gregorii, in uno volumine. 
Liber quadraginta omeliarum, in uno volumine. 
Prima pars registri, et Augustinus de vera religione, et Marsias, in uno volumine. 
Secunda pars registri, et liber de scientia dictandi, in uno volumine. 

_De summa trinitate et fide catholica._ 
Robertus super Apocalypsim, in uno volumine. 
Liber seremonum, et quaedam excerpta de libris Justiniani, et bestiarium, in uno volumine. 

G. 
Ambrosius super Lucam, in uno volumine. 
Ambrosius super Beati immaculati, in uno volumine. 
Ambrosius de officiis et de sacramentis, in uno volumine. 
Epistole Ambrosii, in uno volumine. 
Ambrosius de virginibus, et de Nabuthe, et sermo ejus de jejunio, et libellus Ricardi Prioris de Benjamin et fratribus ejus, de quibusdam partibus mundi, de septem mirabilibus Rome, de quinque plagis Anglie, in uno volumine. 
Ambrosius be bono mortis, de fuga seculi, de viduis, Exameron ejusdem, de penitentia, et Cassiodorus de virtutibus anime, in uno volumine. 
Prima pars Ysidori ethimologiarum, et expositio libri Donati grammatici et quaedam derivationes per alphabeticum inchoantes, et regule versificandi, in uno volumine. 
Secunda pars Ysidori ethimologiarum, et Ysidorus de quibusdam propriis nominibus veteris ac novi testamenti et eorum significationibus, et libellus Ysidori qui Synonima appellatur, in uno volumine. 
Liber Beati Gregorii Nazianzeni, in uno volumine. 
Laurentius de consolatione amicitie, et quaedam decreta patrum, et ysagogae Johannici, in uno volumine. 
Epistole Senece, in uno volumine. 
Sermones Mauricii, qui sic incipiunt, Festum super festum, in uno volumine.
Vigniti octo sermones sancti Bernardi super cantica canticorum, in uno volumine.

H. Hugo de sacramentis, in duobus voluminibus.
Hugo de contemptu mundi, soliloquium ejusdem de arra anime, item, de virginitate sancte Marie, solutio ejusdem cur non fiat conjugium inter eundem sexum, et didascalion ejusdem, in uno volumine.
Tractatus Hugonis, et miracula de corpore et sanguine Domini, in uno volumine.
Pannormia Yvonis Carnotensis episcopi, in uno volumine.
Item Pannormia Yvonis, et epistole Dindimi et Alexandri, et epistola domini Baldwini abbatis de Forda, et sermo de sancto Thoma et sancto Willelmo, et salubrius admonitio cujusdam sapientis quomodo de Deo et de anima rudibus et minus peritis caute loquendum sit, in uno volumine.

Sentencie Hugonis.
Epistole Yvonis, et epistole Hildeberti episcopi Cenomanensis, in uno volumine.
Hugo super Iherarchiam, in uno volumine.
Robertus super Matheum, in uno volumine.
Robertus super Leviticum, sermo magistri Roberti Puliani de omnibus Christianae vite necessariis, libellus Ricardi Prioris de Benjamin et fratribus ejus, regula sancti Basili, in uno volumine.
Epistole Mauricii, in uno volumine.
Lapidarium, et quidam sermones et sentencie et compilationes, in uno volumine.

I. Beda super Lucam, in uno volumine.
Beda super Marcum, in uno volumine.
Beda de tabernaculo, in uno volumine.
Beda de ystoria Anglorum, in uno volumine.
Beda de temporibus, cum quibusdam cronicis ejus, in uno volumine.
Beda de triginta questionibus, et super Esdram, in uno volumine.
Beda super Samuelem, in uno volumine.
Beda super epistolas canonicas, et super cantica canticorum, in uno volumine.
RELIQUIÆ ANTIQUE.

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Beda de vita Sancti Cuthberti, et Cuthbertus de transitu sancti Bede, in uno volumine.
Libri de littera Anglica duo.

K. Hystoria ecclesiastica, in uno volumine.
Historia Egesippi, in uno volumine.
Historia Henrici, in uno volumine.
Historia de Jerusalem, in uno volumine.
Historia Britonum, in uno volumine.
Itinerarium Clementis, in uno volumine.
Sermones Magistri Gaufridi Babonis, et expositio in Johel prophetam et in Naum prophetam, in uno volumine.
Orosius de ornesta mundi, historia Daretis de bello Trojano, et versus Petri Abailardi ad filium, et cronica de Anglia, in uno volumine.
Libri Aldelmi, quedam nomina et verba de libro capitulorum, Hugo de Folieto de claustro materiali, item, de claustro anime, inventio Solomonis, in uno volumine.
Expositio evangeli, Dixit Symon Petrus ad Jesum, sermo de labore sanctorum et mercede, sermo de novem mensibus conceptionis et octo diebus circumcisionis Christi, sermo de sancto Pascha, collectiones sentenciarum et meditacionum, tractatus super quedam capitula de cantica canticorum, manipulus rerum et verborum, in uno volumine.
Expositio super cantica canticorum, Ambrosius super cantica canticorum, expositio super Prisciani octo constructiones, expositio super Apocalipsim, item, expositio super cantica canticorum, glasse Boecii, et expositio brevis super quosdam psalmos, in uno volume.
Johannes super decreta Gratiani, in uno volumine.
Corpus canonum, in uno volumine.
Matheus glosatus, in uno volumine.
Actus apostolorum glosati, in uno volumine.
Boecius de Trinitate, liber Catonis, passio sancti Lauren-
tii, proverbia de libris poetarum, vita sancte Marie Egiptie, Hildebertus de edificio anime, item versus ejusdem, quidam hymni, Odo de viribus herbarum, Marbodeus de generibus lapidum, passio sancti Maur-
cii, vita Taisidis et alii versus, cosmographia Bernardi Silvestris, passio sancti Thome, et alii versus et dicta-
mina, in uno volumine.
Versarium de libris Ethnoricorum, passio sancti Laurencii, argorismus, in uno volumine.

VOL. II.

2 A
L. Vitas patrum, vita sancti Guthlaci, liber qui dicitur formula vite honeste, in uno volumine.
Vita sancti Godrici heremite, in uno volumine.
Johannes Herenita in decem collationes, in uno volumine.
Libri quatuordecim collationum, in uno volumine.
Prosperus de vita activa et contemplatione, et diadema monachorum, in uno volumine.
Liber Odonis, in uno volumine.
Liber Heraclidis episcopi qui dicitur paradisus, et persecutio Africanae provicie, in uno volumine.
Sentencie Magistri Walteri que sic incipiunt, Ferculum sibi fecit salvatio, in uno volumine.
Sentencie que sic incipiunt, Dum medium silentium, in uno volumine.
Regula Johannis Cassiani, in uno volumine.
Psalterium glosatum domini Ailredi abbatis, in uno volumine.
Psalterium glosatum domini Ernaldi abbatis, in uno volumine.
Psalterium magistri Walteri glosatum, in uno volumine.
Psalterium Huroldi glosatum, in uno volumine.
Psalterium Radulphi Barun glosatum, in uno volumine.
Psalterium Symonis de Sigillo glosatum, in uno volumine.
Psalterium parvum de probatorio glosatum, in uno volumine.
Psalterium Gaufridi Dinant non glosatum, in uno volumine.
Psalterium Fulconis non glosatum, in uno volumine.
Psalterium Willelmi de Rotelando non glosatum, in uno volumine.
Psalterium Ieronimi, quod fuit Willelmi de Berking', in uno volumine.

M. Liber Justiniani de legibus, in uno volumine.
Liber medicinalis qui appellatur antidotarium, in uno volumine.
Ysagoge Johannis, in uno volumine.
Priscianus magnus, in uno volumine.
Priscianus de constructionibus, in uno volumine.
Bernardus de duodecim gradibus humilitatis, sermones et sentencie utilissime, apologeticum sancti Bernardi, interpretationes Hebraicorum nominum, in uno volumine.
Sermones sancti Bernardi qui sic incipient, sancti per fidem, et alie quaedam sentencie, in uno volumine.
Expositio super Naum prophetam et super Johel, sentencie et sermones et epistole plurimorum perutilès, Laurentius de creatione et operibus Domini, in uno volumine.
Congestio diversarum sentenciarum diversis sancte catholice ecclesie causis congruentium, et excerpta quaedam de registro Gregorii ornate dicta, in uno volumine.
Sinonima Ciceronis, quaedam de compoto, regule versificandi, in uno volumine.
Rethorica, in uno volumine.
Boecius de consolatione, in uno volumine.
YSagoge Porphirii in cathegorias Aristotelis, et alii libri dialectici, in uno volumine.
Liber de miraculis sancte Marie, in uno volumine.

N. Liber omeliarum in hyeme, in uno volumine.
Liber omeliarum in estate, in uno volumine.
Passionale mensis Octobris, in uno volumine.
Passionale mensis Novembris et Decembris, in uno volumine.
Passionale mensis Januarii, in uno volumine.
Vita sancti Silvestri et aliorum sanctorum, in uno volumine.
Vita sancti Ambrosii et aliorum sanctorum, in uno volumine.
Omelie in quadragesima, in uno volumine.
Psalterium tripartitum, in uno volumine.

O. Ieronimus super duodecim prophetas, in duobus voluminibus.
Ieronimus super Ieremiam et super Danielem, in uno volumine.
Ieronimus de Hebraicis questionibus, de mansionibus filiorum Israel, de distantii locorum, de Hebraicorum nominum interpretatione, de questionibus libri Regum, de Paralipomenone, de decem temptacionibus, de sex civitabibis fugitivorum, de cantico Debbore, de lamentacionibus Jeremie, de edificio Prudentii, Hugo de Folieto de claustro anime, Jer' Gennad', Ysidorus de illustribus viris, Cassiodorus de institutionibus divinarum litterarum, Ailredus de standardo, de mappa, in uno volumine.*

* This is now in the Minster Library, York.
Bernardus super cantica canticorum, Jeremias glosatus, item, opuscula Bernardi, et epistole et sententie plurimorum, Barbarismus glosatus, epistole Senecet Pauli, in uno volumine.

Sermones Petri Manducatoris, de ortu sancti Cuthberti, passio sancti Thome archiepiscopi Cantuariensis, miraculum de imaginatione sancte Marie, vita S. Olavi, in uno volumine.


Libri glossati.

Apocalypsis, glosatus, in uno volumine.
Item, Apocalypsis et cantica canticorum glosati, in uno volumine.

Q. Liber usuum, in duobus voluminibus.
Glosule super psalterium, G. Pore, in uno volumine.
Quedam evangelia breviter exposita, exhortatio sancti Bernardi ad Eugenium papam, sententie patrum de viciis et virtutibus, et phisica, in uno volumine.
Orationarium quod sic incipit, Domine Jesu Christe fili Dei vivi, Bernardus de cantus proprietate, hore de sancta Maria, institutio capituli, expositio super quasdam preces, in uno volumine.
Item, orationarium quod sic incipit, Domine Jesu Christe qui in hoc mundum, in uno volumine.
Sententie que sic incipiunt, "Ne velis tibi", et Prudentius, in uno volumine.
Quedam nominum et verborum expositio in epistolas Pauli, et versus de Christo, et de sacramentis fidei quorundam patrum sermones, in uno volumine.
Encheridion, et versus cujusdem de morte Roberti Bloet, episcopi Lincolniensis, et difficiliores partes veteris ac novi testamenti, in uno volumine.
Quedam commenta philosophie, quedam sententie Pauli et Ysaie, glosate, Flores quorundam evangeliorum, aurea gemma, epistola Carnotensis episcopi mirifice utilitatis, liber sancti Patricii, collatio Trinitatis, sanctus Augustinus a se ipso ad se ipsum, exceptiones Pannornie Yvonis, soliloquium Mauricii, quorundum verborum interpretationes, in uno volumine.
Psalterium cum dimidio versibus, et quedam orationes per rithum, in uno volumine.
Libellus qui appellatur ymago mundi, et alie sentencie, in uno volumine.
Liber medicinalis qui fuit Hugonis de Beverlaio, in uno volumine.

Huti.
ODE OF A LOVER.

The following is taken from the back of a rent roll of Sir George Bowes of Streatham, Durham, dated 1560, and is in the same hand-writing as the list of the tenants. It was kindly communicated to us by Sir Cuthbert Sharpe.

That self-same toung which first did the entreat
To lynk thie liking with my lucky love,
That trustie toung must now thes words repeat,
"I love the still," my fancy cannot move.

That drieles hart, which durst attempt the thought
To wynne thy will with myne for to consent,
Mayntaynes that vowe, which love in me first wrought,
"I love the still," and never shall repent.

That happie hand which hardly did touche
Thy tender body, to my depe delight,
Shall strive with sword to prove my passion suche,
As "loves the still," much more than it can write.

Thus love I still with toung, hand, hart, and all,
And when I chaunge, lett vengeaunce on me fall.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

A HYMN BY MICHAEL KILDARE,

From MS. Harl. No. 913, fol. 9, r. of the beginning of the fourteenth century.

Swet Jhesus, hend and fre,
That was i-strawȝt on rode tre,
Nowthe and ever mid us be,
and us schild fram sinne;
Let thou noȝt to helle te,
thai that beth her inne;
So briȝte of ble, thou hire me,
hoppe of alle man-kynne,
Do us i-se the Trinité,
and hevene riche to winne.

This worldis love is gon a-wai,
So dew on grasse in someris dai,
Few ther beth, weilawai!
that lovith Goddis lore;
Al we beth i-clung so clai,
we schold rew that sore;
Prince and king, what wenith thai
to libbe ever more!
Leveth 3ur plai, and crieth ai,
Jhesu Crist, thin ore.

Alas, alas! ye riche men,
Of muk whi wol 3e fille 3ur denne?
Wende 3e to ber hit henne?
nai, so mote I thrive!
3e sulle se that al is fenne,
the catel of this live.
To Criste 3e ren, and falleth a knen,
that wondis tholiid five;
For 3e beth trenne worthi to brenne
in bittir helle kive.

Godde 3ow havith to erthe i-sent,
Litil dwel 3ou havith i-lent,
He schal wit how hit is spent,
I rede 3ou, tak hede;
If hit be hidde, 3e beth i-schent,
for helle worth 3ur mede.
The bow is bend, the fire i-tend,
to 3ow, if 3e beth gnede;
Bot 3eu amend, 3e sul be wend
in ever glowind glede.

Povir was thin in comming,
So ssal be thin oute going,
Thou ne salt of al thi thing
a peni ber to molde;
That is a rewful tithing,
whose hit hire wold.
Loverd king, to hori ding,
what makith man so hold?
In pining 3ive a ferthing
he ne sal, the3 he wold.

Riche man, bethenche the,
Tak gode hede wat thou be;
Thou ne art bot a brotil tre
of schorte seven fote,
I-schrid with-ute with gold and fe;
the ax is at the rote;
The fent un-fre halt al to gle,
this tre a-dun to rote:
So mote ic the, ic rede the, fle,
    and do this sowle is bote.

Now thou art in ro and rest,
Of al the lond thou art the mest,
Thou doist no streinth of Godis best,
    of deth whi neltou thenche?
Whan thou wenist libbe best,
    thi bodi deth sal qwench;
The pover chest ssal be thi nest,
    that sittist bold a bench;
Est and west schal be thi qwest,
    ne miȝt thou nothing blench.

Be thou barun other kniȝte,
Thou salt be a sorful wiȝte,
Whan thou liste in bere i-tiȝte,
    in fulle pover wede;
Nastou nother main no miȝte,
    whil thou no man drede:
With sorwȝful siȝt, and that is riȝte,
    to erthe me sul the lede.
Than ssal thi liȝt turn into niȝte,
    bethench, man, this i-red.

The pover man bit uche dai
Gode of the, and thou seiist ai,
    "Beggar, wend a devil wai!
        thou deniist al min ere."
Hungir bitte he goth a-wai,
    with mani sorful tere.
A! wailowai! thou clotte of clai,
    whan thou list on bere,
Of fow no grai, no rede no rai,
    nastou bot a here.

Christ tellith in holi writte,
That a man ofwithir witte
I-biriid was in helle pitte,
    that in this lif was riche,
Ssal he never than fitte
    fram the sorful diche;
He sal sitte in helle fitte,
    with-oute wyn and miche;
The fent sal sitte is knot to knitte,
    sore mai he skriche.
RELIOQUE ANTIQUA

The pover man goth bi-for the,
Al i-driid als a tre,
And gredith, "Loverd, help me,
hungre me havith i-bund;
Let me dei pur charité,
i-broʒt ic am to grond!"
So mot I the and Crist i-se,
if he die that stund,
His lif sal be i-cravid of the,
theʒ thou jif him no wonde.

I the rede rise and awake
Of the hori sinne lake;
If thou be ther in i-take
I wisse thou schalt to helle,
To woni with the fentis blake
in that sorful wille;
Thi wei thou make, thou dri the stake,
to prest thi sinnes telle;
So wo and wrake sal fram the rake,
with fendis grimme and felle.

If in sinne thi live is ladde,
To do penance ne be noʒt sadde;
Who so doth, he nis noʒt madde,
as holi churche us techithe;
Ther of be thou noʒt a-draddde,
Crist sal be thi lech.
Thus Crist us radde, that rode spradde,
with a blisful speche,
Whan he so bad, thou misʒt be gladde,
ne lovith he no wreche.

Jhesu, king of heven fre,
Ever i-blessid mot thou be!
Loverd, I besech the,
to me thou tak hede,
Fram dedlich sinne thou zem me,
while I libbe on lede;
The maid fre, that bere the
so swetlich under wede,
Do us to se the Trinîte,
al we habbeth need.

This song wroʒt a frere,
Jhesu Crist be is sorec!
Loverd, bring him to the toure!
DUTIES OF AN ANGLO-SAXON KING.

From MS. Cotton Cleop. B. xiii. 56, r°, of the tenth century.

Promissio Regis.

Dis ge-writ is ge-written stœf be stæfe be þam ge-write þæs Dunstan arceb. sealde urum hlafordæ æt Cingestune þa on ðeg þa hine man halgode to cinge, þ for-bead him ælc wedd to syllanne butan þysan wedde þæs he up on Cristes weofon lêde swa se b. him dihte. On þære halgan þrynnesse naman, Ic þreo þing be-hâte cristenum folce, þæm under ðeodum; an ærest þ Godes cyrice þ eall cristen folc minra ge-wealda sode sibbe healdæ; oþer is þ ic reaf-læc þ ealle unrihte þing eallum hâdum for-beode; þridde þ ic be-hâte þ þe-beode on eallum dômum riht þ mild-heornisse, þast us eallum ærst þ mild-heort God þurh þ his ecean miltse for-gise, se lisaþ þ rixaþ. Finit.

Se cristena cyng þe þas þing ge-healdæ, he ge-earnaþ him sylfum woroldlicne weordmynt, þ him éce God ægðer ge-miltsæþ ge on andwerdum lifæ ge ac on þam ecean þe æfre ne ætoraþ. Gif he þonne þ awægð þ Gode was be-hâten, þonne sceal hit syðdan wyrsian swyðe sóna on his þeode, þ eall hit on ende ge-hwyrð of þ þyrste, butan he on his lif fæce ær hit ge-bête.

Eala! leof hlaford, beorh huru þinga georne þe sylfum. Geþenc þ ge-lóme þ þu scealt þa heorde forð æt Godes domé ywan þ lêdan, þ þu eart to hyrde ge-scýft on þysum lifæ, þ þonne ge-cennan þ þu þe-heolde, þ Crist ær ge-bohte sylf mid his blóde.

Ge-halgodes cynges riht is, þ he nægnige man ne for-dême, þ þ he wuduwan þ steop-cild þ æl þeodige werige þ amundige, þ stala for-beode, þ unriht hæmedu ge-bête, þ ðib-legeru to-twæme, þ grundlunga for-beode, wiccan þ galdra adilige, mæg-myðran þ man-swaran of earde adrífe, þearfan mid ælmyssan lêde, þ ealde, þ wise, þ syfre him to ge-peahterum hæbbe, þ rihtwise men him to wicnerum sette, for þan swa hwæt swa hig to unrighte ge-doð þurh his aful, he his sceal ealles ge-scead agyldan on domes-dæg.
ANGLO-SAXON VERSES.

From MS. Cotton. Claudius, A. iii. fol. 29, v. a Benedictional of the tenth century, formerly belonging to St. Augustine's at Canterbury.

Ic eom halgung-boc,  
healdre hine Dryhten  
pe me fægere þus  
fræstewum belegde;  
þære to þance  
þus hit me wyrcean  
to love þ to wyrðe  
þam þe leocht ge-sceop,  
ge-myndi is he mihta ge-hwylcre  
þæs þe he on foldan  
ge-fremian mæg,  
þ him ge-pancie  
þeoda waldend,  
þæs þe he on ge-mynde  
madma manega  
wyle ge-mearcian  
metode to lace;  
þ he sceal æce lean  
ealle findan,  
þæs þe he on foldan  
fremap to ryhte.

Wrt.

PROVERBS.

Copied from an ancient set of ten fortune cards by Barrett, and now printed from his MS. Collections preserved in the Chetham Library at Manchester.

A woman thatt ys wylfull ys a plage off the worste,  
As good live in hell, as withe a wytte that is curste.  
Wittes are moste wylly where wemen have wyttes,  
And curtilly comethe uppon them by fittes.  
In frinds ther ys flattery, in men lyttell trust,  
Thoughe sayre they proffer, they be often unjuste.  
Good fortune God sende you, I dare laye my heade  
You will holde with the horne yff ever youe wedd.  
Tene pound to a pudding whensoever you mary,  
You will repente yee that so longe you did tarrye.
Wheresoever thou travelest, este, weste, northe or southe,
Learne never to looke a geven horsse in the mouthe.
Wyssdome dothe warne the in many a place,
To trusete no suche flatteres as gill jere in thy face.
A widdowe that ys wanton with a running head,
Ys a dyvell in the kyttchine and a nape in her bedde.
Pyke oute a throwe that will learne you a choisse,
With a read head, a sharpe nolle, and a shrill voyce.
Cholle oute a mater that wyll learne you a choisse,
With a rede heade, a sharpe nosse, and a shrill voyce.

Hill.

BALLAD OF A TYRANNICAL HUSBAND.

From a MS. on paper of the reign of Henry VII. preserved in the Chetham Library at Manchester.

Jhesu that arte jentille, fsor joye off thy dame,
As thu wroughth thy wyde worlde, in hevyn is thi home,
Save alle thyss company and sheld them from schame,
That wylle lystyn to me and tende to thyss game.

God kepe alle women that to thyss towne longe,
Maydens, wedows, and wyvys amonge;
For moche the ar blamyd and sometyme with wronge,
I take wyttenes of alle ffolke that herythe thyss song.

Lystyn, good serrys, bothe yong and olde,
By a good howsbande thyss tale shalbe tolde;
He weddyd a womane that was ffayre and bolde,
And hade good i-now to wende as they wolde.

She was a good huswyfe, curteys and heynd,
And he was an angry man, and sone wold be tenyd,
Chydynge and brawlynge, and farde leyke a feynd,
As they that ofsyn wylywe wrothe with ther best frend,

Tylle itt beffelle upon a day, shortt tallle to make,
The goodman wold to the plow, his horse gan he take;
He calyd forthe hyss oxsyn, the whyt and the Blake,
And he seyd, “dame, dyght our denner betyme, for Godes sake.”

The goodman an hyss lade to the plow be gone,
The goodwyf hade meche to doo, and servant had se none,
Many smale chylldern to kepe besyd hyrselyfe alone,
She dyde mor then sho myght withyn her owne won.
Home com the goodman be tympe off the day,
To loke that al thing wer acordyng to hes pay,
"Dame," he sed, "is owr dyner dyght?" "Syr," sche sayd, "naye;
How wold yow have me doo mor then I cane?"
Than he began to chide and sayd, "Evelle mott thou the!
I wolde thou shuldes alle day go to plowe with me,
To walke in the clottes that be wette and meré,
Than sholdes thou wytt what it were a plowman to bee."
Than swere the goodwyff, and thus gane she say,
"I have mor to doo then I doo may;
And ye shuld folowe me ffoly on day,
Ye wold be wery off your part, my hede dar I lay."
"Wery! yn the devylles nam!" sayd the goodman,
"What hast thou to doo, but syttes her at hame?
Thou goyst to thi neybores howse, be on and be one,
And syttes ther janglynge with Jake an with John."
Than sayd the goodwyffe, "feyr mot yow ffaylle!
I have mor to do, who so wyst alle;
Whyn I lye in my bede, my slepe is butt smalle,
Yett eyrly in the morneng ye wylle me up calle.
"When I lye al myght wakyng with our cheyle,
I ryse up, at morow and fynde owr howse wylde;
Then I melk owre kene and torne them on the felde,
Wylle yow slepe ffulle stytle, also Cryst me schelde!
"Than make I buter fether on the day;
After make I chese,—thes holde yow a play;
Then wylle owre children wepe and upemost they,
Yett wylle yow blame me for owr good, and any be awey.
"When I have so done, yet her comys more eene,
I geve our chekyns met, or elles they wylb[e] leyne:
Our hennes, our capons, and owr dokkes be-dene,
Yet tend I to owr goslyngs that gothe on the grene.
"I bake, I brew, yt wylle not elles be welle;
I bete and swyngylle flex, as ever have I heylle:
I hekylle the towre, I kave and I keylle,
I toose owlle and card het and spyn het on the wheylle."
"Dame," sed the goodman, "the develle have thy bones!
Thou nedyst not bake nor brew in fortynght past onys;
I sey no good that thou dost within thes wyd wonys,
But ever thow excusyst the with grontes and gronyss."
"Yefe a pece off lenyn and wolen I make onys a yere,
For to clothe owre self and owr children in fere;
Elles we shold go to the market, and by het ful deer,
I ame as bessey as I may in every [yere.]

"Whan I have so donne, I loke on the sonne,
I ordene met for owr bestes agen that yow come home,
And met ffor owr selfe agen het be none,
Yet I have not a ffeyr word when I have done.

"Soo I loke to owr good withowt and withyn,
That ther be none awey noder mor nor myn,
Glade to ples yow to pay, lest any bate begyn,
And fort to chid thus with me, i ffeyght yow be in synne."

Then sed the goodman in a sory tymne,
"Alle thys wold a good housetyf do long ar het were prime;
And sene the good that we have is halfe dele thyn,
Thow shalt laber for thy part as I doo for myne."

"Therffor, dame, make the redy, I warne the, anone,
To morow with my lade to the plowe thou shalt gone;
And I wylbe housetyfe and kype owr housete at home,
And take myn ese as thou hast done, by God and Seint John!"

"I graunt," quod the goodwyfe, "as I wnderstonde,
To morowe in the mornynge I wylbe walkande:
Yet wylle I ryse whylle ye be slepande,
And see that alle theng be redy led to your hand."

Soo it past alle to the morow that het was dayleyght;
The goodwyfe thoght on her ded and up she rose ryght:
"Dame," seid the goodmane, "I swere be Godes myght!
I wylle fette hom owr bestes, and helpe that the wer deght."

The goodman to the feeld hyed hym fulle yarne;
The godwyfe made butter, her dedes war fulle derne,
She toke ayen the butter melke and put het in the cheyrne,
And seid yet off on pynt owr syer shalbe to lerne.

Home come the goodman and toke good kype,
How the wyfe had layd her flesche for to stepe:
She sayd, "Sir, al thes day ye ned not to slepe,
Kype wylle owr chelde rne and let them not wepe.

"Yff yow goo to the kelme malt for to make,
Put smal ffeyr ondernethe, sir, for Godes sake;
The kelme is lowe and dry, good tend that ye take,
For and het fastyn on a ffeyr yt wylb[e] eville to blake.

"Her sitt ij. gese abrode, kypp them wylle from woo,
And thei may com to good, that wylle weck sorow i-nowe."

"Dame," seid the goodmane, "by the to th plowe,
Teche me no more housetyfere, for I can i-nowe."
Forthe went the goodwyff, curtys and hende,
Sche callyd to her lade, and to the plowe they wend;
They wer besé al day, a fytte here I fynde,
And I had dronke ones, ye shalle heyre the best behynd."

A fytte.
Here begenethe a noder fytte, the sothe for to sey,

* * *

Hill.

THE FORRESTER’S SONG.

From Addit. MS. No. 5665, fol. 50, r. in the British Museum, written
apparently in the reign of Henry VIII.

Y have ben a foster longe and meney day,
My lockes ben boren, foster woll y be no more;
Y shall honge up my horne by the grene wode spray,
My lockes ben boren, foster will y be no more.
Alle tho whiles that y may my bowe bende,
Shall y wedde no wyffe, my bowe bende, shall y wedde no wyffe;
I shall bygge me a boure atte the wodes ende,
Ther to lede my lyffe, att the wodes ende, ther to lede my lyffe.

Wrt.

ST. NICHOLAS.

The following fragments of an early rhythmical Latin poem on the
Miracles of St. Nicholas, are written in different parts of MS. Cotton.
Tiberius B. V. of the end of the tenth century. They are curious illustrations
of the history of Middle Age Latin verse. The lines are arranged as in the
MS. with the exception of the last fragment, which is there arranged in
very long lines consisting of two lines as here printed. All the peculiarities
of the MS. are carefully preserved. The assonance of these verses is very
remarkable.

1. fol. 74, r.

In Litiae provintia fuit quidam Christicola,
Post transitum sanctissimi Nicholai pontificis;
Hic de multis divitiis ad paupertatem rediit,
Cujus pressus miseris quendam Judeum adiit,
Rogans ut aurum misero accommodaret mutuo,
Unde posset acquirere victum sine dedecore.
Tunc Judeus pacifice dat responsum Christicola,
Quicquid a me petieris cito habere poteris;
Si vis aurum recipere, fidejussorem tribue,
Vel tale vadimonium quod sit valens ad debitum.
Nullus est, inquid, proximus, qui de me sit sollicitus,
Sed altare pontificis dabo in loco pignoris,
Ut si ingratus fuero, et tua non reddidero,
De me vindictam faciat, quae omnibus appareat.
Dixit Judeus perfido, Nicholaum non respuo,
Nam in ejus presentia nulla latet fallatio.
Tali pacto catholicae aurum recepti calidus,
Qui in paucis temporibus effectus est ditissimus.
Tandem ille qui prsestitit debitorem communuit,
Ne diutius differet reddere quod acceperat.
Ad hanc ille, quod habui jam diu est quod reddidi,
Tu habes, et nunc repetis quasi nondum receperis.
Tunc Judeus expalluit, et admirans ingemuit,
Nicholaumque invocat, ne hoc inultum sufferat.
Si jusjurandum feceris super altare presulis,
Quicquid coger exigere floccipendo amittere.
Christianus exgoitat qualiter hunc decipiat;
Aurum includit concavo quod deebat in baculo.
Judeo fraudis nescio istud aurum cum baculo
Ad portandum committitur, sicque dum fallit fallitur.
Tali fretus astutia, perjurare non dubitat,
Ut innocens appareat, et verum sit quod dixerat.
Immemor beneficii jurat quod aurum reddidit,
Quasi victor exhilarat, redire vult ad propriam.
Sed cum venit ad bivium, oppressus somno nimium,
Ire ultra non potuit, suppinsus ibi jacuit.
Per viam ipsam pariter plaustrum ducebant homines,
Clamant, monent ut fugiat, ne dormiens intereat.
Jacet ille culpabilis velut lapis immobilis,
Donec rota volubilis ventrem cum ligno conterit.
Tunc apparat dolositas quae in ligno latuerat,
Morsque stulti tam subita falso jurasse conprobat.
Advolans fama exiiit, aures Judei percutit,
Nuntians quod acciderat de morte tam terrifica.
O Nicholae, presulum decus et honor omnium,
Jam diu est quod comperi te esse servum Domini;
Tua maxima bonitas, atque fortis justitia,
Compellit me Judaicam relinquire serviam.
[A]modo jam Christicola fiam per tua merita,
[Ut] possim tecum perfri easterae vitae gaudii;
[I]d precor ut qui merito migravit ex hoc seculo,
[H]unc vitae restitutas, ne corruit in tartara.
[Tant]o fit exorabilis Nicholaus mirabilis,
[Ad] vitam functum revocat, qui mox aurum restituat.
[To]tus mundus hoc audiat, Nicholaumque diligat,
[Qui] rectam tenens regulam nullam amat fallatiam.
Quidam paterfamilias multas habens divitiás,
rat solitus pergere ad limina Ecclesiae;
In qua corpus sanctissimi humatum jacet presulís,
que quotannis debita persolvere munuscula.
Se facturum vasculum pollicitus est inclitum,
honore sanctissimi Nicolai pontificis.
Indem queritur aurifex doctus in tali opere,
ui pulchre sciat sculpture, auro gemmas inserere,
iones cum jaspide auro miscet Arabiae,
Salomonis tempore vix fuit opus similé.
Factum est vas aureum cuvis regis congressum,
apidibus circumdatum, mirifice compositum.
D pulchritudo vasculi oculos dantis illicit,
rahens ad avaritiam per demonis invidiam.
Od sua sponte voverat, abnegare non dubitat,
rtens ad usus proprios retinuit dominio;
ursus aurifex queritur, cui aurum committitur,
bet vas restituere quod sit priori similé.
le dat, iste recipit, cepto insistens opéri
aborare non desinit, et tamen nichil proficit.
strumen defitiunt, naturam perdit obrixum,
ulit vitrum perfragile gemmae ruunt ab opere,
rens magister proprium nil valere industriam,
mul in unum colligit, aurum gemmasque reddidit.
Cum prope esset annua Nicolai festivitas,
Miles iste cum ceteris navigare disposuit,
umore et filio, servos ducit quam plurímos,
si sibi necessarium adimpleant obsequium.
Sed cum foret in pelago, pater petit a filio,
Ut predictum vas capiat sibique potum tribuat.
Currens puer quantotius, arripit sciphum prontulus,
Quem priusquam miscuerit refrigidare voluit.
Cum in aqua tinguitur, de manibus elabitur,
Sed cum cupit retrahere simul ruit in eurque.
Exclamat pater pueri, suffundens ora lacrímis,
De tua morte juvenis omnino sum culpabilis.
Te, Nicolae, deprecor, indulge mihi misero,
ec vicem tanti criminis rependas ut promerui.
Ut quid dixi mendacia nulla pressus inopia,
Nulla mihi necessitas incumbebat nec orbitas.
Utcumque lamentabilis miles ad terram exit,
Nota limina repetit Nicolai pontificis.
Non est ulla facundia quae narrare prevaleat,
Quantum se accusaverit, vel quam amare fleverit.
Tandem post multas lacrimas offert ingrata munera,
Quæ aurifex reddiderat, nunquam sancto placentia.
At gloriosus pontifex indignans tali munere,
Mox ab altari reppulit quicquid miles apposuit.
Tunc res aperte claruit, qua propter infans peritit,
Quo tenere non poterat sciphum quod pater voverat.
Dum in sacrificis solemnibus festa peragunt populi,
Et sua infortunia plangit paterfamilias,
Ecce puer ingreditur sciphum ferens in manibus,
Qui corda contuentium mox convertit in gaudium.
Currit pater examinis, ruens in collum filii,
Attonitus pre gaudio vix potest farci puero.
Tandem post pia oscula pater natum interrogat,
Quomodo se habuerit quando in undis corruit.

II. fol. 57, r°.

Infinit ille, Cum ceceidi, senex michi apparuit,
Venustatis angelice in veneranda spetie,
Qui ut mater piissima tenuit inter brachia,
Michique sciphum tradidit, et dixit, Ne timueris.
Quaerer me eduxerit de tam magnis periculis,
Egomet ipse nescio, sed mirans adhuc stupeo;
occum unum tamen recolo, quod, educito de pelago,
Ductor ostendit semitam ducentem ad ecclesiam.
Unc subito arripuit sciphum de manu filii,
Atque libenti animo offert spectante populo.
Uncis mare currentibus Nicolaus est cognitus,
Cui quasi preposito vota reddunt ex debito.

VANDALORUM exercitus, ab Africannis partibus
Causa predandi exiens ad terram Calabritidem,
Assim per agros homines depedantur et pecudes,
Et quisquis prout potuit obtima quaee rapuit,
Nus sancti imaginem Nicolai inveniens,
Quam ne viderent socii in sinu suo contegit,
Et quia pulchre fuerat et decenter composita,
Sepius illam visitat, et cujus sit interrogat.
Chrisiani mirabilem intuentes imaginem,
Dictunt hic est notissima Nicolaichonia.
Si in Deum crediderit quisquis eam habuerit,
Securus sit quod omnia venient sibi prospera.
Vir iste de quo loquimur erat telonearius,
Multis habundans opibus, nondum tamen catholicus;
Qui reversus in proprio dum sederet opitio,
Vestes et quicquid habuit in aperto exposuit.
In parieta desuper Nicolaus appensus est,
Cui iubet ut omnia fideliter custodiat;
Hic commendat imaginii, quasi viventi homini,
Hinc securus ad alia profectus est negotia.
Per noctem fures veniunt, qui omnia diripiant,
Preter solam imaginem tollentes suppellectilem.
Summo mane vir remeat, qui res suas commiserat,
Quas tristis cum non inventis, imaginem arripuit.
Licens, Nicolaus, tuam male vidi custodiarm
Quia fidum te credidi omnia mea peridi.
Estor deos et omnia quecumque colo idola,
Si mea non reddideris, subjacebis incendiis.
Ac ec dicendo acerrime statuam cedit undique,
Ac si sentire valeat illata sibi vulniera.
Post quam se vindicaverat, nec illa contra murmurat,
In pariete collocat, de quo ante peperenderat.
Unde sanctus ad vesperam Nicolaus rememorans
Quanta illius statua perpessa est obprobria,
Ergit ad diversorium quo latrones conveniunt,
Ut inter se distribuant quod per furtum abstulerant.
Vos, ait, furciferi, quid est quod hic dividitis?
Pro vestris latrocinis afflicitus sum injuriis;
E vestro patrimonio non est istud quod video,
Nam in mea custodia hae fuerunt reposita.
Per meum indicium incurratis periculum,
Et publicem vos omnibus, reportate quantocius.
Locutus disparuit, latronibus ex territis;
Mox omnia restituit, ne incurrant periculum.
Teloneario consurgente de lectulo,
Illum locum revisitatur in quo sua perdiderat;
Ed cum venit ad hostium, repperiens quae sua sunt,
Nemo fari sufficit quam alacer effectus est.
Gaudio tripudiat, cuncta respuens idola;
Christianus efficitur, quo nichil est salubrius.
Sanc]to per cujus meritum hoc accidit miraculum,
Fabricavit ecclesiam mirifice compositam.
Emper ex illo tempore Nicolaum gens Africe
Pre omibus provintiis miro amore coluit.
Non est in omni seculo Christianorum regio,
ubi non sint ecclesiae ejus nominis deditis;
Nobis nomen sic occupat omnes terras et maria,
Ejus sit intercessio nobis criminum demptio!

CELI letentur ordinis, congaudens tellus jubilet,
Pro beati piissima Nicolaem memoria,
Qui in aetate tenera pendens ad matris ubera,
Ostendit abstinentiae exemplum memorabile.

[Q]uarta cum sexta feria mammotreptus dum fuerat,
Semel lactatus ubere vitabat ultra tangere.

[P]rost mortem patris unicus heres remansit filius,
Qui suum patrimonium vertit in usus pauperum.

[V]icinus huic aderat, qui habebat tres filias,
Quas fornicari statuit, licet fuisset nobilis.

[T]unc miserum artaverat tanta panis inopia,
Quod pauper factus vivere volebat cum dedecore.

[S]ed caritate servidus Nicholaus juvenculus
Extinxit illud vitium per trinitatis numerum.

[N]ondum factus episcopus, auro dato virginibus,
Fugat patris infamiam et filiarum reprobam.

[T]alibus beneficis indolis tantae juvenis
Divinitus promeruit presul prepotens fieri.

[E]x hinc nautas in sequere fractos adverso flamme,
Seque vocantes, visitat, dum loqueruntur tali:

[N]icholaes, si vera sunt quae de te plures referunt,
Sucurre nobis citius, ne obruamus fluctibus.

[P]re timore periculi clamantibus apparuit,
Quem invocant se indicat, Nicholaum se nominat,

[A]ntennis et rudentibus et armamentis pluribus,
Postquam mare inicereat, tumida placat aqua.

[N]aucleri Alexandri obstupuerunt valide,
Cum farris abundantiam aspicerent superfluam.

[D]emetientes integra mensura reddunt pondera,
Preter illud quod habuit Nicholaus ut petiit.

[H]oc revelante pessima patuerunt insidiae,
Quas Diana fantastico mittebat pro munusculo.

[D]eferentes ut jacuint in mare maleficium,
Velut formax exestuat, et quicquid tangit concremat.

[T]res juvenes innoxii morti fuerunt dedicati,
Quos liberavit validam solutos per potentiam.

[C]onstantinus non multum post captos tenebat alios;
Sed quod a morte eruit, dicam quater accidit.

[S]uperba gens de Frigia regi negabat debita,
Ad quam digne reprimere tres duces jubet pergere.

[S]ed cum redirent prospera, hoste devicto robore,
Aliqui per invisibilibus inveniret fallaciae;

[M]entiti sunt quod socii, Arpilione et ceteri.
Rex volebat fieri, ablato regno Caesaris.

[T]ante capud malitiae fuit corruptus munere
Prefectus, cujus fraudibus truduntur in carceribus.

[F]ost hoc jubet rex presidi innocentes interimi,
Ne simili superbia aliquis tale faciat.

[C]arcerali custodiis nota fiunt insidiae;
Noctu patrantur omnia sicut judex preceperat;
[Justos audito funere venit ad clausos carcere,]
Sed non valet abscondere, quia defluunt lacrimae.
[Qui videntes pallidum custodem preter solitum,]
Si quid de se audierat attoniti interrogat.
[Silete, inquit, juvenes, de vobis totum factum est,]
Nam vitae vestae terminus appropinquabit citius.
[De vestra morte callidum judex dedit consilium,]
Preparans ut vos perimat antequam lux appareat;
[Qua planctus et lacrimae nequeunt vos redimere,]
Virtus vobis altissima in hac nocte subveniat.
[Quis enarrare valeat quanta fuit tristitia,]
Quae in eorum cordibus versabatur interius.
[Ed cum nemo mortalium dare posset auxilium,]
Nec fieret effugium evadendi periculum;
[Edit ad memoriam quando mare transierant,]
Quod Nicholaum viderant, cui se commendaverant.
[Ccirco hunc pre omnibus orant in suis precibus,]
Ut qui alios liberet, servos suos non negligat.
[Eadem hora concite fidus suorum opifex,]
Constantinum interrogat utrum dormit an vigilat;
[Quo sciscitante, tu, quis es, qui sic ad me ingressus es?]
Sanctus respondet, Littae Nicholaus sum pontifex,
[Compatiens huc veneram, stratilates ne perearat,]
Quos ne tangas precipio nisi vis mori subito;
[Sias quod rex fortior te bellum movebit contra te,]
Cujus forti victor non valebis resistere;
[Sii ad pugnam exieris, et cum eo te junxeris,]
Victus eris et mortuus, eo quod es incredulus.
[P]ostquam regem terruerat, ochior vento advolat,
Et durius exterritat qui eos accusaverat.
[Impie, latro, proditor, digna exitu misero,]
Pro tua avantiia recipies supplicia;
[Consumptus eris vermibus veluti caulis putridus,]
A te fetente longius fugiet omnis populus.
[S]ed hac vice propitius tuis parcem soeleribus,
Si penitens extiteris de hoc quod male egeris.
[Quo audito prepositus de lectulo excutitur,
Pavefactus per tenebras venit ad fores regias;]
[Antequam preses venerat, imperator surrexerat,]
Minasque sibi plurimas furibundus intorserat.
[I]lle verbis pacificis regem placare studuit,
Excusans se de crimine, captos jubet adducere;
[Qui statim regi traditi, mortem expectant pavidi,
Gemunt, sudant formidine, non putant ora vivere.
[I]nterrogat rex milites, Nicholaus hic ubi est,
Qui pro sua clementia velim nolim vos liberat.
[A]d notum nomen presulis, exclamant fusis lacrimis,
Tollunt manus ad sidera, laudant Dei magnalia,
[R]espondentes in Licia Mirreorum est civitas,
In quo pontifex habitat, quem Dominus glorificat,
[D]e illius prudentia ac fortii pacientia,
Nusquam vidimus hominem, tam bonum nec tam humilem;
[P]rius ceteris virtutibus quorum nullus est numerus,
Fulget in eo caritas, quae omnium est maxima,
[C]ujus orationibus nos simul commendavimus,
Quando navali pretio fuimus contra barbaros;
[I]bi prout potuimus fideles tibi fuimus,
Nam parva manu militum plures vicimus hostium,
[Q]ui rebelles extiterant, et se dari vix poterant,
Subjectos tibi fecimus et mitiores ovibus.
[P]ro talibus serviciis ad mortem sumus traditi,
Nisi Deus nos eruat per NICHOLOM merita.
[Q]uis habit tam ferreum pectus, vel cor lapideum,
Quod non molliret pietas, humanitatis gratia?
[Q]ui presentes astiterant continere non poterant,
Multis excussit lacrimas militum eloquenta.
[N]am tandem rex placabilis juvenes jubet indui,
Reparans amicitiam quam primitus habuerant;
[D]einde ait, Munera ex parte mea plurima
Ferte sancto pontifici, de quo tanta loquimini;
[I]n verbis ejus comperì quia non estis perfidi,
Sed suo testimonio fideles in servicio,
[V]alde Deo est proximus NICHOLOM episcopus,
Per quem tanta miracula ostenduntur per secula.
[Q]uod vivitis et sapitis, quod facti estis liberii,
Totum illius bonitas fecit atque clementia.
[O]fferte sibi munera, textus atque candelabra,
Quae in mei memoria suscipere non renuat.
[E]go et mei filii sui erimus famuli,
Pro quibus Deo supplicet, nec ultra me terrificet.
[S]ic alacres cum munere naves ascendunt concite,
NICHOLOM in Litia grates reddunt innumeratas.
[T]erra marique novimus NICHOLOM pre omnibus
Succurere quantocius cunctis se invocantibus.
[D]um sumus in hoc seculo postulemus a Domino,
Ut hujus sancti precibus conjungamur celestibus.
DICAMUS Deo gloriæm, per cujus providentiam,
Nicholaus fit proprius quam foret ab initio;
Inc deflet gentes Græciæ et finitimi Asìnæ,
Mirreaque præcepue, quæ tanto caret hospite,
Ujus fecit offensio ne haberet in proximo
Patronum tante gratiae, nec talis excellentiae.
Acis amator extitit dum in seculo floruit,
Post transitum pacificos semper diligit populos,
Uiget Turcos et Pincenas, scilicet gentes pessimas,
Quæ creatori omnium nullum reddunt officium.
Alde Deo amabilis urbis Varensis promeruit
Nicholaum cum gaudio suscipere opicio.
Varense et Veneticus, cum navibus firmissimis,
Sepe transcurrunt maria mercationis gratia.
modo nostris temporibus plenis frumento ratibus,
Post Myrrhe provinciam venerunt Antiochiam.
Arribus ibi venditis, divinitus admoniti,
Invenerunt consilium nutu Dei dispositionum,
Redeuntes tumulum sancti frangant marmoreum,
Cum instrumentis ferreis paraatis huic operi.
Ser voluntatem Domini et auxilio praesulis,
Intraverunt ecclesiam ut facerent quod dixerant.
 Custodes ibi quatuor inventi sunt in atrio,
Qui extrahunt peniculum liquorem more solito;
Putantes quod solita velleon offerre munera,
Non dubitant ostendere quicquid volunt inspicerere.
Unus e Varenibus, audax et fortis viribus,
Ferreum ferens malleum, de quo percussit tumulum,
Quo ictu per plurimas partes scinditur tabula,
Et odoris fragrantia exit tam suavissima,
Quasi essent positi in paradiso Domini,
Nullam sperabant alteram post hanc futuram gloriam.
Inc thesaurum arripiunt excellens omne pretium,
Impellunt rates pelago, vela dant ventis subito,
Prospera navigatio letos perduxit socios,
Qui corpus venerabilis deferebant pontificis.
Uidam nauta desidius per somnium est monitus,
Cui dixit, ne paveas, quia strenue navigas,
Ursui tuo terminus herit dies vicesimus,
Interea in pelago nulla fit commotio.
Dictum est, sic accidit, sanctus ad ripam exiit,
Cui gaudens Apulia tota concurririt obvia.
Mira culorum copia facta per ejus merita
Commovet voluntarium de toto orbe populum.
THE MASS OF THE DRUNKARDS.

From MS. Harl. No. 913, fol. 13, vo. compared with MS. Harl. No. 2851, where it is entitled, *Incipit Missa Gulonii.*

*Incipit Missa de potatoribus.*

\textit{V*a.} Introibo ad altare Bachi. \textit{R.*} Ad eum qui letificat cor hominis.


\textit{A*fer} a nobis quesumus, Bache, cuncta vestimenta nostra, ut ad taberna poculorum nudis corporibus mereamur introire per omnia pocula poculorum, Stramen. \textit{Introitus.}

\textit{U*geamus} omnes in decio, diem mestum deplorantes sub honore \textit{t} quadrati decii, de cujus jactatione plangunt miseri et perjurant filium dei. \textit{V’}. Beati qui habitant in

* MS. Harl. 2851, reads here, \textit{quia ego potator potavi nimia, bibendo, ludendo, vestimenta mea perdendo, mea crupa, and omits the next and several other paragraphs; in two instances it has \textit{manifestetur for misereatur.}

\textit{t} MS. Harl. 2851, has \textit{celebrantes sub errore.}

Deus qui multitudinem rusticorum ad servitium clericorum venire fecisti et militum, et inter nos et ipsos discordiam seminasti, da nobis quesumus de eorum laboribus vivere, et eorum uxoribus uti, et de mortificatione eorum gaudere, per dominum nostrum reum Bachum, qui bibit et pocularum per omnia pocula poculum. Stramen. [. . . . ] tuum apurtatricum.(?)


† The other MS. reads here, Off. O vinum fortissimum veni inebriandum, et noli tardare; accipite enim quod vobis paratum est vitam. Sanctus enim dictur agnus rei qui rollit talos in disco. Miserere nudis. Bis. Agnus rei qui rollit talos in disco, doun nudis pannos. Pax non datur, etc.

Deus, qui tres quadratos decios. lxviiij. oculis illuminasti, 
tribue nobis quesumus, ut nos qui vestigia eorum sequi-
mur, jactatione quadrati decii a nostris pannis exuamur. per d. 
Dolus vobiscum, etc. Ite bursa vacua. Reo gratias.

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OLD AGE.

From MS. Harl. No. 913, fol. 54, v°. of the beginning of the fourteenth 
century.

Elde makith me geld, and growen al grai;  
When eld me wol feld, nykkest ther no nai;  
Eld nul meld no murthes of mai;  
When eld me wol aweld, mi wele is a-wai;  
Eld wol keld, and cling so the clai.  
With eld I mot held, and hien to mi dai.  
When eld blowid he is blode, his ble is sone abatid;  
Al we wilnith to ben old, wy is eld i-hatid?

Moch me anueth,  
That mi drivil druith,  
and mi wrot wet;  
Eld me awarpeth,  
That mi schulden scharpith,  
and zouthe me hath let,  
lhc ne mai.no more  
Gropu under gore,  
thog mi wil wold zete;  
Y-joket ic am of zore,  
With last and luther lore,  
and sunne me hath bi-set.
I see am with sunne,
That I ne mai noot munne
    non murthis with muthe;
Eld me hath amarrid,
Ic wene he be bi-charrid,
    that trusteth to ythe.

Al thus eld me for-dede,
Thus he teggith ute mi ted,
    and drawith ham on rewe;
Y ne mai no more of love done,
Mi pilkoc pisseth on mi schone,
    uch ssehenlon* me bishrewewe.
Mine hed is bore and al for-fare,
I-hewid as a grei mare,
    mi bodi wexit lewe.†
When I bihold on mi schennen,
Min dimmith al for-dwynnen,
    mi frendis waxith fewe.

Now I pirtle, I pofte, I poute,
I snurpe, I snobbe, I sneipe on snoute,
    thro' kund I comble and kelde;
I lench, I len, on lyme I lasse,
I poke, I pomple, I palle, I passe,
    as gallith gome I geld;
I rivele, I roxle, I rake, I rouwe,
I clyng, I cluche, I croke, I couwe,
    thus he wol me aweld.
I grunt, I grone, I grenne, I gruche,
I nase, I neppe, I nife, I nuche,
    and al this wilneth eld.

I stunt, I stomere, I stombre as sledde,
I blind, I bleri, I bert in bedde,
    such sond is me sent;
I spitte, I spatle in spech, I sporne,
I werne, I lutle, ther-for I murne,
    thus is mi wel i-went.

I spend, and marrit is mi main,
And wold wil ythe a2ayn,
    as falc I falow and felde.

* A gloss in the original explains this word by, *i. puer.*
† *i. debile.* Gloss in the original.
I was heordmon, nou am holle,
Al folk of me beth wel folle,
such willing is after elde.

Seo wound spakky he me spent,
Uch toth fram other is trent,
arerid is of rote.
The tunge wlaseth wend ther with,
Lostles lowteth in uch a lith,
I mot be ther eld bith,
he fint me under fote.  *Amen.*  

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*6 A POEM TO THE VIRGIN.*


Mary moder, wel thow be!
Mary mayden, thynk on me;
Maydyn and moder was never non
To the, lady, but thou allon.
Swete Mary, mayden clene,
Shilde me fro all shame and tene;
And out of syn, lady, shilde thou me,
And out of det, for charité.
Lady, for thi joyes fyve,
Gyf me grace in this life
To know and kepe over all thyng
Cristyn feath and Goddis biddyng,
And truly wynne all that is nede
To me and myne, bothe cloth and fede.
Helpe me, lady, and alle myne,
Shilde me, lady, fro hel pyne.
Shilde me, lady, fro vilany,
And fro alle wycked cumpany.
Shilde me, lady, fro evel shame,
And from wyckid fame.
Swete Mary, mayden mylde,
Fro the fende thou me shilde,
That the fende me not dere;
Swete lady, thou me were
Bothe be day and be ny3t;
Helpe me, lady, with alle thi my3t,
For my frendis, lady, I pray the,
That thei may saved be
To ther soulis and ther life,
Lady, for thi joyes fyve.
For myn enimys I pray also,
That thei may here so do,
That thei nor I in wrath dye;
Swete lady, I the pray,
And thei that be in dedly synne,
Let hem never dye therin;
But swete lady, thou hem rede
For to amende ther my seede.
Swete lady, for methou pray to hevyn kyng,
To graunt me howsill, Christe, and gode endyng.
Jhesu, for thi holy grace,
In heven blisse to have a place;
Lady as I trust in the,
These prayers that thou graunt me;
And I shall, lady, her belyve
Grete the with a vys fyve,
A pater noster and a crede,
To helpe me, lady, at my nede.
Swete lady, full of wynne,
Full of grace and gode within,
As thou art flour of alle thi kynne,
Do my synnes for to blynne,
And kepe me out of dedly synne,
That I be never takyn therin.

\slo

THE LAMENTATION OF THE VIRGIN.

From the same manuscript.

Off alle women that ever were borne,
That berys childre, abyde and se
How my son liggus me beforne,
Upon my kne, takyn fro tre.
Your childre se dawnse upon your kne,
With la3yng, kyssyng, and mery chere;
Beholde my childe, beholde now me,
For now liggus ded my dere son dere.

O woman, woman, wel is the!
Thy childis cap thou dose upon,
Thou pykys his here, beholdys his ble,
Thow wost not wele when thou hast done.
But ever, alas! I make my mone,
To see my sonny's bed as hit is here;
I pyke owt thorns be on and on,
For now liggus ded my dere son dere.

O woman, a chaplet chosyn thou hast,
Thy childe to were hit dose the gret likying;
Thou pymmes hit on with gret solas,
And I sate with my son sore wepyng.
His chaplet is thornsly sore prickying;
His mouth I kys with a carfull chere;
I sitte wepyng, and thou syngying,
For now liggus ded my dere son dere.

O woman, loke to me agayn,
That playes and kisses your childre pappys;
To see my son I have gret payn,
In his brest so gret gapis,
And on his body so many swappys;
With blody lippys I kis hym here;
Alas! full hard me thynk me happys,
For now liggus ded my dere son dere.

O woman, thou takis thi childe be thi hand,
And seis, "my son, gif me a strok;"
My sonny's handis ar sore bledand,
To loke on hym me list not layke.
His handis he suffyrd for thi sake
Thus to be boryd with nayle and speyre;
When thou makes myrth, gret sorow I make,
For now liggus ded my dere son dere.

Beholde, women, when that 2e play,
And hase your childre on knees damsand,
He fole therfor fittys or day,
And to your sight ful wel likand;
But the most fynger of any hande
Thorow my sonny's fete I may put here,
And pulle hit out sore bledand,
For now liggus ded my dere son dere.

Therfor, women, be town and strete,
Your childre handis when 2e beholde,
Theyr brest, their body, and their fete,
Then gode hit were an my son thynk 2e wolde,
How care has made my hart full colde,
To see my son with nayles and speyre,
With scourge and thornys mony-folde,
Woundit and ded, my dere son dere.

Thou hase thi son full holl and sounde,
And myn is ded upon my kne;
Thy childe is lawse, and myn is bonde,
Thy childe is an life, and myn ded is he.
Whi was this o't but for the?
For my childe trespast never here.
Me thynk 3e be holdyn to wepe with me,
For now liggus ded my dere son dere.

Wepe with me, both man and wyse,
My childe is youre and lovys yow wele;
If your childe had lost his life,
3e wolde wepe at every mele;
But for my son wepe 3e never a del.
If 3e luf youres, myne has no pere,
He sendis yow both hap and hele,
And for 3ow dyed, my dere son dere.

Now alle wymmen that has your wytte,
And sees my childe on my knees ded,
Wepe not for yours, but wepe for hit,
And 3e shall have ful mycull mede.
He wolde agayn for your luf blede,
Rather or that 3e damned were;
I pray yow alle to hym take hede;
For now liggus ded my dere son dere.

Farewel, woman, I may no more
For drede of deth reherse his payn;
3e may lagh when 3e list, and I wepe sore,
That may 3e se and 3e loke to me agayn.
To luf my son and 3e be fayn,
I wille luff yours with hert entere;
And he shall bryng your childre and you, sertayn,
To blisse wher is my dere son dere.

Hill.
PROVERBIAL VERSES.

From MS. Harl. No. 918, fol. 93, r.

Whan erth hath erth i-wonne with wow,
Than erth mai of erth nim hir i-now;
Erth up erth fallith ful frow;*
Erth toward erth delful him drow.

Of erth thou were makid, and mon thou art i-lich;
In on erth awaked the pore and the riche.

Terram per injuriam cum terra lucratur,
Tunc de terra cepiam terra sortiatur.
Terra super aream subito frustratur;
Se traxit ad aridam terraque tristatur.

De terra plasmarius, es similis virroni;
Una terra pauperes ac dites sunt proni.

Erth geth on erth wrikkend in weden;
Erth toward erth wormes to feden;
Erth berith to erth al is lif deden;
When erth is in erthe, heo muntid† thi meden.

When erth is in erthe, the rof is on the chynne;
Than schullen an hundred wormes wroten on the skin.

Vesta pergit vestibus super vestem vare;
Artatur et vermibus vesta pastum dare;
Ac cum gestis omnibus ad vestam migrare;
Cum vesta sit scrobibus quis wlt suspirare;

Cum sit vesta posita doma tangit mentum;
Tunc in cute candida verrunt‡ vermes centum.

Erth askith erth, and erth hir answerid,
Whi erth hatid erth, and erth erth verrid;
Erth hath erth, and erth erth terith;
Erth geeth on erth, and erth erth berrith.

Of erth thou were bigun, on erth thou schalt end,
Al that thou in erth wonne, to erth schal hit wend.

Humus humum repetit, et responsum datur,
Humum quare necgligit, et humo fruatur;
Humus humum porrigit, sic et operatur;
Super humum peragit, humoque portatur.

Humo sic inciperis, ac humo meabis;
Quod humo quesieris, humo totum dabis.

* A gloss in the margin has feste. † Metitur, in the margin.
‡ Trahunt, in the margin.
Erth get hit on erth maistri and miȝte;
Al we beth erth, to erth we beth i-diȝte;
Erth asketh carayne of king and of kniȝte;
Whan erth is in erth, so lowʒ he be liȝt.
      Whan thi riȝt and thi wowʒ wendith the bi-for,
      Be thou thre niȝt in a throuʒ, thi frendschip is i-lor.

Terra vincit bravium, terra collucratur;
Totus cetus ominum de terra patratur;
Ops cadaver militumque reges[que] scrutatur;
Cum detur in tumulum, mox terra voratur.
      Cum jus et justicium coram te migrabant,
      Pauci post trinoctium mortem deplorabunt.

Erth is a palfrei to king and to quene;
Erth is ar lang wei, thouw we lutil wene;
That werith grower and groy, and schrud so schene,
Whan erth makith is liverei, he gravith as in grene.
      Whan erth bath erth with streinth thus geten,
      Alast he hath is leinth miseislich i-meten.

Dic vestam dextrarium regique reginæ;
Iter longum marium quod est sine fine;
Indumentum varium, dans cedit sentinæ;
Quando dat corrodium, nos tradit ruinæ.
      Cum per fortitudinem tenet hanc lucratam,
      Capit longitudinem misere metatam.

Erth gette on erth gersom and gold;
Erth is thi moder, in erth is thi mold;
Erth uppon erth, be thi soule hold;
Er erthe go to erthe, bild thi long bold.
      Erth bilt castles, and erthe bilt toures;
      Whan erth is on erthe, blak beth the boures.

Humus quærit plurima super humum bona;
Humus est mater tua, in qua sumas dona;
Animæ sis famula super humum prona;
Domum dei perpetra mundo cum corona.
      Ops turres edificat ac castra de petra;
      Quando fatum capiat, penora sunt tetra.

Thenk, man, in lond on thi last ende,
Whar of thou com, and whoder schaltou wend;
Make the wel at on with him that is so hend,
And dred the of the dome, lest sin the schend.
      For he is king of blis, and mon of moche međe,
      That delith the dai fram niȝt, and lenith lif and dede.
De fine novissimo mavors mediteris,
Huc quo veneris vico, dic quo gradieris;
Miti prudentissimo concordare deris,
Hæsitès judicio ne noxa dampneris.
Quia rex est glorie dans mensura restat,
Mutat noctem de die, vitam mortem præstat. Amen.

QUALITIES REQUISITE FOR A PRIEST.

From MS. Q. A. 4, fol. 187, v*, in the library of Jesus College, Cambridge;
of the fifteenth century, on vellum.

Sacerdos debet esse vir sanctus, a peccatis segregatus; rector, non raptor; speculator, non spiculator; dispensator, non dissipator; iudex in judicio, justus in consilio; devotus in choro, castus in thoro; stabilis in ecclesia, sobrius in caena; prudent in letitia, purus in conscientia; verax in sermo, assiduus in oratione, humilis in congregacione; paciens in adversitate, benignus in prosperitate; dives in virtutibus, mitis in bonitatis; sapiens in confessione, securus et fidelis in prædicacione; ab vanis operibus separatus, in Christo constans. Multis annis jam transactis, nulla fides est in pactis; fel in corde, verba lactis; mel in ore, fraus in factis.

ON WOMAN.

From MS. Harl. No. 2223, fol. 110. v*, of the reign of Edward II.

Seignours e dames, ore escotez,
Ce qe vus dirroi l'entendez;
Quy le vodra entendre,
Grant bien il purra apprendre.
A commencement de ma resoun
De femmes froy mon sermoun,
Si vus dirra en escription
De lor bounté e de lur nature.
Molt lur avyent bel aventure!
Quar Dieu les fist par grant cure;
Le noun de femme lur dona,
Pur sa mere qe taunt ama;
E pus les fist bones e pleynes de bonté,
E beles, sauntz iniquité.
Avenautes sunt, e de bele porture,
Bien afeytes, e de grant mesure.
D'amert gent est lur nature,
De fere eux joie e enveysure.
Femme est la plusdouce rien
Qe unqе fist Dieu, ce di-je bien;
Tous les espieces de cest mount
Ne sunt si douces come femmes sunt;
Gyngyvre, sucre, ne lycorys,
Ne tous les espieces de Paris,
Certes, galingal, ne mas,
N'est vaillaunt à femme un pygas;
De feme plus savoure un beiser,
Qe plein poyn de lorer.
Eles sunt gentiles à demesure,
Greeles, bien fetes par la seinture,
E tous jours sunt de bele chere,
Devant la gent e derere.
En eux ne trovera un taunt ne quant,
Fors grant joie e bel semblaunt;
E reheitent gent ou bele enveysure;
De folie fere nen oun cure.
Jà ne verrez femme solier,
Ne fust de homne le bel parler;
Jà ne freit-прё folement,
Ne fust de homne l'enchauntenment;
Mès tous jours remeindreint virgines,
De netteté fuissent totes pleynes;
Mès um les bosoigne tous jours,
Pur aver de eux lur amours,
E ensi par grant priere
Receyvent sovent encombre.
Qui à eux mesfet ou mesdit,
Jà ne serrount ou Die eslit;
Jà Dieu ne eyme qe femme het,
Quar nul enchесousen trover set.
N'est clerс taunt apacevyvaunt,
Ne nul autre taunt vaillaunt,
Qe femmes vueillent blamer,
Ne rien countre eux desputer,
S'il ne soit de vileyne natioun;
Pur ce ne dient si bien noun.
Grant amour à ly attret,
Cely qe honour à femme fet.
Ly gentil ne les despyt,
Ne vileynie de femme dit.
Dieu ayme femmes bonement,
Ataunt com il fet la gent,
Pur sa douce mere Marie,
Par qy recovri est la vie,
Dount chescun doit honorer
E femmes sur tous presyer.
Dieu les fist par grant leysir,
Pur servyr gentz a pleysyr;
Pur ce les doit-um loer,
E en nul point despiser.
Car de femmes sunt gent estret,
E suef nory de lur let;
Roys, countz, e barouns,
Evesques, freres que fount sernounz,
Prestres, moygnes, e abbés,
De femmes sunt engendrez;
Par femme est le siecle sustenu,
Malt avauncé e molt cru.
Si femmes ne fuissent, verroiment,
Cest siecle ne vaudra nyent.
Jà ne fust-il lée en cuer,
Que ne savyoit femme amer.
Qy à femme fet vyleynie,
Dieu ly doynt male vie!
Femme est la pluspreciousse chose
Que le mound ad enclose.
Je aym femme sour tote rien;
Car yl me ount fet grant bien;
Je ay[me] femme ou le cors gent,
De mon cuer lur faz present.
De femmes viennent les pruesses,
Les honeurs, e les hauteusses,
Tote bounté e drywerye,
Dount m'est avis qu'il fet folye,
Qe de eux se fet hayer;
Jà ne ly verrez bien chever,
Ceux qe à femmes mesdirrount,
Jà bon fyn ne averount.
Nul homme deit de eux mentyr,
S'il ne duissent mort soffryr.
Certes, pur rien qe femme fra,
Peyne d'enfern ne verra;
Quar Dieu lur ad doné le doun,
Qe eles ne verront si bien noun.
N'est homme qe soit de femme neez,
Qe tous siet dire lur, bountez.
Je n'ai mie dit la centisme part,
Mès molt les lowe matin e tart;
Ne say dyre ne penser
La grant bounté de lur cuer:
Mès à Dieu les comaund, femmes beles,
Ensemest totes puceles,
E totes femmes qe sunt nees,
A Dieu soient comaundeez!

II. fol. 111, r°

Quy femme prent à compagnie, 
Veiez si il fet sen ou folye;
Qy en femme despent sa cure,
Oiez sa mort e sa dreiture;
Qy femme eyme e femme creit,
Sa mort brace, sa mort beyt;
Qy coveye ou femme preyse,
Sa mort quert, e nulle cyse,
Sauntz pris e sauntz loer se vend,
E fet la lace dount yl se pend.
Cui ces vers ad en remenbraunce,
Yl doute femme plus qe launce.
Femme est racyne de tous maus;
Femme engendre ires mortaus;
Femme deceit bons amys;
De deus freres fet enymys.
Femme departe le fitz del pere,
A force le toud de sa mere.
Femme par sa fauce parole
Blaundist le homme e pus le afole;
Femme afole les plus sachaunz,
Les plus riches fet payn queraunz.
Femme fet bataille e guere,
Occyre gentz, destruere terre,
Ard chastiels, prent cités;
Femme refuse fermetes;
Femme fet prendre les tornois,
E fet fere les desrois;
Femme fet fere les mesleex,
Tresse cotels e spezez;
Femme fet chastiels graventer,
Chevalers e serjaunz anuyer;
Femme fet une de ordre issir,
E le service Dieu guerpyr.
Femme engendre en poi de houre,
Dount tote la countrée emploure.
Femme est jolyf pur ly demostrer;
Femme est lyoun pur devorer;
Femme est gopil pur gent deceyyvre;
Femme est ourse pur cours receyyvre;
Femme est foter e pur tous prendre;
Femme est ostour pur preie atteindre;
Femme est espverver pur haut voler;
Femme est hobel pur haut mounter;
Femme est heyroun de suef payl;
Femme est plus aspre que chamail;
Femme est chyval de grant luxure;
Femme est dragoun de grant arsure.
Unq e languor ne conoit,
Qe femme à compaigne ne avoir;
Femme est fontaigne desouz vaye,
Que tot recet e tot abaye;
Femme est taverne que ne faut,
Qui qe vine e gye qe vaut;
Femme est enferqe tot receit,
Touz jours ad seif e tous jours beit:
De femme ce est la nature,
Meynz la creez come plus jure.
Femme n'ert já pris privé,
Si desouz loer ne soit trovée!
Femme est leger come le vent,
Cent foiz le jour chaunge talent;
Mès quy vodera femme joyr,
Je ly dirro sauntz mentyr
Qu'il ly donast poy à manger,
E mal à vestir e à chauver,
E la batist menu e sovent,
Donq e freit-il de femme son talent.
N'est mie sage que femme creit,
Mere ne suere, qui qe seit;
Car ly sage Salamoun,
Que de sen out graunt renoun,
Qe plussage de ly ne fu,
Par sa femme fust descu;
Auxi fust Sampson forcyn,
Car femme par son engyn,
Tot en dornant il perdy
Ce dount fust si enforgi.
En femme est molt malveysyn;
Car l'emperour Constantyn
Out par sa femme tiele hountage,
Car e le cocha par folage
Ou le naym de lede figure,
Si come honme treove en escripture;
E ly bon myr Ypocras,
Qe tant savoit de medycyne artz,
Fust par sa femme descu,
Ceste chose est bien aparsu.
Pur ce vus dy tart e matyn,
Gardez-vus de femel engyn.
Nul honme puet à chief trere,
Taunt ad en femme mal affere!
Plus ne vueil de femmes parler;
Chescun se gard de eux à son poer;
E je vus dy tot sauntz fable,
Femme siet un art plus que le deable.  

ADVICE TO APPRENTICES.

From MS. No. 8290, in the library of Sir Thomas Phillipps, Bart., a folio volume, on vellum and paper, of the fifteenth century.

Children and yong men that come to this citie,
And purpose yourself apprentices to be,
To lerne craft or connyng,
I counsaille you alle doo after me,
And thanye shalle not reprovid be,
Yf ye use my doctryne sikerly,
Fyrst that ye rise in the mornying erly,
And that ye serve God devoutly,
With the Pater Noster, Ave, and Crede:
Araye yourself lightly,
Be with your maister in the mornying tymely,
And doo that you biddye,
Spoke to your maister reverently,
And answere hym ever curteisly.
See your araye be clene;
Suffer maister and maistresse paciently,
And doo their bidding obediently,
And loke no pride in you be sene,
Serve atte the tabille manerly,
And love never to likerously,
Alle maner of othis ye refuse:
Lyve withe your felisship peisible,
Answere never enjously,
And make ye never lye for noon excuse.
Exchewe allewey eville company,
Caylys, cardyng, and hasyrley,
   And alle unthryfty playes;
By and selle trulry,
And applie your crafte besily,
   And alwey flee suspiciows weyes.—
Walke by the wey verry sadly,
And doo your erande verry wisely,
   And loke ye appeire noo manyns name.
Spende never to rriottously,
And loke ye use noo poynyt of lechery,
   And that shalle cause gode fame.—
And ye that wylle be trusty,
Gette noo gode untruly;
   *    *    *
Suffer summe rebuke wrongfully,
And answere never to hastely,
   Therin ye shalle fynde grete rest.—
Nowe gode Lorde that made alle thyng,
Sende these apprentices gode lernyng,
   And to their maister to be true;
Of hande and tunge specially,
And that they may lyve honestly,
   And alwey gode vertues to sue.  Amen.

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ST. URSULA.

From the same MS., in the library of Sir Thomas Phillippe, Bart.

Xj, m1. virgyns he that wille honour,
   With so many pater noster and aves therto,
He shalle fynde them alle his helpe and socour,
   Atte the last passage hens whan he shall goo:
A faire revelacioun saith it is so:
Wherfore he that wille that comfort purchesse,
   May be delyvered fro much care and woo,
And fynd in this lyf much more grace.

Hull.
RELIGIOUS POEMS.

From a MS. in the collection of Sir Thomas Phillipps, Bart. No. 6336, of the fourteenth century. It is the same MS. from which we have already printed two poems, vol. i. pp. 86, 87, and was written by William Herbert.

I.

Wele, heriʒyng, and worshype boe to Crist that doere ous bouhte!
To wham gradden Osanna chyldren clene of thoute.

_Gloria, laus, et honor, etc._

Thou art kyng of Israel, and of Davidyes kunne,
Blesṣed kyng that comest tyl ous, withoute wem of sunne.

_Israel es tu rex._

Al that ys in hevene the beryʒeth under on,
And al thyn ouwe hondewerk, and euch dedlych mon.

_Cetus in excelsis._

The volk of Gywes wyth bowes comen aʒeyenst the,
And woe wyht boedis, and wyth song moeketh ous to the.

_Plebs Hebraea._

Hoe kepten the wyth worsʒyping, aʒeynst thou shuldest deʒe;
And woe syngeth to thy worshipke, in trone that sittest heʒe.

_Hii tibi._

Hoere wyl and here mockynge thou nome tho to thonk;
Queme the thoenne, kyng of mylse,oure ofringe of thys song.

_Hii placent._

Wele heriing and worshipe boe, &c.

II.

My volk, what habbe y do the?
Other in what thyng toened the?
Gynnouthie and onswereth thou me!

_Vor vrom Egypte ich ladde the,
Thou me ledest to rode troe;
My volk, what habbe y do the?

Thorou wyldernesse ich ladde the,
And vourty ʒer bihedde the,
And aungeles bred ich ʒaf to the,
And into restie ich brouhte the;
My volk, what habbe y do the?

What more shulde ich haven y-don,
That thou me havest nouth under von?
My volk, etc.
Ich the vedde wel and shrudde the;
And thou wyth eyssyl drinkest to me,
And wyth sperre styngest me;
   My volk, etc.
Ich Egypte boeth vor the,
And hoere tem ysslou vor the;
   My volk, etc.
Ich delede the see vor the,
And Pharaon dreynete vor the;
And thou to princes soldest me;
   My volk, etc.
In bem of cloude ich ladde the;
And to Pylate thou laddest me;
   My volk, etc.
Wyth aungeles mete ich vedde the;
And thou bufetest and scourgest me;
   My volk, etc.
Of the ston ich dronk to the;
And thou wyth galle drincst to me;
   My volk, etc.
Kynges of Chanaan ich vor the boet;
And thou betest myn heved wyth roed;
   My volk, etc.
Ich 3af the croune of kynedom;
And thou me 3yfst a croune of thorne;
   My volk, etc.
Ich muchel wors hype doede to the;
And thou me hongest on rode true!
   My volk, &c.

III.

Loverd, shylde me vrom helle deth at thylke grislich stounde,
When hevene and oerthe shulle quake and al that ys on gounde!
When thou shalt demen al wyth fur, that ys on oerthe y-vounde.

Libera me, Domine, etc.

Ich am overgard agast, and quake al in my speche,
A3a the day of rykenyng and thylke grislysch wreche,
When hevene and oerthe shulle quake, and al that ys on gounde.
That day ys day of wreythe, of wo, and soroufynes;
That day shal be the grete day, and voul of bytternesse,
When thou shalt demen al wyth fur that ys on oerthe y-vounde.
Thylke reste that ever last, loverd, thow hoem sende,
And lyht of hoevene blysse hoem shyne wythouten ende!
Crist, shylde me vrom deth endeles, etc.
What! ich vol of wrechenesse, hou shal ich take opon,
When ich no god ne bringe to-vore the domes mon?

IV.
Thou, wommon, boute vere,
Thyn oun vader bere,
          Gret wonder thys was;
That on wommon was moder
To vader and ek hyre brother,
          So never now other nas.

Thou my suster and my moder,
And thy sone ys my broder;
          Who shulde thonne drede!
Who so havet the kyng to broder,
And ek the quene to moder,
          Wel auhte nou to spede.

Dame, suster, and moder,
Say thy sone my brother,
          That ys domes mon,
That vor the that hym bere,
To me boe debonere,
          My robe he haveth opon.

Soethye he my robe tok,
Also ich finde in bok,
          He ys to me y-bounde;
And helpe he woole, ich wol,
Vor love the chartre wrot,
          And the enke orn of his wounde.

Ich take to wytnessinge
The spere and the crounynge,
          The nailes and the rode,
That he that ys so cunde,
Thys ever haveth in mundane,
          That bouhte ous wyth hys blode.

When thou seve hym my wede,
Dame help me at the noede,
          Ich wol thou mythe vol well;
That vor no wreched gult,
Ich boe to helle y-pult,
          To the ich make apel.
Nou, dame, ich the byseche,
At thylke day of wreche,
    Hoe by thy sones trone,
When sunne shall been souht,
In werk, in word, in thouht,
    And spek vor me thow one.

When ich mot nede apere,
Vor mine gultes here,
    To-vore the domes mon;
Suster, boe ther my vere,
And make hym débonere,
    That thy robe haveth opon.

Vor habbe ich the and hym,
That markes bery wyth hym,
    That charité him tok;
The woundes al blody,
The toknes of mercy,
    Ase techeth holy bok.
Tharf me nothing drede,
Sathan shal nout spede,
    Wyth wrenches ne wyth crok.

V.

Ø Heyl, levedy, se-stoerre bryht,
Godes moder, edy wyht,
Mayden ever vurst and late;
Of heveneriche sely 3ate,
Thylk aue that thow vonge in spel,
Of the auengeles mouheth kald Gabriel,
In gryht ous sette and shylde vrom shome,
That turnst abakward Eves nome;
Gulty monnes bond unbynd;
Bryng lyht tyl boem that boeth blynd;
Put vrom ous ousre sunne,
And ern ous elle wynne.
Shou that thou art moder one,
And he vor the take ousre bone;
That vor ous thy chyld by-com,
And of the ousre kunde nom.
Mayde one thou were myd chylde,
Among alle so mylde,
Of sunne ous quite on haste,
And make ous meoke and chaste;
Lyf thou 3yf ous clene;
RELIQUIÆ ANTIQUÆ.

Wey syker ous 3arke and lene,
That we Jesus y-soe,
And ever blythe boe!
To the vader, Cryst, and to the Holy Gost, beo thonk and herryinge,
To threo persones and o God, o menske and worshipinge!

VI.

Come, shuppere, Holy Gost, of fethoure thouhtes
Vul wyth grace of hevene, heortes that thou wrouhtest;
Thou that art cleped vorspekere, and 3yft vrom God y-send,
Weolle of lyf vur charité and gostlych oynement.
Thou 3yfst the sevne 3yftes, thou vinger of Godes honde,
Thou makest tonge of vles3e speke leodene of uche londe,
Send lyht in our wyttis, in our heortes love;
Ther our body is leothe-wok, 3yf strengthe vrom above;
Shyld ous vrom the veonde, and 3yf ous gryth anon,
That woe wyten ous vrom sunne thorou the lodesmon.
Of the vader and the sone thou 3yf ous knoulechinge,
To leve that vel of in bothe thou ever boe woninge.*
Woele to the vader, and to the sone that vrom deth aros,
And also thes Holy Gost ever worshippe and los.

Hull.

* Herebert has written the word “lovinge” above this as if in doubt which
to use. The following lines in another part of the MS. are curious—
Also the lanterne in the wynd that sone is aqueeant,
Ase sparkle in the se that sone is adeynt,
Ase vom in the streem that sone is to-thith,
Ase smoke in the lift that passet our e sith.
SATIRE AGAINST THE INHABITANTS OF ROCHESTER.

From a MS. of the fourteenth century, preserved in the Bibliothèque du Roi, at Paris. For the transcript of this singular specimen of early local satire, I am indebted to the kindness of M. Paulin Paris. There can be no doubt that this satire was written in France.


certi et proprietates Anglicorum.

De animalibus Roucestriæ existentibus, qualia quidem animalia sint perscrutandum; in qua quidem specie animalis collocentur ex hiis quæ ad sensum eis insunt primo manifestantes. Generationes quoque eorum ex hinc narrando, proprias eorum passiones de ipsis demonstrabimus. Utrum igitur dictatorum animalium genus una sit determinatarum ab Aristotile specierum considerandum, supponentes quod ad sensum notum est, quoniam dicta animalia caudas habent. Quod quidem igitur homines non sunt, palam ex hiis quæ ab Aristotile in de Partibus Animalium dicta sunt. Ibi namque ostensum est, quod hominiibus caudam inesse non contingit. Si quidem igitur dicantur homines, hoc erit equivoce. Ex eiusmod etiam ostensum sit, quoniam non erunt simiae. Nos enim neque videmus unquam nec ab aliquibus accepimus caudas inesse symeis. Adhuc autem symeœ unquam fere pilose sunt, hæc autem non. Quod autem epigenei aut silvestres homines non sint, si sint tales aliiqu, manifestum: civitatem inhabitant, quod epigenei aut silvestribus non competet hominiibus. Utrum autem aliqua sint species quadrupedum, nullus utique dubitat: duos enim tantum pedes habent. Sed quoniam alas non habent, non erunt utique volatilia. Reptilia vero non erunt, pedes enim habent. Siquidem sub aqua ponerentur, suffocarentur utique: quare paseœ non erunt. Quod quidem igitur animalia Roucestriam inhabitantia nulla utique erunt animalium ab Aristotile determinatarum ex dictis est manifestum. Quod autem animalia sint, nullus dubitat; sentius enim et intuentur, per quæ philosophi animalia non animali distinxerunt. Rationabile igitur illi gratæ agere copiosas, qui talibus animalibus causa fuit existentiae; plura enim sciendi quam aliqui priorum sciverunt nobis occasione tradidit. Mundum namque una rerum specie quam prioris non habuit ditavit. Quam autem cætera animalia ab hominibus omnino divisa non sunt, palam erit. Ratiocinatur enim et leges habent, quæ nulli alteri generi animalium competunt. Aliquid igitur hominis habent. Sed quod perfecte homines non
sunt, caudatum ostendit apposito. Si quidem igitur dicantur homines, hoc enim ut dictum est erit equivoce: monstra enim sunt.—Quum autem eis unum nomen prorsum non habemus, vocentur sermonis gratia; sed tamen non lateat in hiis et hominibus veris rationem hominis equivocari.

cum adjacentis magis timore quam amore ad fidem Christi sunt conversi. Non tamen potuit auferri quin caudas haberent; ex tunc enim et adhuc et in æternum existent caudati. Hoc igitur modo habitatores Rouuestiae generabantur; quod autem univoce homines non sunt, ex quo caudas habent manifestum est.


Perfecto autem unoquoque exeunte, quando nihil sibi desse eorum quæ secundum naturam suæ speciei inesse feruntur, et componens est sibi simile generasse, habitatores Roucestiae perfecti prodores sunt dicendi; omnia enim quæ ad quemcumque speciem proditionis exiguntur eis inesse per experta manifestum est. Possunt ergo sibi simile generare. Omnes enim qui sibi affines sunt sua proditione infaicitur. Contingit autem ut cum quidam mercator Romanus Angliam adiret,
et quendam familiarem omni fidelitate et multociens expertum haberet, quadam die in civitate Roucestriæ sumpsit hospitium. Quo contingente, maximum dormiendi habuit appetitum. Ipso vero dormiente, tanto fuore familiaris ejus interceptus est, quod domino suo guttur incidere volebat. Cumque novaculum accepisset acutum, ut conceptum fuorem perduceret, tanto strepitu ad dominum suum accessit ut ipsum excitaret a somnis. Famulus vero timore interceptus resiliit, atque a proposito desistebat; surgens vero mercator qui novaculum perceperat civitatem exivit; cumque familiaris post ipsum civitatem exivisset, subito a proposito mutatus est et ait: "magister, cum Roucestriam intrarem, intollerabilem habui appetitum ut te interficerem, unde, et rationale est ut hac morte moriar qua te præparavi moriturum." Et extrahens novaculum seipsum pro dolore et confusione interfecit. Non est autem irrationalibile credere quod preterquam tale desiderium in villa habuit, nec unquam prius habuisset, illud sibi ex naturali in illa civitate dominante generatum extitisse. Habitatores ergo Roucestriæ perfecti proditores existunt.

Quod autem non solum sibi simile generant Roucestriam habitantes, sed quod ab ipsis in omnibus aliis seductoribus proditio creatur, ex hiis manifestum. Illud enim quod per se est in unoquœque genere causa est eorum que per accidens talia sunt. Ex dictis autem palam est hominibus Roucestriœ ex natura proditionem inesse; aliis autem hominibus ex mala consuetudine. Quapropter enim quod omnes in communem proditionem participant, in quamcumque consuetudinem Roucestriœ participes existunt.

Existente autem in unoquœque genere, uno primo et minimo per approximationem ad quoddam et remotionem a quod omnia illius generis majus et minus talia dicuntur, necessarium est quoscumque proditores exercentes per approximationem et remotionem ad gentem Roucestriœ prodistoris nomen et rationem sortiri. Hominem enim Roucestriœ per ipsos proditores quibuscumque aliis existunt: non quidem corpore sed perfectione, perfectissimi enim existunt proditores, si quidem in perversis nomine perfecti uti contingat. Sunt enim et proditores minimi, non quidem sic quod minus seducant, sed quia in genere prodistorum indivisibles sunt specie. Videntibus enim eorum cuncta opera minimum est quod omne ipsorum opus aut ad spiritum est seductio, aut virtutis simulatio, ut cum eis placuerit cautius possint seducere, nisi si quid per intentum operetur. Adhuc adde quod ad approximationem et remotionem ad gentem Roucestriœ proditio secundum majus et minus creatur in aliis, ex accedentibus necessarium.

Quis ergo hæc gesta proditionem esse poterent improbare? Eodem enim Anglorum regis nephando nulli dubium quod Normanniam amisit, cum frater suus dominus excitaverat manifestata ab ipso rege Johanne seductione commissa. Cumque rex dictus sic modo proditoris Angliam acquiserat, hoc sibi non reputans sufficeré a venerabili rege Scotorum Willemo tributa petebat. Rex autem Scotorum deditatus, exercitum collegit, versusque Angliam iter arripuit ab orientali parte Angliæ viam incipiens. Rex vero Angliæ cum hoc sciret, nec pugnam sine maximo periculo aggregi putasset, eo quod rex

Nulli autem mirum existat, nec Scoticis pro seductione reputetur, si id quod praedicti amiserunt cum tempus eis congruerit gladio temptent revocare. Quumque autem quam plurimas alias Anglorum reges postquam sic vocabatur Locria perpetraverint seductiones, has tamen tres ex gratia posuimus. Quod autem populus Anglorum in hac passione qua profidit dicitur reges eorum imitantur, palam, siquis consuetudines quae per Angliam observantes inspiciat. Quanto enim in Anglia aliquis alacrius in hospitio recipitur, tanto cautius sibi cævendum est, ne, cum dormierit, sibi guttur incidatur. Adhuc autem si gesta quæ per Angliam fuerint continue, quæque Anglici in aliis terris agunt, inspicientur, hoc idem itaque erit manifestum. Quæ quum fere infinita sunt ad præsens dimittantur. Quod quidem igitur Anglorum populus præ cunctis nationibus seductione incomparabili infectus est, ex dictis manifestum.

Attamen autem dubitabit aliquis utrum Gallorum gentes et Scotorum hac proditio sunt infectæ. In tantum enim proditor unusquisque dictus est in quantum Roucestriae appropinquat. Aut virtus ista solum usque ad detriarium (!) distans potens est, species etiam quæcumque non nisi in materia disposita introducitur. Haec autem ex aliis manifesta sunt. Exemplo igitur quum nec Gallici nec Scoti proditores existunt,

Utrum autem virtus sit aut vitium talia de Anglicis dicere, cum eis insunt, perscrutandum. Quod igitur hoc homini ex natura sua inest, ut omnium hominum nationem, nisi sibi nocuerint, virtutisque opus sit talia agere ex quibus ab amicis removentur nocua, palam quod virtuti adjacent homines a fraude Anglicorum præmunire. Nobis autem non potentibus habere colloquium cum omnibus cum quibus Anglici participent, has Anglorum proprietates conscrispimus quam breviter, quamquam quae scripta sunt mille actibus Anglorum quae tempore nostro acti sunt possent approbari. Et hae quidem
hac intentione ut dictum est conscripsimus, ut amici nostri cujuscunque nationis haec inspicientes, ab Anglorum proditioine præmuniantur. De habitantibus igitur Roucestriam cæterisque Anglicis tanta dicta sint.

Explicitur proprietates Anglicorum.

Anglicus angulus est cui nunquam credere fas est; Si tibi dicat ave, sicut ab hoste cave.

Wrt.

• Al. cum. This various reading is given in the manuscript.

ANGLO-SAXON METRICAL CHARM.

From MS. Harl. No. 585, fol. 176, r°. a book of medical receipts, written in the tenth century.

Wit, ser-stice, seresfuige, þ seo reade netele, þe þurh hærn inwyxt, þ wegbrade wyll in buteran.

Hlude wærân hy la hlude,
þa hy ofer þone hlæw ridan;
wærân anmode,
þa hy ofer land ridan.
Scyld þu þe nu þu
þysne nið ge-nesan mote.
Ut lytel spere,
gif her inne sie!
Þod under linde,
under leohlum scylde,
þær þa mihtigan wif
hyra mægen beræddon,
þ hy gyllende
garas sændan.
Ic him øærne
eft wille sændan
fleogende flanne
forane to-geanes.
Ut lytel spere,
gif hit inne sy!
Sæt smið, sloh sex lytel
isena wund swiðe.
Ut lytel spere,
 gif her inne sy!
Syx smiðas sætan,
wælspera worhtan.
Ut spere, næs inspere,
gif her inne sy,
isernes dæl,
hægtessan ge-weorc.
Hit sceal ge-myłtan,
gif ðu ware on fell scoten,
oðoðe ware on flæsc scoten,
oðoðe ware on blod scoten,
oðoðe ware on lið scoten.
Næfre ne sy þin lifCycle,
gif hit ware esa ge-scot,
oðoðe hit ware ylfa ge-scot,
oðoðe hit ware hægtessan ge-scot.
Nu ic wille þin hlæfand (so):
þis ðe to bote esa ge-scotes,
þis ðe to bote ylfa ge-scotes,
þis ðe to bote hægtessan ge-scotes,
ic þin wille helpan.
Fled þr on fyrgen!
hæde halwestu,
helpe þin drihten!
Nim þonne þat seax, ado on wætan.  

SIX ON THE CORRUPTIONS OF THE TIME.

From MS. Harl. 5396, fol. 23, r. of reign of Hen. VI., on paper. The bottoms of the leaves have been cut away, so that two lines are lost. It appears to be written in parts incorrectly.

Fulfyllyd ys the profe[s]y for ay
That Merlyn sayd and many on mo,
Wysdam ys wel ny away,
No man may knowe hys f[r]end fro foo.
Now gyllorys don gode men gye;
Ryzt goes redles all behynde;
Truth the ys turnd to se trechery;
For now the bysom ledys the blynde.

Now glerserys full gayly they go;
Pore men be perus of this land;
Sertes sum tyme byt was not so,
But sekyr all this ys synnys sonde.
Now maynterys be made justys,
   And lewde men rewle the lawe of kynde:
Nobull men be holdyn wyse,
   For now the bysom ledys the blynde.

Truthe is set at lytyl prys;
   Worschyp fro us lonege hath be slawe;
Robberyys now rewle ry3twysenesse,
   And wynnerys with her sothe sawe.
Synne sothfastnesse has slawe;
   Myrth ys now out of mannys mynde;
The drede of God ys al to-drawe;
   For now the bysom ledys the b[l]ynde.

Now brocage ys made offycerys,
   And baratur ys made bayly;
Kny3tus be made custemerys,

Flatererys be made kyngus perys;
   Lordys be led all out of kynde;
Pore men ben kny3tus ferys;
   For now the bysom ledys the blynde.

The constery ys combryd with coveytyse,
   For truth ys sonkyn undur the grounde;
W[ith] offycyal nor den no favour ther ys,
   But if sir Symony shewe them sylver rounde.
Ther among sp[irit]ualé it ys founde,
   For peté is clent out of ther mynde.
Lord! whan thy will is, al ys confounde,
   For now the bysom ledys the blynde.

He ys lovyd that wele can lye,
   And penys tru men honge;
To God I rede that we cry
   That this lyfe last not lone.
This world is turnyd up so doun among;
   For freys ar confessourys, ageyn a kynde,
To the chefe lades of this londe;
   Therfor the byson ledys the blynde.

Lordys the lawe they lere,

Japerys syt lordys ful nere;
   Now hath the devyll all hys devys;
Now growyth the gret flour de lyis.
   Wymmonys wyttes ar full of wynd;
Now ledres ladyn the le ward at her de breis; (sic)
   For caus the bysom ledes [the] blynde.
Now prelatis don pardon selle,
And holy chyrche ys chaffare;
Holynes comyth out of helle,
For absoluconys waxyn ware.
Tabberyys gloson eny whare,
And gode feyth comys all byhynde;
Ho shall be leyvd the se the wyll spare?
For now the bysom ledys the blynede.

The grete wyll the sa the spare,
The comanys love not the grete;
Therfor eny man may care,
Lest the wede growe over the whete.
Take hede how synne hath chastysyd Frauns,
Whan he was in hys fayrest kynde,
How that fal undrys hath myschaunys,
For caus the bysom ledyth the blynede.

Therfor eny lord odur avauns,
And styfly stond yn ych a stoure;
Among 3ou make no dystaunce,
But lordys buskys 3ou out of boure.
For to hold up this londus honour,
With strenkyth our enmys for to bynde,
That we may wynne the hevylyn tour,
For here the bysom ledys the blynede.

Explicit.

On the last page, in the same hand, after the Song.

Wrt.
CEREMONIAL VERSES FOR PALM-SUNDAY.

From MS. Sloane, 2478, fol. 43, r° of the fourteenth century. The last lines are nearly illegible.

Cayphas.
Allehayle! and wel y-met,
Alle 3ee schulleth beo the bet,
nou icham y-come.
Blysful and blythe 3ee mowe boe,
Suche a prelat her y-soe
i-tolled to this trome.

3e boeth wel wery aboute y-go,
So icham my sulif also,
ich bysschop Cayface:
Ich moste her sone synge
The prophecye of hevene kynge,
that whyle ich seyde by grace.

Thy stondeth a stounde and bloweth breth,
And 3if icham as 3ee soeth,
ichulle bere me bolde,
And sygne 3ou sone a lytel song,
Ha schal boe schort and nothyng long,
that rather ichaddytold.

Ich was bysschop of the lawe,
That 3er that Crist for 3ou was slawe;
3e mowe boe glade therfore.
Hit com to sothe that ich tho seyde,
Betere hit were that o man deyde,
than al volk were y-lore.

† Expedit, etc.
Ichot 3e mowe nou3t longe dwelle,
Thy are 3e go ichow wol telle
of Crist ane litel tale.
And of 3our palm 3e bereth an honde,
Ich schal habbe leve, ichonderstonde,
of grete men and smale.

A wel sooth sawe sothlich ys seyd,
Ech god game ys god y-pleyd,
lovelythe and ly3t ys leve.
The denes leve and alle manne,
To rede and synge, ar ich go hanne,
ich bydde that 3ou ne greve.
O decane reverende,
In adjutorium meum intende;
Ad informandum hic astantes
Michi sitis favorantes;
Si placet, bone domine,
Jube benedicite.

Karissimi, Hodie cantatur quidam cantus, Occurrunt turbes cum floribus
et palmis Redemptori obviam, etc. Et nos similiter debemus et occurrere
cum floribus virtutum et palmis victoriaeum. Palma enim victoriaeum signifi-
cat. Unde scribitur, Justus ut palma florebit, et secundum Gregorium, Ex
qualitate palmarum designatur proficiens vita justorum, ad no. quod omnum
a crucifixo habemus, unde ipse dicit, Si mundi hoc faciunt, in arido quid fiet?
In summa ergo, dum processionem facimus, Christum ad nos venientem
suscipimus, cum pueris obviam imus, si innocentiam servamus, olvas
gerimus, si pax et misericordiae operibus indulgemus, palmas portamus, si
vitis et diabolo victoriaeum optimemus, virentes flores et frondes gestamus,
si virtutibus exornamus, vestimenta sternimus carmen mortificantes, ramos
carphmum, sanctorum vestigia imitantes. De ists aliquis pro laicus intendo
pertractare, et sic in brevi expediam vos.

Welcome boe see that stondeth aboute,
That habbeth y-siwed this grete route,
sone ychulle 3ou synge.
3ou alle to-day ic mot y-mete,
Ichabbe leve of the grete
wysdom forto wrynge.

A bysschop ich was in Cristes tyme,
Tho Gywys vawe wolde dobyme,
what ic ham evere radde.
Judas to ous Jhesus solde,
Tho Annas and ice panes tolde,
our byzete was badde.

† Pontifex anni illius qui consilium dederat Judaeis:
Wharfore ich and Annas
To-fonge Jhesus of Judas,
vor thrtyty panes to paye.
We were wel faste to helle y-wronge,
Vor hym that for 3ou was y-stonge,
in rode a Godefridaye.

† Tamem expedit unum bonum mort.
That Latyn that ic lascht out nou ry3t,
To 3oure Jhesus hit was y-dy3t,
and is thus moche to telle:
Hit is betere that oman deye
Than al folk evere boe in eye,
in the pyne of helle.
The prophetie that ich seyde thar,
Ich hit seyde tho os astar,
ich nuste what ich mende.
Ich wende falslyche jangli tho,
Of me that wyt naddych no,
bote as Jhesu sende.

Man, at fulloʒt, as chabbeyrad,
Thy saule ys Godes hous y-mad,
and tar ys wassche al clene.
Ac after fullouʒt thouʒ thurʒ fulthe of synne,
Sone is mad wel hory wythinne,
alday hit is y-sene.

Man, thou hast throe wel grete fon,
That fondeth evere hou mo don
to foule Godes hous;
That is thi flechs wyth lecherye,
The world wyth coveytise and envye,
ther to hi buth wel vous.

The thrydde fo is the devel of helle,
That fondeth in thi saule dwelle,
and holde Cryst tharoute;
Wyth prude and wrecche he wolde com yn,
Thi of hym and hys engyn
3ee scholde habbe doute.

Laste ʒour soule boe fuld aʒee,
Wyth tho zes foon syker ʒe boe
3ee mote boe wel chybbe;
To floe ham and the sunnes sevne,
Wylmeth schryft, ʒyf ʒe wol hevene,
good lyf ʒe mote lybbe.

Wyth sorwthe of herte and schryft of mouthe,
Doth deedbote this tyme nouth,
ʒyf ʒe wolle God awynne;
And loketh hys hous boe wel clene,
That non hore tharyn boe sene,
ʒyf he schal come thar ynne.

And hwanne ʒe habbeth overcome thanne voend,
Thanne y-meteth Cryst ʒour froend,
ywyth palm and bowes grene;
That ys a tokne that alle and some
Habbeth the deuyles al overcome,
ham to sorwe and teene.
To Jerusalem, as to-day,
Jhesus rood hys ryȝte way,
up ane slowe assē;
Vale thar were that on hym lyfde,
That lovede hym and faste hym sywede,
more men and lasse.

Children of Hebreys hym y-mette,
Meklyche wyth song hy hym grette,
and knooleed to har kynge;
Wyth hare clothes hy spraddys way,
In gret worschepe of hym to day,
and blessed hym syngynge.

Hy bere bowes of olyf troe,
And floures the vayryste hy myȝte y-soe,
wy mury song and game;
Anon as hy myȝte hym y-soe,
Hy seyde blessed mot ha boe,
that cometh in Godes name.

† Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini, etc.

Cryst com as mocklyche as a lom,
To habbe for you dethes dom,
to dethe a wolde hym pulte.
3yf he ne deyde, ne bled ne bledde,
Evere yn balle ȝe hadde ba wedde,
for Adames gulte.

Nou ȝee that bereth to-day ȝour palm,
Wel aȝte ȝe queme such a qualm,
to Crist ȝour herte al ȝyve;
As dude the chylthren of tholde lawe,
3yf ȝe hym lovede, ȝe scholde wel vawe
boe by tyme schryve.

Lewedel, that bereth palm an honde,
That nuteth what palm ys tonderstonde,
anon ichulle ȝou telle;
Hit is a tokne that alle and some
That būth y-schryve, habbeth overcome
alle the develes of helle.

3yf enyg habbeth braunches y-broȝt,
And būth un-schryve, har bost nys nɔȝt
ȝee the fend to fyȝte;
Hy maketh ham holy as y were,
Vort hy boe schryve hy shulleth boe skere
of loem of hevene lȝȝt.
Ich moste synge and bago,
Schewe me the bok that ic haddydo,
    the song schal wel an heyre;
Ich may nost synge hym albirote,
Vorto tele ech e note,
    hy boeth y-worste wel neyre.

Cantat Expedite.

Ich warny alle schrewen un-schryve,
To Symon cumpayngnoun ic habbe y-3yve
    power of disciplyne;
He wol boe redy ase 3ee,
Ich rede tha come nou to me,
    anaunter last ha whyne.

Nou gawe hou hit is for days,
Wose maye tyd . . . were no plays,
    the belle wol sone rynge,
And so that ich canne 3ou thonk,
Why bere . hy a3eyn . . . onk,
    lat me here 3ou synge.

PROPHETIC VERSES ON SCOTLAND.

From a MS. in the Royal Library at Paris. The following verses, and the
note of the Historical Treatises relating to England contained in the same
MS., were communicated by a kind and very learned friend, M. D’Avezac,
Secretary General of the Geographical Society of Paris.

Ex MS. Regio Parisiensis 4126, olim Colbertino, antea Gullelmi Cecelli
miliiis, domini de Burghley, in fol. ineunte Sec. XIV. exarato.

Regnum Scotorum fuit inter caetera regna
    Terrarum quondam nobile, forte, potens.
Reges magnifici, Bruti de Stirpe, regebant
    Fortiter egregie Scotiae regna prius.
Ex Albanacto trinepote potentis Enae
    Dicitur Albania, litera prisca probat.
A Scotia vate Pharaonis regis Egypti,
    Ut veteres tradunt, Scotia nomen habet.
Post Britones, Danaos, Pictos, Dacosque repulsos,
    Nobiliter Scoti jus tenuere suum.
Fata ducis celebris super omnia Scotia flebit,
    Qui loca septa salo junget ubique sibi.
Principe magnifico tellus viduata vacabit
    Annis bis trinis, mensibus atque novem.
Antiquos reges justos, largos, locupletes,
    Formosos, fortes, Scotia moesta fugat.
Ut Merlinus ait, post reges victoriosos,
Regis more carens regia sceptra feret.
Serviet Angligeno regi per temporas quedam
Proth dolor! Albania fraude subacta sua.
Quos respirabit post funus regis avari
Versibus antiquis prisa Cibilla canit:
Rex borealis enim, numerosa classe potitus,
Affliget Scotos ense, furore, fame;
Externa gens tandem Scotorum fraude peribit,
In bello princeps Noricus ille cadet.
Gallia quem gignet, qui gazis regna replebit,
O dolor! o gemitus! primus ab ense cadet.
Candidus Albanus, patriots causa ruine,
Traditio sua Scotia regna premet.
Posteritas Bruti Albanis associata
Anglia regna premet morte, labore, fame;
Quem Britonum fundet Albani juncta juventus,
Sanguine Saxonico tincta rubebit humus;
Flumina manabunt hostili tincta cruore,
Perfida gens omni lite subacta ruet.
Regnabunt Britones Albani gentis amici;
Antiquum nomen insula tota feret.
Ut profert Aquila veteri de turre locuta,
Cum Scotis Britones regna paterna regent.
Regnabunt pariter in prosperitate quieta
Hostibus expulsis Judicis usque diem.
Historiae veteres Gildas luculentus orator
Quae retulit, parvo carmine plura notans.
Mens, cor, cur capient lex Christi vera jocundi,
Prima cunctorum tibi dat formam futurorum;
Draco draconem rubeus album superabit;
Anglorum nomen tollet, rubei renovabit.

Solis in occasu leopardi viscera frigent,
Verticis et cerebrum Cambria tollet ei;
Quo duce sublato Trinovantia regna peribunt;
Saxonie soboli lilia frena dabunt.
Universis Germanici leopardi tincta veneno
Lilia vincendi frangere præsto cadet.
Eufrates et Tigris, Forth, Thamesis, Ronaque, Nilus,
Per mundi metas lilia subitus erunt.

fol. 120, v°.

Incipit praefatio in Historia . . Britannorum extracta a libro qui dicitur Policronicon.

fol. 133, v°.

Prologus Alfridi (sic)
RELIQUIÆ ANTIQUEÆ.

fol. 134, v°.

Parce, domine, animæ fratris Roberti de Popultoun, qui me compilavit.

Cronica Galfridi Monumetensis. Incipit Historia Britonum.

Explicit cronica Galfridi Monumetensis in Hystoriam Britonum. Sequitur continuatio regum Saxonum secundum chronicas Alfridi Beverlacensis et Henrici Huntingdonensis. Ora pro Popiltoun, qui me compilavit Eboraci.

Explicit historiae magistri Alfridi thesaurarii Beverlacensis, incipiens ad Brutum et finiens in Henricum 4um, annorum duorum milium ducentorum. Sequitur continuatio Hystoriae secundum chronicam Ranulphi monachi Cestrens in suo Policronicon usque ad Edwardi tertii regis tempora. Ora pro fratre Roberto de Populton.

Explicit. (anno 1326.)

Wrt.

A SONG AGAINST THE FRIARS.


Freeres, freeres, wo 3e be! ministri malorum,
For many a mannes soule bringe 3e ad penas infernorum.
Whan seyntes felle fryst from hevene, quo prius habitabant,
In erthe leyft the synnus vii. et fratres communicabunt(?).
Falnes was the ffryst ffaure quæ fratres pertulerunt,
For falnes and ffals derei multi perierunt.
Freeres 3e can weyl lye ad falandum gentem,
And weyl can blere a manuus ye pecunias habentem.
Yf thei may no more geytte, fruges petunt isti,
For falnes walde thei not lette, qui non sunt de grege Christi.
Lat a freer of sum ordur tectum pernoctare,
Odur thi wyff or thi doughtour hic vult violare,
Or thi sun he weyl prefur, sicut iurtam fortis;
God gyffe syche a freer peyne in inferni portis!
Thei weyl asyelle boyth Jacke and Gylle, licet sint prædones;
And parte off pennans take hem tylle, qui sunt latrones.
Ther may no lorde of this cuntré sic adificare,
As may thes freeres, where thei be, qui vadunt mendicare.
Mony-makers I trow thei be, regis perditores,
Therfore yll mowyth thei thee, falsi deceptores.
Fader fyrst in trinité, filius atque famen.

Omnes dicant Amen.

Wrt.
SIR PRIDE THE EMPEROR.

From MS. Harl. No. 206, fol. 5, re. written early in the fourteenth century.

*Sire Orguylle ly emperour
Enveyt ses lettris par cy entour.*

Escotez, seynghours, un tretiz
De moun sir Orguyl ly postifs,
Ky emperour est corounée,
E teent ly mound de souz pée.
Jà n'est rue ne estreit sente
Hou moun sir Orguyl n'eyt tere ou rente.
E par ces lettres ad maundée
A haut e bas, e comaundé
Ke touz seyent à ly pliaunz,
De parfere ses comaunz.
Le court de Rome ad rescue,
   en quelle est contenu:
Assignent à ly sus sentence,
E ky ly facent obedience,
E unt remaundé, "Saver volouns
Ky vous estes ke fetis somouns
A nus, ke sumes cheveteyns
De touz ke souint pres hou loynteyns."
"Joe su," fet-il, "emperour,
Orguyl appellé de meynt jour;
A ky vous avez avant cest hur
Fet courteysée e grant honour,
Dount jeo suy un poy esmu
Ke hore demaundez ke joe su."
Il unt remaundé par messager,
"Monstre," foñnt-il, "vostre poer,
Par queu resun nus devez guyer;
E vous nus verrez assez plyer."
"Moun pouer," dit il, "est si grant,
Ke nul home ke seyt en tere ad taunt.
Plus ay moustré de mestrie
Ke nus homme ke seyt en vie.
Jeo fiz jadis Lucifer
Sayller du ceel dekes en enfer.
Jeo fiz Adam fere eschauneges,
Unkes hombre si estrauneges.
Jeo feyz Caym soun pecché defendre!
Le fiz Jacob lur frere vendre;
Vif en tere Datan descandre;
E Absalon par chewus pendre.
Jeo suy ke abesay Roboam,
E enhauzay Jeroboam.
Jeo fiz David noumbrer sa gent,
E Saul inobediente.
De Holeferne jeo tally sa teste;
E de un rey jeo fesei un best.
Ne est ceo merveyl, vous est avis,
Teu pouer aver en pays?"
"Oyl," fount-il, "ceo est auncienrie;
Moustrez nous novèle mestrie."
"Novele mestrie vous purray dire,
Plus ke tens ne put suffrire.
Jeo fu gleaus à la bataylle,
E à Evesham saunz fauyille,
E à Northamton, e à Wyncestre;
E à Cestrefeud, e à Gloucestre;
Partut estey-jeo sire e mestre.
Me hore ne juhe en chevestre,
Kaunt tuz pays e regnez
A ma devise sunt guyez.
De Escocie, de Gales, e de Engletere
Si ay-jeo fet já un tere,
E ma baner ho ma lanuce
Si est entrée la tere de Fraunce.
En Normandye ne en Burgonye
Nul si hardi ke se assoyenne."
La court de Rome kant oy ceo dire,
Ke moun Sir Orguyl est tenu sire,
Ly maundent lettres, de souz lur seuz,
Ke il ly serrount feus e leuz
A teu covaunt ke il les truve
Argent touz jours nuve e nuve;
Hors pris pollars e cokedeyns,
Ke já ne vendrount en nos meyns.
"Assez aversez, e plus ke avez."
Dit l'empour, "si vous me amez."
"Certis," fount-il, "e nus le froum;
Ceo wut la nobeleye ke apent à Roum."
"E jeo vous merci," dit l'empour,
"Ke vus me volez fere honour."

Un autre lettre ad pus maundé
A courz de rey, e comaundé
Ke il se teyngnet en reddour
Encountre pitée, pur sue amour,
E ke il ne suffrunt le poverayl
Espleyter busoyngne pur travayl;
Mès ceux ke unt à doner
Le taunt touxt pusent espleyter.
"Certis," fount-il, "mout volunters
Par taunt nus vendrunt plus deneres."

Un autre lettre à joustises
Pus ad maundé pur ses mises,
Ke force ne fasent de male prises,
Ne de sermenz de grant assises.
Si ad maundé le vescounte,
De torte e force ne heyt ja houte;
Mès ke il prengne de tote parz,
E de sa coscience ne seit escars;
E ke il die à ses cler;
Ke à sa volonté seyent aheers;
Pur eus enrichir e lur seyngnur
Au pays facent grant reddour.
Si ad comaundé les baillis,
E ke il eschorent le genz vifs
Taunt cum dure lur mestrie,
E force ne facent ky lur maudie.
Il unt respondu à sir Orgyul,
"Pur vostir amour nous averoum le huyl,
En checun vile de pays
Pur un diner nous leveroum dys."
"Jeo vous merci," fet l'empour,
"Mes countregardens à chief de tour."
Pus ad maundé à prelaz
Une lettre pur soun solaz,
Ceo que pernent de povere genz,
Ke il le donnet à riche genz.
"Jeo wuyl," dit-il, "ke la mer
Seiût ennoyté par la river,
E ke le bacun seyt oynt de pou
De la grece de kayllou."
Pus ad maundé les bachilers,
Ke wount à places volunteres,
Ke facent lever beu deneres
De povere paysaunz e charueeres.
"Ceo me est," dit-il, "mout trecher,
Ke vous augez tourner;
E si vous seez been batuz,
Jeo vous prie ne seez esmuz.
Kar jeo vous oyndray du vent de vole,
E bee[n] vous garderay par Lange vole."
“Certis, sire, e nous le froum:
Resun wut ke si le fazoum.
Primes waster nos been demeyne,
E pus mestre nos genz en payne,
Par toutes e par tayllages,
Pur aquiter hors nos gages.”

A vavasours ad pus maundé,
Ke tenent houstel e meynné.
“Ceo est,” dit-il, “mon desir,
Ke daungerez seez a servir;
Le quel vos genz communement
Facent been hou malement,
Jeo vous prie, esparniez
Ke largement ne seyent blamez.
E par amours vus, servanz,
A seyngnurs seez contrariaunz;
Pur un mot respondez diz,
Par taunt serrez mes amys.”

Sa lettre est venu as esquiers,
De contrefere les chevalers,
Ke reen y eyt diversetée
Fors en pellure e lorrey n dorrée.
Il unt remandé courtseyement,
“E nus le froum certeynment,
Par gentif saunk dount sumus estret,
Ataunt avaunt cum chevaler est.”

A genti femmes, ke mout ad cheer,
Un lettre ad fet mauder,
Pur fere sun houstel atyrer
En lur chiës, ke luens cler;
E comaundé estreiment
Ke sa chaubre nettement
De lounge traynne seyt baalée,
Jà taunt le drap ne eyt costée.-
“Sire,” fount-ële, “mout nous plet,
Ke vostre comaundé seyt parfet.
Nous averoum assez le dount,
Nos bele granges l’aquiterount!”

“Assez pernez,” dyt Orguyl;
“Mës que facez çeo ke wuyl!”
“E nous le feroum, par seynt Richard!
Jà taunt ne grouce la papelard.”

Pus ad maundé ses messagers
A les chapeleyns seculers,
De contrefere les esquiers;
Sy lur dit en teu maners;
"Gardez," fit-il, "la chevelure,"
E mettez la coif pardesure;
Fetez tayller la vesture
A fur de esquiers à mesure.
Vos matins dites roudement,
La messe chauntez brevement.
A diner venez prestement;
A tables juhez jolivement.
Ne esparnez nul serement,
Ne jà ne chargez dit de gent.
A boys alez à la chace;
Si vous avez de chanter grace,
Ne lessez pas de karoker
En coumpanye de esquier.
Si jelouz fuese de vostre estat,
Vos serrez tenu un papelard.
Dount jeo vous pri, par amours,
Ke vous suez les courteours.
Ceus sunt la gent de ceste vye,
Ke plus me fount de courteysie.
Usez le secle taunt cum dure,
De vos prelaz ne tenez cure."
"Sire," fount-il, "e nus le froum,
Pur nos prelaz been le poum.
Reen ne apaceyvvent fors argent,
Par taunt nous suffrent à talent."
"Ceo say-jeo bien," fet l'empourr :
"Pur ceo lure donay teu myour,
Ke la se pussunt myrier adès,
E suffrer méser schauz vivre en pes."

Pus ad maundé un esquier
A religiouns, pur espier
Si il se puse en eus affyer,
Hou il les deyt par mal defier.
Il unt remaundé meynntenant,
"Nus veum been ke petit e graunt
Counte e baroun e serchaunt,
Checun vous fet honour sy grant,
Ke nous ke sumes genz entendaunz
Ne dewoum pas estre à touz descordaunz.
Eynz voloums estre à vous pliaunz
De parfere vos comaunz."
"Mout vus merci," fet l'empourr ;
Mès hore vous coveent au primour
Vostre manere un poy chaunger,
Ke jadis soliez trop huser.
Vous soliez lesser, pur Dieu amour,
Propre volontée e terrien honour;
Hore vous prie, pur mes amours,
Aforcez vous de quere honours,
Vus ke avez assez dount,
Fetes sicum les riches fount.
Estourjoun, laumpré, à vostre huz
De vessele d’argent, vus priez,
E de palfreis dreit quarrez,
Preez e pasturs enclosez,
E commune bestis hors tenez.
La vie seynt Benet jeo mesprise ;
Il n’ount ke fere de meen aprise,
Ne seynt Domynick, ne seynt Franceis,
Ne volient estre de souz mes leys.
Mès vous ke estis lur successours,
Jeo vous merci de touz honours.
Ceus ke ne unt cure de teres,
Il me pleisent par autre afferes,
Les uns par inobedience,
Les autres par lur science,
Les uns par lur chanter
Les autres par forment jurer." 
"Sire," fount il, "mout volunteres
Nous volum estre a vous chers."

Des veisins du payes unt sa lettre
Ke checun se deit entremettre
De grever autre à tort e à dreit.
Il unt remaundé à grant espleyt,
"E nous le froym mout voluters,
Par taunt serroum tenuz à feers,
E tut le pays nous honura
Pur nos maus, e dotera."
"Ha!" dit Orguyl, "cum çeo been dit,
Vous estes espires de moune espirit.
Haunetz hore çeo ben dedut,
Aveyenne après ke avenir put!"
La letter est venu à matrones,
Ke vers ly seyent leles e bones;
"Aforcez," dit-il, "de estriver,
Pur vostre estal amouster."
"Sire," fount ele, "çeo est resun,
Ke femme honoure soux baroun.
Ataunt de tere ad le meen,
Cum dist ma veysine ke ad le seen.
Pur quesy douk me dey retrere?
Par derere le dey-jeo fare?"
"Nanal! veyr," ceo dist Orguyrl,
"En nul manere ne le wuyl.
En taunt me grevent les genti femes:
Tut portent ele au chief les gemmes:
Checun boute autre avaut,
Par tut me servent fors en taunt;
En tut le facent par courtesysie,
En lur queers mon been m’afie."
Les garzouns de court ad maundé,
Si il ne facet sovent medlé
Par folye e baudesce,
Ke il lès mettra en destresce.
"Jeo wuyl," dit-il, "en tote fins,
Ke vous seez ver mal enclyn,
Par sovent tencer e medière,
Hore ly cumpanyoun, hore ly sire.
E sy vous eez de reen mespris,
E vos mestres vus unt repris,
Jeo vus pry, mes cheer fiz,
Ke autrefez facez piz.
E poy chargez lur daunger,
Taunt cum poez seyngrur chaunger.
Jeo ay greynnur deyntè de un garzoun,
Ke jeo ne eye de un baroun.
Kar le baroun ad vers mey resoun,
E ly garzoun ne ad nul enchescoun.
Ke poy moy dit e mout me fet,
Par moy ne avera chaud ne freyt."
Hore ad sire Orguyrl assemblé
Soun host e sa meynné,
E va rachaunt tere e meer
Ses mestries pur moustrer.
De base chose seet fere haut,
De graunt plentée grant defaut;
Ke meyns waut fet hauteyns,
Ke plus vaut fet valer meyns;
Tourne seingnur en servage,
E met ly serf en seynurage.
Pur les merveylls ke seez fere,
A ly se plie tut la tere.
Mès une chose vus eert apeert,
Ke fou se tendra ke meuz le seert.

**Amen.**
Reliquiae Antiquae.

POLITICAL VERSES.

From the Cottonian Rolls. II. 23.

Verses addressed to Hen. VI. on his friendship for the Duke of Suffolk.

For feer or for favour of any fals man
Loose not the love of alle the commynálté;
Beware and sey by Seint Julian,
Duke, jwge, baron, archebisshop, and he be,
he woll repent it within this monethes thre

Let folke accused excuse theymselff and they can,
Reseyve no good, let soche bribry be;
Support not theym this wo bygan,
And let theym suche clothis as they span,
and take from theym ther wages and ther fee,
by God and seint Anne.

Som must go hens, hit may non other weys be,
And els is lost all this lond and we;
Hong up suche men to our soverayn lord
That ever counsell hym with fals men to be acord.
Anno 1450.

Hull.

SONG ON THE VIRGIN.

From MS. Cotton. Calig. A. ii. fol. 89, vo. on velum, of the fifteenth century.

Upon a lady my love ys lente,
Withowten change of any chere,
That ys lovely and contynent,
And most at my desyre.

Thys lady ys yn my herte pyghte,
Her to love y have gret haste,
With all my power and my my3the,
To her y make myne herte stedfast.

Therfor wylle y non other spowse,
Ner none other loves for to take;
But only to her y make my vowe,
And other to forsake.
Thys lady ys gentylle and meke,
    Moder she ys and welle of alle,
She ys never for to seke,
    Nother to grete ner to smalle.
Redy she ys nyghe and day
    To man and wommon and chylde yn fere,
3yf that they wylle aw3t to her say,
    Our prayeres mekely for to here.

To serve this lady we alle be bownde,
    Bothe ny3th and day, yn every place ;
Where ever we be yn felde or towne,
    Or elles yn any other place.

Pray we to this lady bry3the,
    In the worshyp of the trinite,
To brynge us alle to heven ly3the ;
    Amen! say we for charyte.

ALLITERATIVE SCRAPS.

From MS. Harl. No. 913, fol. 15, vo. of the beginning of the fourteenth
century.

Folie fet qe en force s'afie,
    fortune fet force failir :
Fiaux fut f Freight folic
    fere en favelons flatire.
Fere force fust fiaux faux,
    faux fiers fount feble fameler :
Fausyne fust feble fremir,
    feie ferme fra fausyn fundre.

Proverbia Comitis Desmoniae.

Soule su, simple, e saunz solas,
    seignury me somount sojorner ;
Si suppris sei de moun solas,
    sages se deit soul solacer.
Soule ne solai sojorner,
    ne solein estre de petit solas.
Sovereyn se est de se solacer,
    qe se sent soule e saunz solas.

Wre.
POEMS OF MATTHÆUS VINDOCINENSIS.

From a Manuscript in the Imperial Library at Vienna, kindly communicated to me by professor Dr. Endlicher of Vienna.

Codex Cremonensis, chartaceus, saec. XVth.


Orbis ad exemplum papa procedit, honestas
Scintillat, ratio militat, ordo viget.
Religione sacer est, voce modestus, honesti
Cultor, consilio providus, orbis apex;
Quo duce provehitur ratio, sedet ira tepescens
In pacem, pietas officiosa viget.
Non sapit humanum sua conversatio, culpam
Dedignans hominis, concipiensque Deum.
Condolet afflicto, misero miseretur, anhelat
Ad leges, reprimit crimina, jura fovet.
Papa docenda docet, prohibet prohibenda, reatus
Castigat, sceptrum spirituale tenet.
Hic animas ligat, et solvit, solvendo ligando
Celestis partes opilionis agit.
Nos proles, nos ejus oves, nos membra, tuetur
Membra caput, genitor pignora, pastor oves.
Disputat in papa virtutum concio, virtus
Virtutis certat anticipare locum;
Pro parte virtutum conflictus litigat, instat,
Quodque sacri pectus primitiari viri.
Justitia prior esse studet, moderantia certat;
Blanda sibi pietas appropriate patrem.
Quinta tribus prior esse studet, sapientia certat;
Pro patre sit dos, cum dote sorore soror.
Jura rigent, mulcet pietas, moderantia placat,
Sub perpendiculo singula sensus agi.
Quatuor his constat quadratus papa, propinat
Quadratura statum, perpetuamque fidem.
Hac quadratura fretus non nugat in usum
Criminis, et nescit nescius esse Dei.
Papa regit reges, dominos dominatur, acerbis
Principibus stabili jure jubere jubet.
Provenit humanum pretium, fragilesque relegans
Affectus, certat evacuare virum.
Trans hominum gressus extendit ab hospite vita,
Ad cœlum patriam præmeditatur iter.
Communare studet fixis fluitantia, certis
Vana, polo terras, hospitiumque domo.
Mens sacra vas agrum fastidit, carcere carnis
Necti conqueritur spiritualis honor.
Mens sitit æternam sedem, pastorque frequentat
Hospitium terræ corpore, mente polum.
Non sacra sacrilego denigrant pectora morsu
Crimina, nec pretium depretiare licet.
Est bonus, est melior, est optimus, et bonitatem,
Si liceat, quarto quaerit habere gradu.

Commendatio militis. (l. Cæsaris.)
Fulgurat in bello constantia Cæsaris, obstat
Oppositis, frangit fortia, sæva domat.
Ejus in afflictos pietas tepet, hostibus hostem
Se probat, et mitis mitibus esse studet.
Præradiat virtute duces, exemplar equestris
Officii pretio vernat, honore praet.
In vetitum praededit iter, suspirat ad usum
Militis, ad requiem torpet, ad arma volat;
Bella sitit, gladium lateri confœderat, ejus
Virtus defectus nescia, terga fugæ.
In gladium sperare juvat, jus judice ferro
Metitur, gladio præside carpit iter.
Cæsaris ad nutus nutat fortuna biformis;
Casus ceu visus prosperitatis habet.
Cæsar in adversis surgit, nec jungit honorem
Vultus iratae prosperitatis hiems.
Sæva premit, miserios fovet, et libamine juris
Compensat pacis, nequitiaeque vices.
Jura pio societ moderantia, de pietatis
Blanditiis ferrum judiciale tepet.
Militat ergo modus, pietas ne jure supinet
Ne vita pueri diffiteatur opus.
Imperii gravitas mentem non pauperat, immo
Ad partes virtus particulara volat.
Dotibus ingenii vernat, non exulat artes,
Non studium regimen imperiale fugat.
Ambitiosa sitis fidei non derogat, immo
In regnante sapit deliciosa fides.
Cæsar ab effectu nomen tenet, omnia cedens,
Nominis exponens significata manus.
Cui requies, requie privari, deesse labori,
Cui labor est, cujus passio, nulla pati.
Cui timor absenti vincit, cui fama laborat,
Ad tumulum cujus prælia nomen agit.
Caesaris adventus pro Cæsare disputat, umbra
Nominis armati militat, arma gerit.
Strenuus, indomitus, pugnax, premit, asserit, urget
Hostes, bella, reos, ense, rigore, metu.
Audax, intrepidus, probus, inbuit, ampliat, inplet
Arma, decus, vultum, sanguine, marte, minis.
Concipit, instaurat, ponit, vigil, insipger, instans
Spe, dubius, gladio, prælia, certa, reos.
Virtus, forma, Ædes, replet, adjuvat, instruit actus,
Virtutem, mentem, robore, laude, statu.
Hoc pretio servivit ei sub jure tribuni
Roma, suo majus ausa videre caput.

Commendatio militis.

Purpurat eloquium, sensus festivat Ulixen,
Intitulat morum gratia, fama beat.
Linguae deliciis exuberat acer Ulixes,
Eloquio, sensu providus, arte potens.
Ne languescat honor mentis, facundia vernans
Ampliat, et reficit quod minus esse potest.
Ne sit lingua potens sensu viduata, maritat
Se linguae sensus interioris honor;
Fœderat ingenium studio, cultusque maritus
Seminis in messem fructificare statet.
Concipit ingenium sensu dictante, magistra
Discernit ratio, lingua ministra sonat.
Seminat ingenium, studium colit, asserit usus,
Elinat ratio, consiliumque foveat.
Sensus præcursor, ratioque præambula, linguam
Hæredem faciunt dogmatis esse sui.
Non cellæ capitis in Ulixe vacant, epitetum
Officiale tenent, prima, secunda, sequens.
Prima videt, media discernit, tertia servat;
Prima capit, media judicat, ima ligat.
Prima serit, media recollit, metit ultima, tandem
Prima, secunda capit, tertia claudit iter.
Prima ministrat opus reliquis, sic hostia prima,
Hospitumque media, posteriorque domus.
Prima, secunda, sequens, includit, judicat, arcet
Obvia, visa, fugam, peste, sapore, sera.
Stat medio rationis apex, et utrinque salutat
Hostia sincipitis, occipitisque seram.
Naturam virtute præcit, fidusque magister
Intimus est hominis interioris homo.
Moribus egreditur hominem, preponderat ægre
Nature sensus, subvenientis honor.
Ponderat ancipites casus sapientia, justum
Seu reprobum, trutina judice pendent opus.
Non nisi consulto liberamine juris in actus
Prodit, consulto mentis amica manus.
Contrariis vicibus confert contraria, dictis
Respondere suis consona facta facit.
Propositorum facto vicino mancipat, ori
Concolor, est mentis expositiva manus.
Non eatas animi virtutem pauperat, immo
Cortice de tenero spirat adultus odor.
Ætatem virtute domat, sua cana juvenus
Consilio redolet interiore senem.
Vota juventutis virtute supervenit ævi
Jura supergregitud mentis honore sui.
Mentis canities ævi castigat habenas,
Mensque stupet teneros anticipare dies.
Non animi florem fastus desflorat, honoris
Tanti delicias non premit ualla lues.
Non fortuna premit fortem, sentitique biformis
Unanimem, rigidum mota, caduca gravem.
Non valet Antipates, seu Circes, sive Caribdis
Mentis Úlixæ debilitare fidem.
Vincit, alit, cumulat, fortis, consultus, honestus,
Aspera, jura, fidem, vi, ratione, statu.
Prudens, facundus, largus, beat, ornat, honorat,
Pectora, verba, manum, mente, decore, datis.
Tullius eloquio, conflictu Cæsar, Adrastus
Consiliis, Nestor mente, rigore Cato.

Vituperium stultī.

Scurra vagus, parasitus edax, abjectio plebis,
Est Davus rerum dedecus, ægra lues;
Fomentum sceleris, mundi sentina, ruina
Justitiae, legum hæsio, fraude potens;
Semen nequitiae, veri jejunus, abundans
Nugis, deformis corpore, mente nocens;
Forma Tersites, ad fraudes Argus, ad æquum
Tiresias, Verres crimine, fraude Symon.
Militat ad vitium, virtutis nescius, hostis
Naturæ, justum damnapat, honestum premit.
Noxius ingenium nocuos dispensat in usus,
Se totum sceleris vendicat esse domum.
Spirat ad illicitum, confusio pacis, amoris
Scisma, malis pejor, pessimus esse studet.
Effluit huc illuc, rimarum plenus, abundans
Nugis, justa premit facta, tacenda refert.
Vas sceleris, puteus vitiorum, plenus aceto,
Nequitiae nescit nescius esse suo.
Mens inbuta malis, nescit nescire reatum,
Peccandique potest esse magistra manus.
Est grave consuetis vitis desuescere, vergit
Noxius ad solitae noxietatis iter.
Pullulat in speciem naturae, concolor usus
Et quasi naturae filius esse potest.
Non nequit esse nocens Davus, natusque nocere
Dum nequit esse nocens degener esse putat.
Est scelus innatum Davo, fraus omnis in unum
Confluit, in proprium vendicat omne scelus.
Qui fidei, qui juris inops, qui fraude laborat,
Qui volat in vetitum, qui pietatis eget.
Cujus honor, quod honore caret, cujus tenor esse
Absque tenore fides, non habuisse fidem.
Cui scelus est vitare scelus, cui crimen egere
Crimine, cui fraudis est puduisse pudor.
Quem leporem timor esse probat, quem praedaeleonem,
Cauda caprum, vulpes furta, rapina lupum.
Quo duce mendicat ratio, quo preside virtus
Migrat in exilium, pullulat aegra fides.
Sola vocativi casus inflexio, Davo
Parce, ibi non vox articulata tacet.
Aeris est Davus spe unica, digna catenis,
Digna Jovis trifido, fulmine digna mori.
Blandimenta minis, odio compescat amorem,
Peste bonum, raptu munera, fraudem.
Ecce mali cumulus mens est scelerata, profanum
Est corpus, fallax lingua, nephanda manus.
Se negat hypocritam, nucleo nux consona, sordent
Pari tabe, similis peste locale locus.
Ne pro se ponatur idem, consordeat intus
Et foris in Davo, metonomyia perit.
Conspectum dolet ad risum, risusque dolorem
Pensat, et eventu prosperiore gemit.
Faebris massa, pudor naturae, sarcina terrae,
Mensarum baratrum, stercoris aegra domus.
Invidiae stimuli coquitur mens fœda, colorem
Captivat mentis, migrat in ora lues.
Cursitat ad mensas, post prandia torpet, amicus
Ventris, consumit pinguia, spernit olus.
Non malus est, sed triste malum, consumere natus
Fruges, ad numerum non numerale facit.
Ejus in adventum calices siccantur, egeno
Mendicat dapibus mensa, lagena mero;
Cui deus est venter, cui templum coquina, sacerdos
Est coquus, et fumus thura Sabea sapit,
Lance sedet, mensasque dapes incarcerat, unde
Pullulat et nimium ventris amica Venus.
In pateris patinisque studet, ructante tumultu
Et stridentes tuba ventris, utrinque tonat.
Inflectis dapibus moles præturgida, ventos
Concipit, et Davus Æolus esse studet.
Davus hi ans aeger ventorum turbine fracto
Carcere, dispensat quos cohibere nequit.
Pergit ad incestum, Venus excitat aegra bilibres
Fratres, membra tepent cætera, cauda riget.
Metri dactilici prior intrat sillaba, crebro
Impulsu quotidius menia fœda breves.
Nequitia rabiem servilem prædicat, actu
Enculet servœ conditionis opus.
Urget blanda, fuit ad libera terga rebellis,
Ne vetito rectus limite carpat iter.
Imbuit innocuos vitiiis, exuberat aegri
Pectoris, in multos particulata lues.
Saccus nequitiae, lucis caligo, macelli
Tempestatas, pestis saeva, vorago patens.
Noxius, aeger, iners, commutat, destruct, urget,
Gaudia, jura, bonos, scismate, fraudem, dolo.
Nudus, inops, vacuus, pretio, virtutis, honesto,
Lute, furore, fide, gaudeat, abundat, eget.
Eligit, optat, amat, depravat, spernit, abhorret,
Jurgia, propra, scelus, fédera, templam, deos,
Quo nascente, suum virtus dum comperit hostem,
Bella mihi video, bella parantur, ait.

Commendatio matronæ.

Marcia præradiat virtutum dote, redundat
Morum deliciis, religione præit.
Matronale decus exemplo suscitat, expers
Fastus, incestus nescia, pura dolis.
Dotibus innumeris est picturata, modesta
Verbo, consilio provida, mente virens.
Lascivios reprimit motus, desire laborat
Marem, sexus inmemor esse studet.
Mollitiem solidat sexus, fraudesque relegans
Femineas, redolet mente fideque virusum.
Visitat infirmam naturam, gratia morum
Innatum mulier exuit ausa (sic) malum.
Est mulier non re, sed nomine, mens epiteton
Naturæ refugit, evacuatque dolum.
Prædicat oris honor pretium virtutis, honesti
    Propositii, vultus esse propheta potest.
Non meritis levitas valet esse noverca pudoris,
    Sed matronali disputat ore color.
Umbræ supercilii frontisque modestia signa
    Portendunt, mentis exposita sacrœ.
Non favor intuitus Veneris suspirat ad usum,
    Non oculi loquitur mobilitate stuprum.
Marcia marte potens vitium captivat et ægrum
    In melius sexum degenerare facit.
Mentitur levitas sexus, nucleique saporem
    Dissimilat facies perniciosæ nucis.
Vasis pernicies spirat virtutis honorem,
    Pulvulat ex taxi cortice mellis odor.
Taxus mellificat, redolet mellita cicuta,
    Dum viget in fragili pectore firma fides.
Res nova i vernat hiems, cornix albescit, acetum
    Dat nectar, taxus mella, mirica rosam.
Marcia femineum sexum festival, honestat
    Naturam, taxum mellificare facit.
Increpat innatum facinus, nec inertia sexus
    Legat in exilium spirituale decus.
Cum nuce rixatur nuclei praestantia, pugnant
    Ægra superfìcies interiorque favus.
Marcia fraude carens, pia, casta, modesta, stupescit
    Oppositis sexum consiliare bonis.
Tot dotes solidat custos patientia, nutritx
    Morum, virtutis deliciosa comes.
Justo justa, sacro sacra, digna Catone, Catonis
    Marcia, prosperuit intitulata legi.

Commendatio pulchrae mulieris.
Pauperat artificis naturæ dona venustas
    Tindaridis, formæ flōsculus, oris honor.
Humanam faciem fastidit forma, decoris
    Prodigæ, syderea sic gravitate nitens.
Nescia forma paris, odii praecedia, laudes
    Judicis invidiæ promeruisse potest.
Auro respondet coma, non replicata magistro
    Nodo, descensu liberiore jacet.
Dispensare jubar humeris permessa, decorem
    Explicat, et melius dispatiata placet.
Pagina frontis quasi verba faventis, inescat
    Visus, nequitiae nescia, labe carens.
Blanda supercilia via lactea separat, arcus
    Dimidii prohibent luxuriare pilos.
Nulli præradiant oculi, Venerisque ministri
Esse favorali simplicitate volunt.
Candori socero rubor interfusus in ore
Militat, a roseo flore tributa petens.
Linea procedit naris non ausa jacere,
Aut inconsulto luxuriare gradu.
Non hospes colit ora color, ne purpura vultus
Languescat, niveo disputat ore rubor.
Oris honor rubei suspirat ad oscula, risu
Succincto, modica lege labella tument.
Pendula ne fluient, modico succincta tumore
Plena Dionea meli labella rubent.
Dentes contendunt ebori serieque retenta
Ordinis esse pares in statione student.
Colla polita munere certant superare tumorem,
Increpat et lateri parva mamilla sedet.
Respondent ebori dentes, frons libera lacti,
Colla nivi, stellaris lumina, labra rosis.
Arctatur laterum descensus ad ilia, donec
Surgat ventriculo luxuriante tumor.
Intima festivat loca cella pudoris, amica
Naturæ, Veneris deliciosa domus.
Quod latet in regno Veneris dulcedo saporis
Index contactus esse prophetæ potest.
Pes brevis, articuli districti, carnea crura,
Nec vacua fluitat pelle polita manus.
Ne cumulo careat species sua dona maritant
Corporaæ dotes, effigiale bonum.
Materiæ pretium, formæ præstantia, quæque
Membra relativa sedulitate beant.
Materiam picturat opus prædulce, venusto
Materiæ pretio, materiata placent.
Non floris pretium marcescit turbinæ fastus,
Ceu teneræ parcat spina miserta rose.
Hoc facit ad Venere, mihi tales eligo, tales
Describit quales Vindocinensis amat.
Hoc pretio Phrigios læsit bedææ (sic) rapina
Priamidem, Trojæ flamma, ruina ducum.
Cur hanc Priamides rapuit sì Græcia quærit,
Illic Hypolitum pone, Priapus erit.

Vituperium vetulae.

Est Berta rerum scabies, fæx livida, vultu
Horrida, naturæ desipientis opus;
Altera Theisiphone, confusio publica, larvæ
Consona, conspectu sordida, tabe gravis;
Corpore terribilis, aspectu foeda, quietas
Cervicis scabies non sinit esse manus.
Dum latitat scabies, rigido larvata galero,
Debita desesse sibi pabula musca dolet.
Pelle, pilis caput est nudum, frutexque rigescit
Fronte minax, turpis, livida, sorde fluens.
Silva supercilii pretenditur hispida, sordem
Castigat, fruticus obice claudit iter.
Triste supercilium tabem retinere laborat
Cervicis, nares progregiendo tegit.
Auris sorde natat, non orbiculata, redundat
Vermibus, huc illuc pendet obesa madens.
Livescunt oculi, sanies discurrunt, inundat
Fluxus, lippa tegit, lumina fæce tepent.
Dum volunt avidæ circum sua lumina muscae,
Palpebra viscatas muscipulare solet.
Naris sima jacet fœtens, obliqua meatu
Distorto, flamen exitiale vomit.
Proxima labra madant, fluxu distillat et aegrum
Naris ad hospitium pendula spuma reedit.
In rugas crispata riget gena fœta lituris
Insita, quas oculos tabe fluente notat.
PENDULA PALESUNT ET MARCIDA LABRA, SALIVA
Cerberos rictus stercorat aegra sinus.
In dentes rubigo furit, quos spiritus egit,
Et tineæ duplici perditione premunt.
Non parcet scabies collo vicina, quod horret
Nodis, quod sordet ulcere, tabe natat.
Venis distrahitur pectus, similatque mamillis
Consona vesicae panniculosa cutis.
Lividæ costrum macies exire minatur,
Pellitum queritur carnis egere latus.
Turgescit stomachus scabie quam proxima lethe
Suscitat inferni janua triste chaos.
Hoc ibi perniciés staturam contrahit go, (อลก.)
Inscriptum breviter terga tumere facit.
Sentibus horrescit descensus ad infima, latrat
Cerberus, exundat fæce lacuna patens.
Emeritis hirsuta pilis hiat olla lacunæ,
Consona fluminei gurgitis unda rubet.
Est genuum conpagio rigens inbuta fluenti
Diluvio, spargi se Flegetonte dolet.
Tibia tumescit scabie, cognitque ciragra
Reciprocos digitos esse podagra pedes.
Reliquiae Antiquae.

Temporum descriptio.

Ver roseum tenero lascivat flore, laborat
Picturare Ream floridiore coma.
Solis amica calet aetas aestuque redundans
Nititur interpres nominis esse sui.
Vinitor autunnus, Bachi pincerna, propinat
Uvae delicias, horrea messa replet.
Horret hiems triplici panno pellita, noverca
Florum, lascivi pectoris aegra comes.
Sunt partes anni bis binae, ver tepet, aetas
Æstuat, autunnus uva dat, alget hiems.
Ver florum genitor, aetas nutricula, fructu
Ditior autunnus, prodiga vestis hiems.
Ver turbat renes, in vere furit Diogenes;
Ver Veneri juvenes implicit et senes.
Lucifer astra fugat, solis praecursor, ad ortum
Respirat, melior exule nocte dies.
Legat in exilium tenebras Aurora, cubile
Titani viduans, purpurat ora Jovis.
Hirsuto comitata gelu, lux serpit et ortus,
Tempora canicies anticipare studet.
Uberius radios Phœbus dispensat, anhelant
Quadrupedes currus dimidiante diem.
Migrat ad antipodes Phœbus, declivior axis
Vergit ad occasum languidiore rota.

Descriptio loci.

Naturæ studium locus est quo veris abundant
Deliciæ, veris gratia, veris opes.
Tellus luxuriat crinito gramine, gramen
Vernat flore, tepet aurula, spirat odor.
Blanditur natura loco, donando favoris
Prodiga, donatis rebus egere potest.
Donandi transgressa modum sibi ullam refervens,
Purpurat ornatu floridiore locum.
Perpetuat Zephrus flores, hirsutaque bruma
Non infestat humum pauperiorem coma.
Pullulat in flores humus, humida gleba maritat
Se glebae, redolet flosculus, herba sapit.
Non rabies canis aut cancri, vernantis honorem
Floris conmutat pauperiorem toga.
Natali tumulo dulcis rosa dives amictu
Vernat, odoratus deliciousa comes.
Feniculus crispta viret, que dives odor
Castigare solet spirituale malum.
Mollia nigrescunt vaccinia, naris amica;
Lilia procedunt candidiora coma.
Vertitur ad solem cyane, grave vulnus amoris,
Phœbei nutus praedicit herba sequax.
Salvia procedit, piperi quem leve maritat,
Qui facit immensas luxuriare dapes.
Artemisia viget, quæ vultu glauca, saporem
Bachi deliciis luxuriare solet.
Quem castum redolet, pallet narcissus amoris
Indicium facie pallidiore gerens.
Qui procul Bachi festivat, surgit ysopus
Intitulare potens dolia plena deo.
Quod gustu commendat ovis vel dama popello
In trivis, raris crinibus, herba viret.
Petrosilla apis certantia vultu (sic)
Et similis similis denegat esse sapor.
Statura brevi trifolium sedet esca popelli,
Et jejunanti œcula festa viro.
Quæ renes cessare jubet lactua noverca
Exurgit Veneris, religionis amans.
Ad Venerem faciens genitrix eruca rigescit,
Suscit ut semen candida cepa potens.
Vicinatur humi residens plantago, tumorem
Castigans carnis et residere jubens.
Prodit humo dormire studens papaver, aneti
Vernant delicie, naris amicus odor.
Purgatrix stomachi, faciensque tonitrua, purgit,
Surgit ab officii nomine nomen habens.
Lilia sectantur vestis candore, ligatur
Ad vulnus, faciens lanceolata jacet.
Pallescit rubor in violis, mediusque videtur
Nescio quis neuter inter utrumque color.
Oris deliciæ prodit gingember acutus,
Vernantes certat perpetuare comas.
Florescunt tima, victus apum quæ duplce fructu
Ditant luminibus templaque, sapore gulum.
Disputat, et melius redolet, conflictus odoris,
Et quæ non possunt singula, multa juvant.
Gustas apis florem carpendo, labore magistro,
Monstrans humanæ commoditatis iter.
Non prædatori boreæ de flore tributum
Solvit, gratuitas inviolata loci.
Ne pereat nutricis inops infantia floris,
Commodat allices fons redivivus aquas.
Vestit humum decus arboreum, frigusque propinans
Solis ad exilium nititur umbra tepēns.
Quercus alumna suis caelum vertice maritat,
Votivoque suum respicit ore Jovem.
Laurus vatis honos, hibernas despicit iras,
Et spolii gaudet integritate frui.
Ulmus lata viret, triviis umbratilis, umbra,
Titire, consurgit fagus amica tibi.
Albescit palmae coma, ramus ejus osanna
Audit, christicola vociferante viro.
Astra petens, patulos in ramos pullulat ylex,
Quae solet esse domus mellificantis apis.
Initiale mali semen vitaeque noverca,
Ficus adest primo noxia prima patri.
Vicinatur humi buxus quae sistra propinat
Exubiis, tegimen ministerialis cruci.
Artificio mediantem manu dans vasa Liei,
Pluribus in nodis praesolidatur acer.
Qui Bachi pateras prohibet requiescere, prodit
Vespertina gerens prandia, curva pirus.
Pomus progreditur dans succimentia rauco,
Hercula carboni conficienda mero.
Cerasa plena rubent, sed jacturam brevitatis
Illorum redimit deliciosus honor.
Arboei generis surgit regina cypressus,
Quae regem regum tangere digna fuit.
Testis amicitiae Paradis, nymphaeque repulse,
Pullulat in molles populus alba comas.
Frondescit platanus, cornus nodosa, noverca
Taxus apum, redolens cyamus, uda salix.
Egregio pollet effectu myrrha, liquore
Vivifico, carnem luxuriare potens.
Altior ad nubes tollit caput ardua pinus,
Undis judicibus expositura rates.
Virga propinatrix thuris consurgit, honorem
Votive mentis exhibitura Deo.
Prodit amigdaleus fructus quem febris avita
Torquet languenti sana dieta viro.
Pullulat ex cujus spolio tractura colorem
Artificem prestans vestibus, alnus adest;
Flore rubet sapido, rubens mitescit odore
Armorum feritas, asperitasque togeae.
Ardua morus adest, cui momentanea proles
Sanguine Pirameo premitus alba rubet.
Æsculus egreditur aevi major reservans
Fructum mellitum concavitate cadi.
Vitis adest, nostro major Jove tempore, plebis
Deliciae, plebis gloria, plebis amor.
RELICIÆ ANTIQUE.

Plurima restat adhuc arbor, sed Musa labellum
Comprimit, et brevitas auris amica placet.
Non infestat aquas solis tepor, immo teporem
Ramorum series orbiculata sonet;
Humor amicitiae solis sua jura maritans
Destinat in florum fructificare comas.
Altera gratuïtas superest, cumulantque decorem
Egregie studio garrulitatis aves.
Vociferans ‘occide,’ dolens philomena querelas
Et sua jocundo dampna dolore canit.
Vox merulae resonat, qua facta domestica, nostræ
Vocis adulterio nobilis esse solet.
Psitacus exclamat præsentatura triumphis
Caesareis, lingua degenerante, ‘vale.’
In scelus, in litem certans armatur alauda,
Laeta prophetanti concinat ore diem.
Argi luminibus stellatus pavo superbus
Et picturatæ vestis honore nitet.
Nidificat ramis Veneri dicata columba,
Incestum redimens simpliciore coma.
Turtur amica gemit, primo jurata marito,
Continuativi pignus amoris amans.
Hic canit, hic habitat maculis distincta coturnix,
Et rigido perdicta excruciana veru.
Qui proprias canit exequias, mortisque propinquus
Despicit articulum, fonte resultat olor.
Materiam logici conflictus pica propinans,
Nescio quo medio membra colore tegit.
Birex nanus adest, qui staturæ brevitatem
Nominis intitulat nobilitate sui.
Non piccus fabricator abest, ovi fabrica rostrum
Dum sibi de sociis hospita tecta fodit.
Garrula pigreseit et avara monedula, sueta
Exilio nostros concelebrare lares.
Vel patitur vel agit passcr, cui nomina ponit
Et lumbis fluitans irrequieta Venus.
Non cornix, non corvus adest, non noctua sacrum
Blasphemiat gemitus asperitate locum.
Non aquilæ primatus abest, nisi carmina plebis
Rumpat regalis conditionis honor.
Ergo relativos volucrum queremonia cantus
Dum movet, organicum carmen adesse putes.
Flos sapit, herba viret, parit arbor, fructus abundat,
Garrit avis, rivus murmurat, aura tepet.
Voce placent volucres, umbra calor, aura tepore,
Fons potu, rivus murmure, flore solum.
Gratum murmum aquae, volucrum vox consona, florum
Suavis odor, amnis frigidus, unda tepens.
Sensus quinque loci predicti gratia pascit,
Si collative quaeque notata putes.
Unda juvat tactum, gustum sapor, et sonus aurem;
Est volucris visus gratia, naris odor.
Non elementa vacant, quia tellus concipit, aer
Blanditur, fervor suscitat, humor alit.
Cicedes Musæ, paulo majora canamus,
Vobis freta, freto vela secunda damus.
Non omnes arbusta juvant humilesque mirice,
Immo juvat lauri participare vicem.

Loci brevis descriptio.

Hic genius studet in melius, ver gramine pictum
Eximio terræ gremio præsentat amictum.
Pullulat herbula, nunciat aurula veris honorem;
Flosculus emicat, et rosa prædicat orta teporem.
Fons vitreus, fons nectareus, nova germina florum
Vivificat, fovet, amplificat, spirans odorem.
Non spoliat nec depreciat rigor hostis iniquus
Temperiem, retinet speciem flos veris amicus.

De amore protervo et procacitate amantis.

Plurima cum soleant sacros evertere mores,
Altius evertit femina, census, honos.
Femina, census, honos, monimenta facesque malorum,
In scelus, in gladios, corda manusque trabunt.
Femina res fragilis, nunquam nisi crimen constans,
Nunquam sponte sua desinit esse nocens.
Femina flamma vorax, furor ultimus, unica clades,
Et docet et discit quidquid obesse potest.
Femina vile forum, res publica, fallere nata,
Successisse putat, cum licet esse ream.
Femina triste jugum, querimonia juris et æqui,
Turpe putat quociens turpia nulla gerit.
Femina tam gravior, quanto privatior hostis,
Invitat crimen munere, voce, manu.
Omnia consumens, vitio consumitur omni,
Et prædata viros, præda fit ipsa viris.
Corpus, opes, animos enervat, diripit, angit,
Tela, manus, odium, suggerit, armat, alit.
Femina mente Pari, cito vita spoliavit Uriam,
Et pietate David et Salomon[a] fide.
Femina sustinuit jugulo dampnare Johanneum,
Ypolitum leto conpedibusque Joseph.
Femina mente gerit, vita probat, actibus inplet,
Quo lex, quo populus, quo præsul, ipsa ruit.
Nec minus inmutat animos quando eruit aurum,
Nec minus illicitum currere monstrat iter.
Vir et quem pudeat viro pervertere rectum,
Quem pigeat pretio quolibet esse reum.
Auro perficitur quicquid captatur inique,
Non caret affectu qui dare multa potest.
Auro fectitur dux, miles, parcitur hosti;
Nemoque protensmo munere vana rogat.
Aurum corda movens, oculorum præda sacrorum,
In facinus puras armat agitque manus.
Auro sæpe labat virtus et robur eorum
Quorum corda Deus, cætera laudat homo.
Et quem vitares cervicem impendere leto,
Spe modici fructus cuncta licere potest.
Hostis atrox judexque gravis tortorque severus
Spe pretii laxant prælia, jura, manus.
Aurum castra locat, clasmem parat, extrahit enses,
Spernere vim, ventos, æquora, tela docet.
Selvit conjugium, prorumpit clastra pudoris,
Sacræ cæde manus inquinat, ora dolis.
Auro perjurus Polimestor, adultera Dane,
Perfida Tarpeya,*
Auro Crassus obit, miro ruit Amphiaraunus,
Auro castra, duces, jus, populiique cadunt.
Quem vero nec res nec femina frangere possunt,
Ambitus expugnat consceletaque pium.
Ambitus in vetitum mores deflectit, et infra
Posse suum quemque non sinit esse reum.
Hujus opes turbare duces, mutare coronas,
Innocuis letum, sceptra parare reis.
Urbibus excidium, templis præparare ruinam,
Sterner patricios ensibus, igne lares.
Naturam vitiiis, superos offendere ritu,
Parcere tunc tantum dum nocuisse nequit.
Quem semel arripiunt tantæ contagia cladis,
Cuncta licere putat, dum sibi regna parat.
Sustinet hic gladios in patrem ferre, nec unquam
Fraude, cruore, dolis, mens, manus, ora vacant.

* This line is defective in the MS.
A FABLE, IN ENGLISH VERSE.

From the Bodleian Library, MS. Digby, No. 86, fol. 138, r°, written in
the reign of Edward the First.

Of the Vox and of the Wolf.

A vox gon out of the wode go,
Asingret so, that him wes wo;
He nes nevere in none wise
Asingret erour half so swithe.
He ne hoeld nother wey ne strete,
For him wes loth men to mete;
Him were levere meten one hen,
Than half an ounderd wimmen.
He strok swithe over all,
So that he of-sei ane wal;
Withinne the walle wes on hous,
The wox wes thider swithe wous;
For he thobute his hounger aquenche,
Other mid mete, other mid drunche.
Abouten he biheld wel 3erne;
Tho eroust bigon the vox to erne,
Al fort he come to one walle.
And som therof was a-faile,
And wes the wal over al to-breke,
And on rat ther wes i-loke;
At the furmeste bruche that he fond,
He lep in, and over he wond.
Tho he wes inne, smere he lou,
And ther of he hadde gome i-nou;
For he com in withouten leve
Bothen of haiward and of reve.

On hous ther wes, the dore wes ope,
Hennen weren therinne i-crope
Five, that maketh anne fok,
And mid hem sat on kok.
The kok him wes flowen on hey,
And two hennen him seten ney.
"Wox," quad the kok, "wat dest thou thare?
Go hom, Crist the 3eve kare!
Houre hennen thou dest ofte shome;
Be stille, ich hote, a Godes nome!"
Quath the wox, "Sire chauntecler,
Thou fle adoun, and com me ner.
I nabbe don her nout bote goed,
I have leten thine hennen blod;
Hy weren seke ounder the ribe,
That hy ne mïtte non lengour libe,
Bote here heddre were i-take;
That I do for almes sake.
Ich have hem leten eddre blod,
And the chauntecler hit wolde don goed;
Thou havest that ilke ounder the splen;
Thou nestes nevere daies ten;
For thine lif-dayes beth al a-go,
Bote thou bi mine rede do;
I do the lete blod ounder the brest,
Other sone axe after the prest.”
“Go wei,” quod the kok, “wo the bi-go!
Thou havest don oure kunne wo.
Go mid than that thou havest nouthe;
Ac corses he thou of Godes mouthe!
For were I a-doun, bi Godes nome!
Ich mïtte ben siker of owre shome.
Ac weste hit houre cellerer,
That thou were i-comen her,
He wolde sone after the zonge,
Mid pikes, and stones, and staves stronge;
Alle thine bones he wolde to-breke,
Then we weren wel awreke.”

HE wes stille, ne spak namore,
Ac he werth athurst wel sore;
The thurst him dede more wo,
Then hevede rather his hounder do.
Over al he ede and sobute;
On aventure his wit him brohute
To one putte wes water inne,
That wes i-maked mid grete ginne.
Tuo boketes ther he founde,
That other wende to the grounde,
That wen me shulde that op-winde,
That other wolde a-doun winde.
He ne hounderstod nout of the ginne,
Ac nom that boket, and lop therinne;
For he hopede i-nou to drinke:
This boket beginneth to sinke.
To late the vox wes bi-thout,
Tho he wes in the ginne i-brout:
I-nou he gon him bi-thenche,
Ac hit ne halp mid none wenchche;
A-doun he moste, he wes therinne;
I-kaut he wes mid swikele ginne.
Hit miste han i-ben wel his wille
To lete that boket hongi stille:
Wat mid serewe, and mid drede,
Al his thurst him over-hede.
Al thus he come to the grounde,
And water i-nou ther he founde.
Tho he fond water, serne he dronk,
Him thoute that water there stonk,
For hit wes to-seines his wille:
"Wo worthe," quath the vox, "lusty and wille,
That ne con meth to his mete!
3ef ich nevede to muchel i-ete,
This ilke shome neddi nouthe,
Nedde lust i-ben of mine mouthe.
Him is wo in euchel londe,
That is thef mid his honde.
Ich am i-kaut mid swikele ginne,
Other soum devel me broute her-inne;
I was woned to ben wiis,
Ac nou of me i-don hit hiis."

THE vox wep, and reuliche bigan:
Ther com a wolf gon after than
Out of the depe wode blive,
For he was afingret swithe.
Nothing he ne founde in al the nihte,
Wer-mide his honger aquenche niitte.
He com to the putte, thene vox i-herde;
He him kneu wel by his rerde,
For hit wes his neihebore,
And his gossip, of children bore.
A-doun bi the putte he sat.
Quod the wolf, "Wat may ben that,
That ich in the putte i-herde?
Hertou cristine, other mi fere?
Say me soth, ne gabbe thou me nout,
Wo haveth the in the putte i-brout?"
The vox hine i-kneu wel for his kun,
And tho eroust kom wiit to him;
For he thoute mid soumme ginne,
Him self houp bringe, thene wolf therinne.
Quod the vox, "Wo is nou there!
Ich wene hit is Sigrim that ich here."
"That is soth," the wolf sede,
"Ac wat art thou, so God the rede?"

"A" quod the vox, "ich wille the telle,
On alpi word ich lie nelle:
Ich am Reneuard, thi frend,
And jif ich thine come hevede i-wend,
Ich hedde so i-bade for the,
That thou sholdest comen to me."

"Mid the?" quod the wolf, "war-to?
Wat shulde ich ine the putte do?"
Quod the vox, "Thou art ounwiis,
Her is the blisse of paradiis;
Her ich mai evere wel fare,
Withouten pine, withouten kare:
Her is mete, her is drinke,
Her is blisse withouten swinke;
Her nis hounger never mo,
Ne non other kunnes wo;
Of alle gode her is i-nou."
Mid thilke wordes the wolf lou.

"A" RT thou ded, so Gode the rede,
Other of the worlde?" the wolf sede.

Quod the wolf, "Wenne storve thou,
And wat dest thou there nou?
Ne beth not set thre daies a-go,
That thou and thi wif also,
And thine children, smale and grete,
Alle to-gedere mid me hete."

"That is soth," quod the vox,
"Gode thonk, nou hit is thus,
That ihc am to Criste vend,
Not hit non of mine frend.
I molde, for alle the worldes goed,
Ben ine the worlde, ther ich hem foud.
Wat shuldich ine the worlde go,
Ther nis bote kare and wo,
And livie in fulthe and in sunne?
Ac her beth joies fele cunne:
Her beth bothe shep and get."
The wolf haveth hounger swithe gret,
For he nedde sare i-ete;
And tho he herde spoken of mete,
He wolde bletheliche ben thare:
"A!" quod the wolf, "gode i-fere,
Moni goed mel thou havest me binome;
Let me a-doun to the kome,
And al ich wolde the for-3eve."
"3e," quod the vox, "were thou i-srive,
And sunnen hevedest al forsake,
And to klene lif i-take,
Ich wolde so bidde for the,
That thou sholdest comen to me."

"TO wom shuldich," the wolfe seide,
Ben i-knowe of mine misdede?
Her nis nothing alive,
That me kouth her nou srive.
Thou hasten ben ofte min i-fere,
Woltou nou mi srift i-here,
And al mi liif I shal the telle?"

"Nay," quod the vox, "I nelle."

"Neltou," quod the wolf, "thin ore,
Ich am afingret swithe sore;
Ich wot to-niȝt ich worthe ded,
Bote thou do me soume reed.
For Cristes love, be mi prest."
The wolf bey a-doun his brest,
And gon to siken harde and stronge.

"Woltou," quod the vox, "srift ounderfonge,
Tel thine sunnen on and on,
That ther bileve never on."

"S ONE," quad the wolf, "wel i-faie
Ich habbe ben qued al mi lif-daie;
Ich habbe widewene kors,
Therfore ich fare the wors.
A thousent shep ich habbe abiten,
And mo, 3ef hy weren i-written.
Ac hit me of-thinketh sore.
Maister, shall I tellen more?"

"3e," quod the vox, "al thou most sugge,
Other elles-wer thou most abugge:"

"Gossip," quod the wolf, "for3ef hit me,
Ich habbe ofte sehid qued bi the.
Men seide, that thou on thine live
Miserdest mid mine wive;
Ich the aperseivede one stounde,
And in bedde to-gedere ou founde.
Ich wes ofte ou ful ney,
And in bedde to-gedere ou ley;
Ich wende, al so othere doth,
That ich i-seie were soth,
And therfore thou were me loth;
Gode gossip, ne be thou nobut wroth."
"V UOLF," quad the vox him tho,
"Al that thou havest her before i-do, In thobut, in speche, and in dede, In euche otheres kunnes quede, Ich the forseve at thisse nede."
"Crist the forzeldel the wolf seide. 
"Nou ich am in clene live, Ne recche ich of childe ne of wive. Ac sei me wat I shal do, And ou ich may komen the to."
"Do?" quod the vox, "ich wille the lere. I-sisst thou a boket hongi there? Ther is a bruche of hevene blisse, Lep therinne, mid i-wisse, And thou shalt komen to me sone."
"Quod the wolf, "That is list to done."
He lep in, and way sumdel; That weste the vox ful wel. The wolf gon sinke, the vox arise; Tho gon the wolf sore agrise. Tho he com amidde the putte, The wolf thene vox opward mette. "Gossip," quod the wolf, "wat nou? Wat havest thou i-munt, weder wolt thou?"
"Weder ich wille?" the vox sede, "Ich wille oup, so God me rede! And nou go doun, with thi meel, Thi biȝete worth wel smal. Ac ich am therof glad and blithe, That thou art nomen in clene live. Thi soul-cnul ich wile do ringe, And masse for thine soule sylve."
The wrecche binethe nothing ne vind, Bote cold water, and hounger him bind; To colde gistninghe he was i-bede, Wroegen haveth his dou i-knedo. 

THE wolf in the putte stod, 
Asfingret so that he ves wod; 
I-nou he cursede that thider him broute; 
The vox ther of luittle route. 
The put him wes the house ney, 
Ther freren woneden swithe sley. 
So that hit com to the time, 
That hoe shulden arisen ime, 
For to suggen here houssong. 
O frere ther wes among,
Of here slep hem shulde awecche,
Wen hoe shulden thidere recche.
He seide, "Ariseth on and on,
And kometh to houssong heverechon."
This ilke frere heyte Ailmer,
He wes hoere maister curtiler;
He wes hofthurst swithe stronge,
Riht amidward here houssonge,
Alhote to the putte he hede;
For he wende bete his nede.
He com to the putte, and drou,
And the wolf was hevi i-nou;
The frere mid al his maine tey
So longe, that he thene wolf i-sey:
For he sei thene wolf ther sitte,
He gradde, "The devel is in the putte!"

T O the putte by gounnen gon
Alle, mid pikes, and staves, and ston,
Euch mon mid that he hedde,
Wo wes him that wepte nedde.
Hy comen to the putte, thene wolf op-drowe;
Tho bede the wrecche fomen i-nowe,
That weren egre him to slete
Mid grete houndes, and to bete.
Wel and wrothe he wes i-swonge,
Mid staves and speres he wes i-stounge.
The wox bicharde him, mid i-wisse,
For he ne fond nones kunnes blisse,
Ne hof duntes for3eveness. Explicit.

Mdn.
BOUNDS BETWEEN CAMBRIDGE, HUNTINGDON AND NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

From MS. Cotton. Nero D. x. folio 140, of the thirteenth century.


H. E.

* forsa Engaine.
LYARDE.


Lyarde es ane olde horse, and may noght wele drawe,
He salle be putt into the parke holyne for to gnaue;
Barefote withowttynce schone, thare salle he goo,
For he es ane olde horse, and may no more doo.
Whiles that lyarde myght drawe, the whiles was he luffed,
Thay putt hym to provande, and therwyth he provede;
Now he may noghte do his dede, as he myght by-forn,
Thay lyg by-fore hym pese-strea, and beris away the corn.
Thay lede hym to the smethy, to pulle of his schone,
And puttis hym to grenwode, ther for to gone.
Wha so may noghete do his dede, he salle to park,
Barefote withowttene schone, and ga with lyarde.
Take hym unto his pilche, and to his pater noster,
And pray for hym that may do, for he es bot a wastur.
For-thi serve thou thy wyfe, as thi coavaunde was,
Or gete hir an other, and bryng hym to thi place.
Thou made in thi forwarde to bedd and to bourse,
Thu may noghte for schame agayne say that word.
Alle the wyfes of thi land, they ere at assente,
Thay hafe purcheste thame a parke at the parlement;
The kynge hase thame grauntide by the comone lawe,
That alle salle in to the parke that may not wele drawe;
He that may not do his dede one evyne nor on morowe,
He salle be putt into the parke, with mekille harde [sorowe ?]
He that may wele do his dede in a fo[urtenyghte ?]
He salle be at hame with skille . . . . . .
He that faylis in thre w[ekes] . . . . .
He salle be putt . . . . . .
He that may . . . . . .
He salle be geldid or he go of bathe his balloke stonye,
And pulled of his schone, and putt to the pasture,
Fro the tyme of Michelmes tille it be after Ester.
Whene that he hase travelde ther the wynter halfe zere,
Thane he salle be takyne owte, and mad a sekke ferere
In the howse of dyng, thriste in that abbaye,
Be he anes theder broghte, he commes never awaye.
Smale swywyngge menne thedir salle be fettyne
Thay salle be brynte on the hippe, chapmans merke,
Bothe in froste and in snaue to go with lyarde.
Alle that passe the age of thre score of 3ere,
That may noghte in bedd do, salle be a frere;
Thay salle were non other serke bot the harde hayere.
And 3itt salle thay be coussid awaye at Appilby faire,
As wyfes makis bargans, a horse for a mare,
Thay lefe ther the febille and brynges ham the freche ware.
Clense wele your eghne, and standis on bakke,
For here es comene a prespe, swykke menne to take.
Elevyne myle on lenghe the parke es mett,
And twenty on brede the some es sette;
And 3ett it es filled fro the to syd to the tother,
And yitt standis ther owtt twenty wayne fothere.
3it ther salle into the parke many on maa,
Of everilke towne in Yrlande aene or twa.
The laste manne in the parke was a graye frere, —
Therin he dwelte the wynter halfe 3ere,
And ever more after barefote he gose;
And the gray freris, for that sorye lose,
Freris hase thame umbythoght, and sworn ilkane to other,
Salle never no counte betyne manne bycomen ther brother;
Bot if he may wele swyfse, and bere hym aryghte,
Tweyse or thrisse at the leste on a schorte somer nyghte,
That thane he salle the habete take, and by-come ther brother,
And this thay hafe mad ther house of one and of other.
[Thay] mak alle thaire howses of gud swywers,
....... dose downe the parke for love of the wyfes.
....... 3it hafe I noght done,
....... kene forthir wole I sone,
....... hase takyne thame to sone.
....... to feche thair brother home,
And now hafe thay sworn by God and sayne John
That thay wille byg thame a house of lyme and of stonne.
Thay sett up, and lete crye in everylke a townne
For ther solde come to the house menne of relegeone;
Be he monke, be he frere, be he chonoune,
Thay chalrange hym for brother that beris any crownne.
The mayster of the parke ansuerde with naye,
"Thare es a frere in this parke of your abbaye,
For he myghte noghte do bot once in a 3ere,
Wyfes take hym the horne, and made hym fostere."
"Ful falle hym," sayde the freres, "that ever was he borne!
He es bot a fewed frere, he had never crowne schorne;
And that salle we prove by a gud skille:
Wyfes that hase geese, thay knawe this fulle wele,
Tak a ganedir that may not trede, and pulle hym in the crownne,
I-wyss a better trede foulle schalle none be in the towne.
And swa it faris by freris, that hase a crowne schorne,
Thay fare like the comone bulle that gase in menus corne,
Mete and drynke thay hafe ynoogh, bot swy vyang thame wannis;
And for thay go so seldom to, thay gete grete sayntes.’
“Santis in the devels name!” said the parkere,
“The frere sone of Oxenforthe was hanged for a mere;
And als I come hamewarde, another I mette
With a rape abowte his nekke to the gebette.
Other sayntis gett thay none, therfor thay wille noghte thee,
And therfore thay clyme alle to God one a schortere tree.”
“By God! thou lyes,” said the frere, “and that wille I prove,
And ther to fghte within lystis I wagge to the my glove;
Byd thi brethren make thame redy, if that thay wille fyghte,
For thay selle be assayledede within this fourtenyghte.”
Than thay busked, and made thame bownne on everylk a syde,
Agaynes the nexte Monoday in the Whytsontyde,
Twenty thowsand ther com of flaterande freris,
And als many agaynes thame alle of parkers.
Thane smalle swywynghe menne sett up a crye,
“God and sayne Silvester send us the maystrye!
Send the maystry to daye to us in this place.”
“Sayne Frauncesse,” said the freris, “gyffe 30w sory grace,
And sende us the maystrye, menne of relygeone!”
Thay made assawte to the parke and drewe it alle downe,
Thay pulled tham alle downe and mad it fulle playne,
And lete alle sory swywers gang hame agayne.
Twenty thowsand of the werste stale sone awaye,
The freris went ham agayne to ther abbaye.
And now are sary swywers brokyne owte of bande,
Thay fille alle fulle this Ynglande, and many other lande.
In everilk a toune ther es many one,
And everilk wyfe wenys hir selsf than scho hafes one;
Scho wille saye to hir selsf, whene scho es in bedde,
“Myne husbande hase bene in the parke, I laye myne hede to wedde.
Whene he commes to the bedde, he slomers one slepe,
I wole that sayne Silvester had hym thane to kepe.”
Whene maydens ere maryede, it es thaire мастe karke,
Lesse thay be maryed to menne that hase bene in the parke.
For thus faris the worlde, for it es possebylle,
Ever a faire and a fowlle, a fresche and a febylle.
Alle lyardes menne, I warne 3owe byfore.
Bete the cownte with 3our neffes, whene 3e may do no more.
Thus endis lyrarde, at the laste worde,
Yf a manne thynke.mkile, kepe somewhat in horde.

Here endys Lyrarde.
RELIQUE ANTIQUE.

SCRIPTURAL CHRONOLOGY,
IN ANGLO-SAXON.


Fram Adame þam ærestan mæn þfram fremðe mидdan-
geardes oððæne flod wæs ger gerimes twa hund wintra þtwæ
ðusenda þtwæ þlaw þflawertig. þonne fram þam flode oð Abra-
hames acennesse wæron niogen hund wintra þtwæ þflawertig.
ðonne fram Habrahame oð Moyses þIsrahela ut-gange of
Egyptum wæron þif hund wintra þeac þifwe. þonne fram Moysæ
oð Salomon þoððæt frum-ge-weorc þæs temples on Hierusa-
læm wæron feower hund wintra þealhta þhund siofentig.
Fram fruman mидdan-gearde oð Cristes hider-cyme wæron
þif ðusendo wintro þtwæ hund þealhta þtiwenti. Fram
frymðe mидdan-geardes oððæs temples ge-weorc wæron flawær
ðusenda wintra þseofæn þsextig þhund tioentig. þbara
werhtana wæs þe þane stan bæron to þam ge-weorce, hund
siofentig ðusenda þhund eahhtoldig mæna. þbara
werhtena þe þælæ stan sneoddon þegdon þara wæs hund siofentig
ðusenda þrio hund. þSanan wæs to Cristes ðrowungas twa
ðusenda wintra þseofæn þbritig. þSanne wæs fram fremðe
mïddan-geardes oð Rome burhge ge-weorc flawær ðusendo
wintro þsiofen þhund eahhtoldig.

Wrt.

SONG ON JACK STRAW'S REBELLION.

From a MS. in the Lib. of Corpus Chr. Coll. Cambr. No. 369. The lines
inclosed in parenthesis are supplied from another copy in the Bodleian
Library, MS. Digby, 196. A line, or perhaps two, appears to be wanting in
my transcript from the Digby MS.

Tax has tenet us alle, probat hoc mors tot validorum,
The kyng therof hade smalle, fuit in manibus cupidorum;
Hit hade harde honsalle, dans causam fine dolorum
Revrawnce nede most falle, propter peccata malorum.
In Kent this kare began, mox infestando potentes,
In rowte the rybawdus ran, sua pompis arma ferentes;
Folus dred no mon regni regem neque gentes,
Churles were hor chevetan vulgo pure dominantes.
Thus hor wayses thay wente, pravis pravos emulantes,
To London fro Kent, sunt prædia depopulantes;
Ther was an uvel covent, australi parte vagantes:
Sythene thay sone were schent, qui tunc fuerant superantes.
Bondus they blwð (?) bost, nolentes lege domari,
Nede thay fre be most, vel nollent pacificari;
Charters were endost, *hos libertate morari*;
Ther hor fredam thay lost, *digni procede negari*.
Laddus loude thay lo3e, *clamantes voce sonora*,
The bisschop wen thay slo3e; *et corpora plura decora*:
Maners down thay drow3e, *in regno non meliora*;
Harme thay dud i-no3e, *habuerunt libera lora*.

*Jak Strawe made yt stowte in profusa comitiva,*
And seyd al schuld hem lowte *Anglorum corpora viva*.
Sadly can they schowte, *pulsant pietatis oliva*,
The wyche were wont to lowte *aratum traducere otiva.*(!)

Hales that dowghty kny3ght, *quo splenduit Anglia tota*,
Dolefully he was dy3ght, *cum stultus pace remotat*.
There he my3ght not fyght, *nec Christo solvere vota*.

* * * * * * * * * *

Savoy semely sette, *heu! funditus igne cadebat*;
Arcadon there they bett, *et eos virtute premebat*,
Deth was ther dewe dett, *qui captum quisque ferebat.*

Owre kyng hadde no rest, *alii latuere caverna*,
To ride he was ful prest, *recolendo gesta paterna*.
Jak Straw down he kest Smythfeld *virtute superna*,
Lord, as thu may best, *regem defende, guberna*.

*Vulpes cum cauda caneat, cum cantat alauda,*
*Ne rapide pecus voculus capiatur et equus.*

*Wrt.*
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