POLITICAL POEMS AND SONGS

RELATING TO

ENGLISH HISTORY,

COMPOSED DURING THE PERIOD

From the Accession of EDW. III. to that of RIC. III.

EDITED

BY

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PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHORITY OF THE LORDS COMMISSIONERS OF HER MAJESTY'S
TREASURY, UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE MASTER OF THE ROLLS.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
LONGMAN, GREEN, LONGMAN, AND ROBERTS.
1861.
## CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>INTRODUCTION</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>vii</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

1. **Complimentary Verses on King Henry IV.**;  
   by John Gower  
   1

2. **Address of John Gower to Henry IV.**  
   4

3. **Jack Upland**  
   16

4. **The Reply of Friar Daw Toptas, with Jack Upland's Rejoinder**  
   39

5. **On the Execution of Richard Scrope, Archbishop of York**  
   114

6. **On the Death of Henry IV.; by Thomas of Elmham**  
   118

7. **On the Battle of Azincourt**  
   123

8. **Epigram on the Battle of Azincourt**  
   127

9. **The Frenchman to the Englishman**  
   127

10. **On the Lollards**  
    128

11. **On the Death of Henry V.**  
    129

12. **Epigram on the Assumption of the Arms of France**  
    130

13. **On the English Title to the Crown of France**  
    131

14. **To King Henry VI. on his Coronation**  
    141

15. **On the Coronation of Henry VI.**  
    146

16. **On the Duke of Burgundy**  
    148

17. **Philippe of Burgundy and James of Scotland**  
    150

18. **On the Siege of Calais**  
    151

19. **The Libel of English Policy**  
    157

20. **Lament of the Duchess of Gloucester**  
    205

21. **On the Prospect of Peace**  
    209
## CONTENTS

22. On the Truce of 1444 ........................................... 215
23. On the Popular Discontent at the Disasters in France 221
25. On Bishop Boothe ........................................... 225
26. A Warning to King Henry ...................................... 229
27. Verses against the Duke of Suffolk ................................ 231
29. On the Corruptions of the Times .................................. 235
30. On the Corruptions of the Times .................................. 238
31. Against the Lollards ........................................... 243
32. To the King ................................................. 248
33. A Political Prophecy ........................................... 249
34. Against the Friars ............................................. 249
35. On the Corruption of Public Manners .............................. 251
36. Epigrams on the Public Extravagance .............................. 252
37. On the Times ................................................. 252
38. On the Times ................................................. 253
39. On the Procession to St. Paul's of the Reconciled Parties ......... 254
40. Epitaph for Richard Duke of York ................................ 256
41. On the Civil Wars ............................................. 258
42. A Political Retrospect ........................................... 267
43. On the Recovery of the Throne by Edward IV ..................... 271
44. On England's Commercial Policy .................................. 282

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Glossary and Index of Medieval Latin Words ................. 291
Glossary and Index of Obsolete English Words ................. 301
Index .............................................................. 346
INTRODUCTION.
INTRODUCTION.

John Gower was the principal political poet of the John reign of Richard II. His writings of this class are nearly all in Latin verse, and ostentatiously designed for the most educated classes of society, and he was no advocate of the popular cause, but was evidently guided by his personal partialities to the nobles who led the opposition to the court; yet the changes in his political views were coincident with those which agitated society during Richard's reign. In its earlier period he had written in praise of the young monarch, and sought court favour; but, as we have seen in our former volume, he subsequently took part warmly with the opposition, and attached himself to the party of Henry of Lancaster, and the last of his Latin poems written before the accession of that prince to the throne are bitterly hostile to the person and government of king Richard. The present volume opens with the latest known of these Latin poems, and probably the latest which ever came from his pen. They were professedly written to glorify the new monarch, by commemorating the ruin which had threatened the kingdom under his predecessor, the King Henry IV. patriotism and courage Henry had displayed in saving it, and his just title to the crown. We have, how- ever, another poem by the same author, addressed to John Gower to also to Henry IV., but written in English. In this Henry IV.
Gower begins by pointing out the manifest interposition of God in promoting that prince to the sovereignty of his country, and he urges this circumstance, whereby the people had been no less evidently saved from tyranny and oppression, as one of the strongest proofs of his right to the crown, and at the same time as a substantial ground for the hope that the new government would be prosperous and beneficial to the country. England was still at war with France, but this had been carried on without honour to our country, and Gower expresses the strong feeling of the people in general, in his earnest desire for the establishment of peace. He recommends the king to petition heaven for wisdom in ruling his own people, rather than for the faculty of conquering others. Solomon, who had his choice, chose the former, and his reign was one of peace and glory. Alexander chose the other alternative, and was enabled to carry his conquering arms over the whole world; but, says our poet, the world was then all heathen, and full of sin and confusion, but now, under Christ's faith, everybody is bound to eschew war and to seek peace. The advantages of peace are contrasted in some rather vigorous lines with the injustice and tyranny of war; and the poet advises the king against taking to his councils any partisan of the latter. Christ, he says, came into the world to establish peace, so that war is contrary to our faith; and yet, at this time war prevailed throughout Christendom, and even in Christ's church itself, which was then disputed between two rival popes. Where there was disease in the head, the body must needs suffer; and under these circumstances it behoved the Christian kings to promote peace among themselves for two causes; first, for the protection of the church against internal division; and, secondly,
to defend Christendom against the infidels, who at this time were making dangerous attacks upon it. These blessings were to be hoped from the known character of Henry of Lancaster.

The only manuscript of this poem with which I am acquainted is contained in a volume in the library of the duke of Sutherland at Trentham in Staffordshire, which was made well known by Wharton as containing Gower's French sonnets. There appears sufficient reason for believing this manuscript to have been presented to king Henry, after his accession, by the poet, who seems to have been rather vain of his French verses, and the two pieces here printed were probably written on the occasion. They are accompanied by a shorter piece, in Latin elegiacs, here given at the end of the English poem, in which Gower states, that at this time, which was the first year of Henry's reign, he was struck with blindness; and he complains of old age (*torva senectus*), and announces his resolution to write no more, but to leave literature to a younger generation. In fact, there are reasons for supposing that he must now have been considerably advanced in years—perhaps not far short of eighty; he died in 1408.

Gower, though, as a layman, conscious of many abuses in the ecclesiastical state, and wishful for their reform, was still a staunch catholic, and no favourer of what he considered as innovations in religion, and he urged the king above all other things to give the whole support of the secular government to the church. Henry's father, John of Gaunt, had been notoriously a favourer of the Wycliffites; and Henry himself, previous to his accession to the throne, had not been considered a very zealous son of the church;

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1 These were printed by the Gower, as a contribution to the late duke of Sutherland, when earl Roxburghe Club.
so that, at the opening of his reign, the religious reformers took courage, imagined that they were at least sure of toleration, and employed themselves with extraordinary activity in spreading their doctrines. But, to their great disappointment, they soon found their mistake. Henry is accused of having deliberately purchased the support of the Romish clergy in his designs upon the crown by at least a verbal engagement to suppress the sect of the Lollards, and all other heretics; and, be this as it may, the clergy began immediately to display an active spirit of persecution which rendered it not improbable, and the commencement of his reign was marked by a statute against the religious reformers of a severity then unexampled. By the Act of the 2nd Hen. IV., chapter 14 (A.D. 1400), heretics were ordered to be punished by burning at the stake, and this cruel law was immediately carried into effect in the case of William Sautrey, a parish priest convicted of heretical opinions. These proceedings naturally carried consternation among the Wycliffites, but, as is usually the case, persecution on the one hand only increased and embittered the zeal of the persecuted, while some acts of severity on the part of the crown against a few Romish ecclesiastics who had engaged in treasonable conspiracies encouraged them still to hope for a change in their favour. Under these circumstances the Wycliffites slackened nothing in their activity, but they united more warmly with those who were struggling for social and political liberty; and the popular dislike to the Romish priesthood, and especially to the four orders of friars with whom people came into closer communication, was greatly increased. The watchword of this party was still the same which had been raised with so much vigour in the poem of Piers Ploughman, and which demanded the emancipation of the oppressed peasant. But the name of Piers Ploughman had been
INTRODUCTION.

exchanged for that of Jack Upland, which was exactly equivalent, as it signified simply Jack the countryman, Jack Upland, or Jack of the country, in contradistinction from the town. About the date just mentioned there appeared a poem under this title in alliterative verse, intended evidently to be circulated among the populace, in which the popular character, Jack Upland, is introduced propounding the various heads of the complaints of the Wycliffites against the Romish church in a series of questions addressed to the friars, who were the most active agents against the professors of the new opinions. This poem appears to have given great alarm, or offence, to the friars, one of whom, whose real name, it is intimated, was John of Walsingham, but who wrote under the assumed and more popular name of Daw Topias, put forth a reply to these questions, compiled in exactly the same style, but sprinkled here and there with rather violent abuse of Wycliffe and the Lollards. A Wycliffite took up the cudgels immediately, and retorted in a similar style, and this last writer alludes to an event as then recent which seems to fix the date of all these pieces to the year 1401. Of the first of these no manuscript appears now to be known, but a copy had been found in the sixteenth century by Stow, and was inserted, without any reason, in the folio black-letter edition of the works of Chaucer. The other two, which may be considered among the most remarkable of the popular records of the history of the religious movement during this period, are preserved in a contemporary manuscript in the Bodleian Library, in which the friar's poem occupies the page of the vellum, and the reply of the Lollard is written in a smaller hand in the margins above and below. It was the common practice to write the alliterative poetry as prose, with a slight stroke of the pen to mark the divisions of the lines. Such is the case with the manuscript in the Bodleian Library,
where the divisions of the lines are very distinctly marked. But the copyist of the first poem for the edition of Chaucer, who evidently understood the English of his original imperfectly, and was not at all acquainted with the principles of the old alliterative verse, had really mistaken it for prose, and not only copied it for such, but substituted for the obsolete words with which this class of poetry abounded others which were then better known, and often paraphrased the language in the belief that he was making it better understood. Thus in some parts all traces of its metrical character is lost, and we may judge in many cases how much it is corrupted by comparison with the quotations from it in the strictures of "Daw Topias." At the same time it must also be remarked that with the beginning of the fifteenth century the alliterative verse began already to be written very loosely, and, the rhythm being preserved, the alliteration was often left imperfect, or entirely neglected.

To begin with Jack Upland, the popular satirist commences with stigmatizing the church of Rome as Antichrist and his disciples, and complains that the worst of these "diverse sects" were those last brought in, the different orders of friars, who neither showed obedience to the prelates of the church nor allegiance to the crown, but sought only to indulge their own selfishness, while they pretended to have the power of selling heaven and earth to whom they liked. After taunting the friars with their great pretensions to knowledge, he proceeds to put certain questions to them, requiring that the answers should be grounded "in " reason and holy writ." His first question is a very simple one—if there be so many different religious orders on earth, one must be supposed to be better than another, or there need have been no more than one; and if these orders are not better than the order
INTRODUCTION.

which Christ himself founded, namely the Gospel, why
should they choose any one of them in preference to it? Moreover, for which should a friar be more severely
punished, for breaking the rules of his order or for
breaking God's commandments? He asks further,
why should a friar be considered an apostate for
leaving one order for the purpose of joining another,
where they were all considered to belong to Christ's
church? In a number of consecutive questions, the
friars are accused of placing their religion in their
habit, and of furnishing themselves with clothes of
rich materials for no other cause but vain-glory; of
placing undue importance in vain things, such as par-
ticular colours of cloth and particular places; of
obtaining dispensations from duties which were uneasy
to them; and of pretending to embrace with their
profession a life of mortification—to be as dead men;
whereas they were the most active beggars alive, and,
instead of graves, which were appropriate to dead men,
they affected to live in mansions which exceeded
in extent and splendour the palaces of the greatest
nobles. As proofs of the selfish motives of the orders
of friars, it is stated that fixed districts were farmed
out to certain limitors, or begging friars, as the
name intimates, and that they were not allowed to
trespass within each others' limits; that they were
exempted from the visitations of the bishops; that
they sold for money, and never gave in charity,
letters of brotherhood, by which people were entitled
after death to a share in their merits; and that they
induced people to give them large sums of money for
their prayers, on the assurance that these would bring
them out of purgatory or hell, while they were igno-
rant where they should go themselves. Jack Upland
asks, with some reason, why, if they had this power,
they should not employ it out of love for their fellow
men as well as for gain. They are accused also of
"stealing" men's children in order to bring them up in their order, a charge which is proved to be true by a collective force of contemporary evidence. They sought only to perform the two sacraments, shrift and burial, which brought in most money; and only, therefore, to those who could pay, rejecting the poor. "According to your own doctrine," says the reformer, "holiness consists in poverty, and why, therefore, do you refuse to receive for burial those who are poor?" The friars, we are told, disapproved of preaching, and condemned the secular priests who practised it; they sold God's mass for a penny, and therefore set that sum either on "God's body," which was worse than the crime of Judas, who sold it for thirty pence, or sold their labour, which was bribery and covetousness, or sold the service of the church, which was simony; they entered in their table books the names of those who purchased their pardons, as if God was not likely to remember them; and they justified their system of mendicity by the example of the Saviour, who, they pretended, had gained his living on earth by begging. In some further questions these particular charges are dilated upon; the reformer complains that the multiplication of friars and other ecclesiastics was an unnecessary and unjust burthen upon the people, and alleges that when Christ had but twelve apostles and a few disciples his work was done much better than since the number of workmen had been so greatly increased. Just as a man works better with four fingers and a thumb to his hand, than he would if the number were doubled; so the superfluity of workmen in the church only encumbered it and made it inefficient. These unworthy workmen locked up the bible from those who were able and willing to read and preach it, and persecuted as heretics those who sought to make its doctrines public. The reformer again repeats the charges that
the friars only sought riches and self-indulgence; that one of them who brought home most money to his house received full absolution for whatever error he might have committed in obtaining it; that they neglected the poor, and chiefly sought out rich men, who could afford to pay them well for their religious consolations; and that these consolations were of such a kind that they encouraged lords and ladies to sin worse than before, instead of amending their lives; and he then again puts some home questions to the friar as to the superiority of one religious order over another. If the friar replied that his own order was the best, he assumed that the other orders were inferior to it; whereas each friar of one of the other orders would give him the lie and say that his own order was best; yet one only could be the best, and therefore three must be false, while there was no means of knowing which was the true one. And this contradiction between the orders was so great that a friar who left his own order to enter another was looked upon as an apostate. Also these orders and rules were assumed not only to be superior to one another, but to be superior also to that rule which had been given by Christ, otherwise why did they not follow Christ’s order in preference to all others? Thus it was assumed that St. Francis or St. Dominic was superior in power and knowledge to God himself, an evident blasphemy. “Canst thou, friar, point out any default in Christ’s rule of the Gospel, with which he gave all men the certain power to be saved, if they kept it to their ending? If thou sayest it was too hard, thou accusest Christ of untruth; for he said of his rule, ‘My yoke is soft and my burthen light.’ If thou sayest that Christ’s rule was too light, that cannot be alleged as a fault, for it only made it the easier to keep. If thou findest no fault in Christ’s rule of the
"Gospel, since Christ himself said it is light and easy, what need was there for the founders of orders of friars to add other rules to it, and so make a harder religion to save friars than the religion of Christ's apostles by which his disciples obtained salvation?"

These questions of Jack Upland are put simply, and in a form to be easily understood by minds not accustomed to abstruse reasoning. His opponent, Daw Topias the friar, shows far less temper, and an inclination to browbeat rather than to convince or persuade. He begins by lamenting the degraded state of society which rendered it necessary to reply to such questions, and he reproaches the Lollards in rather abusive language, alleging that Jack Upland's questions were ignorant and foolish, and proclaiming his readiness to answer them, although himself only a "lewd" or uneducated friar. It was, in fact, an attempt on the part of the Romish clergy to encounter the reformers in their own popular field. Daw Topias denies that the friars were other than liege subjects to the king; and asserts that they professed obedience to the bishops, though not in the same degree as the secular priests, inasmuch as holy church had given them exemption. Jack Upland, who repays the friar with language as rude as his own, replies that their non-allegiance to the crown—meaning thereby disobedience to the laws of the realm—was notorious; for when a friar lay under the charge of any crime or vice, his prior took him out of the hands of justice, without the king's authority, and thus, however guilty, he escaped punishment. "Oft," says he, "ye seduce men's wives, and are put in the stocks, but your captains, or superiors, lay claim to you and ask no leave of kings." In reply to the charge of laziness brought against the friars, Daw alleges that each class of society had its particular province, and that, as in a
man's body, the hands were made to work for the support of the head and the feet and the eyes, so the common people were made by God to labour for holy church and the aristocracy. To this it is answered, that St. Paul and the apostles gained their living by the labour of their hands, and that yet at the same time they performed the duties of the ministry much better than the clergy of modern times, and hated above all things such "bold begging" as was practised by the friars. "You accuse us," says the popular advocate of the old religious system, "of being con-founders of prelates and lords . . . . but give us any examples of prelates or lords thus confounded. "But since that wicked worm named Wycliffe began "to sow the seed of schism in the earth, sorrow "and ruin have made their appearance everywhere, Attacks upon Wycliffe. "and are bringing disgrace equally upon lordship and "prelacy." On the question of selling the sacraments by simony, the friar endeavours cunningly to throw this charge upon the parish priests, alleging that the only sacrament the friars had to dispense was the absolution of sins; and in retaliation for the charge of interfering unduly in families, he accuses the Wycliffites of seeking to make converts of women, with an evident intimation of something further, which is not declared openly. We know how many women embraced the opinions of the Wycliffites, and suffered martyrdom for maintaining them. In reply, the advocate of the reformation repeats the charge of incontinence against the friars, and offers to forfeit a hundred pounds if the friars can fix a similar charge on any member of the sect of Lollards. Daw justifies the splendour of the ecclesiastical buildings by the example of Solomon's temple, and passes on to a long string of more abuse of the reformers, who, he says, were the plagues sent upon earth by the "blastes" of the seven angels in the Revelations. "The third
angel sent down a star from heaven, fiercely burning as a brand, it was called wormwood; this truly was Wycliffe your master; he shone brightly in appearance at his beginning, but by his false doctrines afterwards he created much trouble, and by his rash presumption fell from the church . . . The heretics Maximinus and Manichæus never caused more mischief.” This attack on Wycliffe roused the indignation of the reformer, who replies: “I wonder, Daw, thou darest thus to lie on so great a clerk, who was known well in his time by rich and poor as a vertuous man, but thou, as blind as Bayard, barkest at the moon, like an old miller’s dog when he begins to doat. But I know well that thy barking, however loud thou liest, will not diminish this saint, who lived and taught so truthfully.” After several pages of general abuse, the apologist of the friars returns to the questions of the reformer. He justifies the number and diversity of the religious orders by alleging the various orders of angels in heaven, and he proceeds to give an explanation of the former, which was certainly not calculated to satisfy one of the reformers. His own order, he says, was that of Christ, who taught obedience, chastity, and poverty. “Nay,” is the reply, “there is hardly an individual in thy order who can boast of possessing these three virtues, in regard to which ye rather follow Antichrist than our Lord Jesus. As to chastity of body, ye break it continually; and ye have no chastity of soul, for ye forsake Christ your spouse, and are become apostates from his church. In respect to true poverty, ye are the most covetous men in the world, for what with simony, and with begging, and with selling absolutions, you plunder both great and small.” Daw alleges further, that Christ ordained two manners of life, the one con-
TEMPLATIVE, the other active, to the former of which
the monks belonged, while the latter was represented by
the friars. He represents their begging as the collect-
ing of alms, and refuses to tell what they themselves
gave to the poor, on the plea that charity should be
exercised in secret. He defends the richness of the
cloth worn by the friars, and explains the different
parts of the costume symbolically, retaliating upon
his opponent by sneering at the Lollards for affecting
to dress in plain grey, which, he pretends, was in-
tended to imply simplicity, while the wearers were
ravenous wolves in Christ's fold. Others of the
peculiar observances of the friars are explained in
much the same manner, or defended in general terms,
mixed with a large amount of abusive language
addressed to the Lollards; to which his opponent
replies with not much more temper, and utters a
prophecy, not unlike that which has been so often
remarked in the older poem of Piers Ploughman;
"and yet," he says, "the time shall come when Josiah
shall reign, and make an end of such fiends, and
restore Christ's rule." 1

The friars were celebrated for the splendour of their
conventual buildings, and this circumstance furnished
a never-failing ground of attack to the reformers. It
is one to which both the advocate and the opponent
recurr; and the former finds a rather singular reply
to the charge of lavishing money on these great

1 The passage in Piers Plough-
man is as follows:—
"Ac ther shal come a kyng,
"and confesse yow religiouses,
"and bete yow as the Bible
telleth
"for brekyng of youre rule;
"and amende monyals,
"monkes and chanons,
"and puten to his penance
"ad prætextum statum ire.
"And thanne shal the abbot of
"Abingdone,
"and al his issue for euer,
"have a knok of a kyng,
"and incurable the wunde."
Piers Ploughman, p. 292.
INTRODUCTION.

edifices instead of expending it in charity to the poor. "Jack," he says, "is not a man better than "a rude beast? Yet you"—of course, addressing him in his assumed character of the uplandman or ploughman—"make a shed for your sheep, and a "stable for your horse; and meanwhile there is "many a man who has no roof over him, but the "open air only is his house, and the beasts stand "covered. Why dost thou not house the poor man as "well as thy beasts?" The reformer finds a ready answer to this "monkey's argument," as he calls it, by which, he says, it might be proved that "he that "drinks a quart of wine, must needs drink a gallon. "But I grudge no reasonable house; and, though you "speak scornfully of it, I have a sheep-house, for "which I have better warrant in God's law than you "have for your Cain's castle. I thank God, I built "it with honestly gotten goods; but you built yours "with the produce of begging, contention, and rob-
"bery." It is curious enough that the friar here— for there can be no doubt that it was the bonâ fide composition of one of the order who chose to en-
counter the popular preacher on his own ground—not only uses arguments which are in general very easily demolished, but he loses few occasions of displaying a feeling of spiteful hostility, which is known from other sources to have existed, towards other orders of the Romish clergy. In an earlier part of his writing, when accused of selling the sacraments, he attempts to throw this charge upon the parish priests; and now, in reply to the charge of farming out the country in districts to the limitors, he asserts that this was not done by the regular friars, but suggests that it was probably done by the pardoners, and the friars of some less regular orders. The clergy claimed a general exemption from secular taxes, and, when reproached with the example of Christ, who caused his disciples
to pay the tribute to the emperor, our Daw Topias pretends that the Saviour did not do this as a duty, but merely as a matter of policy, that it might not be made a charge against him in his trial before Pilate. At length we come to the grand charge of kidnapping the children of people of property in order to bring them up in their order, with a view, of course, to future profit. The existence of this practice is notorious, for it was a subject of complaint not only with the Lollards, but with the commons assembled in parliament, who proposed an act forbidding the reception into the orders of friars of any men under twenty-one years of age; but the king, ruled by his fear of the clergy, gave only a partial assent; and it was enacted that in future no boy under the age of fourteen should be received into an order. Daw Topias, therefore, does not attempt to deny the fact, but he justifies it in rather a singular manner by the example of Christ. "Thou accusest us," he says, "of felony, for stealing children to draw them to our sects. I hold it no theft to draw people towards God, unless you call "Christ a thief, who did the same, saying to the rich "man (Matt. xix. 21): 'Go and sell thy goods, and "give them to the poor, if thou wilt be perfect; "and afterwards follow me, and be my disciple.' "And, in the same gospel, see what he saith also "(Luke xiv. 26): 'Whoso forsaketh not his father and "his mother, his son and his daughter, his sister "and his brother, his land and his tenements, and "himself also, he is not worthy to be my follower.' "And again he said to his twelve chosen (John xv. "16): 'Behold, from the world I have chosen you all, "that ye go and bear fruit, and your fruit may "remain.' And thus to plunder the world, and spoil "it of its subjects, it is no robbery, but theft "approved by Christ." In regard to the keeping of prisons by the clergy, Daw Topias argues that they...
INTRODUCTION.

have the same right to have prisons as the secular authorities. For, he says, if we take the Gospel literally, neither emperor nor king would have the right to imprison or put to death, but only to reprimand offenders, and then set them at liberty; whereby murderers, robbers, and all kinds of malefactors would go unpunished. The pope, the archbishop of Canterbury, and the bishops in general had, he says, their prisons, with the king’s permission; and it would be a bold thing to pretend that this was contrary to God’s law. But his opponent replies that the two cases were very different, that the sentences and punishments of the bishops were arbitrary and unjust, and generally directed against the innocent; whereas the king caused the law to be executed by judges who were bound to administer justice with impartiality, “as he did now lately, when he hanged you traitors.” Some friars had been hanged for treason in the course of the year 1401.

The remainder of this very curious poem is chiefly occupied with a defence of the various means by which the friars obtained money, and of the use they made of it. Daw Topias justifies the style of preaching of the friars, and the character of their sermons, which had become a subject of ridicule to the reformers, by urging that the means are justified by the end; and that if the people were taught the right faith, it mattered not how they were instructed in it. On the other hand, he accuses the Wycliffites of having conspired to destroy Christ’s church and turn it to idolatry; and adds that he considers it more “wholesome” to pursue a heretic to prison, or to the fire, than even to consecrate a church. In answer to the charge of selling the sacraments, he pretends that the friars administered them freely, and that they also received freely the offerings of those who partook in them, and argues that there was no more simony
in being paid in this way, than in the payment of a certain annual salary to a parish priest for his exercise of the ministry. To which Jack Upland replies sneeringly, comparing the friars to tapsters, or inn-keepers, who, instead of beer, "tap" out and serve their absolutions from Rome, and their preachings, prayers, and burials, to the deluded people. The begging of the friars is justified as a literal imitation of the example of Christ, who did not disdain to obtain his sustenance in this manner, and by the favour shown by the Saviour to mendicants; and here the popular advocate of Romanism, believing that his display of learning might betray his assumption of the character of a "l Lewd" friar, pretends that he had learnt to speak Latin when he was once a manciple, or servant employed in collecting the provisions, at Merton Hall, in Oxford. Another practice which had been ridiculed, that of writing in their books the names of those who give them money, or in other words making lists of benefactors, is justified on the ground that such lists were not made to remind God of those who had done good actions, but to assist their own memory as to those for whom they were bound to pray, inasmuch as, according to the opinion of the clergy, such special prayer was most conducive to the salvation of the souls of those for whom they prayed, a position which of course the reformers in a great measure denied. The practice of going about preaching in couples, when the apostles only went singly, is again explained symbolically, as Daw pretends that they went partly to bear one another company, "but more for the mystery contained in the "number"—for the law was written on two tables, and there were two cherubim in the temple, and two in the tabernacle. Jack replies that they did not adhere strictly to the symbol in this case, but that they sometimes went three together, one of the two
being of the other sex; for the immorality of the friars is constantly insisted upon.

In regard to the complaints of the increase in the number of friars, who were made "against God's will," and the comparison with the hand and its fingers, Topias alleges that it would apply equally, and even in a greater degree, to the priests, who are again sneered at and represented as being more numerous and more burdensome to the people than the friars. Moreover, he proceeds to argue: "You say "that God made all things in measure, weight, and "number, and you cannot deny that every friar is "something, and yet you assert that friars are made "against God's will; thus you pretend that God hath "made something which he would not make, so that "his sovereign goodness is contrarious to himself."

Jack Upland replies to this notable argument: "Though "God made all things in measure and weight, it does "not follow that he made you, for ye are out of "measure, and so the devil and Cain and Judas are "your fathers." The apologist of the friars remarks, with more reason, in regard to the hand, that nature had determined the number of its fingers, and if that number were passed, it was looked upon as a monstrosity; but that God or holy church had fixed no definite number of priests or friars. The question relating to Christ's presence in the sacrament is brought forward last, and becomes the ground for a good deal of personal reproach, with which both the poem itself and the reply to it close.

The resentment of the Wycliffite party, no doubt, told against the house of Lancaster in the turbulent reign of Henry VI., and raised a strong prejudice against the memory of Henry IV. in the minds of the older protestant historians, while the latter monarch gained but a partial advantage by his yielding policy towards the church, for the clergy
INTRODUCTION.

took an active part in nearly all the treasonable conspiracies of his reign. The plot for murdering the king, at the beginning of his reign, was arranged in the lodgings of the abbot of Westminster, where the conspirators held their secret meetings. In the spring of 1401 several priests and friars were, as we have seen before, executed as traitors, some, as was presented, having likewise plotted to murder the king. In the year Hostility of the clergy to the government, following the friars appear to have been especially active in spreading abroad the report that king Richard was still alive, and that he was preparing to make an effort for the recovery of his kingdom, and some of them suffered the penalties of treason. They encouraged the same reports two years later, on the occasion of Serlo's rebellion, and some of the higher clergy had been compromised in the great insurrection of the Percies. Among these stood conspicuous the archbishop of York, Richard Scrope, or Le Scrope, who still claimed the title of primate of England. In 1405, this prelate, in conjunction with Thomas de Mowbray, earl marshal, the son of one of Richard the Second’s great favourites, but at this time little more than a boy, placed himself at the head of a considerable armed force, and raised the standard of rebellion at Shipton-on-the-Moor. The insurrection was soon suppressed, and the archbishop and his youthful ally fell into the hands of the king, his friends said, through the treachery of the earl of Westmoreland, and they were immediately tried, condemned, and executed for high treason, being the first instance in this country of the execution of a prelate of the church by the sentence of a lay court. These proceedings, as it is well known, provoked a feeling of great indignation among the clergy, and the Latin ballad on the occasion, here printed, is evidently a clerical composition. It expresses the grief which must be felt by the church in general on so great an
event, and points out the circumstance that the execution of archbishop Richard occurred on the same day as the martyrdom of archbishop St. William, who died, as the Romish church which canonised him pretended, by poison, on the 8th of June 1154. This Latin ballad complains of the haste and unfairness of archbishop Scrope's trial, without any regard to his rank as a peer, or to his quality as a dignitary of the church who claimed exemption from lay jurisdiction; and tells how the sentence was passed in his own episcopal palace at Bishopsthorpe, and how he was led to the place of execution (between that place and York) on a mare (which was regarded as disgraceful), without a saddle, and with a halter instead of a bridle. The archbishop there encouraged the young earl to submit courageously to his fate, and then bowed himself to the sword. The virtues of the martyred primate are dwelt upon with great earnestness, and his sanctity is insisted upon. The writer then laments the other victims who perished on account of this rising, and tells how his palace was plundered, how his body was buried without the decencies becoming his station, and no attention was paid to the poor, to his creditors, or to his household. Even the common people of York were punished with him, and were subjected to unbearable exactions. Not only did York, he says, suffer, but the kingdom was deprived of its noblest chiefs, and the army was denuded of its choicest warriors; and the ballad concludes with the expression of regret for the good old times which were passed. The clergy, indeed, pretended that archbishop Scrope was a holy martyr, encouraged the belief that miracles were performed at his tomb, which became a place of pilgrimage to the disaffected, and went so far as to declare that it was in punishment for his enormous sin in putting to death the archbishop of York, that Henry was struck with a loath-
some disease, said to be the leprosy, which shortened his days.

We find no more political poems of this reign, unless we reckon under that head Occleve's Poem, *De Regimine Principum*, of which an edition has been recently printed by the Roxburghe Club; but the death of Henry IV. is commemorated in a curious little Latin poem by a now rather well-known writer of that period. Two works by Thomas de Elmham have been published recently, but neither of the editors appears to have been aware of the existence of the poem on the death of Henry IV., which is printed in the present volume. Elmham was in the first place a Benedictine monk of Canterbury, and subsequently entered the Cluniac order, and became prior of Lenton, in the county of Nottingham. He evidently held some position at court under Henry IV., and the poem here printed seems to have been composed no long time after the death of that monarch; but the object of the writer is not very evident. In the prefatory verses, which the rubric seems to intimate were written after Elmham became prior of Lenton, it is addressed to Henry V., who is exhorted to attend to the domestic happiness of his kingdom, as well as to the prosecution of his foreign wars. Elmham warns the king (not un prophetically) of the fleeting and uncertain character of human life, and urges him to consult the welfare of his own soul by correcting errors in his government, which are not very clearly intimated. He tells him that he would weep if he knew the true feelings of his subjects, to all whom his coming home was a subject of sorrow, while his departure from his country was looked upon with joy. In explanation of this he intimates that when the king was at home in his kingdom a host of overbearing warriors and chiefs, and their greedy followers, committed all sorts of violence and oppression, from which his subjects were released when he carried
INTRODUCTION.

the oppressors away to the wars. In time of war, he says, the priest and the monk, the merchant and the cultivator of the land, received protection, and why should they not be protected in time of peace. Elnham reminds him of the fate of king Richard, and of the shortness of his father's reign, whose example, however, he recommends him to follow. These introductory lines are followed by a series of supposed exhortations addressed by king Henry IV. to his eldest son on his personal conduct, and on the government of the kingdom, which is called in the rubric a "letter," composed by the king when dying. This, differing in this respect from the introductory lines, is a curious specimen of the pedantic and obscure style of writing in which Thomas de Elmham indulged. In the conclusion the king is made to give his blessing to prince Henry, and to his three other sons, Thomas (duke of Clarence), John (duke of Bedford), and Humphrey (duke of Gloucester). The dying king is then introduced offering his thanks to heaven for the favours which he had received thence during his life. This is followed by a brief account of his death, which occurred, we are told, on St. Cuthbert's day (the 20th of March), in the year 1412, meaning, according to our present calculation, 1413. But this account is particularly interesting, as containing the only contemporary notice of a story, probably legendary in great part, which made much noise in after times, chiefly from the way in which it has been used by Shakespeare. It seems probable that Henry IV. entertained at some period of his reign a notion of entering into a crusade against the Turks—the language of Gower, in the poems printed in the present volume, would lead us to suppose that such designs had been talked of. According to the ordinary story, some one endued with the spirit of prophecy had told him that he would die in Jerusalem; and when suddenly struck with his last
INTRODUCTION.

illness in Westminster Abbey, and carried thence into what was called the Jerusalem Chamber, on being told the name of the apartment, he recognized the fulfilment of the prophecy, and prepared for death. But as told by Elmham, the story is more simple and less wonderful. He informs us that a false prophecy had been current during his life that he would take the cross, and win the Holy Land; and that by an unforeseen occurrence he unwittingly gained admission to the Holy Land by being carried when dying into the Bethlehem (not the Jerusalem) Chamber in Westminster. In the latter part of this poem Elmham has given his own name, as well as those of the king and queen, in acrostics. Its exact aim is not very clear, but it shows that the domestic policy of Henry V. was not altogether popular.

We have no other poems on the domestic affairs of England under the reign of Henry V., but Henry's foreign wars appear to have been celebrated in a considerable number of contemporary poems and ballads. The short and simple song which carried the tidings of the victory of Azincourt through the towns and villages of England is preserved with the music to which it was chanted in a manuscript of the Pepysian Library in Cambridge, from which it was printed in bishop Percy's "Reliques," and, I believe, in a still more interesting form among the manuscripts in the Library of Trinity College, in the same University. The expedition into France, which was crowned by this great victory, is related in a very detailed manner in a much longer poem in the ballad form, which also was evidently intended to be sung or chanted about the country, and which, preserved in a manuscript in the Harleian Collection in the library of the British Museum, was printed not very correctly by Sir Harris Nicolas, in his "History of the Battle of Agincourt." Another poem of some length, written by one who
was present at the events he relates, gives a circum-
stantial and most interesting account of the siege of
Rouen in 1418–19. There is no early complete copy
of it known, but the first and larger part of it is
found in an imperfect manuscript in the Bodleian
Library at Oxford, and was published very inaccurately
by Professor Conybeare, in the twenty-first volume of
the Archaeologia of the Society of Antiquaries. It was
subsequently discovered that the author of one of the
continuations of the English Brut Chronicle had used
this poem as the material for his account of the siege
of Rouen, and, after going on for some time para-
phrasing it, had at last copied the text verbatim, thus
preserving the whole of the latter part of the poem
which was wanting in the Oxford manuscript. This
supplementary text was edited from two manuscripts
in the British Museum by Sir Frederic Madden in a
subsequent volume of the Archaeologia. A complete
copy of the whole has since been met with in a
manuscript in Balliol College, Oxford, containing a
collection of pieces, chiefly in verse, made at the close
of the fifteenth century by a citizen of London named
Hill, which is, of course, of too late a date to be of
much value as a text. The manner in which the
latter part of this poem was preserved is of particular
interest, as showing how much the narratives of events
given by our old chroniclers were founded upon the
ballads of the time, and upon other such popular mate-
rials. Another very curious example will be found in
a shorter ballad or song on the battle of Azincourt,
printed from a manuscript in the British Museum, in
the present volume. The compiler of a contemporary,
or nearly contemporary, chronicle of London has taken
his account of the battle of Azincourt entirely from
this ballad, turning the first part of it into prose, in
which, however, the lines and rhymes of the original
may still be traced, but transcribing the latter part of
it without any alteration. It is a plain straightforward account of the battle, without any poetical embellishment. A Latin epigram on this same battle completes the number of our poems and songs of the French wars of King Henry V. They are followed in the present volume by another Latin epigram, in two parts, in the first of which the Frenchman reproaches the Englishman with the injuries he had inflicted on France, to which, in the second part, the Englishman replies. Even these short epigrams throw light on the feelings by which the contending parties were actuated.

The next short piece included in the present collection, consisting of a few lines of Latin verse composed by a Lollard, and a parody upon them by a churchman in reply, are curious only as illustrating the bitterness of the hostile feeling between the Romanists and the church reformers. Each charges the other with crimes which were to be sufficiently punished only by the sword or the faggot. It has been said that the clergy encouraged Henry in his warlike plans, in order that his attention might be taken away from the religious persecution they were carrying on against a numerous portion of his subjects, which they supposed might have received a check from his sentiments of patriotism, or from the interference of the lay aristocracy; and the support he received from the clergy led him to pursue in regard to the church the policy which had been adopted by his father. He was not, however, destined to enjoy long the military glory which he had gained. In the December of the year 1419 was concluded the treaty of Troyes, by which the crown of France was confirmed to the king of England; and it was ratified in the spring of the year following by the English parliament. Henry V. died on the 31st of August 1422. A few Latin verses, here printed from a
INTRODUCTION.

manuscript in the Bodleian Library, were probably written immediately after Henry's death, and seem to picture the feelings of the moment when the great warrior king had died so suddenly and so prematurely, and left his kingdom and his conquests to an infant less than a year old. The writer begins by boasting of the glory of the treaty of Troyes, and declaiming on the great qualities of the departed monarch. By his death, he says, the English were filled with sorrow and their enemies with joy, for the smiles of fortune in war, it was feared, would desert the former and pass over to the latter. The apprehension is intimated that Henry's queen, Catherine of France, would be guided by her partiality for her native land, and the young king, as he grew up, might be educated by her in French sentiments. Gloomy anticipations are the subject of a few concluding lines in prose, but expressed more mysteriously even than in the verse. These lines convey no distinct evidence of their dates, but the closing paragraphs seem to intimate that they were written before the death of the queen's father, Charles VI.

This latter event took place in the month of October, 1422, upon which the young king of England, Henry VI., became, by the terms of the treaty of Troyes, king of France, and he was proclaimed accordingly. But a counter-demonstration was made at the same time by the friends of the dauphin, who had been disinherited by the treaty, but who was, nevertheless, proclaimed king in Auvergne, where he had sought a refuge, and crowned subsequently at Poitiers as Charles VII. These rival claims are the subject of an epigram printed here from a manuscript in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, in which the claim of the French heir and the answer of the English heir are duly set forth, but which otherwise has no great importance. This question of inheritance continued to be
INTRODUCTION.

debated, the more so as the English affairs in France, neglected by the home government, began to decline. A Frenchman named Laurence Calot, who was clerk of the council to the regent Bedford, had been employed by that prince to draw up in French verse a genealogical statement showing the superiority of the claims of the king of England over those of the dauphin, considering it as merely a question of legitimacy, in order that the nature of these claims might be made familiar to all who were capable of understanding the French language. It appears, however, to have been considered necessary that this justification of the English claims should be made known to the English also; and in the year 1426, while the duke of Bedford was absent in England, occupied in pacifying the troubles already displaying themselves in the English court, the earl of Warwick, who had been left in Paris as his lieutenant, employed the well-known poet, John Lydgate, monk of Bury, who was then in the French capital, to translate Calot's composition into English verse. Warwick had just then returned from a successful expedition into Maine against the duke of Brittany. Lydgate states in his prologue that the object of this composition was to "set troubled hearts at rest," and put a stop to the talk of "many folks," who disputed or threw doubts upon the legitimacy of king Henry's claims. Henry VI. was then, he tells us, nearly five years of age. In the text of the poem itself we are reminded of the great troubles which had been caused by the disputed claims to the French crown, that is, of course, by the resistance to the claims of the king of England, in punishment for which the English seem to have thought that God had visited France with all its domestic misery; and of the murder of the duke of Burgundy, Jean-sans-Peur, at Montereau, by the duke of Orleans, now Charles VII., but of whom the English still
INTRODUCTION.

only spoke by his old title. The latter, he says, had by this treacherous and sanguinary deed rendered himself incapable of "succeeding to any dignity of knightly honour," and much more, therefore, "to reign in any land," and he in consequence had abandoned his claims by his own oath and under his own seal. In consideration of all this, and to put an end to the troubles of France, God had provided a young heir to the crown of France in the person of Henry VI. of England, whose right could not be disputed. He then proceeds to declare how Henry, as eighth in direct descent from St. Louis, was the nearest heir to the French throne, and how his right was allowed and confirmed by the treaty of Troyes. In conclusion, Lydgate specifies in an affected style of learning, then fashionable among poets, the day on which he concluded this "translation," which was the 28th of July 1426; and he adds a roundel in praise of the infant prince.

Somewhat more than three years after this, on the 6th of November 1429, Henry, who was then only nine years of age, was crowned in England, and a poem on his coronation, the style of which seems to show that it also was composed by Lydgate, urges again the claim of the young king to the inheritance of the two crowns, as being the direct descendant on one side of St. Edward, and on the other of St. Louis. A second poem, on the same occasion, gives a more particular account of the ceremony, the solemnity and splendour of which seem to have produced a great impression on contemporaries, and they are described at length by the London chronicler Fabian. Our rhymester tells us of the display of mitred bishops and abbots who attended at the coronation, among whom were two archbishops and a cardinal (Beaufort). After the coronation the king and his great courtiers went in procession to the hall of Westminster, preceded by
INTRODUCTION.

three dukes carrying the three swords, that of mercy, that of estate, and that of empire. The king was led by two bishops and six earls; his "pall" was borne by the Cinque Ports, and the earl of Warwick carried his train. Then followed in order the barons of the land, the judges, the knights of shires, and the city of London. At the feast which followed, the young king sat at the head table, having cardinal Beaufort on his right hand and the chancellor (Kemp, bishop of London) on his left. The archbishop of Rheims sat at the same table; while, on the right side, the earl of Huntingdon knelt, holding the sceptre; and, on the left, the earl of Stafford, holding the sword of state. The earls of Norfolk and Salisbury were on horseback, the first as lord marshal, the other as constable in the place of the duke of Bedford. The Cinque Ports occupied a table on the right hand; another table was occupied by the prelates of the church, bishops and abbots; and at a table on the other side sat the representatives of the city of London. "Many other lords" occupied different tables. When the king and his lords were thus seated, the hereditary champion, Philip Dymmock, rode into the hall in complete armour, and publicly challenged all who had anything to say against the right of Henry VI. to the two crowns.

Henry was again crowned in Paris on the 17th of December 1430, and on the 21st of February 1432, on his return to England, he made his ceremonious entry into the city of London, an event commemorated in a poem by Lydgate, which has been printed in the collection of Lydgate's Minor Poems, edited by Mr. Halliwell for the Percy Society. Lydgate tells us how, after a succession of gloomy mist and rain, the weather suddenly became bright and smiling for the reception of the young king. The lord mayor, clad in red velvet, the sheriffs and aldermen in scarlet furred clothes, all well horsed, went forth to meet the king.
at Blackheath. They were followed by the citizens in their liveries, and by the foreign merchants in the following order:—Genoese, Florentines, Venetians, and Easterlings. The king was conducted in great state to London Bridge, where the pageantry began. A giant with a drawn sword stood at the entrance to the bridge, and other devices followed. Similar pageants were erected at different points in the line of the royal procession, which are rather minutely described. At St. Paul's the king dismounted from his horse, and was received by the archbishop, a number of bishops, and the clergy of the church; and he was thence accompanied, as before, by the mayor and citizens to Westminster, where he was received into the minster by the abbot and his monks. Lydgate addresses his description of the splendid pageantry exhibited on this occasion to the lord mayor of London and the citizens.

The next event which produced a strong political excitement was the defection of the duke of Burgundy from the English alliance. After the failure of Philippe-le-Bon in his attempts to effect a peace between England and France in 1435, and the death of the duke of Bedford, that prince allowed himself to be persuaded by the French party, and, after extorting very considerable concessions from Charles VII, he abandoned his alliance with England, and became reconciled with the king of France. The news of this event were received in England with such furious indignation, that the populace of London rose and plundered the foreign merchants who came from his dominions. At the beginning of March 1436 the duke of Burgundy declared war against England, and made no secret of his intention to wrest from the crown of this country its old conquest of Calais, which he laid claim to as belonging to his own county of Artois, and which he seems to have looked upon as
INTRODUCTION.

an easy enterprise, encouraged, no doubt, by a mistaken estimate of the weakness and discouragement of the English at this moment. His subjects, and the men of Ghent especially, embarked in this enterprise with great zeal, and the siege of Calais began on the 19th of July 1436. The result is well known; the Flemings abandoned the siege early in August, and the duke of Gloucester, who arrived with reinforcements from England, invaded the dominions of the duke of Burgundy almost without resistance, burnt several towns, and returned to Calais laden with plunder.

We gather from the allusions in contemporary historians that these events caused not only great indignation, but great exultation in England, and that they were the subject of many popular songs and ballads, most of which, unfortunately, have perished. One of these, copied into a contemporary manuscript in the Sloane collection in the British Museum, but left imperfect by the transcriber, is a song on duke Philippe, composed, perhaps, if we may judge from the first lines, after the siege of Calais and the invasion of his dominions by the duke of Gloucester, when he was unable to take the field against the English. Duke Philippe is accused of falsehood, of being a public disturber of the peace, and of cowardice, and is challenged to come into the field and fight in defence of his character. The writer of the song reminds him of the kindness which he had experienced from Henry V., and of the assistance which in his own distress he had received from the English; of the murder of his father at Montereau; how he had sworn allegiance under Henry V. to the crown of England; and how, through the duke of Bedford, he had renewed his fealty on the coronation of Henry VI. at Paris. Another short but curious piece, in Latin verse, alludes to some communication between the duke of Burgundy and the king of Scotland, which appears to have taken place at Paris in 1437.
INTRODUCTION.

have provoked considerable indignation in England, but which is not noticed in our histories. It also has probably some reference to the siege of Calais, as Philip is introduced boasting to James of his irresistible power in reducing fortresses. It is little more than a string of reproaches, directed especially against the duke of Burgundy.

A chronicler of England, preserved in a manuscript in the archiepiscopal library at Lambeth, speaking of the satirical ballads composed by the English on the failure of the duke of Burgundy's attempt upon Calais, has inserted one in his narrative as a sample. It was copied from the manuscript, and communicated to the Society of Antiquaries by Mr. Benjamin Williams, and is printed in the thirty-third volume of the Archaeologia. The writer begins by jeering the Flemings on their expectation of conquering Calais, and he reminds them of their great exploits on "the first day," when the earl of Mortaign, with a party of the garrison of Calais, carried away their plunder openly in view of the town of Gravelines, although the townsmen sallied out upon them as fierce as "lions of Cotswold," which was in England a burlesque name for sheep. After ridiculing their dress and arms, he tells how the men of Gravelines fell upon the English with much fury; but how they left three hundred of their men dead, and the rest were glad to gain a refuge within their own walls, while the English continued their way without further interference. The Flemings are reminded how they came before Calais with a hundred and fifty thousand men, when the garrison of Calais were so much afraid of them that they left their gates open; and how they brought ships filled with stones to block up their harbour, which the English broke up and carried off at low water. They are reminded of Goby, the water-bailiff's dog, which "skirmished" with them.
twice at sea, and many times on the sands. The men of Bruges are reminded how they came out one afternoon to give battle on the plain of St. Pierre, and how many of them were carried into Calais, "tied fast by the fist." The men of Gaunt are reminded how their bulwark was captured, and how they fled from the siege, leaving their ordnance behind them. The Picards fared no better, and behaved just as disgracefully as the others. A song on the siege of Calais, printed in the present volume from a manuscript in the British Museum, is written in much the same tone, but is considerably longer. After a commencement, much in the style of the old English metrical romances of chivalry, as though intended to usher in some notable exploits, we are told how the duke of Burgundy, in his great pride, had made a great assemblage of his power and chivalry from Flanders, Brabant, Burgundy, Picardy, Hainault, and Holland, to the number of more than a hundred thousand men, to make war upon Calais. Their great preparations for the siege are described in the same mock-heroic style; and we are told that, among other things, they had brought nine thousand cocks to crow in the night, and eight thousand cresses to give them light. In Calais, meanwhile, the earl of Mortaign, Sir John Ratcliff, lieutenant of the town, and the baron of Dudley, who commanded the castle, made valiantly their preparations for defence, and did everything to encourage the defenders. The Lord Camois had the charge of Boulogne-gate, and Sir John Aston and Sir Geoffrey "Warbulton" of Milk-gate, but the gates themselves were kept continually open, as an act of defiance to the besiegers. Nevertheless, the soldiers, burgesses, and merchants of Calais posted themselves on the ramparts and in every position in which they could do good service in fighting; and even the women assisted by carrying
stones and other missiles to the men on the ramparts, and preparing boiling cauldrons, in case of assault, “all hot to give drink” to the assailants. The duke threatened the south-west corner of the town, and shot “many a great stone” into the place, but without doing much damage; and the French and Flemings were finally obliged to retreat to their camp, closely pursued. The exploits of an Irishman in this pursuit are especially commemorated, as furnishing “a sportful sight;” and the courage of the water-bailiff’s dog appears to have furnished matter of especial exultation; he is here said to have played “heigh-go-bye” in every skirmish, and to have spared neither man nor horse. One Thursday the earl of Mortaign fought the Flemings at St. Pierre, in the plain, drove them to their tents, and brought into Calais many prisoners. Next day came the duke’s navy, with the “bulged ships,” to block up the harbour, but this stratagem failed, and his “castle” was soon afterwards taken and destroyed. Next day, after this mishap, the duke fled with the men of Ghent, and was followed by those of Bruges and Ypres. “Little knows the fool,” says the songster in conclusion, “who might choose, what harm it were to the crown of England good Calais to lose.”

The danger of Calais, indeed, seems to have created as much alarm in England as the defeat of the besiegers gave joy, and not only the chance of losing it, but the great importance of England’s maritime policy, began more and more to occupy people’s minds. It was in the middle of the political agitation of this period, apparently soon after the defeat of the Flemings before Calais, that a writer, whose name is unknown, but who was evidently very intimately acquainted with the commercial affairs of the time, published the remarkable poem entitled “The Libel of English Policy.” The author was a friend of one of
the great warriors and statesmen of the day, Walter baron Hungerford, to whom he showed his book, and whose warm approval of it he received before it was published; and he seems also to have enjoyed the favour of cardinal Beaufort, and to have been intimate with the other great lords of the court. He quotes, as his authorities for facts he states, on one occasion the earl of Ormond, on another, "a good squier in time of parliament," who in one of the manuscripts is called Hampton, and at another a merchant named Master Richard Barnet. The grand political principle of this writer is that England's power lay on the sea more than on the land, and that she might make her commercial and maritime influence so great as to be able to impose peace on the nations of western Europe. He considers the importance of Calais as an English possession to consist in giving to England the undisputed command of the straits. When, in the year 1416, the emperor Sigismund visited England, to endeavour to effect a peace between Henry V. and the king of France, he had been especially struck with the importance of Calais in this point of view, and advised the king to value the two cities, Calais and Dover, as the two eyes of his maritime power. Taking this anecdote as his text, the author shows how, as the straits of Dover were at that time the only passage for the commerce of western Europe, of which Flanders was the chief mart, England, having the power to forbid the passage and put a stop to the commerce, could compel the countries whose wealth arose from that commerce to keep the peace with her in their own interests. This had been the policy of Edward III. and of Henry V., but now, under Henry VI., it had been neglected, and the English began to be despised by foreign nations. The English coin called the noble, he says, first issued by Edward III., was significant of this
policy, because it bore on one side the king and a sword, and on the other a ship, intimating especially maritime power; but now, he says, the courage and influence of the English on the sea had fallen so low, that the Bretons, Flemings, and others, punning upon the word, said that the English ought to take the ship from their noble and put a pusillanimous sheep in its place. With this introduction, he proceeds to examine, in a most curious and interesting manner, the commercial relations of England with the continental states.

The principal exports of Spain at this time were figs, raisins, the wine called bastard, liquorice, oil of Seville, grain, Castile soap, wax, iron, a coarse cloth called wadmotte, the skins or leather of goats and kids, saffron, and quicksilver. These were shipped to the port of Sluys, for the great commercial mart of Bruges, and in return the Spanish merchants carried home the fine cloths manufactured in the Low Countries. Here, then, we are told were two ways in which the influence of England might be exerted on Flanders and Spain. In the first place, if she shut up the passage of the straits, the trade between the two countries would be stopped entirely. In the second place, although the English weavers had not yet learnt the art of making fine cloths themselves, yet the English wools were so much superior to those of every other country, that the Flemings could not make fine cloths without them; and if England stopped the exportation of her wools, the manufacturers of Flanders would be utterly ruined. Flanders, therefore, could not permanently be at war with England without the entire ruin of her population, and that would ruin equally the commerce of Spain, so that peace with England would be absolutely necessary to both. It is true that wool was also one of the great articles of Spanish produce, but not only were the Spaniards
INTRODUCTION.

obliged to carry their wool to Flanders to be made into cloth, but it was in itself of so poor a quality, that it was good for little unless mixed with English wool. The Flemings could not live without this foreign trade, of which their country was a sort of central and general mart; for the agricultural produce of Flanders in a year was not sufficient to keep its population alive one month. The commercial intercourse between England and Portugal was very intimate and friendly. The chief exports of Portugal were wine of different kinds, oil, wax, grain, figs, raisins, honey, cordewain (or shoe-leather), dates, salt, and hides. They, however, like the others, were not to be allowed to pass through the straits freely in time of war; for the duke of Burgundy seems to have been considered as the arbiter of the wars in western Europe at this time; and it is assumed that, by stopping all commerce with Flanders in time of war, either by foes or friends, England would compel that prince to be her ally. The commerce of Brittany also was of some importance, consisting chiefly in salt, wines a fine linen cloth known by the name of creste-cloth, and canvas, but it was carried on principally through Flanders, and might, therefore, be easily stopped if England were master of the sea. But the Breton navigators, and especially those of St. Malo were notorious at this time for their piracies, and had little claim upon English sympathies, for they had not only plundered our merchant shipping at sea, but they landed unawares on our coasts, and burnt and plundered the coast towns with impunity. Former kings had taken energetic measures against such insults, and an anecdote is told of the maritime policy of Edward III., in whose time the piratical propensities of the Bretons were equally notorious. Edward and the duke of Brittany were at war, but a peace having at last been concluded, the English merchants
repaired to Britany, expecting the due protection given to the ships of friendly states, but, to their dismay, they were attacked by the Breton navy, and taken and plundered as in time of war. King Edward, we are told, loved his merchants, and he expostulated with the duke of Britany, who, in reply, alleged somewhat deceitfully that the people of Mont St. Michel and St. Malo were disobedient subjects, and that he could neither restrain them nor be answerable for them. Edward said no more, but enabled the three towns of Dartmouth, Plymouth, and Fowey to fortify themselves, and to send their sailors to make war upon the Breton rovers. They not only defeated these at sea, but they landed in Britany, and committed such ravages that the duke was now obliged to complain, and, as he received an answer similar to that which he had before given, he found himself placed under the necessity of acting with honesty, and he undertook to put a stop in future to the depredations of all his subjects. In proof of the care of Edward III. for the interests of his English merchants, we are told that he passed a statute for the Lombards, compelling them to discharge the merchandise they brought, and charge that which they were to take, within forty days. The importance of this regulation is alluded to afterwards.

The exports of the Scots were chiefly fells, or skins, hides, and wool-fleeces, which were carried to Flanders, and the Scottish merchants carried home mercery, haberdashery, cart-wheels, and barrows. The chief marts of the Scots in Flanders were Belle and Popering, which had been recently burnt in the invasion by the duke of Gloucester. Scotland would herself be greatly distressed if England, master of the sea, held a check upon her navigation. From the Germans of Prussia and the Easterlings the Flemings derived their beer, which was one of their great articles of con-
INTRODUCTION.

sumption. The author of this poem takes the occasion of making some rather coarse satirical remarks on the drunken habits of the Flemings, on their cowardly conduct before Calais, and on the punishment they received from the duke of Gloucester. The articles of commerce brought from Germany to the marts of Flanders were very numerous, and comprised, among other things, beer and bacon, a preparation of iron known by the name of osmond, copper, steel, bow-staves, wax, peltry-ware, or skins of wild animals, grey (badgers’ fur), pitch, tar, boards, flax, thread of Cologne, fustian, canvas, card-board, buckram, silver plate, and wedges of silver and other metal. The German merchants carried back woollen cloth, and they ventured to the “Bay” in search of salt, so that they too would be affected either by our stopping this branch of commerce at sea, or by our cutting off the supply of fine wool to Flanders. The Italian merchants followed rather a different course of traffic. The Genoese, for instance, came to England with great carracks, laden with cloths of gold, silks, black pepper, woad, and woad-ashes, wool, oil, cotton, rock-alum, and “gold of Genoa.” They took from England the English woools, but instead of carrying them home, they conveyed them to the markets of Flanders, and carried on a second traffic there. The Venetians and Florentines brought to England what our writer calls “things of comeliness,” meaning mere articles of luxury, under which head are included spicery and grocers’ ware, with sweet wines, apes and marmosets (or monkeys), and what he calls “nipples and trifles,” things which “blere the eye,” and are of no substantial use or profit to the buyers. These merchants also brought in their galleys the foreign drugs which were used in medicinal receipts, which our author thinks might easily be dispensed with, as he suspects that our good English medicinal plants were more efficacious remedies.
INTRODUCTION.

Indeed, he was evidently of opinion that the commerce with Italy was rather injurious than otherwise, for, in exchange for wares which were of no substantial use, they carried away some of our most valuable commodities, such as cloth, wool, and tin, which we might keep with more advantage at home. Moreover, there was so great a balance in their favour, through our foolish love for these luxuries, that they carried away our money as well as our merchandise. He complains, too, that these Italian merchants followed a system of trading which was as dishonest as it was injurious to our interests. For instance, they obtained the wool and other materials in England on credit, going to Cotswold and other districts where they were produced to buy them up at first hand, and then carried them to Flanders, where they sold them for ready money at a loss of as much as five per cent. on their purchase. This money they lent out on heavy usury, and thus realized a considerable profit out of the money before the term at which they were obliged to pay their debts in England. Practices like these, we are assured, were commonly resorted to, and were very injurious to honest English trade, to remedy which it was desirable that the old law should be resorted to, and that they should be compelled to discharge their merchandize and complete their transactions within forty days. Our author intimates that by thus allowing so much of our commerce to be carried on in foreign bottoms, we had allowed our navy to decline until we were no longer in a condition to repel foreign invasion. In illustration of this part of his subject, he tells us how Denmark, by neglecting her merchants and merchant navy, had fallen entirely from her former prosperity; and he introduces incidentally a few words in praise of the great London merchant, then not very long dead, Richard Whittington, "thrice lord mayor of London." Our writer
complains further, that the indulgence given in England to foreign merchants was not reciprocated to English merchants in other countries. Thus Englishmen, trading to Brabant, were compelled to dispose of their merchandise in fourteen days, and to take within the same space of fourteen days their return cargo, on pain of forfeiting all they had. Nevertheless, it was commonly reported that the English merchants were the great supports of the marts of Brabant, which were frequented by most nations, and that if the English absented themselves the trade would be “full “ feeble.”

The merchandise derived from Brabant consisted chiefly of madder and woad for dyers, garlic, onions, and salt fish; while the Dutch procured through Brabant from Calais our skins and wools. This commerce of Brabant was carried on, from Hainault, Burgundy, France, and other parts, by land-carriage, and not by sea; yet, though we had thus not the same means of interrupting it, our merchants were the great support of it, and could always exert a serious influence over it. As an example of the remissness of England in exerting the influence which thus naturally belonged to her, he speaks of the ravages committed on our commerce at that time by the arch- pirate Hankin Lyons, who was suffered to rob on the sea with impunity. The Lombards, he assures us, were themselves a sufficient injury to this land, without any others, and he complains that they obtained impunity by means of gifts and presents bestowed on those in power. It is intimated, somewhat obscurely, that the Lombards promoted secretly the depredations of the sea-rovers, and that people in power connived at them from interested motives.

Ireland was rich in products of various kinds, and among the articles of commerce derived thence the author enumerates hides and fish, especially salmon, it.
hake, and herrings, Irish linen and woollen cloths, a rough cloth called falding, the furs of martens, the hides of deer and other animals of the chase, skins of the otter, squirrel, Irish hare, sheep, lambs, and foxes, as well as of kids and rabbits in great plenty. With such numerous and valuable articles of merchandise, the author argues that there must be a community of interests between Ireland and England, and that the Irish ought to assist us in keeping the command of the sea, which they were bound to do, seeing that the king of England was by inheritance from his forefathers lord of Ireland. He speaks of the great havens and goodly bays of the sister island, such as that of Waterford, and many others, than which English merchants said that there were none better in the world for ships to ride in or for protection against enemies; of the great fertility of the soil; and, further, of its richness in gold and silver ore, which the "wild Irish" were unable to turn to account. A jeweller of London, who had brought gold ore from Ireland, had informed him that, when refined, he had obtained from it pure gold of the most excellent quality. He urges, therefore, that the English government should take care that Ireland were not lost by its negligence, for it was a "buttress and port" to support England, as Wales was another. "God forbid," he adds, "but they were all as brothers, and faithful in one allegiance to the king." He expresses, however, great fears that our power in Ireland was in imminent danger, and declares that it could not be lost without the ruin of England. At the same time he announces his intention of composing a separate book on Ireland and the English policy with regard to that country, which he either never wrote, or it is unfortunately lost. Our possessions in Ireland, he continues, were then so ineffectually defended, that the wild Irish had recently gained upon us as
much as two or three English shires, so that the English ground was but as a small corner compared with the rest. If this were lost, Wales must go too, and then both would become our enemies and form alliances with Scotland, Spain, and other countries, against us. The earl of Ormond had assured him that the expenses of one year in the wars in France, if properly employed, were sufficient to reduce the whole of Ireland to obedience within twelve months, and that the money would soon be repaid by the commercial advantages which would be derived from it. Wales also required to be watched with the utmost vigilance, if we would not leave it to be a cause of weeping to our children's children. Men who knew the people were in continual apprehension of their rebellion.

The mariners of Scarborough had long been in the habit of visiting the "coasts cold" of the north, and had monopolized a trade in stockfish with Iceland, of which island this seem to have been the only export; but within twelve years before this treatise was written, that is, about the year 1424, the merchants of Bristol had found their way thither, "by needle and by stone," or, in other words, by the guidance of the mariner's compass, and had shared in this trade, and so many ships had visited Iceland during the season in which the author compiled his book that they could not obtain cargoes sufficient to clear their expenses.

Having thus described the products and commercial importance of the different countries with which England was in relation, the author of the Libel of English Policy returns to the question of keeping possession of the passage of the straits. He dwells at some length on the importance of securing Calais, quoting the same lines which conclude the song we have printed on the siege of that town, which seem to have been then proverbial. He fears that the ears of men
then in power were not sufficiently open to warning, and laments over the losses of Harfleur and Rouen. In further proof of the care with which our wisest kings had provided for retaining the superiority over other nations on the sea, the story of king Edgar and his fleet is given from the old chronicles, and the writer quotes the examples of Edward III. and Henry V. King Edward, who won Calais, was able by the strength of his fleet to beleaguer it on all sides, by sea as well as by land; whereas the duke of Burgundy, in his late siege, had been obliged to leave it open to the sea, through the insufficiency of his naval force. As to Henry V., he says, what was the object of all the great ships he caused to be built at Southampton, so much larger than any of the ships of the merchant navy, such as the "Trinity," the "Grace," the "Holy Ghost," and others which are now lost? What was the king's intention with these but to make himself master of the sea? When Harfleur was attempted in his time, and the enemy brought a great fleet to attack it by sea, this fleet was destroyed by the English navy under the duke of Bedford. These reflections lead the writer into a warm eulogy of the greatness of character of the late king, Henry V. Had he lived, his great ships would not have been built in vain, but England would at this time have been undisputed mistress of the sea, instead of lamenting over the successive losses of his conquests. In conclusion, the lords of the king's council are urged to unite together in devising measures for the establishment of our supremacy on the sea, not only on account of the importance of that supremacy in a commercial point of view, but because it would prove the surest means of establishing an honourable and permanent peace with other countries. Such, in a brief abstract, is the poem entitled the "Libel of English "Policy," published at a very interesting period in
our national annals, and remarkable both for the sort of information it gives us, and for the political views entertained by its author.

At the moment when this poem was published, the personal dissensions were showing themselves at the English court, which afterwards took a more definite form, and inundated the kingdom with blood. The quarrel between the duke of Gloucester and cardinal Beaufort had compelled the duke of Bedford to quit his government in France at a very critical moment, in order to return to England to pacify their feuds. Humphrey, duke of Gloucester, the fourth son of Henry IV., and now, since the death of the duke of Bedford, heir-apparent to the crown, was a great favourite of the people, and was called popularly the "good duke Humphrey." He had been appointed, under the regency of the duke of Bedford, protector of England during the king's minority. He had greatly embarrassed our foreign relations by an impolitic marriage with Jacqueline, countess of Holland, who was already married to the duke of Brabant, but, when the countess's second marriage was declared void by the pope, duke Humphrey married a lady who had already lived with him as his mistress, Eleanor, daughter of Reginald lord Cobham, to whom he appears to have been much attached. The timely relief of Calais in 1436, and the subsequent invasion of the territory of the duke of Burgundy, had increased the "good duke's" popularity, to the great disappointment of the party opposed to him, who looked forward eagerly to an opportunity of revenging themselves. Their vengeance was first wreaked upon his duchess, Eleanor, his marriage with whom had been a cause of considerable scandal. Duke Humphrey was a patron of literature, and especially of science; he was the founder of what was afterwards the Bodleian Library; and he maintained an intimate intercourse
with learned men. Among those whom he thus patronised was a clerk or ecclesiastic named Roger Bolingbroke, a man very learned in astronomy, or, as it was then called, astrology, and other sciences, who was permanently established in the duke's household as his chaplain. The ill-feeling between Gloucester and cardinal Beaufort had never really ceased, and it broke out with violence in 1440, in a quarrel relating to the delivery of the duke of Orleans from his long imprisonment, in which Humphrey was obliged to yield. Soon after this an accusation was brought against his duchess of having employed witchcraft to compass the young king's death, and she and Roger Bolingbroke were placed under arrest. Three other persons were thrown into prison at the same time, as accomplices in the conspiracy, a priest and canon of Westminster, another priest, named John Hum, and a person named Margery Joudain, better known as the witch of Eye. The duchess was examined before a council of the English prelates, in St. Stephen's chapel in Westminster, on the charge of having had an image in wax made by these necromancers, as they were all judged to be, by which the king's death was to be effected. Dame Eleanor was an ambitious woman, and she, perhaps, superstitiously consulted some of these supposed magicians, to know how long the king would live, and whether she were destined to become queen of England; but the evidence against her seems to have been of a very unsubstantial character. Yet both she and her reputed accomplices were found guilty; and, while most of them were publicly executed, the duchess of Gloucester was condemned to a humiliating penance, and to imprisonment for life in the Isle of Man. The duchess Eleanor does not appear to have shared the popularity of her husband, yet her misfortunes can hardly have failed to excite some degree of public sympathy. The only monument of it with
which we are acquainted is the ballad printed in the present volume, which, though preserved in a manuscript perhaps written nearly half a century later, has all the appearance of a contemporary composition. The duchess is introduced lamenting over her fall, and ascribing it to her pride and vain-glory. She regrets her high estate, and the reverence she had once commanded, tells how she was carried before the council at Westminster, where the king himself was present to hear her case; and, though according to the law she had incurred sentence of death, and "some men sought to have it executed," he took pity on her, and prevented it. She was then examined before the two cardinals (Beaufort and Kempe), five bishops, and others of the spirituality, who, on her confession, enjoined her penance, in accordance with which she went barefoot through the principal streets of London. She takes her leave sorrowfully of London, of Greenwich (where the duke had a noble palace), and of other fair places "on Thames' side;" and of all her worldly wealth—her robes of damask and cloths of gold, and other rich dresses, her minstrels and music, and "all joy and justness." The duke of Gloucester is said to have borne this injury with patience, but his enemies were not pacified, and there were other persecutions in store for him.

There had been frequent rumours of negotiations for peace, and some vain attempts had been made to treat, for all became wearied by these long and costly wars, but the peace party was not altogether the popular one. The people, however they complained of the burdens of the war, felt too much the humiliation of the recent reverses to give up the hope of recovering the brilliant conquests of Henry V.; while the men who now directed the measures of the court, conscious of inability, and perhaps of neglect, dreaded the continuation of disasters, the effect of which was...
to make them every day personally more unpopular. Two poems by Lydgate, here printed, seem to have been intended to promote the feeling in favour of peace thus desired by the ministers. The first consists chiefly of a general eulogy of peace, and concludes in wishing for a speedy peace between England and France. The second is equally indefinite in its language, though it contains more general allusions to the condition of the country; it appears to have been written at the time of the truce with France in 1444, and it contains something like an intimation of distrust at the treaty then in agitation. The year following saw the conclusion of this treaty, and the marriage of the young king with Margaret of Anjou, whose favouritism and spirit of political intrigue hastened the crisis which the disputes and jealousies of the feudal aristocracy of England were already preparing. One of its first results was the death of the duke of Gloucester, while attending the parliament at Bury St. Edmund’s, in 1446, under circumstances which justify a strong suspicion that he was murdered, and the popular party did not hesitate in laying the crime to the charge of the queen and her favourite Suffolk. Gloucester’s old rival and opponent, cardinal Beaufort, followed him to the grave in 1447. The great chiefs who had continued to labour with some success in keeping together the remains of the English power in France were now nearly all dead or unemployed, and disasters followed one another in rapid succession in that country, and increased the exasperation of the popular party at home. Normandy was invaded, and Rouen, Caen, and the other places held by English garrisons in that duchy, fell into the hands of the French. Amid the agitation caused in England by these events, songs and poetry, as a means of promoting the general discontent and spreading the spirit of resistance to the government which was then
beginning to manifest itself, were used more largely, and assumed a bolder character. A few of these have been accidentally preserved, and afford extremely interesting illustrations of the history of the turbulent reign of Henry VI., though they are full of minute allusions which it would require very extensive research, and would, perhaps, now be hardly possible, to explain.

There is, among the charters in the Cottonian Library in the British Museum, a roll of vellum, marked ii. 23, which has belonged to a partizan of the popular cause at the time of the proceedings against the duke of Suffolk and Cade's rebellion, that is, in the years 1450 and 1451. This individual, whoever he was, has copied into his roll a great variety of political matter, such as a copy of the articles against the duke of Suffolk, the written demands of the commons of Kent assembled under Jack Cade, lists of persons involved in some of the events of the time, the duke of York's declaration to the king, one or two rather long metrical prophecies, and interspersed with the others a few political songs, which are printed in the present volume. The earliest of these, which may be as old as the year 1449, is a sort of lament over the state of our foreign affairs. The writer tells with regret how the old warriors who had established our continental power were dead, and how the work they had raised was falling to pieces; how the king was led by courtiers who cared not for the interests of their country; and how the duke of York, who was now becoming the popular hero, had been obliged to retire into Ireland to consult his own safety. In these political troubles it was customary to speak of the leaders by their signs or badges, which were as well known as their names or titles, and which had the advantage of being more comprehensive, as they were worn by their followers, who were thus recognized at a glance. The song of

On the
Popular
Discon-
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France.

e 2
which I am speaking has a peculiar interest from the circumstance that, while the badges only are given in the text, an interlinear gloss in the manuscript has placed over them the name of the individual to whom each belongs. The next of these songs is a chant of joy on the committal of the duke of Suffolk, here designated as the fox, and as Jack Napes, the popular name for a monkey. Suffolk is accused of having "tied Talbot our dog," meaning, I presume, that he had designedly left him without the means of carrying on the war effectually. He is further charged with the murder of the duke of Gloucester; and it is recommended that his enemy, the earl of Salisbury, should be his confessor, and that he should be forthwith hanged at Tyburn. Some rather obscure lines at the end contain another allusion to the retreat of the duke of York to Ireland.

The third of the songs from the Cottonian Roll is directed against the unpopular prelate, bishop Boothe, who had been promoted entirely by court favour during the time that Suffolk was the favourite. William Boothe had been originally a jurist, but he subsequently embraced the clerical profession, and in 1447 obtained the bishopric of Coventry and Litchfield. The first Norman bishop of Litchfield had removed the see to Chester, and hence, although his successor carried it back (or, at least, took it to Coventry, from whence it was half restored to Litchfield), it continued long to be popularly called the bishopric of Chester. In these popular songs Boothe is always called bishop of Chester, and he is spoken of by that title in documents of a more serious character.\footnote{As in the following list of unpopular persons "endited" at Rochester, which is given in the same Cottonian Roll, ii. 23, from which these songs are taken:—}

\begin{quote}
| These ben the namys that were endited at Rowcheestre afoire the cardynails of Yorke, byshoppe of Canturbury, and the duke of Bokyngham, etc., in the feste of the |
\end{quote}
INTRODUCTION.

Boothe is accused of having obtained his bishopric by simony; and the writer of it seems also to charge him with ignorance, for he tells him to leave "practicising on the privity of prince's power," to follow the plough, or to become a carter. The bishop is charged with usury, as well as simony, and of paying little attention to his clerical duties. The covetousness of men in power, he says, was the ruin of ancient Rome, and such was likely to be the case in England also. The bishop is spoken of in this song as an old man, suffering from palsy, and as nevertheless sacrificing his duties to his personal interest, in "praying for

Asumpecloun of our lady and (?)
festo Laurencii, anno r. r. Henrici
xxix.

Johan Suttone de Daddeleye in
com. Stafford, alias dictas
Johan Suttone miles de Londo-

done, 2.

Johan Trevilyane, nuper de Lon-
done, armiger, 2.

Johan Say, nuper de London, 
armiger, 2.

Alicia de la Poole, nuper uxor
Willelm Poole ducis Suffolecie,
nuper de Newelme in comitatu
Oxon., 2.

Johannes Polsofre, nuper de
London., armiger, 2.

Thomas Kent, de London., gen-
tyllmane, alias dictus T. K.
clericus-consili domini regis, 2.

Johan Pencycole, nuper de Lon-
don, armiger.

Thomas Hoo, de Hastynge in
comitatu Sussex., miles, of, 2.

Reginaldus abbas Sancti Petri
Gloucestrie, of, 2.

Jacobsus Fynys, dominus de
Say, j.

T. Stanley, miles, of, j.

Edmundus Hongurforde, of, j.

Willelmus Minors, armiger, j.

Edmundus Hampdene, miles, j.

John Halle, armiger, j.

Thomas Danielle, armiger, j.

Thomas Thorppe, gentleman, j.

Johan Blakeney, gentleman, j.

Dominus Johannes Pforstikew, of,

j. miles.

Johannes Gargrave, j.

Walter Liarde, episcopus Nor-
wic., j.

Ricardus Wodvile, dominus de

Ryvers, j.

Robertus Manselde, armiger, j.

Maister Johan Somers, j.

Edwardus Grymstone, armiger, j

Willelmus Booth, episcopus Cest-

rie, j.

Johannes Stanley, armiger, j.

Palmere.

Tressame.

Faumpage.

Gryswolde.

2. Hamptone esquire, rest.

2. Hargrave in the Towre."
"the party that all the world cried out on." The voice of the oppressed, we are told, complained of the prince, "and of the priest eke," and he warns them of approaching vengeance. As an example of how little was gained by the givers of false judgments, he reminds him of the case of Trevilian. After some further reflections on the evil-doing and treasonable designs of the bishop's "sect," or party, and an appeal to God to guide the king better than he had been guided, and to rescue him from the influence of men like the earl of Suffolk, "and from all his foes," the writer of the song calls upon Boothe to bridle himself and not be too bold, and above all things to "cast away covet-ousness." In 1453 Boothe was further promoted to the archbishopric of York, and he died in 1464.

The next of these popular compositions is addressed to the lords of the court, and contains a warning for the king himself. The courtiers who ruled the king are called upon to restore the grants they had obtained from him, for they had reduced him to such poverty that he was obliged to "beg from door to door" through his tax-gatherers. The lord treasurer Say and Daniel are exhorted to set the first example of this good work. Untruth, oppression, and evil-doing prevailed throughout the land much more than the king knew; but vengeance was at hand. The "traitors" believed that they were too cunning to be caught, and that their opponents had not the power to punish them; but, says the writer, "we swear by him that harrowed hell that they shall remain no longer in their heresy and false belief." So poor a king and such rich nobles were never seen before; while the commons could support their burdens no longer, in spite of the resolution of the lord Say to tread them under foot. The earl of Suffolk had sold Normandy, and now sought to make the king take upon himself the blame of his treason. It
INTRODUCTION.

was evident that Suffolk was taking advantage of the king's innocence, and, unless the commons of England came to the assistance of their liege lord, that nobleman would usurp the crown. The king would do well to let these traitors no longer go loose, for they were all sworn to hold fast together. The writer concludes with a condemnation of the conduct of the late chancellor Wainflete, bishop of Winchester, and a strong assertion of the truth of what he states concerning the wrongs of the people. This is followed by a short but more direct attack on the duke of Suffolk; and those who support him are warned that, if they did not abandon him and seek popular favour, punishment would overtake them within three months.

The spirited ballad which follows, taken from another manuscript in the British Museum, has for its subject the death of the favourite, the duke of Suffolk. It commemorates the accident by which, in the pleasant month of May, Jack Napes, as the favourite is here termed, who had gone to sea to be a mariner, was arrested by death on the way; and how Nicholas, which was the name of the ship which stopped him, and was possibly taken by the writer for the name of a person (unless it were the name of the ship's commander), volunteered to be his confessor. The principal ecclesiastics and laymen are introduced taking different parts in the exequies of the deceased favourite. Among the ecclesiastics thus introduced are two who appear to have been especially unpopular, the bishops of Coventry and Litchfield (already mentioned) and of Norwich. It is worthy of remark that the latter is here called Walter Liard, instead of Walter Hart, which is the name by which he is known in all our lists of bishops. Nevertheless he is also undoubtedly named Liarde in the list of persons indicted at Rochester, given in the note on page lviii. of
this Introduction. In some lists of the bishop of Nor-
wich he is called Hart or Le Hart.

In the present volume these songs are followed by
a few short poems, more general in their satire, most of
which appear to have been written just before the civil
wars between the rival houses of York and Lancaster.
They are found scattered through contemporary manu-
scripts in different collections. The first of these com-
plains in general terms of the absence of wisdom and
truth from the state, and the prevalence of falsehood
and guile. So completely was the just order of things
overthrown, that, the writer says, it might be well
said, that the blind man was guided by him who
could not see, or, in the language of the time, “the
“bysom ledys the blynde,” and this proverb is made
the burden of the song. The writer complains, among
many other griefs, that poor men were raised to be
peers of the land, and that maintainers, or men who
supported their dependants in doing wrong, and men
ignorant of the laws, were made the dispensers of
justice; that robbers and men who only looked to
their private gain were established in the place of
righteousness; that in the consistory courts the offi-
cials and deans sold their judgments for money; that
friars, contrary to nature, were made confessors to
the chief ladies of the land; that the prelates made
a traffic of holy church, selling their pardons and ab-
solutions; that the holiness which prevailed among
them “came out of hell;” and that the commons
loved not the great. Sin thus reigned supreme, and
it was to be feared that evils would fall upon the
land such as those which had been brought by sin
upon France and Flanders. The next of these pieces
is similar to the other in purpose and tone. It pro-
fesses to show “how mischance (or misfortune) reigns
“in England;” and in the same way ascribes it to
the sins of all ranks and of all classes of society.
INTRODUCTION.

All this time the persecution of the Lollards continued, though we hear perhaps less of them in consequence of the preoccupation of men's minds with the political crisis. The first piece here given is curious against being a ballad against the religious reformers, and belongs probably to the earlier part of the reign of Henry VI., or perhaps to that of Henry V. The writer pretends that, till lately, he did not know what "Lollards" were, but now that he did know it, he was astonished that anybody should be so unwise as to incur the risk of being burnt by meddling with questions which they did not understand. Above all things, he says, it was contrary to nature for a knight, whose business it was to defend castles for his king, to "babble" about the Bible day and night. It is hardly necessary to say that the allusion is to Sir John Oldcastle, the martyr, whose name was long a sort of watchword among the persecuted Wycliffites. The allusion becomes more pointed as we go on. It is not worth the wages, he continues, to remain with such a captain, who is but an "old castle," all in ruin, and who secretly laboured to raise tumults against the king and his clergy. After representing the Lollards as wolves who had introduced themselves treacherously among the sheep, he proceeds again with his punning sarcasm. The castle, he pretends, the walls of which were overthrown, was not fit for a king's residence, especially when the captain had fled, and forsaken bow and spear, in order to "creep from knighthood into clergy." "For I trow," he adds, "there is no knight alive who would have done so open a shame, for it is no gentleman's game to study or dispute in that craft." The writer calls for the execution of the law upon men who, he intimates, only sought riot and robbery under pretence of religious reform; and he blames their contempt for images, their want of reverence for the saints who
INTRODUCTION.

had been canonized by the church, adding an allusion to some recent occurrence in Kent, where the Wy-cliffites had beheaded the image of St. James. In some rather obscure Latin rhyming verses, preserved in a contemporary manuscript belonging to the library of Merton College, Oxford, the king is called upon to protect the clergy against the attacks of the laity, and the people are blamed for their ingratitude towards their sovereign. A short metrical prophecy follows, which is more obscure in its English than the Latin verses which precede. We are informed that certain disastrous occurrences are to take place, and among them a battle on the banks of the Humber, "when "Rome shall be removed into England, and every "priest shall have the pope's power in hand." Another short poem, from a manuscript in Trinity College, Cambridge, is written in alternate lines of English and Latin, and presents a very violent attack upon the friars. They are accused of leading people to hell, and of being themselves possessed by the seven mortal sins. They were, according to this account, false and deceitful, and extremely immoral, so that it was dangerous for a man who had wife or daughters to let them enter his house. No lord could afford to build such a house as these men, who pretended to live by begging, erected for themselves, so that you might imagine them to be coiners, and therefore traitors to the king. Another short English poem of the same age, after exclaiming against the extravagant apparel of the courtiers and "proud gallants," again attacks the church and the "pope-holy" priests, whose conduct was the reverse of their preaching, who obtained advancement by simony, and who were as proud and extravagant in dress as the courtiers. They are admonished to keep within their monasteries, instead of wandering about; and not to reprove other people till they set a better example themselves. If
they did their duty as they ought, they might restore peace to the land. Two or three shorter scraps in English verse may be classed under the head of epigrams. One makes love complain of being exiled by envy, and ascribes it to the long beards which people wore hanging down to the breast. Another states that England had been ruined by extravagance in dress, great oaths, bribery, flatterers, and false deeds. A third describes England as in a state of universal contention, and says that the land contained much people of light consciences; many knights, who had little power; many laws, with little justice; many acts of parliament, and few of them properly kept; little charity, but much flattery; many a penniless gallant; great show of living, upon small wages; and many gentlemen, but few pages or servants. A few lines in Latin, on the same subject, follow.

When we return again to the poems on political events, we meet with an almost solitary example of a ballad, the subject and tone of which are of a more cheering character. The first battle of St. Alban's had been fought, and had added family feuds to the political divisions, and everything announced the approach of a sanguinary civil war. But suddenly an outward pacification was effected, and it was arranged that the great lords of the rival factions should mutually forgive each other, and that there should be a public reconciliation. This took place on the 25th of March 1458, when the king and queen and the reconciled chiefs walked in procession to St. Paul's to celebrate so joyful an event. The ballad here printed was written to celebrate this reconciliation. "Charity," it was believed (as we here learn), had at length driven wrath out of the land, and had paved the way for wealth and prosperity. The foreign enemies, who had rejoiced at our divisions, were now "quaking"
with fear at the report that peace at home had succeeded division. Sorrow had fled with shame into France, "as a felon that hath forsworn this land," and love had driven out "malicious governance." The great lords had laid aside their feuds, so that England might now enjoy concord and unity. The king and queen, and the great lords, went in friendly procession to St. Paul's on Lady-day, and showed to one another "lovely countenance," which France and Brittany would have cause to rue. It was the archbishop of Canterbury and the bishop of Winchester who had brought about this "love-day." The ballad ends with an eulogy of the city of London. The contending factions had now become those of York and Lancaster.

A manuscript preserved in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, of a few years' later date than the Cottonian roll, has, like it, a few very interesting political songs, which, with one from another MS. in the same library, were published by Sir Frederic Madden in the twenty-ninth volume of the Archaeologia of the Society of Antiquaries. They commence with the date of the public reconciliation just described. The first in date is the single song from the last-mentioned manuscript, where it is stated to have been written in the year 1458, and is the work of a Lancastrian partisan. Henry VI. is represented under the form of a ship, with the young prince Edward for a mast. The ship's light was a blazing cressett, representing the duke of Exeter, and its strong stern was the duke of Somerset. The sail-yard was the earl of Pembroke, the stay the duke of Buckingham; and the shrouds consisted of the lords Devonshire, Grey, Beauchamp of Powick, and Scales. The earl of Northumberland, with Ros, Clifford, and Egremont, formed the sail; the earl of Shrewsbury was the top-mast; and the ship had three good anchors, the lords Beaumont, Welles, and Rivers. St. George is appealed
to for protection for this stately ship. The other Dublin manuscript has belonged, most certainly, to a Yorkist, and it was evidently written during the years 1460 and 1461. The earliest of the songs contained in it, written about the month of May in the former year, gives a list of the Yorkist leaders, and enumerates their qualities. Another commemorates the battle of Northampton, fought on the 10th of July 1460, and appears to have been composed between that time and the month of September. The Yorkists were now again the victorious party, but intrigue was soon active against them, and another of those poems in the Dublin manuscript, composed in the month of December, is a warning to them to be on their guard. A song, printed in the same volume of the Archæologia, from a manuscript in the archiepiscopal library at Lambeth, celebrates the entry of Edward IV. into London, at the beginning of March 1461. The last of the songs in the Dublin manuscript commemorates Edward's decisive victory at Towton.

To return to the poems printed in the present volume, the death of Richard duke of York, the hero of the earlier period of the wars of the roses, is here commemorated, and his titles and qualities and great actions enumerated, in an epitaph in French verse, stated to have been composed by "Chester the herald." A Latin poem, composed by a rather well known monk of St. Alban's, John de Wethamstede (called sometimes in Latin Johannes Frumentarius or de Loco Frumenti), soon after the battle of Towton, in not very elegant Latin, gives an account of the previous civil wars as far, chiefly, as they concerned the town and abbey of St. Alban's, and the object of the writer seems to have been to protest against the predatory propensities of the northern troops who formed the army of Margaret of Anjou. He gives his name at the end under the affected concealment of puns, and informs us that when
it was written he was an aged man, and that he was both deaf and blind. His poem begins with an account of the first battle of St. Alban’s, in which the Lancastrians were defeated, and their chiefs, the earl of Northumberland and the duke of Somerset, slain. The Lancastrians, the writer tells us, fled like children from the rod and many of them sought refuge in the abbey, and, in their terror, concealed themselves under the stalls of the church, or in any other hiding-places they could find. After the battle the victorious troops of the duke of York fell to plundering the town, and the monk who wrote these verses looks upon it as a miraculous intervention of his patron saint that the king, instead of flying to the abbey, sought refuge in a house in the middle of the town, and thus the abbey escaped plunder. A brief account of the battle of Wakefield, in which the duke of York was slain, follows, and we have then a description of the second battle of St. Alban’s, in which the abbey was less fortunate. The monk speaks indignantly, and no doubt feelingly, of the barbarous conduct and rapacity of the northern troops, and narrates with evident joy the arrival and triumph of Edward, and the sanguinary punishment which he inflicted on the northern plunderers on Towton field. The poem concludes with a statement of Edward’s claims to the English crown, and a comparison between him and the feeble monarch to whom he had succeeded.

A poem, in English, written at the commencement of the reign of Edward IV., gives a sort of retrospect of the history of the Lancastrian dynasty, composed in a strongly Yorkist point of view. The author praises highly the prosperous reign of Richard II., and speaks of the base usurpation of Henry of Lancaster, who had dethroned “this righteous king, God’s true knight,” and thrown him into prison. “The blessed confessor,” archbishop Scrope, took his death “full patiently” in
INTRODUCTION.

that quarrel. The "said Henry," for his tyranny and usurpation, was struck with leprosy, of which he died. The glory of his son, Henry V., was still too recent, and his name too popular, to allow of his being spoken of with disrespect; and, although he "reigned unrightfully," he had held up the honour of England. But no language was too strong to describe the bad qualities of his ill-fated son, and more especially of his consort queen Margaret, whose reign had been one of continuous misrule. In speaking of the sanguinary struggle which had paved the way of the house of York to the throne, and which had proved so fatal to the English nobility, the writer of this poem compares England to a garden which had been many years overgrown with weeds, and which required to be "mown down plain" before the "pleasant sweet herbs" could have a chance of growing. He quotes Edward's victories, and his constant good fortune, as an acknowledgment from heaven of his worthiness and right, and praises highly the earl of Warwick, "the "load-star of knighthood, born of a stock that ever "shall be true."

Edward's fortune, however, was destined to change once, and Warwick's trueness to be put to a trial in which it failed. The next poem in the present volume, a longer English poem than the preceding, commemo-rates Edward's return from exile in 1471 to recover his crown.

After at least warm praise of king Edward, the writer tells how, when he landed in Holderness, the people were unwilling to join him, and showed him unkindness. He, however, made his way to York in spite of his enemies, and when the people of that city had a sight of his person, "their malice was "quenched," and they joined him. He proceeded thence to Pontefract, to the great chagrin of the marquis Montague, who durst not meet him. At Coventry
Edward was in want of meat, drink, and lodging for his army, yet he prepared to give battle to the earl of Warwick. He was here reconciled with his brother the duke of Clarence, but he remained long without being able to bring Warwick to fight, until "want of lodging and victual" obliged him to change his quarters, and he proceeded to London. At Daventry, a miracle—"an image which was closed "brake open suddenly"—was manifested in the abbey as a token of victory. The citizens of London received him with great joy, and he there took prisoners "a king and a clerk." He went by water from London to Westminster, where he resumed the crown and sceptre, and offered his devotions at the shrine of St. Edward. The meeting between Edward and his queen and children was very tender, but he was soon called away to meet his enemies in the field. The night before the battle of Barnet witnessed another miraculous sign in Edward's favour, for a bright star was seen to shine over his head. The battle is described at some length, after which the king returned to London, where his presence was very desirable. The bastard Falconberg had collected a multitude of fighting men, with whom he plundered the country round, and attempted to force his way into the capital, but he was successfully resisted by the citizens at London Bridge, the outer gate of which was burnt by the assailants. In another assault they applied gunpowder, as well as fire, and destroyed all the buildings up to the drawbridge, but they could get no further. They also attacked Aldgate, and burnt fair houses there, but the earl of Essex and the aldermen, with the citizens, went out at Bishopsgate, and, falling upon them, put them to flight. The earl of Rivers, too, happening to be in London, did great service, and, placing himself at the head of the citizens, attacked the Kentish men, and defeated and pursued them with great slaughter.
INTRODUCTION.

After this defeat the Kentish men dispersed, while king Edward came to London with his forces. The duke of Gloucester, "that noble prince,"—"grace him " followeth, fortune, and good speed,"—with the earl of Pembroke, and the lord chamberlain and others, rode in the king's advanced guard of eight thousand men, and was joyfully received by the citizens. King Edward knighted eight aldermen on the field of battle. The king, accompanied by the duke of Clarence, followed with a smaller division of his army, and was received and welcomed by at least twenty thousand men. They rode through the city to St. Paul's, to offer up thanks for their success. The ballad ends with some lines in praise of Elizabeth, Edward's queen. It is rather curious that the author of this poem, who was evidently a contemporary, and probably a Londoner, should make the bastard Falconberg's attack upon London follow immediately after the battle of Barnet.

The last poem in the present collection is somewhat similar in subject to the Libel of English Policy, from which the first lines are taken, but it is much shorter. Like that poem, its theme is the supremacy which England ought to secure by her navy and commerce. There was no man, the writer says, of whatever degree, who had not absolute need of three things, meat, drink, and clothes. England, he said, possessed all these three articles in abundance, and of one there was a great superfluity, but the people neglected to make the most of this advantage. Other countries produced meat and drink for their inhabitants, but it was clear that they depended upon England for clothing, for merchants from them all came here to purchase either the raw material or the cloth that was made of it. The writer here gives a list of the countries which then traded with England, adding that there were doubtless many others with the names of which he was not
acquainted, for he conjectured that all the nations under heaven, whether Christian or heathen, had need of our English commodities. He recommends that none but wool of the worst quality should be exported; because, as the coarse cloth could only be sold at a low price, while the various processes of making the cloth were nearly as expensive as in the fine cloth, so the profit of this coarse cloth to the makers was very small. The next point to which this writer calls attention makes us acquainted with rather a curious fact. A custom had, he says, been recently introduced among merchants and cloth-makers, which was very unjust and oppressive to the poor workmen, whom they compelled to take half of their wages in merchandise. This plan further enabled the employers to cheat those they employed, by giving them merchandise at a nominal value, which was double its true worth, so that it was an indirect manner of considerably diminishing their wages. Thus, "the poor had the labour, and the rich the gain." The writer demands an ordinance, or act of parliament, to compel the employers to pay the wages of their workmen in money. This system of paying wages in goods seems to have prevailed very extensively, and is represented as not only creating much misery among the poor, but as being in many cases a disadvantage to the employers themselves, and generally to the country, as it prevented the development of the national industry. This, the writer tells us, was especially the case in the mines, and he proposes a rather singular remedy. He asks for the establishment of a mint near the mines, and an ordinance that all the silver brought up should, as soon as it was refined, be coined on the spot, and that the men should receive their pay in this newly-coined money before any of it was carried away. If this were the case, he says, people would be glad to work, and the number of workmen
INTRODUCTION.

would be increased tenfold, and necessarily the more workmen were employed in the mines the greater quantity of silver would be derived from them; thus the king himself, and through him the whole kingdom, would be enriched. In the same way, by making all the fine wools into cloth at home, and paying the workmen fairly, money would be brought into the country, and a great source of national wealth transferred from our enemies to ourselves. The suggestions contained in this poem furnish a very interesting illustration of the social condition of the English workman and of the state of English manufactures in the fifteenth century.

This is the last poem of a political character with which I am acquainted which comes within the limits of the present collection. It is hardly necessary to state that the texts in the present volume have been edited, from the original manuscripts, on the same principles which were observed in the former. It may perhaps, however, be right to state that the plan adopted in the first volume was to collect together all the songs and short poems of a political or historical character, belonging to the period, which have been preserved, whether they had been previously printed or not; but as it has been since decided that poems which have previously been printed in works generally known and easy of access, such as the Archæologia, should not be re-edited here, that plan has, to a certain degree, been abandoned in the second volume, and such only have been re-edited as have previously appeared in books less likely to be generally known. I have thought it well at the same time, to prevent any inquirers who may be using this book from overlooking poems which have been printed elsewhere, to notice in the present Introduction all those which have been omitted.

The Glossary of English words given at the end of
the volume has no further pretensions than to assist the reader in understanding the texts. The English poems belong to periods scattered over a century and a half; and they are just of that popular class which present the varying peculiarities of the language, and which contain a great number of words of a popular or trivial character, which perhaps only occur once in the writings with which we are acquainted, and to the exact meaning of which we have hardly any clue. It would be almost impossible, under such circumstances, to attempt anything like a systematic philological dictionary of the English language, as exhibited in these various examples; and I have contented myself with giving an index of the obsolete words or less intelligible forms, and explaining as many of them as I can.
POLITICAL POEMS.

Vol. II.

COMPLIMENTARY VERSES ON KING HENRY IV.¹

By John Gower.

Sequitur carmen unde magnificus rex noster Henri-
cus prænotatus apud Deum et homines cum omni
benedictione glorificetur.

Rex cæli Deus et Dominus, qui tempora solus
Condidit, et solus condita cuncta regit;
Qui rerum causas ex se produxit, et unum
In se principium rebus inesse dedit;
Qui dedit ut stabili motu consistaret orbis,
Fixus in æternum mobilitate sua;
Quique potens verbi produxit adesse creata,
Quique suæ mentis lege ligavit ea;
Ipse caput regum, reges quo rectificantur,
Teque tuum regnum, rex pie, queso regat.
Grata superveniens te misit gratia nobis,
O sine labe salus, nulla par ante fuit.
Sic tuus adventus nova gaudia sponte reduxit,
Quo prius in luctu lachryma major erat.
Nos tua milities pavidos relevavit ab imo,
Quo prius oppressit ponderis omne malum.
Ex probitate tua, quo mors latitabat in umbra
Vita resurrexit claraque regna regit.

¹ From MS. Cotton. Tiberius A iv. fol. 166, r. It is found in most of the manuscripts of Gower’s Latin poems; and has here been collated with a copy in the MS. of Gower’s poems in possession of the duke of Sutherland, now preserved at Trentham.
POLITICAL POEMS.

Sic tua sors sortem mediante Deo renovatam
Sanat et emendat, quae prius megra fuit.
O pie rex, Christum per se laudamus, et ipsum
Qui tibi nos tribuit terra reviva colit.
Sancta sit illa dies, qua tu tibi regna petisti,
Sanctus et ille Deus qui tibi regna dedit.
Qui tibi prima tuit, confirmet regna futura,
Quo poteris magno magnus honore frui.
Sit tibi progenies ita multiplicata per sevum,
Quod genus inde pium repleat omne solum.
Quicquid in orbe boni fuerit tibi summis ab alto
Donet, ut in terris rex in honore regas.
Omne quod est turpe vacuum discedat, et omne
Est quod honorificum det Deus esse tuum.
Consilium nullum, pie rex, te tangat iniquum,
In quibus occupatum sit Deus esse dolum.
Absit avaritiae, ne tangat regia corda,
Nec queat in terra proditor esse tua.
Sic tua processus habeat fortuna perennes,
Quo recolant laudes sæcula cuncta tuas.
Nuper ut Augusti fuerant praecox Rome,
Concinat in gestis Anglia leta tuis.
O tibi, rex, avo detur fortissime nostro
Semper honorata sceptra tenere manu.
Stes ita magnanimus quod ubi tua regna gubernas,
Terreat has partes hostica nulla manus.
Augeat imperium tibi Christus et augent annos,
Proteget et nostras aucta corona fores.
Sit tibi pax finis, domito domineris in orbe,
Cunctaque sint humeres inferiorea tuis.
Sic honor et virtus, laus, gloria, paxque, potestas,
Teque tuum regnum magnificare queant.
Cordis amore boni, pie rex, mea vota paravi,
Corpore cum nequii servio mente tibi.
Ergo tuae laudeque tuo geniflexus honoris
Verba loco doni pauper habenda tuli
Est tamen ista mei, pie rex, sententia verbi,
Fine tui regni sint tibi regna poli.
COMPLIMENTARY VERSES ON KING HENRY IV.

H. aquilæ pullus quo nunquam gratior ullus,
Hostes confregitque tyrannica colla subegit.
H. aquilæ cepit oleum quo regna recepit,
Sic veteri juncta stipiti nova stirps reedit uncta.

Epistola brevis unde virtutes regio morales ad sanum
regimen ampliori memoria dirigantur.

O recolende bone, pie rex Henrice, patrone,
Ad bona dispone quos eripis a Pharaone.
Noxia depone quibus est humus hæc in agone
Regni personæ quo vivant sub ratione.
Pacem compone, vires moderare coronæ,
Legibus impone frenum sine conditione,
Firmaque sermone jura tenere mone.
Rex confirmatus licet undique magnificatus,
Sub Christo gratus, vivas tamen immaculatus.
Est tibi praetatus, comes et baro, villa, senatus,
Miles et armatus, sub lego sua moderatus.
Dirige quosque status, mancas quo pacificatus,
Invidus, elatus, nec avarus erit sociatus.
Sic eris ornatus, purus ad omne latus.
Hæc ut amans quibit Gower, pie rex, tibi scribit;
Quo pietas ibit, ibi gratia nulla peribit,
Qui bone descript, semet mala nulla subibit,
Sed pius exibitque Dei pietate redibit.
Sic qui transibit, opus et pietatis adibit,
Hunc Deus ascribit, quod ab hoste perire nequibit;
Et sic finibit, quia pia vota bibt.
Quanto regalis honor est tibi plus generalis,
Tanto moralis virtus tibi sit specialis.
Sit tibi carnalis in mundo regula qualis
Est tibi mentalis in Christo spiritualis.
Si fuerit talis, tua chronica perpetuallis
Tunc erit aequalis perfectaque materialis.
Rex immortalis te regat absque malis.
ADDRESS OF JOHN GOWER TO HENRY IV.1

Electus Christi, pie rex Henrice, fuisti,
Qui bene venisti cum propria regna petisti;
Tu mala vicistique bonis bona restituisti,
Et populo tristi nova gaudia contribuisti.
Est mihi spes hata quod adhue per te renovata
Succedent fata veteri probitate beata.
Est tibi nam grata gratia sponte data.

O worthy noble kyng Henry the ferthe,
In whom the glade fortune is befalle
The peole to governe uppon erthe,
God hath the chose in comfort of ous alle,
The worshippe of this lond, which was donalle,
Now stant uprigh thurgh grace of thi goodness,
Which every man is holde for to blesse.

The high God, of his justice allone,
The right which longeth to thi regalie
Declared hath to stonde in thi persone;
And more than God may no man justifie.
Thi title is knowe uppon thin ancestrie,
The londes folk hath ek thy riht affermed;
So stant thi regne, of God and man confirmed.

Ther is no man mai seie in other wise
That God him self ne hath the riht declared,
Whereof the lond is boun to thi servise,
Which for defalte of help hath longe cared;
But now ther is no mannes herte spared,
To love and servye, and wirche thi plesance,
And al is this thurgh Godes pourveiance.

1 This poem was inserted in the old black-letter editions in folio of the collected works of Chaucer. It is here printed from a contemporary manuscript in the possession of his grace the duke of Sutherland.
In alle thing which is of God begonne,
   Ther folwith grace, if it be wele governed;
Thus tellen thei whiche olde bookes come,
   Whereof, my lord, y wot wel thou art lerned.
   Axe of thi God, so schalt thou noght be werned
Of no reqwest, which is resonable;
Ffor God unto the goode is favorable.

King Salomon, which hadde at his axinge
   Of God what thing him was levest to crave,
He ches wisdom unto the governyng
   Of Goddis folk, the whiche he wolde save,
   And as he ches it fel him for to have;
Ffor thurgh his wit, whil that his regne laste,
He gat him pes and reste unto the laste.

Bot Alisaundre, as telleth his histoire,
   Unto the God besoglake in other weie,
Of all the world to winne the victoire
   So that undir his swerd it might obeie;
In werre he hadde al that he wolde preie,
The myghti God behight him that beheste,
The world he wan, and had it of conqweste.

Bot thogh it fel at thilke time so,
   That Alisandre his axinge hath achieved,
This sinful world was al paicene tho,
   Was non which hath the hihe God believed,
No wonder was thogh thilke world was grieved,
Thogh a tiraunt his pourpos mihte winne;
Al was vengaunce and infortune of sinne.

Bot now the feith of Crist is come aplace
   Among the princes in this erthe hierie,
It sit hem wel to do pité and grace;
   Bot hit it not be tempred in manere;
Ffor as thei finden cause in the matiere,
Upon the point, what afterward betide,
The lawe of riht shal noght be leid aside.
So mai a kyng of werre the viage
   Ordeigne and take, as he therto is holde,
To cleime and axe his rightful heritage
   In alle places wher it is withholde;
Bot other wise if God him silve wolde
Affermre love and pes betwen the kynges,
Pes is the beste above alle erthely things.

Good is tesehue werre, and natheles
   A kyng may make werre uppon his right;
Ffor of bataille the final ende is pes.
    Thus stant the lawe, that a worthi knyght
Uppon his trouthe may go to the fight;
Bot if so were that he myghte chese,
Betre is the pes, of which may no man lese.

To strete peace oghte every man alyve,
   Ffirst for to sette his liege lord in reste,
And ek these othre men that thei no stryve,
    Ffor so this world mai stouden ato beste.
What kyng that wolde be the worthieste,
The more he myghteoure dedly werre cesse,
The more he schulde his worthinesse encresse.

Pes is the chief of al the worldes welthe,
    And to the heven it ledeth ek the weie;
Pes is of soule and lif the nannes helthe
   Of pestilence, and doth the werre aweie.
My liege lord, tak hiede of that y seie,
If werre may be lefte, tak pes on honde,
Which may not be withoute Goddis sonde.

With pes stant every creature in rest;
   Withoute pes ther may no lif be glad;
Above alle othre good pes is the beste;
    Pes hath him self when werre is al bestad;
The pes is sauf, the werre is ever adrad;
Pes is of al charitie the keie,
Which hath the lif and soule for to weie.
ADDRESS OF JOHN GOWER TO HENRY IV.

My liege lord, if that the list to seche
The sothe ensamples that the werre hath wroght,
- Thou schalt wile hier of wise mennes speche,
  That dedly werre turneth into noght.
  Ffor if these olde bokes be wel soght,
  Ther myght thou so what thing the worre hath do,
  Both of conquete and conquerour also.

For vein honour, or for the worldes good,
  Thei that whilom the stronge werres made,
  Wher be thei now, bethenk wel in thi mod;
  The day is gone, the nyght is derk and fade,
  Her crualté, which mad hem thanne glade,
  Thei sorwen now, and sit have noght the more;
  The blod is schad, which no man mai restore.

The worre is modir of the wronges alle;
  It sleth the prest in holi chirche at masse,
  Forlith the maide, and here flour tofalle;
  The worre maketh the grete citee lasse,
  And doth the lawe his reules overpasse.
  There is no thing wherof meschef mai growe,
  Which is noght caused of the worre, I trowe.

The worre bringth in poverté at hise hieles,
  Wherof the comon peple is sore grieved;
  The worre hath set his cart on thilke wheiles,
  Wher that fortune mai noght be believed.
  Ffor whan men wene best to have achieved,
  Fulle ofte it is al newe to beginne;
  The worre hath no thing sikir, thogh he winne.

Forthi, my worthi prince, in Cristes halve
  As for a part, whos feith thou hast to guide,
  Leic to this olde sor a newe salve,
  And do the worre awel, what so betide;
  Pourchace pes, and sette it be thi side,
  And suffre noght thi peole be devoured;
  So schal thi name ever after stonde honoured.
POLITICAL POEMS.

If any man be now, or ever was,
Aye in the pes thi prevé counseillour,
Lete God been of thi counsell in this cas,
And putte awei the cruel werrecour.
Ffor God, which is of man the creatour,
He wolde noght men slowe his creature,
Withoute cause of dedly forfeiture.

Wher nedeth most, behoveth most to loke;
Mi lord, how so thi werres ben withoute
Of time passed, who than hiede toke,
Good were at hom to se rilt wel aboute,
Ffor evermor the werste is for to doute;
Bot if thou myghtest parfit pes atteigne,
Ther schulde be no cause for to pleigne.

Aboute a kyng good counseil is to preise,
Above alle othre things most vailable;
Bot zit a kyng withinne him self schal peise,
And se the things that ben resonable;
And therupon he schal his wittes stable,
Among the men to sette pes in evene,
Ffor love of him which is the kyng of hevene.

Ha! wel is him that schedde never blod,
Bot if it were in cause of rilhtwinesse.
Ffor if a kyng the peril undirstod,
What is to sse the poeple, thanne y gesse
The dedly werres and the hevynesse,
Wherof the pes distourbid is ful ofte,
Schulde at som time cesse and weke softe.

O kyng, fulfilled of grace and of knyghthode,
Remembe upon this point for Cristes sake;
If pes be profred unto thi manhode,
Thin honour saufe, let it noght be forsake.
Though thou the werres darst wel undirtake,
Aftir reson zit tempre thi corage,
For lich to pes ther is non avantage.
ADDRESS OF JOHN GOWER TO HENRY IV. 9

My worthi lord, thenke wel how so befallé
Of thilke lore, as holi bokes sein,
Crist is the heved, and we ben membres alle,
As wel the subjit as the soveraign;
So sit it wel, that charité be pleyn,
Which unto God him selve most accordeth,
So as the lore of Cristes word recordeth.

In tholde lawe, er Crist him self was bore,
Among the ten comandementz y rede
How that manslaghtre schulde be forbore;
Such was the wille that time of the Godhede;
But afterwars, whanne Crist tok his manhede,
Pes was the ferste thing he let do erie
Aʒein the worldes rancour and envie.

And er Crist wente out of this erthe liecre,
And stigh to hevene, he made his testament,
Wher he beqwhath to his disciples there
And ʒaf his pes, which is the foundament
Of charité, withouten whos assent
The worldes pes may never wel be tried,
Ne love kept, ne lawe justefied.

The Jewes with the paiens hadden werre,
Bot thei among hem self stode evere in pes;
Whi schulde thanne oure pes stonde out of herre,
Which Crist hath chose unto his oghne encrees?
Fʃʃor Crist is more than was Moises,
And Crist hath set the parfit of the lawe,
The which scholde in no wise be withdrawe.

To ʒive ous pes was cause whi Crist dide,
Withoute pes may no thing stonde availed;
Bot now a man mai sen on every side,
How Cristes feith is every dai assailed,
With the paiens destruied, and so batailed
That for defalke of help and of defence,
Unethe hath Crist his dewe reverence.
The righte feith to kepe of holy chirche,  
The firste point is named of knyghthode;  
And everi man is holde for to wirche  
Uppon the point which stant to his manhode.  
Bot now, helas! the fame is sprad so broode,  
That everi man this thing compleigneth,  
And zit ther is no man which help ordeigneth.

The worldes cause is waited over al,  
Ther ben the werres redi to the fulle,  
Bot Cristes ogline cause in special,  
Ther ben the swerdes and the sperecs dulle;  
And with the sentence of the popes bulle,  
As for to do the folk paicn obie,  
The chirche is turned al another weie.

It is to wonder above any mammys wit,  
Withoute werre how Cristes feith was wonne;  
And we that ben uppon this erthe zit,  
Ne kepe it nought as it was first begonne.  
To every creature undir the somce  
Crist bad him self, how that we schulden preche,  
And to the folk his evangile teche.

More light it is to kepe than to make;  
Bot that we founden made tofore the hond  
We kepe nought, bot lete it lightly slake.  
The pes of Crist hath al tobrroke his bond;  
We resto our selve, and soeffrin every lond  
To sien eeh other, as thing undefindid;  
So stant the werre, and pes is nought amendid.

Bot thogh the heved of holy chirche above  
Ne do not al his hole businesse  
Among the men to sette pes and love,  
These kynges oughten of here rightwisnesse  
Here oghe cause among hem self redresse;  
Thogh Peters schip as now hath lost his stiere,  
It lith in hem that barge for to stiere.
ADDRESS OF JOHN GOWER TO HENRY IV.

If holy cherche after the ducté
Of Cristes word ne be nought al avysed
To make pes, acord, and unité
Among the kings that ben now devised,
Yet natheles the lawe stant assised
Of manmys wit to be so resonable,
Withoute that to stonde hem selve stabe.

Of holy chireche we ben children alle,
And every child is helden for to bowe
Unto the modir, how that ever it falle,
Or elles he mot reson desalowe.
And for that cause a knyght schal first avowe
The right of holi chireche to defende,
That no man schal the privilege offende.

Thus were it [good] to setten al in evence,
The worldes princes and the prelatz bothe,
For love of him which is the king of heaven;
And if men scholde algate wexe wrothe,
The Sarazins, whiche unto Crist be lothe,
Let men ben armed again hem to fighte,
So mai the knight his dede of armes righte.

Uppon thre pointz stant Cristes pes oppresséd;
First holy chireche is in her silf divided,
Which oughte of reson first to be redressed,
Bot ʒit so highe a cause is noght decided.
And thus whan humble pacience is prided,
The remeanaunt, which that thei schulden reule,
No wonder is though it stonde out of reule.

Of that the heved is sick, the limes aken;
These regnes that to Cristes pes belongen,
For worldes good these dedly werres maken,
Which heliples as in balance hongen.
The heved above hem hath noght undirfongen
To sette pes, bot every man sleeth other,
And in this wise hath charité no brother.
The two defaltes bringen in the thride,
Of miscreantz, that see how we debate,
Betwene the two thei fallen in amiddle,
Wher now all dai thei finde an open gate.
Lo, thus the dedly werre stant algate;
Bot evere y hope of king Henries grace,
That he it is which schal the pes embrace.

My worthy noble prince and kyng enoignt,
Whom God hath of his grace so preserved,
Beholde and se the world uppon this point,
As for thi part, that Cristes pes be served;
So schal thin highe mede be reserved
To him which al schal qwiten at laste,
Ffor this life hierc mai no while laste.

See Alisandre, Ector, and Julius,
See Machabeu, David, and Josue,
See Charlemeine, Godefroi, Arthus,
Ffulfild of werre and of mortalite,
Here fame abit, bot al is vanite;
Ffor deth, which hath the werres under fote,
Hath made an end of which ther is no bote.

So mai a man the sothe wite and knowe,
That pes is good for every man to have;
The fortune of the werre is evere unknouw,
Bot wher pes is, ther ben the marches save.
That now is [up], to morwe is under grave,
The mighti God hath alle grace in honde,
Withouten him pes mai noght longe stonde.

Off the tenet to winne or lese a chase,
May no lif wite er that the bal be ronne;
Al stant in God, what thing man schal pourchace,
Thende is in him er that it be begonne.
Men sein the wolfe, whanne it is wel sponne,
Doth that the cloth is strong and profitable,
And elles it mai never be durable.
The worldes chaunces uppon aventure
   Ben euer sett, bot thilke chaunce of pes
Is so behoveli to the creature,
   That it aboue al othre is piercled;
   Bot it maugth begete nathelles
Among the men to lasten eny while,
   Bot wher the herte is pleyn withoute guile.

The pes is as it were a sacrament
   Tofore the God, and schal with wordes pleine,
Withouten eny double entendement
   Be treted, for the trouthe can nought seine;
   Bot if the men withinne hem self be veine,
The substance of the pes may nought be trewe,
   Bot every dai it chaungeth uppon newe.

Bot who that is of charité perfitt,
   He voideth alle sleightes ferr aweie,
And sett his word upon the same plit,
   Wher that his herte hath found a sikere weie;
   And thus whan conscience is trewy weie,
And that the pes be handlid with the wise,
   It schal abide, and stonde in alle wise.

Thapostle seith, ther mai no lif be good
   Which is nought grounded uppon charité,
For charité ne schedde nevere blod;
   So hath the werre as ther no proprié.
For thilke vertu which is seid pité
With charité so forthforth is acquinted,
That in here may no fals semblant be painted.

Cassodre, whos writinge is auctorized,
   Seith, wher that pité regneth ther is grace,
Thurgh which the pes hath al his welthe assised,
   So that of werre he dredeth no manace.
   Wher pité dweltheth in the same place
Ther mai no dedly cruelté sojorne,
   Wherof that merci schulde his wei torne.
To se what pité forth with mercy doth,
The cronique is at Rome in thilke empire
Of Constantin, which is a tale soth;
Whan him was levere his oghne deth desire
Than do the zonge children to martire,
Of cruauté he lafte the queerele,
Pité he wroghte, and pité was his hele.

For thilke mannes pité which he dede,
God was pitous, and mad him hol at al;
Silvestre cam, and in the same stede
Zaf him baptisme first in special,
Which dide awai the sinne orginal,
And al his lepre it hath so purified
That his pité for ever is magnified.

Pité was cause whi this emperour
Was hol in bodi and in soule bothe;
And Rome also was set in thilke honour
Of Cristes feith, so that the lieue of lothe,
Which hadden be with Crist tofore wrothe,
Resteined were unto Cristes lore;
Thus schal pité be preised evermore.

My worthi liege lord, Henri be name,
Which Engelond hast to governe and righte,
Men oghten wel thi pité to proclame,
Which openliche in al the worldes sighte
Is shewed, with the help of God almightie
To zive ous pes, which longe hath be deleate;
Wherof thi pris schal nevère ben abated.

My lord, in whom hath ever zit be founde
Pité, withoute spot of violence,
Kep thilke pes alwei withinne bounde
Which God hath planted in thi conscience;
So schal the cronique of thi pacience
Among the seintz be take into memoire,
To the loenge of perdurable gloire.
And to thin ethhli pris, so as y can,
    Which everi man is holde to commendee,
I, Gower, which am al thi liege man,
    This lettre unto thin excellency y sende,
As y which evere unto my lives ende
Wol praie for the stat of thi persone,
In worschipe of thi sceptre and of thi throne.

Noght only to my king of pes y write,
    Bot to these othre princes cistine alle,
That eeh of hem his oghne herte endite,
    And sese the werre er mor meschiefe selle.
Sete ek the rightful pope uppon his stalle,
    Kep charitée, and draugh pité to honde,
Maintene lawe, and so the pes schal stonde.

Explicit carmen de pacis commendatione, quod ad
    laudem et memoriam serenissimi principis
domini regis Henrici quarti suus humilis
orator Johannes Gower composuit.

Henrici quarti primus regni fuit annus
    Quo mihi defect visus ad acta mea.
Omnia tempus habent, finem natura ministrat,
    Quem virtute sua frangere nemo potest.
Ultra posse nihil quamvis mihi velle remansit,
    Amplius ut scribam non mihi posse manet.
Dum potui scripsi, sed nunc, quia torva senectus
    Turbavit sensus, scripta relinquo scholis.
Scribat qui veniet post me discretior alter,
    Amodo namque manus et mea penna silent.
Hoc tamen in fine verborum queso meorum,
    Prospera quod statuat regna futura Deus.

Explicit.
JACKE UPLAND. 1

1401.

I, Jacke Upland, make my mone to very God, and to all true in Christ, that Antichrist and his disciples, by colour of holines, walking and deceiving Christ's church by many false figures,

1 This violent attack on the friars by one of the Wycliffite party has been preserved by being inserted in the early printed black-letter folio of the works of Chaucer, from whence it is here printed. The old editor was quite ignorant of the fact that it was composed in alliterative verse, and either he, or some one from whom he had it, has altered it so much, with the view apparently of removing the obscurity which seems to a certain degree inseparable from this class of old English poetry, by using common words for obsolete ones, and adding words and phrases to explain the meaning, that much of the alliteration and rhythm is lost. I give it verbatim from this printed text, except that I have arranged it in lines as nearly as I can make them from a knowledge of the rhythm of this class of versification. A comparison with the alliterative poem which follows will enable us to restore a good deal of it to its original form. The poem alluded to is a reply by a friar to the attacks of Jacke Upland, and this latter is accompanied by a rejoinder which contains an allusion which enables us to fix the date of all three. The writer throws in the teeth of his opponent a recent act of justice of Henry IV., who had hanged certain traitorous friars:—

"And the kyng by his juges truwe execute his lawe,
"As he did now late,
"When he hanged soue traytours."

There can be no doubt that this refers to the event thus recorded in Capgrave's Chronicle, p. 278:

"About the fest of Pentecost that same 3ere [May, 1401], certeyn men wheel had conspired the kyngis deth, &c. a prest... was take at Ware... The prest for his labour was hang and drawe. So was a chanoon priour o Lawne, wheel mite a lyved, but for his tunge. So were certeyn religious men, and specialy of the menouris order, endited of treason and hanged." It is most probable that all these poems were composed during the year 1401; the last in date of them must have been written very soon after the event just mentioned.
where through (by Antichrist and his) many vertues
been transposed to vices.
But the felliest folke
that ever Antichrist found,
been last brought into the church,
and in a woonder wise;
for they been of diverse sects of Antichrist,
sown of diverse countries and kindreds.
And all men knowne well that
they bee not obedient to bishops,
ne leeg men to kings;
neither they tillen ne sowen,
weeden ne reapen,
wood, corn, ne grasse,
neither nothing that man should helpe,
but onely themselves,
their lives to susteine.
And these men han all manner power
of God, as they seyn,
in heaven and in yearth,
to sell heaven and hell
to whom that them liketh;
and these wretches weet never
where to been themselves.
And therefore, freer, if thine order and rules
been grounded on Goddis law,
tell thou mee, Jacke Upland,
that I aske of thee,
and if thou be or thinkest to be on Christes side,
keepe thy paciens.
Saint Paule teacheth that all our deedes
should be do in charitie,
and els it is nought worth,
but displeasing to God,
and harme to oure soules.
And for that freers challenge
to be greatest clerkes of the church,
and next following Christ in living,
men should for charitie
ask them some questions,
and pray them to ground their answeres
in reason and holy writ;
for else their answer would nought be woorth,
be it flourished never so faire,
and, as me thinke, men might skilfully
aske thus of a freer.

1. Freer, how many orders bee in earth?
and which is the perfectest order?
of what order art thou?
who made thine order?
what is thy rule?
is there any perfecter rule
than Christ himself made?
If Christ's rule be most perfect,
why rulest thou thee not thereafter?
Without more, why shal a freer
be more punished,
if he break the rule
that his patron made,
than if he break the hests
that God himself made.

2. Approveth Christ any more religions
than one that saint James speaketh of?
If hee approveth no more,
why hast thou left his rule,
and takest another?
Why is a freer apostata,
that leveth his order,
and taketh another sect,
sith there is but one religion of Christ?

3. Why be ye wedded faster to your habits
than a man is to his wife?
For a man may leave his wife for a year or two,
as many men done;
and if you leave your habite a quarter of a yeare, ye should be holden apostataes.

4. Maketh your habit you men of religion or no? If it doe, then ever as it weareth, your religion weareth; and after that your habit is better, your religion is better; and when yee have liggen it beside, then lig ye your religion beside you, and been apostataes. Why buy ye you so precious clothes, sith no man seeketh such, but for vaine glorie, as saint Gregorie sayth?

What betokeneth your great hood, your scaplerie, your knotted girdle, and your wide cope?

5. Why use ye all one colour more than other christian men doe? What betokeneth that ye been clothed all in one manner clothing? If yee say it betokeneth love and charitie, certes then ye be oft hypocrites, when any of you hateth another, and in that that ye wol be said holy by your clothing. Why may not a freer weare clothing of another sect of freers, sith holinesse stondeth not in the cloths?

6. Why hold ye silence in one house more than another, sith men ought over all to speake the good and leave the evill?
Why eat you flesh in one house
more than in another,
if your rule and your order be perfect,
and the patron that made it?

7. Why get ye your dispensations
to have it more easie?
Certes either it seemeth
that yee be unperfect,
or he that made it so hard,
that ye may not hold it.
And siker, if ye hold not
the rule of your patrons,
ye be not then her freers,
and so ye lie upon your selves.

8. Why make you as dede men,
when yee be professed,
and yet ye be not dede,
but more quicke beggars than you were before?
And it seemeth evil a dede man
to go about and beg.

9. Why will ye not suffer
your novises hear
your counsels in your chapter house,
er that they have ben professed,
if your counsels been true
and after Gods law?

10. Why make yee so costly houses
to dwell in, sith Christ did not so,
and dede men should have but graves,
as falleth it to dede men?
And yet ye have more courts
than many lords of England;
for ye now wenden throgh the realme,
and ech night will lig
in your own courts,
and so mow but right few lords doe.

11. Why heire you to ferme
your limitors,
giving therefore each yeare
a certain rent,
and will not suffer one
in another's limitation,
right as yee were your selves
lords of countries?
Why be ye not under your bishops visitations,
and lege men to our king?
Why aske ye no letters of bretherheads
of other mens prayers,
as ye desire that other men
should ask letters of you?
If your letters be good,
why grant ye them not generally
to all maner of men,
for the more charitie?

12. Mowe ye make any man
more perfect brether for your prayers,
than God hath by our beleeve,
by our baptisme and his owne grant?
If ye mow, certes,
then ye be above God.
Why make ye men beleeve
that your golden trentall sung of you,
to take therefore ten shillings,
or at least five shillings
will bring soules out of hell,
or out of purgatorie?
If this be sooth, certes,
yee might bring all soules out of paine;
and that wol ye nought,
and then ye be out of charitie.

13. Why make ye men beleeve
that he that is buried
in your habit
shal never come in hel,
and ye weet not of your selfe
whether yee shall to hell or no?
And if this were sooth,
ye should sell your high houses
to make many habites
for to save many mens soules.

14. Why steal ye mens children
for to make hem of your sect,
sith that theft is against Gods hests,
and sith your sect is not perfect?
Yee know not whether the rule that yee bind him to
be best for him or worst.

15. Why underneme yee not your brethren
for their trespass after the law of the gospell,
sith that underneming
is the best that may be?
But ye put them in prison oft,
when they do after Gods law;
and by saint Augustines rule,
if any doe amisse,
and would not amend him,
ye should put him from you.

16. Why coveit ye shrift and burying
of other mens parishens,
and none other sacrament
that falleth to christian folke?
Why busie ye not to heare
to shrift of poore folke,
as well as of rich,
lordes and ladies,
sith they mowe have more plentie
of shrift-fathers than poore folke mow?
Why say ye not the gospel
in houses of bedred men,
as ye do in rich mens,
that mowe goe to church and heare the gospell?
Why covet you not to burie
poor folk among you,
sith that they been most holy,
as ye saine that ye ben for your povertie?

17. Why will ye not be at her diriges,
as ye have ben at rich mens,
sith God praiseth him more
than he doth other men?
What is thy prayer worth,
sith thou wilt take therefore?
For all chapmen yee need to bee most wise
for dread of simonie.
What cause hast thou that thou wilt not preach the gospel,
as God saith that thou sholdst,
sith it is the best lore,
and also our belecve?
Why be ye evill apaid
that secular priestes
should preach the gospele,
sith God himselfe hath bodden hein?

18. Why hate ye the gospele to be preached,
sith ye be so much hold therto?
For ye win more by yeare
with In principio,
that with all the rules
that ever your patrones made.
And in this minstrels
ben better than ye;
for they contrarien not
to the mirths that they maken,
but yee contrarien the gospele,
both in word and deed.

19. Freer, when thou receivest a penie
for to say a masse,
whether sellest thou Gods bodie for that penie,
or thy praire, or els thy travell?
If thou saiest thou wolt not travell
for to say the masse but for the penie,
that certes if this be sooth,
then thou lovest too litle meed for thy soule;
and if thou sellest Gods bodie, other thy prayer,
then it is very simonie,
and art become a chapman worse than Judas,
that sold it for thirtie pence.

20. Why writest thou hir names in thy tables
that yeveth thee mony,
sith God knoweth al thing?
For it semeth by thy writing
that God would not reward him,
but thou writest in thy tables,
God would els forgotten it.
Why bearest thou God in hand,
and slanderest him,
that he begged for his meat,
sith he was lord over all?
For then had he beene unwise,
to have begged and have no need thereto.
Freer, after what lawe
rulest thou thee?
Where findest thou in Gods lawe
that thou shouldest thus beg?

21. What manner men
needeth for to beg?
For whom oweth
such men to beg?
Why beggest thou
so for thy bretheren?
If thou saiest, for they have need,
then thou doest it for the more perfection,
or els for the least,
or els for the meane.
If it be the most perfection of all,
then should all thy brethren do so,
and then no man needed
to beg but for him self,
for so should no man beg
but he needed.
And if it be the least perfection,
why lovest thou then other men
more than thyself?
For so thou art not well in charitie,
since thou shouldest seek the more perfection,
after thy power living
thy self most after God;
and thus leaving that imperfection,
thou shouldest not so beg for them.
And if it is a good mean,
thus to beg as thou doest,
then should no man do so,
but they been in this good meane;
and yet such a mean granted to you may never
be grounded on Gods law,
for then both lerid and leaud
that ben in meane degree of this world,
should go about
and beg as ye do.
And if all should do so,
certes well nigh all the world
should go about
and beg as ye done,
and so should there be ten beggers
against one yever.
Why procurest thou men
to yeve the their almes,
and saiest it is so needful,
and thou wilt not thy selfe
win thee that meed.

22. Why wilt thou notbeg
for poore bedred men
that bin poorer
than any of your sect,
that liggen and mow not go about
to help him selfes?
Sith we be all brethren in God,
and that brothered passeth
any other that ye
or any man could make.
And where most need were,
there were most perfection;
either els yee hold them
not your pure brethren,
but worse, but then ye be
unperfect in your begging.
Why make ye so many
maisters among you,
sith it is against the teaching
of Christ and his apostles?

23. Whose ben all your rich courts that yee han,
and all your rich jewels,
sith ye seyen that ye han nought
ne in proper ne in common?
If ye saine they ben the popes,
why gather yee then of poore men and lords
so much out of the kings hand
to make your pope rich,
And sith ye sain that it is great perfection
to have nought in proper ne in common,
why bee ye so fast about to make
the pope, that is your father, rich,
and put on him imperfection?
Sithen ye saine
that your goods been all his,
and he should by reason
be the most perfect man,
it seemeth openlich
that ye been cursed children
so to slander your father
and make him imperfect.
And if yee saine that the goods be yours,
then do ye ayenst your rule.
And if it be not ayenst your rule,
then might ye have
both plough and cart,
and labour as other good men done,
and not so to beg by losengery,
and idle, as ye done.
If yee say that it is more perfection to beg,
than to travell or to worch with your hand,
why preach ye not openly,
and teach all men to do so,
sith it is the best and most perfect life
to the help of their soules,
as ye make children to beg,
that might have bin rich heirs?
Why make ye not
your feasts to poore men,
and yeveth him yefts,
as yee done to the rich,
sith poore men han
more need than the rich?
What betokeneth that ye goe
tweine and tweine togither?
If ye be out of charitie,
ye accord not in soule.
Why beg ye and take salaries therto
more than other priests,
sith hee that most taketh,
most charge hath?

24. Why hold ye not saint Francis
rule and his testament,
sith Francis saith that God shewed him
this living and this rule?
and certes, if it were Gods will,
the pope might not fordo it,
or els Francis was a lier,
that saied in this wise.
And but this testament that he made
accord with Gods will,
or els erred, he is a lier,
that were out of charitie;
and as the law saith, he is accursed
that letteth the rightful last wil of a dead man.
And this testament is the last will
of Francis that is a dead man;
it seemeth therefore
that all his freers been cursed.

25. Why will ye not touch no coined money
with the crosse ne with the kings head,
as ye done other jewels
both of gold and silver?
Certes if ye despise the crosse,
or the kings head,
then ye be worthy to be despised
of God and the king;
and sith ye will receive money
in your hearts, and not with your hands,
it seemeth that ye hold more holinesse
in your hands than in your hearts,
and then be false to God.

26. Why have ye exempt you from our kings lawes,
and visiting of our bishops,
more than other christen men
that liven in this realme,
if ye be not guiltie of traitorie to our realme,
or trespassers to your bishops?
But ye will have the kings lawes
for the trespass doe to you,
and ye wil have power of other bishops
more than other priests,
and also have leave to prison your brethren,
as lords in your courts,
more than other folks han
that ben the kings lege men.
27. Why shal some sect of you freers
pay ech a yere a certaine
to her generall provinciall or minister,
or els to her sovereines,
but if he steal a certaine number
of children, as some men saine?
And certes, if this ben sooth,
then yee bee constreined upon certein pain
to do theft, against Gods commaundement,
Non furtem facies.

28. Why be ye so hardie to grant by letters
of fraternitie to men and women,
that they shall have part and merite
of all your good deedes?
And ye weten never whether God bee apayed
with your deeds, because of your sinne.
Also yee written never whether that man or woman
be in state to bee saved or damned,
then shall he have no merit in heaven
for his owne deeds ne for none other mans.
And all were it so that he should have
part of your good deedes,
yet should hee have no more that God would give
him
after that he were worthie;
and so much shall each man have of God's yeft,
without your limitation.
But if ye will say that ye been Gods fellowes,
and that he may nought doe
without your assent,
then be ye blasphemers to God.

29. What betokeneth
that yee have ordeined,
that when such one as ye have made
your brother or sister,
and hath a letter of your seale,
that letter mought bee brought in your holye chapter,
and there be rad,
or els yee will not pray for him.
And but ye willen pray especially
for all other that were not made
your brethren or sistren,
then were ye not in right charitie,
for that ought to be common,
and semely in ghostly things.

30. Freer, what charitie is this,
to overcharge the people by mightie begging,
under colour of preaching,
or praying, or masses singing?
Sith holy write biddeth not thus,
but even the contrarie;
for all such ghostly deedes should be done frely,
as God yoveth them freely.

31. Freer, what charitie is this,
to beguile children
or they commen to discretion,
and bind hem to your orders,
that ben not grounded in Gods law,
agains hir friends will?
Sithen by this follie been many apostataes,
both in will and deed,
and many beene apostataes in hir will
during all her life,
that would gladly be discharged,
if they wist how;
and so many ben apostataes,
that shouldeen in other states have been true men.

32. Freer, what charitie is this,
to make so many freers
in every country,
to the charge of the people?
Sith persons and vicars alone,
ye, secular priests alone,
ye, monkes and cannons alone,
with bishops above them,
were enough to the church
to doe the priests office.
And to adde more than enough,
is a foule errour,
and great charge to the people,
and this openly against Gods will,
that ordained all thyngs
to be done in weight, number, and measure.
And Christ himselfe was apaid
with twelve apostles and a fewe disciples,
to preach and doe priests office
to all the whole world;
then was it better doe than is nowe at this time,
by a thousand deile.
And right so as foure fingers
with a thombe in a mans hand
helpeth a man to worch,
and double number of fingers in one hand
should let him more;
and so the more number that there were
passing the measure of Gods ordinance,
the more were a man letted to worch;
right so, as it seemeth,
it is of these new orders
that ben added to the church,
without ground of holy write and Gods ordinance.

33. Freer, what charity is this,
to the people to lie,
and say that ye follow Christ in povertie
more than other men done?
And yet in curious and costly housing,
and fine and precious clothing,
and delicious and liking feeding,
and in treasure and jewels,
and rich ornaments,
freers passen lords
and other rich worldly men,
and soonest they should bring
her cause about,
be it never so costly,
though Gods law be put abacke.

34. Freer, what charitie is this,
to gather up the books of holy write,
and put hem in tresorie,
and so emprison them
from secular priestes and curats,
and by this cautell
let hem to preach the gospell
freely to the people
without worldly meed,
and also to defame
good priestes of heresie,
and lien on hem openly,
for to let hem to show Gods law
by the holy gospell
to the Christian people.

35. Freer, what charitie is this,
to faine so much holines
in your bodily clothing,
that ye clepe your habit,
that many blind fools desiren to die therein
more than in another?
And also that a freer that leveth his habit,
late founden of men,
may not be assoiled
till he take it againe,
but is apostata, as ye saine,
and cursed of God and man both?
The freer beleeveth truth and patience,
chastitie, meeknesse, and sobrietie,
yet for the more part of his life
he may soon be assoiled of his prior;
and if he bring home to his house
much good by the yeare,
bee it never so falsely
begged and pilled
of the poore and needie people
in countries about,
he shall be hold a noble freer;
o Lord, whether this be charitie!
36. Freer, what charity is this,
to prease upon a rich man,
and to intice him to be buried among you
from his parish church,
and to such rich men give letters of fraternitie,
confirmed by your generall seale,
and therby to bear him in hand,
that he shal have part of all your masses,
mattens, preachings,
fastings, wakings,
and all other good deeds
done by your brethren of your order,
both whilst he liveth,
and after that he is dead;
and yet ye written never whether your deeds
be acceptable to God,
ne whether that man
that hath that letter
be able by good living
to receive any part of your deeds.
And yet a poore man,
that ye wite well or supponen in corten
to have no good of,
ye ne given to such letters,
though he be a better man to God
than such a rich man.
Nevertheless this poore man
doeth not retch therof;
for as men supponed,
such letters, and many other
that freers behoten to men,
be full false deceit of freers,
out of all reason,
and Gods law,
and Christian mens faith.

37. Freer, what charitie is this,
to be confessors of lords and ladies,
and to other mightie men,
and not amend hem in hir living?
but rather, as it seemeth,
to be the bolder
to pill hir poore tenants,
and to live in lechery;
and there to dwell in your office of confessor
for winning of worldlie goods,
and to be hold great
by colour of such ghostly offices?
This seemeth rather pride of freers,
than charitie of God.

38. Freer, what charitie is this,
to fain that who so liveth after your order,
liveth most perfectlie,
and next followeth the state of apostles
in povertie and penance;
and yet the wisest and greatest clerkes of you
wend or send or procure to the court of Rome,
to be made cardinals or bishops
of the popes chaplens,
and to be assoiled of the vow of povertie
and obedience to your ministers;
in the which, as ye sain, standeth most perfection
and merit of your orders;
and thus ye faren as Pharisees
that sain one and do another to the contrarie,

Why name ye more
the patron of your order
in your Confiteor,
when ye begin masse,
than other saints,
JACKE UPLAND

apostles, or martyrs,
that holy church hold[eth]
more glorious than hem,
and clepe hem your patrons
and your avowries?

Freer, whether was saint Francis
in making of his rule that he set thine order in,
a foole and a liar,
or else wise and true?
If ye sain that he was not a foole, but wise,
ne a liar, but true,
why shew ye contrarie by your doing,
when by your suggestion to the pope
ye said that your rule that Francis made
was so hard,
that ye mow not live to hold it,
without declaration and dispensation of the pope?
And so by your deed,
ne let your patron a foole,
that made a rule so hard
that no man may well keepe;
and eke your deed prooveth him a liar,
where he saith in his rule,
that he tooke and learned it
of the Holy Ghost;
for how might ye for blame pray the pope
undo that the Holy Ghost bit,
as when ye prayed him to dispense
with the hardnesse of your order?

Freer, which of the foure orders
of friers is best,
to a man that knoweth not
which is the best,
but would faine enter into
the best, and none other?
If thou saiest that thine is the best,
then saiest thou that none of the other
is as good as thine;
and in this ech freer in the three other orders
wooll say that thou liest,
for in the self same maner ech other freer
wooll say that his order is best.
And thus to ech of the foure orders
bin the other three contrary in this point,
in the which if any say sooth,
that is one alone,
for there may but one
be the best of foure.
So followeth it that if ech of these orders
answered to this question as thou doest,
three were false, and but one true,
and yet no man should wite who that were.
And thus it seemeth that the most part
of freers bin or should be
liars in this point,
and they should answere thereto.
If you say that another order of the freers
is better than thine, or as good,
why tooke ye not rather thereto as to the better,
when thou mightst have chose at the beginning?
And eke why shouldst thou be an apostata,
to leave thine order and take thee to that is better,
and so why goest thou not
from thine order into that?
Freer, is there any perfecter
rule of religion
than Christ Gods sonne gave
in his gospell to his brethren?
or than that religion that saint James
in his epistle maketh mention of?
If you say yes, then puttest thou on Christ,
that is the wisedome of God the Father,
unkunning, unpower,
and evill will;
for then he could not make his rule
so good as an other did his,
and so he had been unknowing;
that he might not so make
his rule so good
as another man might,
and so were he unmightie, and not God;
as he would not make his rule
so perfect as another did his,
and so he had been evil willed,
namely to himselfe.
For if he might and could,
and would have made a rule perfect,
without default, and did not,
he was not God's Sonne almighty.
For if any other rule
be perfecter than Christes,
then must Christes rule
lacke of that perfection,
by as much as the other
were more perfecter;
and so were default, and Christ had failed
in making of his rule;
but to put any default or failing in God
is blasphemie.
If thou say that Christes rule,
and that religion
which saint James makest mention of,
is perfectest,
why holdest thou not
thilke rule without more?
And why cleepest thou the rather
of saint Francis or saint Dominiks rule,
or religion or order,
than of Christes rule or Christes order?
Forer, canst thou any default assigne
in Christes rule of the gospell,
with the which he taught all men
sikerly to be saved,
if they kept it to her ending?
If thou say it was too hard,
then saiest thou Christ lied;
for he said of his rule,
"My yoke is soft and my burden light."
If thou say Christes rule
was too light;
that may be assigned for no default,
for the better it may be kept.
If thou saist that there is no default
in Christes rule of the gospell,
sith Christ himself saith
it is light and easie,
what need was it to patrons of freers
to adde more thereto,
and so to make an harder religion to save freers
than was the religion of Christes apostles,
and his disciples helden,
and were saved by?
But if they woulden that her freers
saten above the apostles
in heaven for the harder religion
that they keepen here,
so would they sitten in heaven above Christ himselfe,
for their more and streit observations,
then so should they be better
than Christ himself, with mischance.

Go now foorth, and fraine your clerks,
and ground ye you in Gods law,
and gif Jacke an answer;
and when ye han assoiled me
that I have said sadly,
in truth I shall soile thee
of thine orders,
and save thee to heaven.
JACKE UPLAND.

If freers kun not, or mow not, excuse hem of these questions asked of hem, it seemeth that they be horrible guiltie against God and her even christian; for which giltis and defaults it were worthy that the order, that they cal their order, were fordone. And it is woonder that men susteine hem, or suffer hir live in such maner. For holie write biddeth that thou do well to the meeke, and give not to the wicked, but forbed to give hem bread, least they be made thereby mightier through you.

THE REPLY OF FRIAR DAW TOPIAS, WITH JACK UPLAND'S REJOINDE.1

1401.

Ho shall graunten to myn eye a strong streme of teres, to wailen and to wepy

An answere to this tretis, that a frere hath forgid; he callith hym self Daw Topias,

1 These two allitative poems, a reply to and a defence of the preceding, are preserved in a contemporary MS. in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, MS. Digby, No. 41, fol. 2, r°. The allusion which fixes their date has already been pointed out in the note at the beginning of the satire of Jack Upland.
the sorwynge of synne?
for charité is chasid
and flemed out of londe,
and every state stakerth
unstable in him silfe.
Now apperid the prophecie
that seint Joon seide,
to joyne therto Joehel
in his soth sawis;
the moone is al blodi
and dymme on to lokyn,
that signefieth lordship
forslokend in synne;
the sterres ben on erthe throwun
and fallen to the erthe,
and so is the comounté
treuli oppressid;
the sunne is eclipsid
with al his twelve pointes,
by errore and heresie,
that renginth in the chirche.

ares[oneth] Jak Uplonde.
He groundith hym upon seven thynges,
as his ordre askith,
lesynges with losengery,
cursynges and false glose,
chidying with blasfemie
or chyteryng as chowʒe.
Thow saist thi name is Dawe,
it may rith wel be so;
flor thou hast condiciounes
of a tane¹ chowʒe.
He chiterith and he brith
alle that he may gete;

¹ I have ventured to read the word thus, but it is nearly effaced in the MS. and cannot be read with certainty.
Now is our blyve laft
and Lollardy growth;
envie is enhausid
and aproched to preestes,
that shulden enforme her flock
and ground in Goddes lawe,
to love her God sovereynli,
and sithen her brothir.
Bot not for thanne now is tauht
hindring of states,
and pursuyng of povertie,
that Crist hath approved.
Now is that seed of cisme
sowne in the chirche;
the whete saffith with the floure,
oure fode is for to feche.
Ffoxes frettid in fere
wasten the cornes,
and Cristes vine is vanishid
to the verray rote.
Now Achor spoilith Jerico,
and lyveth of the thefte;
and so lyven this Lollardis

this he doth in dede
asseye of hem that knowith.
Jaky Dawe, thou blaberist blasphemies,
and reso hast thou non;
thou leggist oft Goddis lawe,
bot to a false entente;
\(\exists\)ee, falselier than the fende,
when he saide to Crist,
\textit{Quia angelis suis mandavit de te.}
Daw, thou fablest of ffoxes,
and appliest hem to a puple,
of whom nether thou knowyst kunnyng,
ne her conversacion.
Bot iche man that witte hath,
in her fals fablis.
Datan and Abiron
and Chorees children,
with newe senceres ensencen
the auters of synne.
Baal preestes ben bolde
sacrifice to make,
and mortel maladi
crepith in as a canker ;
and thus is Jak Uplond
fodid with folie,
and thourzh formyng of his formere
thus freyneth a frere.
On wounder wise, seith Jak,
freres, 3e ben growun ;
sowen in 3oure sectes
of Anticristis bondes ;
unboxom to bishopis,
not lege men to kynges ;
wede corn ne gras
wil 3e not hewen,
ne lyven with Jakke in labour,
but al to 3our ese.

and happe of discretion,
may knowe thee and thin ordre,
as Crist saith, bi the werkes.
Take propirte of tuey foxes,
and werkes of tuey freres,
and than thou fyndest hem meche acorde,
bot freres ben the worse ;
if thou saist this is not so,
bot groundid without skil,
loke how Sampson bonde the foxes
two and two togedir,
til that thai destried
the corne alle about hem,
and this was, as a doctour saith,
the figur of freres.
Jak, thi formur is a folke,
that thus thee hath yfourmed,
to make so lewd an argument
agens so many freres,
that better knownen liestles
her doctours and her bible,
than he can rede his toper
bi a long torche.
But, Jak, thouz thi questions
semen to thee wyse,
keitly a lewd man
maye leyen hem a water;
ffor summe ben lewid, summe ben shrevid
summe falsli supposid;
and therfore shal no maister,
ne no man of scole,
be vexid with thy maters,
but a lewid frere
that men callen frere Daw Topias,
as lewid as a leke,
to medelin with thi malice
as longe as thou wolt.
¶ That we ben not lege men,
Jak, lowde thou lyest;
ffor lenger than we lyven so,
abide we not in londe,
the sotil witt of wyse men
shulde temte us wel soone,
and fieme us from felowshippe,

¶ Dawe, thou saist proudly I lie,
for I telle the trouthe;
ffor that [thei] ben not lege men
men knowlechen wise;
ffor whan ien be trespassoure
in theft or other vices,
and done us of dawe.
We obeien to bishopes,
as boosome esse askith,
althouz3 not so fer forth
as seculer preestes;
ffor holy chirche hath us hent
and happid with grace,
to were us from wederes
of wynteres stormes,
wede corn ne gras
have we not to hewen,
ne with Jakke Uplond
ferme the dikes;
althouz Poul in his pistele
laborers preise,
displeith him not the preestes
that syngen her masses.
For rigt as in thi bodi, Jake
ben ordeyned thin hondis,
ffor thin heed and for thi feete
and for thin eyen to wirken,

your priour may at wille
feche you home to hym,
without kynges commission,
Jak, bot gret azen reson.
Ffor oft ze leden awaye mennes wifes,
and ben sette in stokkes.
Bot your captaynes chalengen zow,
and asken not levo of kynges.

Me mervelith of thi lewdnes, Dawe,
or of wilful lesynges;
ffor Poule laborid with his hondes,
and other postilles also;
3ee, cure gentil Jhesu,
as it is openly knowe.
And thes were the best preestes
rixt so the comoun peple
God hath dispois,
to laboren for holi chirche
and lordshipis also.
A! for-writhen serpent,
thi wyles ben aspied,
with a thousand wrynkels
thou vexed many soules;
thi malice is so michel,
thou maist not for-hele,
but thi venym with vehemens
thou spittist al at ones.
Thou seist we ben confounders
of prelates and of lordes;
but, Jakke, bi my lewté,
lowde thou lyest;
for telle me, bi oure counseile
what lord hath ben confoundid?
or what prelat of ony pepil
put in ony peril?
But sith that wickide worrne,
Wyclif be his name,
began to soye the seed
of cisme in the erthe,
sorowe and shendship
hath awaked wyde,
in lordship and prelacie
hath growe the lasse grace.
Jak, thou seist with symonye
the seven sacramentes we sellen,

that ever rose on grounde;
and the best messes song,
not lettyng hem her labour.
But suche bolde beggyng hatid thai
in worde and werke.
and preien for no men
but ʒif thei willen paign.
God wote, Jakke, thou sparist
here the sothe,
and, er we departen us asoundre,
it shal wel be shewid.
But oon is the sacrament
that we han to dispensen
off penaunce to the peple
whan nede askith.
I trowe it be thi paroche preest,
Jacke, that thou meenest,
that nyl not hosel his parischens
til the peny be paied,
Thne assoilen hem of her synne
withouten schrift silver.
Jakke, of thi foli
thou feynest fiʃe erores,
and ʒit ben ther but foure
foundid in the lawe,
ffalsly as thou seist
and soone shal be distroied.
Jakke, thi lewid prophecie
I preise not at a peese.
Somme fantasie of Fiton

¶ Dawe, thou spekist proundely,
apechyng oure prestes;
bot of oon thyng am I certen,
that ben lasse evel than ʒe.
Ffor alle if thai synne oft,
as it is wel knowen,
ʒit the gronde that thai have
is playnly Cristis religion.
And thowʒ thai straye oft therfrə,
ʒit mowe thai com to grace.
Bot ʒe han left that gronde,
hath marrid thi mynde;
thou prophete of Baal,
 thi God is aslepe;
the goodnesse of the grost
may not liʒten upon thee.
Whi presumyst thou so proudli
to prophecie these thingis?
and wost no more what thou blaberest
than Balames asse.
Thou mayntenist in thi mater
that matrimony thus we marre;
but this arowe shal turne aʒen
to him that it sent,
for thou and thi secte,
sothli ʒe schenden,
in as moche as ʒe may,
the sacramentis seven,
and reles of synne
and grauntyng of grace,
and Cristis bitter passioun
ʒe sette not at an haywe.
Who marrith more matrimonie,
ʒe or the freris,

and ʒour patron bothe.
Ffor as the prophetes of Aćhab
wer multiplied in many,
and by oon holy prophet
were thai alle destried,
so the chirche is cropun now
to multitude of cursid men,
whiche of sadde bileve
most nede be destried.
Bot I prayse nother prestes ne thee,
for ʒour assent in symonye.
With wrenches and wiles
wynnen mennes wyves,
and maken hem scolers
of the newe scole,
and reden hem her forme
in the lowe chaier?
To maken hem profit in your lawe
thei rede your rounde rollis,
and callen hem forth her lessouns
with, "Sister, me nedith."
Jak, thou seist that we bilden
the castels of Caym.
It is Goodis hous, oold schrawe,
that we ben aboute,
to mayntenem his servauntis
to singe and to reden,
and bidden for the peple,
as we ben beholden.
Clerkis sein that Salomon
made a solempe temple,

—I Daw, I have askid questiones
of thee and of thi freres;
but that I lied oones ouȝt
knewe I me not gily,
sfor Goddis lawe forbethis this
in many place, I wene.
And thow? I be Jak Uplonde,
ȝit drede I Goddis lawe.
Bot I suppose thi secte tristith
so meche in her habites,
that thai kun lye of custom,
as Peter prophecith of hem,
_Fuerunt pseudo-prophetae in populis, magistri mendaces, etc._
Bot to lie thus playnly and openly on men,
And it was it bot figure
of oure newe chirche,
that ech holus hous that Crist
him self in dwellith.
Jak, thou seist ful serpentli,
and sowdiours us thou callist,
sette for oure sutilte
in Anticristis vanunwarde.
Crist in the gospel
reheresith a rewle,
how ech man shal be knownun
oonli bi his werkes;

3e count it not synne,
as 3our wordes shewen;
3our freers ben taken alle day
with wymmen and wifes,
bot of 3our privye sodomye
spake I not 3ette.
Bot lat see, Dawe, if thou,
or any lyer of thin ordre,
can preve this on oun of hem
that clepest my secte,
and sincerly shalle thou have
of me an hundrith pounde.

Daw, thou leggist Salomon
for 3our hie houses;
bot olde holy doctours
ben azen thee here,
and specialy Jerom,
that saith in the lawe,
who wil allege the temple
for glorie of our chirche,
fforsake he to be cristen, Jak,
and be he newe a Jewe.

VOL. II.
and if we were founden
on Anticristis side,
oure werkes shulden shewen,
J Acke, ful soone.
The werkes of Anticrist
pursuen oure blyve,
so do the disciplis
of zour soris secte,
shending the sacramentes,
salve to oure soris.
Who tytheth bot z e
the anet and the mente,
sterching zour faces,
to be holden holi,
blaunchid graves
ful of dede bones,
wanderynge weder-cokkes,
with every wynd waginge;
the spiritis of the devel
mateyn zoure tokenys,
thourz quenching of torches in zou tayl-ende

---

12 γ. 2 Gloria episcopi.
Ffor sith the pore lorde, he saith,
halowed his pore chirche,
take z e Cristes crosse, he saith,
and counte we delices claye.
Daw, blaberere and blynde leder,
thowg thou bigile symple hertes
with thi gildyn glose,
and with thi costly houses,
thou bigilest not Jak
with zour thevishe logges.
Unde in evangelio, vos autem fecistis eam
speluncam latronum.
The reply of Friar Daw Topias, etc.

"Ye resseyve your wisdom;
youre preching is perilouse,
it poiseneth sone,
as honyed venym
it crepit in swot.
Jah, in the Apocalypse
ful pertli zo be peintid,
whan the seven angels
blowun there seven trompis,
to warne Anticristis meyne
of our Lordes comyng,
with her sterne stormes
astonye al the erthe,
reve men of her rest,
and ferli hem afece.
The first angel with his blast
he noith ful sore,
hayl and fier he myngit with blood
he sendith to the erthe,
by the tokenyng that your preching, Jah,
makith obstinat hertis.
Your daiauncie inducit
ire and envie.
Who ben more Fariseis
than hinderers of soulis,

Topias, thou writist me
to be a lewed man;
bot lewed men prechen not,
as thou canst saye,
bot if the list to lye.
Bot I wot thou saist thus,
by vertuouse prestes;
bot thai ben ful bisie
to edifie the chirche,
the which in her interpretacion
division ben callid;
and your teching in an hour
wil breke mo love-daies,
than 2e mowe brynge togidere
vij. 3ere after.
The seconde aungel wit his blast
smytith with drede,
and an huge hill is sent adoun
into the salt water;
the thridde party of creaturis
ben bitter therof,
ffor Sathanas by your sawes
is sent into soulis,
that ben ful unsavery,
and saltid by synne.
The bitternesse of your bacbityng
brewith many bales.
The thridde angel sent doun
a sterre from heven,
bremli brennynge as a broud,
wermode it was callid;
wermode, Jak, moost verreli
was Wiclif, your maister,
withinne in his begynnynge
litht lemed he by cunnynge,

that the multitude of you
han allemost destried.
Ffor the gospel saith,
_Surgent multi pseudo-prophete._
Bot of hem ben fewe,
and greetly dispiside;
and of you ful many,
and ever tho mo the worse.
but aftir with wrong wrytyng
he wrouȝte mykil care,
and presumynge perilously
foul fel fro the chirche,
missaverynge of the sacrament,
infecTYng many other.
Thus brenneth he ðit as a bronde,
consumyng many soulis,
that in her hard obstinacy
grown schides of helle.
Maximine ne Maniché neveere
wrouȝten more wrake.
Therfore from wele is he went,
and woo mote him wrynge.
The iiiij° aungel with his blast
smytith riȝt smerte;
the iiij. party of the sonne
with dymmenes is dirked,
off the moone and of the sterres,
and of the day also;
and the egle in the cyre
thries we / wescheth.

Me meravelith, Daw, thou darst thus lie
on suche a gret clerke,
and in hys tyme knowen wel
a vertuouse man,
of riche and pore
that hym tho knewe.
But thou, as blynde Bayarde,
berkest at the mone,
as an olde mylne dog
when he hygynith to dote.
Bot wel I wot thi baffydynɡ,
lye thou never so lowde,
may not mensue thiȝt seint,
that lyved and tauȝt so truly,
Quia dignus est operari misericordiam.
POLITICAL POEMS.

The sonne is holy chirche,
and lordship the moone,
the sterres ben the comuns,
as I seid biforn,
and alle these ben alured
to 3oure sory secte;
and summe of ech of these astate
ben pryly apoisond.
Therfore thries 3eo!
is manassid upon 3ou,
ffor three manere of synnes
that comunly 3e use;
3e for enuye, 3e for ipocrisie,
and 3e for 3our leccherie.
Whan the first angel blew,
ther was a pit open,
ther rose smotherying smoke,
and brese therinne,
alle thei weren lich horses
araied into bataile,
thei stongen as scorpion,
and hadden mannis face,
tothed as a lioun,
with haburjouns of iren.
This pitte is the depnes,
Jak, of 3our malice;
the smothering smoke
is 3our dymme doctrine,
that flieth out from the flawmes

††I drede me, Dawe, the sentence,
of whiche the prophet spekith,
shal faile bevy on thin hede,
and many of thi brether.
\textit{Vae vobis qui dicitis bonum malum et malum bonum.}
Ffor alle trwe sentence,
of the develis malice,  
that troublith and blindith  
the iżen of mannis resoun.  
The breses ben not ellis  
but Anticristis menye,  
with short legges before  
and longe bhiinde;  
the which pretenden first  
mekenesse of herte,  
and aftir rysyng to arrogaunce,  
disdeynynge al other.  
That ze ben lyke scorpions,  
signefieth not ellis,  
but that ze flateren aform,  
and venym easten bhiinde.  
Ze ben also lich horses  
redy into bateil,  
by woodnesse and foolhardinesse  
for heresie to dien.  
Ze ben tothed as lyoun  
by stynkyng detraccion.  
Zour haburjons that ze han upon,  
ben cauteles and aleigtes.  
eeh intrikid in other,  
to smarre symple soules;  
but that thei ben of iren,  
obstinacie is shewid,  
ffor the which with Farao  
in helle ze wil be dampned.

that we taken here,  
thou turnest into falsenes,  
that woo shal the bitide;  
ffor to our secte that is Christis  
we drawen bot fewe puple;  
ffor thou and other pseudo
In the siët of aungels blast
foure aungels there were lousid,
the whiche were redye bothe day and nyȝte
men for to noien;
to sleen the ferthe part of men
with fiyr, smoke, and brymstone.
Ffoure angels singncfien
foure general synnes,
sett up bi sir Adam, Jakke,
among ȝour maistris,
cediciouns, supersticiouns,
the glotouns, and the proude.
Poerte preamblis to presse
afore Anticristis conyng,
to sleen the thridde party of men
with ther deadly dartis
off envie, pride,
and lechry styngynge.
Ffor sum ben perfit, sum ben yvel,
sum ben unstable;
the perfit wole not ben hirt,
the yvel ben al redy,
but thei that ben unstable
resseyven the strokes,
and thei ben clepid the thridde part
of hem that ben dede.
The seventhe angel blew his trumpe,
and noise in heven was made,
that the kyngdom of this world
shulde falle to Cristis hondis;
betokenyng that thouz Anticrist,
with his myzti meyne,
shulde for a short tyme
by tirantrie intrusyve,
zi
t shal God gader his fok togider,
and rengne without eende.
Jaky, thus to dubby with scripture,
me thinkith grete folie;
ffor as lwed am I as thou,
God wote the sothe,
I know not an a
from the wynd-mylne,
†ne a b from a bole foot,
I trowe, ne thi sylf nother;
and ziit for al my lwedhed,
I can wel undirstonde
that this preyv processe
perteneth to zour secte,
and we as giltles therof,
as zez of Cristis blesyng.
It ar ze that stonden biforn,
in Anticristis vauwarde,
and in the myddil and in the rerewarde,
ful bigly enbatailid.

¶ Homo apostata, vir inutilis, graditur ore perverso.
Dawe, thou hast lizt conscience,
thus frynaly to deme;
ffor here thou dannest men to helle
without any condicion.
Whe have leve of scripture
to deme after mennes werkes,
but for to deme as thou dost,
is to robbe God of his power;
The devel is your duke,
and pride berith the baner;
wraththe is your gunner,
envie is your archer,
your coveteise castith fer,
your leccherie brennith,
glotony giderith stickes therto,
and sleuth the myneth the wallis,
malice is your men of armes,
and trecherie is your aspie.
Thus semith that ze more than we
be Anticristis frendis.
Jak, of perfite pacience holilich
holy chirehe thou me prechist,
to kep it if I will sitte
on Cristis owne side;
but, good Jak, herdist thou evere
how judicare cam into crede?
no more skil thou canst of paciens, Jak,
so God me spede,
ffor thi schrcude herte and he
ben as afere asundir
as Lucifer is from heven,
and Gabriel from helle,
the which, as many man suposis,
shal nevere mete togider.

ffor the apostil saith,
Noli ante tempus judicare, quoadusque veniat
Dominus.
Lilil wondir thowz lordis myssetyme,
that han suche confusours.
Quia si cacus cecum ducat, ambo in forveam
cadunt.
Thou saist thou knowist no lettre here,
as if thou wer noo clerke.
To take a clerke as it shuld be,
On old Englis it is said,
unkissid is unknowun,
and many men spok of Robyn Hood,
and shotte never in his bowe.

Now, Jak, to thi questions,
needes me moste answer,
altho' they wanten sentence
and good thrift bothe.

Which is the moost perfite ordre,
Jakke, thou askist,
and how many ordres
ther ben in erthe.

Off what ordre art thou, frere,
and who made thin ordre?
iff thou wilt have the higuest ordre,
seke it in heven,
in the blessid Trinite
that fourmed us alle,
where flowith the Sunne from the Fadir,
the Holigost from hem bothe;
noon gretter in degré,
no more perfite than other,
but the ordre that there is,
is in her proceeding;
and if we comen lower,
there finde we holy angels,

after his undirstondyng,
than sayst thou here more trwly
than in any other place.
Clark is als meche to mene,
as of the sort of God,
and so thou previst thi self non suche,
if thou loke rísit,
but a liere apostata,
with alle his other partes.
stablid in iiij. ierarchiés,
dividid in ordres nyne.
Seraphin he is the sovereynest,
in charité he brennith;
and of al ordris in erte
y holde preesthood the hiȝest,
that han the principal partis of men,
and kingis han the bodies;
and this is the popes decreé
in comoun lawe.

†But peraunter, Jak, thou menest
of religious ordre,
of templeres, hospitalers,
chanouns, monkes, and freres,
Jak, in this mater,
loke seint Thomas bokes,
and thei shal thee techen

†Daw, dirt, thou claterist meche of orderis
of angèleys in heven,
bot lykkyyn not thes to thin ordre,
ne thin ordre to hem;
for that ben ordened of God,
there withouten synnes;
and thin is ordened of man,
with many roten rites;
and so as the prestes of Bel
stale undir the awter,
to bigile the kyng,
to thefly cache here lyfode,
so ye forge ȝour falsed
undir ȝdil yprocrisie,
to bigile the puple,
both the pore and riche;
as the prestes fayned that Bel
cete the kynges sacrifiše,
so ȝour wikkid wynnyng
ȝe saye wirchipith God.
and enfourme at the fulle.
How many ordris ther ben
can I not telle,
but if y cowde calcyn
al manere kyndes,
ffor to loken how many kyndes
cure Lord hath yfourned.
But evermore betwene two and two, Jak,
thou shalt fynden ordre.
Off what ordre I am,
and who made myn ordre,
Jakke, fast thou fraynest,
and fayn woldist wite.
¶ I am of Cristis ordre, Jak,
and Crist made myn ordre,
ensample in the gospel,
in many sondry place,
ffor who tauzte obedience,
chastiti, and poverté?
Hopist thou not it was Crist,
and ffulfillid in him sifl,
in which ech religion
perfitli is groundid,
reversynge the soorie synnes

¶ 3it, Daw, in this mater,
thou broylist up many lesynges,
ffor grounde of thin ordre
not groundid in the gospel;
ffor see thes thre vertues
whiche thou here rehersist,
flaylen in thin ordre
weyny in every persone.
Ffor in obedience and chastite,
and poverté also,
3e folowen more Anticrist
notid of the postle,
lust of sleich and lust of iże,
and pride inoure lyvynge.
On this three, Jak, by my ewté,
is groundid al your colege.
If I breke myn ordre,
I breke Goddis lawe,
and if I be punishid for that oon,
I am punishid for that other.
Bot the contrarie of this, Jak,
thou falsly afernest.
If any religiouen be more perfít,
than techith seint Jame, Jacke boy,
either more apprved of God,
ayne thou woldist witen.
If I seie thee, thou askist
where it is foundid ;
and if y nayt seie not that thou seist,
thus thou proceidist.
Thou seist that I contrarie
Cristis owne rewles,
bidinge ȝeve to be pore
in peyne of damnacion,
and we piken from the pore and riche

than Jhesu Crist our Lorde.
ȝe ben more obedient
to ȝoure owne reules,
than to the reules of Crist
groundid in lawes.
And as to chastité of body,
ȝe broken it ful oft ;
bot chastité of soule,
forseyng Crist our spouse,
syor ȝe ben apostatas,
gon bak fro holi chirche.
al that we may geten.
Jak, thou shewist sikirli,
what scole thou hast ben inne,
of sultee of arguyng
me thinkith thi brayn ful thinne.
Go gree a shoep undir the taile,
that semeth the beter
than with sotil silogismes
to parbrake thi witt.
Jack, in James pistles
al religioun is groundid,
ffor there is maad mencion
of two perfitt lyves,
that actif and contemplatif
comounli ben callid,
ffulli figurid by Marie
and Martha bir sister,
by Peter and bi Joon,
by Rachel and by Lya.
Thes lyves ben groundid in charite
by diverse degrees,
by men of professiouns
makyng sundri religiouns,
and evident ensaunple
moun techen us the waye.

Initium omnis peccati apostare a Deo.
As to verrei povertye,
who that wil right loke,
ße ben the most covetouse
of alle men in erthe,
ffor with symonye and begrye,
and sellyng of shrift,
ße pillen bothe gret and smal,
and prise hem of bileve
Avaritia, quod est idolorum servitia.
¶ For sum fleen from the world,
and closen hem sylf in wallis,
and steken hem in stones,
and litil wole thei spaken,
to fleen sych occasiouns
as foly wole fynden;
and these we clepen ancres
in the comoun speche.
Also in contemplacion
there ben many other
that drawen hem to disert,
and drye myche peyne;
by eerbis, rootes, and fruyte lyven,
for her Goddis love;
and this manere of folk
men callen heremytes.
The thridde degree there is,
not for to be dispised,
off sych as ben gaderid
in coventis togidere;
off the which men spekith
David in his psalmis,
sith he seith how merie it is
to dwelle togidere;

¶ Dawe, thou ratelst many thynges,
bot grounde hast thou non;
ffor where groundist thou in Goddis lawe
to close men in stones,
bot if it were wode men,
or giloures of the puple?
Sith alle that is not groundid
smacchith grete synne;
bot if þe taken as þe usen
arseworde this gospel,
the which for worldly combraunce
kepen in cloistris,
on hert and on soule
havyng with the apostlis;
and this clepe we monasticale,
that kendlly is knowun.
Mo, Jak, in contemplacion
ther be diverse degrees;
and after that charité growth in hem,
the more is her mede.
Off actif lyf y shulde thee tellen,
yf that y hadde tyme,
and shewen how men by charité ben holden
to helpe her bretheren;
somme with paynymes for to fiȝte,
oure feith to defende;
somme for to make purvyauce
for seke and for pore;
somme for to preche to the puple
aftir her synne askith;
and somme in bothe lyves
laboren full soore,
liche unto the angels
in Jacobus ladder.

Non potest civitas abscondi super montem posita;
ellis, neque accendunt lucernam et ponunt eam sub modio.
Or wher syndist thou, Dawkyn,
that men shulden kille her brether?
Sith Crist, our aller duke,
broust us verrei pees,
bout if there be of the rancs
that ran fro Anticristis nose,
Pacem relinquuo vobis, pacem meam do vobis.
VOL. II.
See now, Jak, thi silf,
how these bothe lyves
opinli ben expressid
in the epistle of James:
cleen religioun it is, he seith,
to visite the widewis,
the fadirles and the modirles,
to actif lyf expressid,
and undefoulid us to kep
from al worldly werkes.
Byhold of contemplacioun
opinli he spekith;
so this may be resonably
the conclusioun of my tale,
that no religion more is
than techith sent Jame.

Jak, thou seist we piken
from the pore and from the riche,
and not 3even azenward,
that thei ben nedy;
that almes is pykyng,
y fynde it in thi boke,
and I herde it nevere aforn
in no maner scripture.
But if alwey pikers, Jak,
thou wolt us maken,
ther we piken but seely pans,
thi secte pikith poundis.

Touchynge this pagyn, Dawe,
th'i lesynges ben ful rif;
sfor her thou spekist of tvey lyves,
and 3e don nother wel,
sfor Martha groundid hir labour
fully in Goddis lawe,
so may not 3e 3our beggyng,
ne 3our castelles nouther.
THE REPLY OF FRIAR DAW TOPIAS, ETC. 67

What we ȝeven to the pore,  
it nedeth not thee to telle;  
for almes-dede shul be hid,  
and sweten in thi hondis.  
Whi, bi mannes mariaghe,  
ȝe ben weddid to ȝour abitis  
wele harder than worldly men  
ben weddit to her wyves,  
which thei mowe levee and lete go  
as longe as him list.  
Jak, for siche manere scole  
ȝe cacchen Cristis curse,  
so freli to mayntenen  
Manichës errours,  
to make men breke her matrimonye,  
and levee her wyves,  
and whanne the good man is oute,  
playe hey god rode.  
Jak, to ȝoure abite  
be we not weddid  
more than eny preest is  
weddid to his coroun,  
that is over grown with heer,  
and he preest nevere the lesse;  
or ellis shulde every barbour  
make newe preestes.  
Rȝt so ȝoure clothis maken us  
not men of religion,

But of contemplacion  
ȝe usen not bot as foxes;  
so in this ȝe leven Crist  
Martha and Marie both.  
As touchyng ȝiftes to pore men,  
ȝe pike that thai shulde have,  
bothe of gode and faiþe of soule,  
I, Jak, can see non other.
but oonli oure profession
byndith us to the stake;
and so apostasie
mowen we maken in oure soule,
liche men of religion
abidinge in oure abitis.
If Sathanas were transfigurid
into his former farinessse,
trowist thou he were ouȝt ellis
but a damnd aungel?
and so not for the leyynge of oure clothis
we be not punishid,
but because it bitokeneth
forsakyng of oure reule;
and, Jacke, no more than thi sadil
makith thin hors a mere,
no more makith oure abitis
monkes ne freiris.
Jak, of oure presciouse clothis
fast thou carpist,
the which ben so fyne
that noman werith better.
Every man may perseyve apertli,
Jakke, that thou liest.
Were we no sendal ne satyn,
ne goldun clothis,
and these passen in presciouseitee
many foold ouris.

_Penis egentium vita pauperis est; qui defraudat
eum, homo sanguinis est._
We can not make'mariaige, Dawe,
ne pursue no divorce;
we wynne not meche money with thes,
as thi secte doth ful oft.
_Quod Deus conjunxit, homo non separat._
But if my cloth be over presciouse, Jakke, blame the werer; sfor myn ordre hath ordeyned al in good mesure. Thou axist me, Jacke, of my grete hood, what that it meneth, my scapelerie and my wide cope, and the knottide girdil. ¶ What meenith thi tipet, Jakke, as longe as a stremer, that hangith longe bhindre, and kepith thee not hoot? an hool cloth of scarlet may not make a gowne; the pokes of purchase hangen to the erthe, and the cloth of oo man myte hele half a doseyne. Why is thi gowne, Jakke, widder than thi cote, and thi cloke al above as round as a belle, ¶ I praiso not, Dawe, the stremerre that thou herof spokest; bot of suche wide clothing, tateris and tagges, it hirthth myn hert hevylly, I wil that thou it wite. Bot ȝour ypocrisie habit, to whiche ȝe ben harde weddid, doth more harm than thes, bi thes two skilles; oon for the colore, that signifieth sadnes, whan ȝe ben most unstedfast of any folk in erthe; another for ȝour diformed shap,
sith taille my3te serve
to kepe thee from coold?
Jak, answere thou to that oon,
and I shal to that other.
My grete coope that is so wiid,
signeifieth charité,
that largeli longith to be sprad
to sibbe and to frende,
figurid in the faire cloith
of Salomons table,
and bi wedding garnement
that Crist hadde at his feeste.
My greet hood behynde,
shapun as a sheeld,
suffraunce in adversitee
sothely it scheweth,
herbi to resyve repref
for oure Goddis sake;
or ellis bisynesse of oure feith
it may wel bitokene,
whiche that þe Lollardes
constreyne 3ou to distroie.

that signifieth 3our holines;
so if it be soth
that þe therof saye,
it wold with litil help
make an ape a seint.
The tipet is a comyn reule,
if it be not superfue,
and so it doth gode
to bynde a mannes hede;
bot 3our misse shapen shelde
bibile at 3our shulderes,
blowith 3our ypocrisie,
and blyndith many foles.

Genimina viperarum, quis demonstravit vobis fugere
a ventura ira.
The scaplarie also
that kevereth the schuldris,
it bitokeneth boxumenesse
dewe unto oure prelatis,
and boxomly bere burthuns
that they wole leyen upon us.
Off the knottide girdel
knowe I no mysterie;
therfore what it meeneth
axe frere menours.
But, Jacke, amonge oure chateryng,
ʒīt wolde I wite,
whi that the Lollardis
weren moost greye clothis;
I trowe to shewe the colour
that signefieth symplenesse,
and withinne, seith Crist,
ʒe ben ravenous wolves.
Whi, seist thou, holde we more scilence
in oon hous than another,
sith over al a man is holden
for to seie the goode?
To thi lewde question
Salomon thus answerith,

Est tacens sciens tempus apti temporis, et
homo sapiens tacet usque ad tempus; tem-
pus tacendi, tempus loquendi; et iterum,
Sicut urbs patens et absque murorum am-
bitu, ita qui in loquendo non potest co-
hibere spiritum suum.

ʒīt, Dawe, me thynkith thou usist
thi customale condicion,
thou hast so lerned to lye,
thou kanst not leve werk,
but ʒīt I am gladde
thou groundist the on the gospel:
Thus perfite scilens
by scripture is approved.
Jakke, if thou undirstonde no Latyn,
go to thi paroche prest,
and undir zow bothe, with Goddis grace,
marrin ze wolen ful yvele.
Whi also ete we no fleish
in every hous iliche,
but chesen theerto an hous,
and leeven another?
Jak, if every hous were honest
to ete fleish inne,
than were it honest
to ete in a gonge.
Whi is not thi table sett
in thi cow-stalle?
and whi etist thou not in thi shipun
as wele as in thin halle?
But al is good ynowz for thee,
where that evere thou sittist.
Whi with not thi cow make
myry weder in thi dish?
But, Jacke, in this mater
appose thou the monkes;

Diabolus est audax, et pater ejus.
The secte that thou seggist of;
I wot, is Jhesu Cristis,
tellen litil by clothing,
bot now oon now other;
thouʒ thou accuse the menours
have I not to do,
bot wel I wot ze ben alle drawn
in oo maner draggee.
Lewe Dawe, whi laist thou forthe
so many blunt resones?
for Salomon spekith not of silence
for thei kepen this serimonie
more streiter than freris.
Moreover thou mevest,
Jak, another mater;
if oure patrouns be perfit,
and oure reule also,
whi renne we to Rome,
to be assoilid of the oth
that we han maad,
and be popis freris?
Jak, summe rennen to Rome,
but mo ther ben at hoom,
and dewli done her dever
aftir that thei han chosen;
and that the Lollardis
forthinken ful soore.
Ze wolden that there where oon lesse,
ze zave nevere tale,
that ze myzten have zour reyke
and prechen what zou list,
and with zour privy pestilence
enpoisoun the peple.
Jak, that Judas was a shrowe,
what was Crist the worse?
and so that summe ben exempt,

propirde to an house,
bot of silence in iche place
in tyme and in resoun.
Bot the cursid ymocrisie
of etynge of zour fleshe,
shuld iche man despise
for zour rotun rewle,
and so thes similitudes,
with thes soluciones,
ben not worth the
the devellis dirt, Dawe.
and rennen to your ritis,
and summe bi apostasie
ben Sathanas servauntis,
whi shulde owre patrouns
be ever the lasse perfit?

"Fferther more whi make ze zou
as men dede?
" sith in begginge ze ben as quic
" as ben ony other,
" and unsemeli it is
" to see deed men begge."

Jak, me thinkith thou lernedist newere
of Poulis pistlis,
whiche in a fewe shorte wordes
answerith to thi sentence,

*Quasi morientes et ecce vivimus; glossa, quasi morientes, i. de vitio in vitium secundum opinionem aliquidum, et ecce vivimus in bonis operibus in rei veritate.*

So thouz we ben deed to the world,
after thin opynyon,
žit is oure soule in the bodi
and grace in the soule.

"Whi," seist thou, "suffre ze not your children

---

Daw, thi wordes ben many,
and ever medled with venym;
ffor aženes gode men
strecche Jus malice,
ne non of thilk Cristis secte
that myn callist,
bot aženes heritikes,
bosteres and lieres,
whiche han chosen hem a reule
with blaberes of Baal;
and žit shal tyde the tyme
when Josie shal regne,
"to come into your conseil,  
"if it be good and able,  
"and alter Goddis lawe?"

A, Jak, mafe, me merveilith moche  
of thin lewidheed!

Herdist thou never how Crist was  
transfigurid in the hil,  
and ther to his privyte he chees  
but three apostlis,  
forbedinge hem to telle  
that conceil any ferther,  
and so were there nyne  
fro that conceil refusid.  
Crist also took to him  
alle his twelve apostlis,  
and tretide of his passioun  
in rīt privy manner,  
and the rude peple that folowiden  
knewe no thing therof.  
Shal we, Jak, therfore seie  
his conceil was not able,  
suspect and not good  
conformd to Goddis lawe.  
Another cause resonable

and make an ende of suche sendes,  
and Cristis reule shal renue.  
See, Jammes and Mambres  
japid not so the kyng,  
as thou with thi cursed secte  
the kyng and the peuple.  
Attendite a falsis prophetis, qui veniunt ad vos  
in vestimentis ovium.  
I til thee, Daw, without dout,  
thes wordes ben said of 3ou,  
with other pregnant prophecies  
of Peter and of Poule.
me thinkith I can telle,
for councell owith to be kept
and not to be clatrid;
and children ben ay clatringe,
as thou wel knowest.
Another skil may be groundid
of Salomons sawis;
to him he seith that is wiis
it longith to kepe conceil;
and children ful seldom
ben foundun wiis.
Jak, wolt thou telle thi knave
as myche as thi wyf?

¶ Forthermore thou spekest
of oure costli houses;
thou seist it were more almes
to helpen the nedy,
than to make siche housynge
to men that ben deede,
to whiche longith but graves
and mornynge housis.
Jak, is not a man beter
than a rude best?

3it makist thou to thi sheep a shepen,

¶ Daw, thou laborist fast
to lede thi self to helle,
and blyndist many lowde foles
with thi stynking brethe;
for bi this apis argument
that thou here now ratelis,
he that drynkith a quart wyne
most nedis drynk a galon.
Bot aȝen house in mesure, Dawe,
græche I riȝt nouȝt;
and thouȝ thou saye a scorne,
a shepe house I have,
and to thi hors a stable;
and many a pore man ther is
that hath noon hillyng,
but onely heven is his hous,
the bestes stond kevered.
Whi housca thou not pore men
as wele as thi beestis?
Take hede to sumwhat
that is seid biforn,
and thou answere to my question,
answer to thin owne.
Thou carpist also of oure coveitise,
and sparist the sothe;
thou seist we ben more ryal
than ony lordis.
Coventis have wee noon, Jack,
but cloysters we ben callid,
ffoundid afor with charite,
or that he were flemyd;
but sith entride envie,
and renyd hath our houses,
that unnethes the hillinge
hangith on the sparres;
and sit thou thinkist hem over good,
yvel fare thou therfore!

that hath more grounde in Goddis lawe
than alle 3our Caymes castelles;
I thank God, I beldid it
with trwe bygeten gode.
Bot 3e 3oures with boggery,
bargenyng and robberye;
flor grounde have thai non,
bot if it be here.

Non habemus hic manentem civitatem. Et idem, Va
qui edificatis civitatem in sanguinisbus. Et, Va
qui conjugatis domum ad domum.
Jak, where saw thou ever frene houses, thourout the rewme, liche in ony rialte to the Toure of Londoun, to Wyndesore, to Wodestoke, to Wallingforde, to Shene, to Herforde, to Eltham, to Westmynster, to Dover? How maist thou for rebukying lye so lowde, to saye that oure covetise passith the lordes? But so longe, by my leute, thou hast lerned to lyen, that thi tongue is letteroun of lyes, thou lettest for no shame.

¶ We leten, thou seist, to lymytours al this rewme to ferme, as that we were welders and lordes of alle. Unsikir thing sothli it were to sette to ferme, and fooles were the fermenres to taken it to tax.
I trowe thou menys the pardonystres of seint Thomas of Acres, of Antoun, or of Runcevale,

¶ 3it, Dawe, thow3 thou accusest pardoneres that ben fals, thou lovest lesse a trwe prest than thou dost hem alle, ffor thai gon heere 3ou apostatas in gilyng of the puple. Bot that 3e ferme to limitours, it maye be denied,
that rennen so fast aboute;
for of the kynges rewme
have we no more astate,
than thou hast of paradis,
or of the bliss of heven,
for the which y trowe thou maist
of hasilwode singe.

Why, seist thou, paye 3e to no taliage
to oure cristen kyng,
sith Crist paiede tribut
to the hethene emperour?
Jak, of no dewte ne of no dette
paide Crist noo tribute;
but oonliche of mekenesse
performynge the lawe,
and for to fleen occasioun
of affirward apechinge,
whan that afore Pilat
he shuld be forjugid.
But affir the scripture,
preesthode shulde not paien
to tax ne to taliage
with the comun peple.
For whan the folk of Israel
were put undir servage,
Pharao suffride preestes
in her former fredome
to be saved and susteyned

lye thou never so lowde,
and therto sette a sele,
bote thus with many fals meenes
opprese the cuntrees.
Bot as to payng of tribut,
as Crist hym self did,
thou lykniest 3ou to Pharoes,
of the comoun store.
But now is the compleynyt
of Jeremye trewe,
the prince of provynces
sugette is under tribute.
Not for thanne the comun lawe
may wel suffren,
that preesthode may paye
bi assent of prelatis,
sireli of her owne wille
no thing constreynede,
and thus prelatis and persouns
aftir her state,
ben stended to paien
what that nede askith;
but neither freres ne annuellers,
save now late.
God woot, it worshipith not
to beggen of beggers.
Off lettris of brotherhood
also, Jak, thou spekist,
and wounders that we wynnen noon
of pore men and of preestis;
and ʒit ʒe desiren that every man
shulde have ʒour;
of pore mennes preieris
to be parteners we wolden,
and of her lettris and of her sele,
if autentike thei weren.

and so ʒo ben and wero.
ʒenes Cristes paying
and alle other mekenes,
thou autorisest ʒour pride,
ʒenes his holi werkes.

Qui non est mecum, contra me est; et qui non
colligit mecum, dispersit.
But of your preestis pater-nosters
we desiren noon,
for comunliche her blake bedes
thei delen to freris;
but thei shale cleve unto thi chekes,
and Cristis curse also,
as wysly as we holde us
not more perfitt than ony other,
ne non suffragies selle
for a certeyn bi ʒere,
ne maken men more perfitt
than her blessid baptism;
for prayer may not satylyn
but oonliche on them alle,
and so that gilden trentels
that thou spekist of,
that now is purchasid of preestis
out of freris hondis,
delyverith noo soule
out of the peyne of helle,
ne purgen may of purgatory,
but as it is deserved.
Ffor charité is the mesure
that demeth that meyné.
Also thou seist, Jak,
that we men enfornen
that oure holy abite
shulde helpen men fro helle,

¶ Dawe, I seide first to thee
oon of thi groundes was eirsyng,
whare autorisist thou this lewde . . .
answere nowe.
Thi resones ben a staf of rede
that liȝtly persen the honde,
I mervel that thou, a clerk,
and nameliche tho that be
beried therinne;
and Cristis clothis dide not so,
ne noon of the apostlis.
Jak, that frere was over lewed
that lernede the this lessoun,
or on thi ficol fantasie
thou faynest this fable.
Ffor Austyns ne prechours
proponen no siche pointis.
Whether the Carmes of her copes
mayntenen siche an errorr,
or whether saint Fraunce
hath geten to his habite
that vertu be his grace,
witterly me ne wote.
But wel I wote that Cristis cloith
helide a womman
ffrom the longe fluxe of blood,
as the gospel tellith;
but his prodestinacion
may onlich save soulis,
and his prevy presciens
may dampe whom him list.
Jak, fethermore of femony
thou felly us enpechest,
of stelyng of children,

blaberist thus blyndely.
Thou takest comynly no grounde
of Crist ne of his lawe,
bot apr . . . . the pope
as if he were thi God,
or of other fantasies
that han no grounde hem self;
to drawe hem tooure sectis.
To tille folk to God-ward,
I holde it no theft,
but if thou calle Crist a theef,
that dide the same,
sayyng to the riche man,
" Go and selle thi goodis,
" and zif hem to the pore,
" zif thou wolde be perfite;
" and afterward folowe me,
" and be my disciple."
And in the same gospel
se what he seith also:
" Whoso forsaketh not
" his fadir and his modir,
" his sone and his douztir,
" his sistir and his brother,
" his lond and his tenementes,
" and him selven also,
" he nys not worthi
" to ben my folower."
And to his twelfe chosen
eftsoones he seide,
" Behold, from the world
" I have chosen zou alle,
" that ze gon and beren fruyte,
" and zour fruyte may dwellyn."

for whi shuld not alle prestes
be meke after Crist,
in payng of tribut
and alle other werkes?
Daw, late thi false glose,
it drivith thee to the devel.
_Benedicite et nolite maledicere._

F 2
And thus to reuen the world,
and spoile him of his persouns,
it ne is no robery,
but Crist approved thefte.
Thou seist also furthermore
that prestis shul not enprisoun,
for it nys not foundid
in al Goddis lawe,
but undermyn bi charité,
and so wynnen her brother,
and zif he wil not be so wonnen,
have him as hethene;

Lo, Dawe, with thi draffe,
thou liest on the gospel;
for Crist said it hym self,
"The vertu passid fro me."
And here thou maist see,
I knowe a b fro a bole fote;
for I cacche thee in lesynges
that thou laist on the gospel.
Bot thus to stele a childe
is a gretter theft,
than to stele an axe,
for the theft is more.
Dawe, for thou saist z e robbe
him fro the worlde;
z e maken hym more worldly
than ever his fadir;
z e, thow z he were a plowman,
lyvyng trwe lyf, ye robbe hym
fro the trwe reule,
and maken hym apostata,
a begger and a sodomit;
for suche thai ben many.

Vae vobis qui facitis unum proselytum! supple, filium
Gehennae duplo quam vos.
THE REPLY OF PRIAR DAW TOPIAS, ETC. 85

and thus bi thin opynyon
no man shulde be enprisound.
But, Jakke, in thi frensy,
thou fonnest more and more,
thou wenyst to make to me a dicææ,
thou fallist thi sïlf therinne.
Fforc if thou pursue thi purpos,
thou assentist thi sïlf in tresoun,
menusynge the kyngis majesté,
privyng him of his power.

¶ For if we taken the gospel
aftir the menyngæ,
nether emperour ne kyng
may honge ne draææ,
heved ne enprisoun,
no haunte no domes,
but al in fair manere
shulen ben undirnomen,
and who wil not amenden him,
æve him the brydil;
and be robberis and revers,
mansleeris and treycours,
and al maner mawfesours
shulden ben unponnishid.
Jak, the pope hath a prisoun,
the bishop of Cantirbury,
and of Londoun also,
and many other bishopis,
by leeve of her kyng;

¶ Daw, I do thee wel to wite,
frenike am I not;
bot it semith thi sotil witte
marrith many man.
Bot how stondith this togedir,
æe sle men in ðour prison?
art thou hardy to seien
it is not Goddis lawe.
But y blame thee not gretli,
thou, thou bere hem hevy;
ffor goldsmythis of thi crafte
ofte haveth hem haunted,
and hit thei shulen ofter,
bi the helpe of heven.
Also thou seist no sacrament
we covetyn ne desiren,
but sh rift and biryng,
that longeth to the peple.
Alas, Jak, for shame!
whi art thou so fals,
ffor to reverse thi silf
in thin owne sawes?
Thou seidist in thi begynnynge,
whan thou seidist of freres,
thei selden seven sacramentes
with Symoundis eyris;
and now that we coveite noon
but the sacrament of shrift.
Ffor beriyng is no sacrament,
but an almes-dede.
Thou jawdewyne, thow jangeler,
how stande this togider,
by verré contradictiecon
thou concluidist thi silf,
and bryngest thee to the mete

ye have your conspiracies,
when ye gode likith,
ye damme the trwe, ye hyen the false,
deme, Dawe, wher this be gode.
And the kyng by his juges trwe
there I wolde have thee.
Who wolde take entent
to suche wrecches wordes,
that nevere more 7eveth tale
to be take with a lesyng?
Whi, axist thou fethermore,
wil we not shryven
ne birien the pore
as wel as the riche,
and do other dedes of almes
done at her nede?
But if we schryve not the pore,
whi ben perssons so wrothe,
and paroche preestes also,
for schryvynge of her paishens?
For every Lenten us æzen
thei aleggén the lawe
of omnis utriusque sexus,
with the favourable glooses.
But, Jak, do thi won,
and lette not to lyene;
I have as leef thy leesing
as thi soth saw.
Ffor who is oonis suspect,
he is half honged.
Thou sesi that we prechen
fallace and fables,
and not Goddis gospel
to good undirstandinge;

execute his lawe,
as he did now late,
when he hangid þou traytours;
wilt thou, Dawe, allegates
compere þou to the kyng,
or to other lorde,
and we ben more holdun therto
than to alle other reulis.
For we wynnen more therwith
than Crist and his apostlis,
what we ben holdun
and wil not forsale.
For moche ofoure lyvyng
is of the gospel;
so dide Poul
and other discipes,
and lyvede of colectis
made generali bi chrichis,
for sustinance of prechours,
and also of the pore.
And if thou leve not me,
loke Poulis pistlis,
and the close therwith,
and there thou shalt fynde it.

Quis, inquit, militat suis stipendiis unquam?
Et iterum, Dominus ordinavit iis qui
evangelium annunciant de evangelio
vivere.

And so to his prechours
Crist also thus seide,

In quacunque domum intraveritis, manele
in eadem edentes et bibentes, etc., dignus
est enim operarius mercede sua. Et ad
Romanos, Probaverunt Macedones et Achaia
collationem facere in pauperes sanctorum
qui sunt in Iherusalem.

that han her grounde in God?
Lefe, folie, thi losengerie,
and studie Cristis lyf.

Quæ conventio Christi ad Belial? Quid communi-
cabit cacabus ad ollam?
Azons that that thou saist that we prechen
but falace and fables,
and leve the gospel
that moste us al save,
loke that every werke is knowen,
plenilli bi his eende,
and so the peple hath the pathes
of feith and of bileve,
and God woote freres prechinge
hath wroght to this ende.

Daw, hou maist thou saye for shame
that Crist stale thus childre,
and Poule beggid as ʒe don,
ʒe lyven bi the gospel?
ʒe, Dawe, ʒe selle derrere
lesynges and poyson,
than ever did Poule
alle his holy writyng;
ever thou likynest ʒou to Crist,
whan ʒe ben verrei Anticrist.
And if bisshopes byside wel to knowe
alle ʒour dedes,
thai founde ʒou worse than harlotes,
or jogulours ether;
for ʒe begge or ʒe preche
many tymes and oft,
somen men and threten hem,
bot if thai ʒif ʒou gode.
Bot the harlot wil drawe
the blode of his arse,
or he ask any gode,
or any rewarde.
And, Dawe, truly ʒour dedes
contrarie Crist.

Mordent dentibus et pradicant pacem, et si quis non
dederit in ore eorum quippiam, sanctificant super
eum prælium.
But 3e han cast cursidly
Cristendome to distroye,
and of Cristis gospel
make Machometis lawe,
ažens whom with opin mouth
other while we romee,
and sum tyme brynge 3ou til a bay
if God wil it graunte.
For this cause 3e calle us
bastard branchis,
pursuyng preestes to prisoun
and to fire also;
†but, Jak, thei ben bastard braunches
that launchen from oure bileue,
and writhyn wrongli away
from holy chirche techinge,
siche beren yvel fruyte
and soure to atasten,
worthi to noon other good,
but in the fire to brenne;
and so for to pursue an heretike
to fire or to prisoun,
I holde it more holsum
than to halewe a chirche,
inprisonynge of the poysen
that morterith many soulis,

†Daw, here thou blaberist togedir
falsenes and trouthe;
sfor a bastarde is he
that holdith aženes the sothe.
God and trwe men discusse
wher that be 3e or I.
Ffor if thou seyst holi chirche
the techynge of Crist,
the reules of apostles,
the lyf of hem alle,
after Cristis doctrine
in the holy gospel.

_Omnis, inquit, arbor quae non fert fructum
bonum, excidetur, et in ignem mittetur._

_Et iterum, Qui non manserit in me, mittetur
foras sicut palmes, et ariscet, et col-
ligent, et in ignem mittetur._

Diseverynge you from the tree
that is Crist him sake.
But how shulden freres
pursue heresie,
and many of hem wite not
what heresie meneth.
Jak, I am not lettered,
but I am frere Dawe,
and can telle wel a fyn
what heresie amounteth;
heresie, that is Gryw,
is divisoun on Latyn,
the whiche in oure langage
meneth sunderyng and partyng.
He thanne that sundrith him
from Crist and his chirsche,
and frely forgith sentences
contrarious to oure feith,
siche manere of forgers
heretikes we callen,
and also her felowis

I summitte me to hem,
and wil wile I lyve.
If thou callist, Dawe,
_your Dominikis reules,
with determinacion
of many false prestes,
holi chirsche, as I wene,
as oft thou hast done,
taken the same name,
and her sory sentences
ben clepid heresies,
but namely when thei ben holdun
of obstinat hertis.
And I shal this mater
more largely declare.
Sixe maner of heretikes
ben foundun in the lawe.
For he is callid an heretike
that rasith our bileve;
and he is callid an heretike
that heresies sowith,
as Arrians, Wyclyfanes,
Sabellyanes, and other;
and the corruptours of scripturis
heretikes ben holdun,
that other wise undirstondin
than the Holi Goost techith.
Also we clepen hem heretikes,
that sacramentis sellyn,
or ben from hem dividid
bi cursynge of the chirche.
He is also an heretike
that doutith our bileve,
and with a litil evydence
goith out of the waye.
And also an heretike

I forsake the for ever,
with this cursid chirche,
Odii ecclesiam malignantium.
If thou purposist to pursuwe
and drawe men to dethe,
I mervel not meche,
for it is thin office.
The fadires of freres,
him shulde we holde
that distrieth privilege
grantid of the pope.
This sise maners
put Hostiensis in his Summe,
and if this sentence be soth,
y can noon other seien,
but thou and thi secte
ben heretikes alle.

Jak, thou spekist furthermore
of messis and of preires,
and askist what we sellen,
wen we seyen oure messe,
whether the sacrament,
our preieres, or our traveile;
and if ony of this we done,
thou arguest a greet errour.
Jak, unto this questioun
on wyse may be answerith,
affir that seint Austyn
spekith of the apostlis.
The apostlis a seye
reseyved freely her breed
of hem that freely
token her techinge;
and so, Jak, freely graunte
we our masse
to hem that freely
seven us her almesse,

whiche were the Pharisées,
pursuued Crist to the paynful dethe,
ʒe, callid hym a blasfeme,
as ʒe clepen hem heritikes
that holde ʒenes ʒour falschede,
alde if thai men truthe.

Et vos implete mensuram patrum vestrorum.
and synnen no wyse
bi noon other vice,
to selle no sacramentis
ne spiritual preyer.
And thus among freres
gete thei no logginge,
but bete hem to gretter men
and geten her herbegage,
of patronis of chirchis,
or privyly with preestes,
wich to fatte benefices
wolde be promotid.
¶ Jak, I suppose
That my labour y selle,
what wil thou seie therto,
do y ony symonye?
How than shal the persons seye
that settem her chirches to ferme,
that ben more spiritual
than bodili traveile;
and these paroche preestes
that ministren the sacramentis,
for a certen sawd bi þer
of ten mark or of twelfe;

¶ Daw, thou hast lerned
so long to lyce,
thou wenest thou saist soth
whan thou liest most lewde,
and sclaunderist the truthe.
Thou saidist thou were no letted man,
thou prevest thi self fals,
ffor thou spekist of ierarchies,
of herisies also;
thou art gilty in alle thes poynetes,
and thi brether bothe,
that I wolde preve apertry,
and al these annuellers
that syngen for a tyme,
takyng for her travel
as thei may acorde;
but thei can answere for hem silf,
and we shal for us.
Another mater ther is meved,
that touchith begging;
thou seist that we falsly
Crist him silf disclaundren,
to seie that he beggid,
sith he was lord of al,
and al in his demeysns.

if that the tyme suffrid.
Lok þour lyvyng, þour prechyng,
with other opun dedes,
and laye it by the apostles lyf,
and se how thai acorde,
and as I wene the Holigost
appreveth nether nouth."r"r.
Me thynkith þe ben tapsteres,
in alle that þe don;
þe tappe þour absoluciones
that þe bye at Rome,
þour prechyng, þour praying,
and also þour beryings.
Bot thou accusist other men
that han bot the mote
in the comparison
of alle þour gret synnes.

_Hypocrita, ejice primo trabem de oculo tuo._
Dawe, þe folowen Crist,
as greyhounde doth the hare;
sfor as God þaf kyng Saule
in his wodenes,
so þe ben clekkiid out
to pursuwe holi chirche.

_Periculum in falsis fratribus._
But for this mater, Jacke,  
thou most undirstonde,  
that Crist in his godhede  
is lord of alle thingis,  
as testimonie of Scripture  
preveth in many places;  
as touching his manhood  
he was nedi and pore,  
for of his nede spake  
David in his psalmes.  
Ego, inquit, mendicus sum et pauper, et Do-  
minus sollicitus est mei.  
And after Austin and Jerom  
this word of Crist was seid,  
so thanne these twey  
stonden wel togidere,  
that Crist after oo kynde  
was lord of alle,  
and after that other.

But, Dawe, thou drawist in  
many fals promptynges,  
for to hiryme simple men,  
bot me never a del;  
for Crist in his membres  
beggid ful oft,  
for synne of the puple,  
when thai were at mischief.  
Bot as suche bolde beggers  
in bodily hele,  
begged never Crist,  
ne non of his membres;  
for Crist, that is truthe,  
may in no wise  
contrarie him sel;  
ne God that is his fadir;  
for in many places  
thai dammen suche sturdy beggyng,  
And, so, Dawe, thou dotest,
nedide to begge.
For if Crist seie soth,
him silf ne hadde noon harborow,
to resten in his owne heed,
and steken out the stormes.

Vulpes, inquit, etc., ubi caput suum reclinet.
And if we shulen 3eve credence
to doctours wordes,
heere what seith seint Jerom,
and seint Bernard also.

Cave, inquit Jeronimus, ne mendicante Deo tuo
alienas divitiias augeas; et Bernardus. Ut
tе, Domine, per omnia nostra paupertati
conformares, quasi unus in turba pauperum
stipem per hostia mendicabas.
Wherfore thou feynest fonnedli

alleggyng the water,
the asse, or the herberowe;
for he was lorde of alle,
and so thou mysse takist Jerom,
and lyest on Bernarde,
for Alrede his clerke
wrote his reson,
that thou mysse layst,
and dokkist it as the likist.
Herfor a clerke saith,
that evel mot he spede,
that beggith of the puple
more than is nede.

Mendax mendicus non est veritatis amicus.
Nutantes transferantur filii ejus et mendicent.
God gif the grace to knowe how
thou art Judas childe;
whiche psalme thou leggist to me,
as to an evel entent;
for 3it thou schuldest be damned
softly in helle,

Nutantes transferentur filii.

VOL. II.
that oure Lord we slaundre;
or ellis oure holy doctours
diden not her dever.
Jak, have no merweyle
that y speke Latyn,
for oones I was a manciple
at Mertoun halle,
and there y lernede Latyn
by roote of clerkes.
Of clamourus also begging
thou chaterist and criist,
and seist it is uttirli
forbodun in Goddis lawe.
¶ Jak, the blynde begger
sat bi the weye,
and lowde criede uppon Crist,
as the gospel tellith;
but him was ʒovun iʒe-siʒt,
for al his grete noise,
and also the pore man
at the specionus ʒate
praiede to the apostlis
to parten of her almes;
and ther the begger unreproved
of crokidnesse he was heelid.

¶ Thou ʃeillest much brethe, Daw,
with legyng of thi tyxtes;
for summe thou legest kenely
to a fals entente;
but of other thou blundyrst
as a blynde buserde.
For thes pore of whom thou spekyst,
myʒt not helpe hem selfe;
but ʒoure prowde losengerie
that rune abowt as snek-drawers
ben neyther pore ne fabil,
and so juge thou
how thes to acorde.
I forstete not the lazur
that beggide of the riche,
and criede lowde at his zate
to cachen his almes.
Where redist thou that he was
reproved of his begging?
I rede wel he was ful soone
in Abrahams bosum.
Thou makist also more ado
for writing in our tablis
of sich mennes names
that zeven us her almes,
" Wenyng that God were a fool,
" not knowinge mennes dedes,
" but if he were mengid
" bi weie of your writyng."
¶ Jak, writyng was ordeyned
for sliperne of mynde,
not of God, but of us men,
hirt in our nature,
and bi bodi buystousnesse
fallen to forstetyng.
Now special preier,
as clerkes seien,

¶ 3it, Dawe, thou hewist hye,
and puttist thi mouthe in heven;
 thi tong likkith the chesefat,
and the garner also,
 and the pore wedowes porse,
 thow3 she have bot a peny.
And 3it, Dawe Dotypolle,
thou justifiest this harlotrie;
whi lykkennest thou writyng of names,
which thou dost for money,
to the holi scripture,
that is our bileyve?
Ffor God ne any godeman
moste helpeth the souls,
and that may not be done
withouten special mynde.
Thanne for oure forzetfulnesse
it nedith us to noten,
and this is cause whi
we writun in oure tablis.
And Esdras wrooth a newe book,
to have the lawe in mynde.
To seint Joon in the Apocalips
it was bodun also,
that privy revelacion
to writun in his book,
for unstabilnesse of mynde,
seith the comun glose.
" Whi," also thou axist,
" make ze so many maistris,
" azens Cristis bidding
" in the holi gospel?"
For sothe, Jak, among other,
this is a lewid question.
Taking heed to thin astaate,
thou art but a knave,
and hit thou lokist that thi knave

appreved never this symonye;
but thou approvest 3our capped maistres
with a glasen glose,
whiche galpen after grace
bi symonye 3our sister,
and after sitten on hie dece
and glasen lordes and ladys.
And this is no liknes
bitwix my, knave and hem;
flor of thes and suche it ben
that Crist speech in his gospel.

_Amant enim primos recubitus in caenis, et primas
cathedras in synagogis, et vocari ab hominibus
Rabbi._
shulde calle thee maistir.
Leve Jacke Jawdewyn,
how kepist thou the gospel?
Nevertheless to thi question
answerith the comoun glose,
that neithir the acte of teching,
neither the acte of maistir,
ben forbodun of Crist,
but oonli ambicion,
and the nyce appetite
of worldly worship.

Thou askist also furthermore,
whos ben alle oure jewels;
and we seyen we han riʒt nouʒt
in propre ne in comoun,
but gederen the goodes of the rewme
to make the pope riche.
Jak, the foure and twentithe pope
Joon wroort aʒens this mater,
and frere menours aʒens him,
as her actis shewen.
Examyne her actis
and loke who hath the beter,
and knowe noon other ordre
this perfittesse approveth.

¶ Thou grucchist also that we gon
two of us togider;

¶ Daw, thou herdist me not grucche
that ʒe went two togedir;
sʃor otherwhile ʒe gon three,
a womman is that oon.
Bot whether ʒe go two or oon,
if ʒe wol do wele,
it were a gret joye to me,
God wot the sothe.
Bot wel I wote that charitē
may not duelle there,
for of the perfit apostlis
wenten but one alone.
Thou seist that we pretend
the perfeccioun of apostlis.
Parfay, Jak, in scripture
thou fallist here ful foule,
herdest thou neevere the processe
of the actis of the apostlis,
in what maner the Holi Goost
chees Bernabé and Poule,
to gone bothe togidere,
and Cristis seed to sowun;
and afterward whan Bernabas
from Poul was departid,
another felowe, Tymothé,
toke Poul to his feere.
And ʒit thei weren perfit
bi fastinge and bi preieris,
and resseyved hadde the Holi Goost
bi the apostlis hondis.
And thus we gon two togider,
folwinge her stappis;
but more for the mysterie
includid in the noumbre,
for to bi workes of charité
fulfilling the lawe;
and two tablis of Moises

where covetise crepith in,
and lecherie is loggid.
Therfor, Dawe, allege thou
no figur for thin ordre,
bot if it be Zambre
with Corby his lotby,
or Jamnes and Mambres,
Pharaouse freres.

Hi sunt qui penetrant domos, et ducunt mulierculas
oneratas peccatis.
there the lawe was writun;
and two cherubyns in the temple,
and two in the tabernacle.
It was not good to Adam
for to be aloone;
and Crist seith woo to sool
in aventure that he falle.
Also for fraternité
ful harde thou us holdist,
to graunt part of merit,
and also of messis,
because that we witen not whether
that we ben in grace or in synne,
and happili for we praien for suche
that ben damped in helle.
Jak, if this cause were good,
al preier were reproved,
and thanne were set at nouȝt
bothe masse and matynes,
and holy bedis and orisons
seid in holi chirche.

¶Thanne shulde we leve Cristis bede,
the holy pater-noster.
Thanne was the memento
put fally in the masse,
and hooli chirche voidli
or madli biddith preye,
and alle siche·ponge impossibilitees
folowen therof.

¶Thou argust, Topias, wonderly,
as if thou were an asse;
for thou legest þoure selde bodys to the pater-noster,
that Crist him selve made;
but wel I wote that alle þe
gate never a penye,
For who is that that knowith him sylf
worthi for to preien,
but God bi revelacion
specially wolde it shewe;
for noman, seith the scripture, woot,
whether he is worthi love,
or ellis maugree but God
it oonly knowith.
And who can telle furthermore
whiche shulde be dampned,
sith Goddis privy domes
man may not comprehende;
and so shall noman preie for other,
ne noman for him sylf.

Jak, se now thin error,
and sum tyme sesse for shame;
for thou jangelist as a jay,
and woost not what thou meenest.
Moreover thou monest multiplying
of so many freris,
whiche eueresen combrouseli,
\[\alpha\]ens Goddis wille;
sith preestis with other religious
myȝte serve the peple,
for twelve apostlis and fewe moo
serveden al the world,
and mo fyngris on myn hond
than foure and the thombe

with the pater-noster,
but with ȝoure famulorum,
that ȝe sey is beter,
ȝe gete many poundses.
For Crist made that one,
for better may none be;
but ȝe with ȝoure ypocrisy
han autorised that other,
amensith my worching
more than it acresith;
and so thou seist that freris letten
Cristis growinge into heven.
Jacke, thou weenest thou wynne lond,
but thou concluist thi silf;
thou seist that God alle thingis hath maad
in mesure, weizte, and noumbre,
and that every frere is sum thing,
thou maist not denye,
and thou seist freris ben maad
aizens Goddis wille.
Than hath God maad sum thing
that he wolde not make,
and so his sovereyne goodnesse
is contrarious to him silfe.
Lo, Jakke Jospinel,
what folowith of thi sawis.
Jakke, if thou a fewe moo
myztte serven al the world,
thanne myztte a fewe preestes
serven a litil rewme.
Whi renne thanne these zonge clerkes
so faste to the ordres,
to encrezen preestes
above mony hundridis?
And if freris ben combrouse,

to blynde with the pupyl
for zooure cursed grounde,
and thou God made al thinge in mesure and in
wyztte,
as the scripture saythe,
it folowith not he made zoou,
for ze ben oute of mesure,
and so the devyl and Cayun
with Judas ben zooure fadirs.
preestis ben wel more;  
or ellis telle a beter skil  
thanne thou hast begunne,  
whi the toon is chargesaunt
more than the tother.  
Also the ensaunple of thin hond
is no thing to purpos;  
for kynde hath determyned
the noumbr of thi fyangris,
and if it passe noumbr,
it is clepid monstruosité;  
but God and holi chirche
determyned noo noumbr
of preestis ne of freris
to helpen mannis soule.    
For the mo good ther ben,
the better is Cristis spouse;  
and thouʒ fewer myʒten
done that nedis,
ʒit many hondis togider
maken liʒt werk.  
¶ Another mater thou movest, Jak,
moost to be chargid,
of the solempne sacrament
of Cristis owne bodye,
conteyned in figure of brede,
sacrifice for synne;
thou drawist a thorn cut of thi hele,
and puttist it inoure.

¶ Oft, Dawe, in thi wryttyng,
thou wryngist out contradiccion;  
but ʒit thou puttist defaut to prestes,
as erst thou didist to curates.
I wot thai ben defectif,
bot ʒit stondith Cristis religion,
of whose defaut I dout not, Dawe,
ʒe ben the chef cause.
Thou berist us on honde that we seien
er is not Cristis bodye,
but roundnesse and whitenesse,
and accident withouten suget.
Jak, we seie with holy chirche,
that ther is Cristis bodi,
and not material breed
with Wyclif 3our maistir,
the whiche put ther but as a figure,
and not verró Cristis bodi,
after a manere speakyng
that holy chirche usith,
as we clepen Crist a stoon,
a lomb, and a lioun,
and noon of these is Crist,
but oonli in figure.
This heresie holde not we,
but ße his false folowers,
privyly as ße doren,
and opinli ße wolden,
ne were the sharp ponishinge
of 3our former fadira.

Bi this it suwit not God,
bot Sathanas brouȝt 3ou in.
Thou saist, Dawe, as thou felist,
that there is Cristes body;
bot I aferme faithfully
that that is Cristis body;
Daw, asko thi cappid maistres,
as if thi were heritikes,
what is the sacred host,
and grounde hem in scripture,
to whiche we knele and doffe our hodes,
and don alle this wirchip,
and I blieve that oste sacred,
whiche is bothe whit and rounde,
is verrei Cristis body,
And now I will thee telle
the freris _confiteor_,
touching to this sacrament,
how that thei bilee.
Thei seie breed is turned into fleish,
and wyne into blood,
thourz the myst of oure God,
and vertue of his wordis;
the fleish is mete, the blood is drynke,
and Crist dwellith [therin],
no thing rasyd, no thing dividid,
but ouli broken in signe,
and as moche is in oo partic
as is al the hole;
thus leeveth not of the breed,
but ouli the licnesse,
which that abidith therinne
noon substeyned substans.
It is deth to the yvel,
lyf to good encrese of oure grace.
It wole not be confect
but ouli of a preest,

as men shuld bileve,
and did to the tyme
that Sathanas was unbounde.
The witnesse of this resow
is Crist and his apostles,
with many holi doctouris
of the thousande thare.
Bot this se falsely forsake,
with alle your secte, or many,
and blynden the puple with heresie,
and leven Goddis lawe;
for se sayen ther is Cristis body,
and nouz that sacred host.
_Commumaverunt veritatem Dei in mendacium._
that lawfulli is ordeyned
bi holi chirche keies;
and so carpenters ne sowters,
card-makers ne powchers,
drapers ne cutellers,
girdlers, coferers, ne corvyser,
ne no manere of artificeris,
this sacrament mowe treten,
but the privite of preesthode
wer prickid in her soulis.
And jit your sect susteynes
wommen to seie massis,
shewyng to trete a sacrament
as preestes that thei were,
reversyng holy doctours
and decree of holy chirche.

‖ Allas! your brymme blastis
awake the wilde wawlis,
and scalen sely Peter ship,
and putt it in hize peril;
ne were God the giour,
and kept the stern,
with the sterne stormes
that refulli ze reisin,
al schulde wende to wrak

‖ jit spekith Jak Uplande.
To make with the a dialogge,
I holde it bot wast,
for thou maryst thy lesynge lowde
with thy false heresyes;
men may se by thy writing,
here, thou jangelyng jay,
how thou bylevest not in the sacrid oste,
for we say alle,
the sacrid oste that is sene with eye
is verey Cristes body;
but thy secte seyth not soo,
into the waast watris.
The reliefe of Cristis feeste
ʒe render and ratyn,
that his alumners the postlis
gaderid togidere,
and delith it to dogges
and ravenous beestes;
and the presciouse perlis
ʒe strowun to hoggys,
the sutil metis of scripturis
to cherlis stomakes,
and maken hem als comoun
as the cart weye,
ązens Poulis sentence,
and Poulis owne doctrine.
Non, inquit Paulus, potui vobis scribere quasi
spiritualibus, sed quasi carnalibus, etc.
Se also what Crist seith,
in the holy gospel.
Multa habui vobis dicere, sed non, etc.
Also in many other place thus spekith he
to his perfit disciplis:
Vobis datum est noscere mysterium regni Dei,
ceteris autem in parabolam, etc.

but ʒe say ther is Cristes body,
ʒe tel not where.
But Crist seyth, this is my body,
and not, ther is my body.
Whi, ʒe templers messe sellers,
grante ʒe not Cristes wordes,
syth ʒe chaʃyr thus therwith,
bygyllyng the pupil?
Lete ʒoure secte write ʒoure byleve
of this sacrid este,
and preche it as ʒe write it,
and sette therto ʒoure sele,
Than the lewde and the lered
auzt not yliche,
the scripturis ben scaterid
in his privy pointes.
    Jak, thou seist at the last,
that charité is chacid,
to vengyn oure defaultis,
and mende us of oure mysse,
levynge oure rotyr ritis,
folowinge Goddis lawe.
    Jak, oure ritis ben nouzt rotyr,
her rootis ben al freishe,
plantid in the gospel,
as I seide biforen;
but, good Jak, you grace,
where be ze foundid?
not in Goddis gospel,
but in Sathanas pistile,
wher of sorowe and of snowcrine
noon is to seken,
but al maner of dolosité
to you is enditid,
as in thi lewid daliaunce
apertli thou hast preved;

and I am siker of my feith
ze schul be stonde to deth;
and than schal youre castels
cache hem new maysters,
for ze wil not grante,
ne bot few of youre ordirs,
the ost sacrid, white and rounde,
is very Cristis body.
I pray youre Lord Jhesu,
that some be it sene,
who is in the trew wey,
whether ze other we.
but moche mawgre mote thou have
thus to frayn a frere,
that slily wolde have sent aweye,
and noman have greved.
But for thi grete labour
thi gardoun thou shalt gete;
thou shalt have the popis curse,
and al holi chirchis;
and if thou sett this at nouȝt,
God mowe sende thee more,
the curse that he hath ȝovun to Caym
and Choreis sone also;
thou shalt also have the curse
that Crist ȝaf to Phariseis,
figured in the figre tree
that nevere bare fruyte aftir.
Thou shalt have the weleaway
of Gelboth hilles,
the sorowe of Sodome,
and al sinful citeis.
Take for thi faire speche
the preier of Deus laudem,
the greable gardoun
for al opin sclaunderis;
thou shalt have the malisoun
of Moab and Ariel;

But towching men of crafta,
whom thou dispisyst,
al they schulde medle hem
to know her byleve,
but as wele of her sacryng,
as wymmen syngyng measse,
alwey thou usest the craft
of thyn old fader.
Why darst not thou of summe
of ȝou false heretykis,
the benysoun of Bethsaida
shal make thy beddis heed;
and, Jakke, for thou apprisist not
the curse of seint Francesis,
but scornyst the malisoun
of the foure ordris,
take the malisoun that God ȝaf
to brekers of his lawe,
in the book of Deutromomeye,
the seven and twenty chapitre;
but evere be ware of Cristis curse,
and of cattis tailis,
the which if thou have grace to eacchen,
nevere shal thou thryve.

Now fare forthe to thi fourmures,
and, Jak, thou hem telle
the mater of oure talkynge,
and loke how hem likith;
and if hem thinke not thi sawes
sufficiently assolide,
lut hem senden æzen,
it shal be amendid;
and saie hem that it nodith not
to sharpen oure clerkes,
for freere Dawe is scharpe ynowʒ
for al sich enditinge.

fynde owte such ou,
and preve ȝoure lesynges sothe.
And therfor, Daw, I saye nomore
to the at this tymye,
but thou erti on of the falsest
that ever I saw write.
For Mahomeite and Serginmes,
and al her grete lawe,
wot not so many lesynges
as ben here in thy writynge.
POLITICAL POEMS.

Ffare wele, Jak Jawdewyne,
I thee God bitake;
and nomore of freris
I thee rede to preche.
To lower state than thei ben
thou maist hem not dryve,
and if thei evers come to hizer,
the wers shal thou thryve.

Explicit dictamen fratris Dau Topias, quem in fine
appellat Johannem Walessingham, contra ques-
tiones Johannis Uplond.

ON THE EXECUTION OF RICHARD SCROPE, ARCHBISHOP
OF YORK.¹

June 8, 1405.

Quis meo capiti dabit effundere,
Et fonte lachrymas multum suffundere,
Per dies noctesque aquas deducere,
Defenti mortem præsulis?
Quid mirum effluam totus in lachrymas,
Defleam, lugeam tantas misereas,
Procerum, plebian strages innumerast
Nunc finis verisimilis.
Sancti Paracleti sacra solemnitas
Willelmi præsulis felix festivitas,
Pastoris humilis cædis severitas,
Concursu gaudent temporis.
Secunda feria post lucis medium
Ricardus Anglie primas ad gladium
Ducitur, cæditur, migrans ad gaudium
Commutat ima superis.

¹ From MS. Cotton. Faustina B. ix. fol. 242, r°.
ON THE EXECUTION OF RICHARD SCROPE.

Pastor perducitur plebis praesentia,  
Et interdicitur mox audientia;  
In primis promit tur ipsa sententia  
   Ingressus quam praeposterus.  
Judex prepotens, nulla dilatio,  
Nulla negotii examinatio,  
Gravis sententiae preceps probatio,  
   Progressus temerarius.  
Nil ergo conscient præsul non resonat,  
Nec latas canonis censuras fulminat,  
Sed prothomartyris exemplo geminat,  
   Ne Christus noxam statuas.  
Non sacri temporis prodest sententia,  
Nihil nobilitas, nil reverentia  
Personæ, ordinis nec praeminentia,  
   Hæ habent voces vacuas.  
Locus sententiae, patris palatium;  
Jumento vehitur hinc ad supplicium;  
Cessavit penitus solleæ solatium,  
   Capistro frænum cesserat.  
Tunc ait pontifex, despectus congruit,  
Ornatus varius quia complacuit,  
Hunc mundi Dominus Christus sustinuit,  
   Cum pati pœnas venerat.  
Solatur comitem adolescentulum,  
Ne prorsus timeat mortis articulum;  
Certus obtineat coeli oœnaculum,  
   Coruscus comes angelis.  
Fel, ferula, virgula satis sufficerent,  
Furentem frameam si non adjicerent;  
Fœdam infamiam sic procul pellerent,  
   Vulgatum regnms singulis.  
Proh dolor! parvulum ense percutiunt;  
Proh pudor! sanguinem proprium polluant  
Proh nefas! patris primatem perimunt,  
   Polluti parricidio.
Flexis poplitibus post pacis osculum
Offert carnifici columba jugulum;
Sic linquit pontifex carnis ergastulum;

Fert ictus quinque gladio.

Mitis in moribus, in pudicitia
Castus, virtutibus clarus, scientia

Lucidus, stabilis in patientia,

Vernat laude multiplici.

Baptismus sanguinis, fluminis, flaminis,
Abstergit maculas cujusque criminis,

Hoc sacro tempore virtute numinis

Renatus fonte triplici.

Ast Thomam militum audax atrocitas,
Symnonem plebium furens ferocitas,

Ricardum callide seva crudelitas,

Obtruncat christos Domini.

Annus millenus quadringentesimus
Quintus erat Christo patri novissimus,

Dies quo patitur pastor piissimus

Octavus erat Junii.

Ad sancti Stephani altaris titulum,
Cujus proverbii sumpsit capitulum,

Præparat præsuli sepulchri lectulum

Cunctorum Deus præscius.

Lectorem simplicem supplex expostulo,
Ne patrem polluat veneni poculo;

Benigne audiat quæ videt oculo

Factorum Dei nescius.

Quicquid ab aliis divisim traditur,
A probis plurimis sparsiis asseritur,

Quod pie, patiens, devote moritur,

De fine nullus hàsitat.

Si vera caritas monstrat miracula,
Præcedet veritas, nec offendicula

Reddetur probitas per ulla sæcula,

Scriptura sacra recitat.
ON THE EXECUTION OF RICHARD SCROPE

Si causae subeant, Deus, ecclesia,
Regnum, res publica, fides, justitia,
Pie presumitur pro patientia
   Omnia vincit caritas.
Non queunt cætera pœmarum genera,
Corpora lacera, carorum funera,
A plebe tollere amoris munera;
   Omnia suffert caritas.
Thesaurus tollitur, vasaque cætera,
Corporis, camere supellex varia,
Capellæ, studii vasa, jocalia;
   Omnia fiscus occupat.
Non datur corporis funeri linteus,
Non nummus minimum pro funeralibus,
Nihil pauperibus, nil creditoribus,
   Pietas prorsus exulat.
Pœna progreditur familiaribus,
Census indictur, nudantur opibus,
Nee veris creditur probationibus,
   Venenum est his venia.
Post haec extenditur pœna in plebis
Importabilibus exactionibus;
Nemini parcitur, sed innocentibus
   Ingrata datur gratia.
Anglorum recolens prima fastigia,
Nunc horum intuentes dira discidia,
Cunctorum metuens simul excidia,
   Mutata miror prospera.
Gens olim nobilis, nunc nimis misera,
In fide fragilis, vilis ut vipera,
Verbis instabilis, in factis effera,
   Materna rodit viscera.
Ignavi exteris bellis hostilibus
Cedunt se mutuo plus quam civilibus,
Trucidis, horridis, innaturalibus,
   Cognato madent sanguine.
Orbatur regio inculitis ducibus,
Nudatur legio lectis militibus,
Bacchatur pugio cæsis tyronibus,
Rarus fortis in agmine.
Quis mihi tribuat ut annos pristinos
Revolvi videam et mores patrios,
Ridere rideam ut canos ultimos;
In forma pacis finiam.
O summa Deitas, qui ocelis inseris,
Præsidens mediis medere miseris,
Ut spectis infinis lætemur superis,
Beatus dona veniam. Amen.

ON THE DEATH OF HENRY IV.¹

By Thomas of Elmham.

Incipit epistola sacræ theologiae professoris magistri
Thomas Elmham, monachi de Lenton prope
Notyngham, ad regem Henricum quintum pro
opere sequenti.

O rex mi domine, sæpe que tibi scribere duxi,
Providus ut fias, damna futura caven,

¹ From the Bodleian Library, MS. Rawlinson, No. 214, fol. 134, r°. The writer of these lines, Thomas of Elmham, is well known to historians by his prose history of the reign of Henry V., printed by Hearne; by a history of the monastery of St. Augustine at Canterbury, of which Mr. Hardwick has recently given us an edition; and by his summary of the history of the same reign in Latin verse, the latter edited by Mr. C. A. Cole, in his “Memorials of Henry the Fifth,” “King of England.” In his earlier life he was a Benedictine monk of the monastery in Canterbury, of which he compiled the history; he subsequently entered the order of Cluny, and was elected prior of Lenton in Nottinghamshire, an office which he held until 1426. The short poem here printed must, from internal evidence, have been composed immediately after the event it commemorates, the death of Henry IV., and before its author became prior of Lenton.
ON THE DEATH OF HENRY IV.

Errores solitos quos nunc tua curia mittit
Corrige, ne feriat te gravis ira Dei.
Nam licet hic Hodie sis rex, sors crastina forsau
Te cito subvertet et diadema tuum.
Ecce quod intrasti transis, patet exitus orbe,
Quo tria sunt ista, pus, labor, atque dolor.
Flebilis ingressus, progressus debilis inde,
Egressus timidus, haec memorare precor.
O si lamento populi, si gaudia seires,
Quae tibi dat flores egrediens, regrediens.
Nam tuus adventus cunctis tristis perhibetur,
Jocundus tuus est exitus a patria.
Cervicata cohors et avari quiunque ministri
Causant plura mala, dum bona vi rapiunt.
Quod fit ciss placitum tenet hoc pro jure vigorem,
Ad libitum paret his homo, sic animal.
Hi nihil excipium, tamen hoc in tempore guerre,
Illicitum fieret, liber ut esse solet.
Presbyter et monachus, mercator, cultor agrique,
His et jumenta libera jure manent.
Hi cum securi debent fore tempore guerre,
Cur non securi tempore pacis erunt?
Si pax nulla locis datur in quibus ipse moraris,
Pacis ades fractor, inde caveto tibi.
Regis Ricardi crebro memorare secundi,
Cujus fortunae sit cito versa rota.
Henrici regis patris ipse tui memor esto,
Nam sua fortuna carne supina ruit.
Illius in speculo res extitit hoc speculata,
Haec magis quo fieret conspicienda tibi.
Hujus doctrina tibi stat vice cotis, acutum
Quae ferrum reddit ipsa secando nihil.
Dogmatis ecce sui metra congrua condere conor,
Ut tibi proficiant hic tibi dixit ita.

Explicit epistola magistri Thoma Elyham ad regem
Henricum quintum.
Incipit epistola regis Henrici quarti ad filium suum
Henricum quintum in extremis languentis pro
sui et regni Anglia gubernatione, una cum
benedictione paternali cunctis suis filiis, ex com-
posito prædicti magistri T. E.

Dilige mente Deum, fili, virtuteque tota,
Hoc tu si facias sit tibi vera salus.
Vera salus tibi sit, si corde Deum venereris,
Nec dubites sibi dans corpus, opes, cor, et os.
Corpus, opus, cor, et os sibi dans, mala discute prisca,
Si sit prosperitas, inde caveto mali.
Inde caveto mali, ne degener ad bona fias,
Et te sic habeas ut mala queque luas.
Ut mala queque luas crebro bene confitearis,
Tu confessores excipe proficuos.
Excie proficuos, foveas quo te reprehendant,
Ut decet exculpa lætius arte feras.
Arcta feras læte servire Deo, vigil affer
Os, aures, oculos, corde precando Deum.
Corde precando Deum consortia pange piorum;
Det tibi colloquium religiosa cohors.
Religiosa cohors pellat decreta malorum,
Omne malum fugias, dilige quodque bonum.
Quodque bonum nutrias, corum te despice dici
Allectiva malis, cor pietatis habe.
Cor pietatis habe, labor assit, et otia sperne,
Exemplum præbens arma tuendo tuis.
Arma tuendo tuis memorans regni diadema,
Dic memorans tibimet ad quod, amice, venis.
Ad quod, amice, venis, ut præsis proficias nil,
Non ruis inde piger si nimis alta petas.
Si nimis alta petas, scripturæ cerne valorem,
Nec puteus Jacob est, sit sapor inde recens.
Sit sapor inde recens, hinc vana recentia pelle,
Teque decentia stent recta docentia te.
Recta docentia te dictant ut linea recta
Sist servanda tibi quo vacet illicitum.
Quo vacet illicitum non dextris nonque sinistris
Divertas, gratis prosperitate cavens.
Prosperitate cavens adversis tu patiens sis,
Esto memor finis, dic ego quis tibimet?
Dic ego quis tibimet, Henrice, tibi speculum do,
Fortis eram quondam, debilis ecce ruo.
Debilis ecce ruo, multis formosior olim
Vultus pictura pluribus alma fuit.
Pluribus alma fuit que nunc patet horrida cunctis,
Qui sapui plura, vix menor esto mei.
Vix memor esto mei quis me de corpore mortis
Hujus nunc leniet, mors, mihi cara, veni.
Mors, mihi cara, veni, cum sis mihi janua vitae,
Festor, gleba, lutum, stat reputanda caro.
Stat reputanda caro nil, quamvis sint tibi vires,
Si non mente vires, non bonus ipse vires.
Non bonus ipse vires, horum si non memor assis,
Qui cari mihi sunt, lis bona ferre velis.
His bona ferre velis, cunctis ingrata refutes,
Quo gratis maneas, hoc tibi gratia det.
Hoc tibi gratia det, Acheron non grata resumet;
Terram terra teget, spiritus alta petet.
Spiritus alta petet, benedictio te sacra Christi
Servet, quo solvas debita quaque mea.
Debita quaque mea solvas et cris benedictus,
Te fratres quoque rex beat ipse poli.
Rex beat ipse poli pietate Thomamque, Johannem,
Necon Humfredum, sit quibus alma fides.
Alma fides vireat qua crescant prospera regni,
Ut te contingat hac prece posse frui.

Gratiarum actiones regis Henrici 4 in fine vitae sua.

Gloria, Christe, tibi, miserorum rex miseratur,
Pro pietate tua tu miserere mei.
Tu miserere mei nosco conceptus in alvo,
Ingressus mundum mox bona grata tuli.
Grata tuli, tribues tibi nil miles, comes, et dux,
Nunc rex grata tuli gloria tota tibi.
Tota tibi laus sit, in te nunc omnia possum,
Hae me confortant spes, amor, atque fides.
Spes, amor, atque fides, sensusque, memorique voluntas
Patri tum nato spirituque sacro.
Sacro spiritui sit laus in honore perenni,
Infimus cum sim fortior atque potens.
Fortior atque potens respirans exprimo Xpistum,¹
Hinc ego nunc rogito justa crucis via sit.
Hae est nobilitas regnantibus inclita cunctis
Virtutum series, relevans examine Xpus.
Hostes ecce nocent rapiendo jocalia cara,
Virtus servetur respirans excipe Xpum.
Traditur hostis opus, meditetur amore sophia,
Excipiens lumen mortis amara monens.

Mortem regis Henrici 4ti.

Annis millenis quadringentis duodenis
Rex meus Henricus ad loca digna sibi.
Cuthberti luce vitae spiramen ad imis
Suscepit altitonans rex miserando piis.
Ficta prophetia sonuit quam vivus habebat,
Quod sibi sancta fuit terra lucranda crucis.
Improvisa sibi sacra terra datur nescius hospes
In Bethlehem camera Westque monasterio.
O fallax fortuna, suis vergenda repente,
Quos sua dextra levat, hos sua leva premat.
Fingit, ovat, recipit, tradit, variat, negat, auffert,
Quot rara promittit, fine perire solent.
Claruit Henricus rex, regum germine natus,
Anglus, Normannus, cum sit uterque parens.

¹ It is necessary to retain the case, or we should lose the x, abbreviation of the word in this which is necessary to the acrostic.
ON THE DEATH OF HENRY IV.

Anglia, Francia, Neustria, parte patris referuntur,
Nobilius reliquis, stirps sua clara virtet.
Henrico regi terno sextus repetitur,
Tam patre quam matre pura propago patet.
Audax, intrepidus, micuit miles, comes, et dux,
Hinc rex magnificus robere, mente, statu.
Hic moriens monuit successurum sibi natum
Henricum quintum, nobilitate parem.

Finitur finis regis Henrici 4ti.

Rex es, epicolis ale ne grave lacdet, id off er;
Hic es, nil rapias, jus conservans vice summi;
Quo virtus jubilans, noxam terit, undique suffer.
Christatis arma tenens, en regni jus notat ara.
Res est gratifica jam nobilitas animosa,
Angelicum nomen genti locus imprimit ecce.

ON THE BATTLE OF AZINCOURT.¹

And ther lay owre kynge til the fyrste day of
Octobre, the which day owre kynge remeved and
toke his way thorow Normandy and thorow Pykardy
towarde Calys. And these bethe the townes that
owre kynge rode by thorow Frawnce. First is Har-
dlew; the secunde is Houndesle; the thirde is Barffete;
the ferthe is Mousterevelers; the fift is Fesfoonpe,
with the abbey; the sixt is Arkes; the seventhe is
Depe; the eyghte is Depe; the ixth is the ceté of

¹ From MS. Cotton. Cleop. C. iv. fol. 24, r°. This song, evidently a
contemporary effusion, is preserved in a partly imperfect form in an early
chronicle of London, the writer of which was taking his narrative from
the account given in the popular ballad, until, tired of paraphrazing
it, he went on copying the song itself. The lines of the earlier part
of it, with their rhymes, are easily traced in the introductory prose,
which is printed here as it stands in the MS.
Delewe; the x° is the cetè de Tewè; the xj° is cetè de Neelle; the xij° is the cetè de Amyas; the xiiij° is the cetè of Aras; the xiiij° the water of Somme; the xv° the cetè of Pyroune; the xv° the water of Swerdys; and than the batel of Tyrwyne. And in Azyngcorte felde owre kynge fought with the Frenchmen the savyday tofore the day of Symond and Jude; and ther all the ryall powere of Frensshemen come azenst owre kynge and his litill meyné, save the Frenshe kynge and the dolfyne and the duke of Borgoyne, and the duke of Barre, elles all the lordys of Frawnce lay tofore the kynge in his by way as he schuld passe toward Calys, enbateylyd in iij° batayles, as the Frensshemen sayde hem sylfe, the nowmbre of ix m° men of armes, and tho were the faireste men of armys that ever any man saw in any plase. And owre kynge with his litille meyné sey well he must nedys fyhte, or he myght not come to Calays by the hy way. And than he sayde to his lordys and to his meyné: "Syres and ffelowes, the " zondere meyné thanke to let us of owre way, " and thei wil nat come to us, lete every man preve " hym sylfe a good man this day, and avant baneres, " in the best tyne of the yere, for as I am twr " kynge and knyght, for me this day schalle never " Ingland rawnsome pay; erste many a wyght man " schall love is wendes, for heere erste to deth I wil " be dyght, and therfore, lordynges, for the love of " swete Jhesu, helpe mayntene Inglondes ryght this " day. Also, archers, to yow I praye, no fote that " 3e flè away, erste be we alle beten in this felde. " And thenke be Englysshemen that never wold flè " at no batelle, for azenste one of us thowthe thèr " be tene, thenke Criste wil help us in owre ryght. " Bot I wold no blode wer spite, Cryste helpe me " so now in this case, but tho that been cause of " this trespase; when thou sittest in jugment, ther
"holde me excused tofore thi face, as thou art God omnipotent. But passe we all now in fere, duke, erle, and bachelere, of all owre synnys he make us sekere. Jentil Jhesu, borne of Marye, and as for us thou deydyst on good Fryday, as thi will was, so brynge us to thi blisse an hy, and graunte us ther to have a place. Do and bete on faste," owre kyng tho bad wythe fulle glad chere; and so thei dyde at that word, lord, knyght, and archere. Ther men myght see a semble sade that turnyd many on to tene and tray, for many a lorde ther ryght low lay that commen was of blod full gent. By even-song tyme sothely to say, ther helpe us God omnipotent.

Stedes ther stumbelyd in that stownde,
That stod stere stuffed under stele;
With gronyng grete thei felle to grownde,
Here sydes federed when thei gone fele.
Owre lord the kynghe he focht ryght wele,
Scharpliche on hem his spere he spent,
Many on seke he made that sele,
Thorow myght of God omnipotent.

The duke of Glowecestre also that tyde
Manfully, with his mayné,
Wondes he wroght ther wondere wyde.
The duke of Zorke also, perdé,
Fro his kyng no fote wold he flee,
Til his basonet to his brayn was bent;
Now on his sowle he have peté,
Mersifull God omnipotent.

Hontyngdoun and Oxforde bothe
Were wondere fers all in that fyght;
That erste was glade thei made ful wrothe,
Thorow hem many on to deth were dyght.
The erles fowghten with mayn and myȝt,
Rich hauberke thei rofe and rente;
Owre kyng to helpe thei were full lyght;
Now blesse hem God omnipotent.

The erle of Suthfolk gan hem assaylle,
And sir Richarde Kyghlé in that stede,
Here lyves thei losten in that bataile,
With dyntes sore ther were thei dede.
Ʒif eny man byde eny good bede
Unto God with good entent,
To tho two sowles it mote be neede,
Gracieus God omnipotent.

Sire William Bowuser, as foule in fright,
Preste he ther was upon his pray,
Erpyngham he come hym with,
Her manhode help us welle that day.
Off Frenssh folk in that afraie
Thre dukes were dede with doleful dent,
And fyve erles, this is no nay;
Ther holpe us God omnipotent.

Lorde of name an hunderde and mo
Bitterly that bargayn bowght;
Two thousand cot-armers also,
After her sorow theedere thei sowght.
Ten thousand Frensshemen to deth wer browght,
Off whom never none away went;
All her names sothly know I newght,
Have mersey on hem Cryst omnipotent.

Two dukes were take in that stoure,
He of Orliawnce and of Borboun,
The Ewe and Arthowe,
The erle of Vandooum, and many one.
ON THE BATTLE OF AZINCOURT.

The archbishop of Sens come with our soon,

* * * * *

Hym failed the wynnyng of his schone,
Thorow myght of God omnipotent.

The fals Flemynys, God zef hem care,
Thei loved us never zit, by the roode,
For alle here fals flatteryng fare,
Azenst owre kyng that day thai stode.
Bot many of hem her hert-bloede
Unblythly bledden upon that bent;
Zit schalle thai never wayt Inglond good,
I swere by God omnipotent.

EPGRAM ON THE BATTLE OF AZINCOURT.¹

Mortua cara cruce caro Christi victor ut unus
Crispini luce fecit Francis fore funus.
Henricus quintus rus agens cursum fuit intus,
Jure juvante Jesu rex est victor sine lesu,
Dant sua firma fides, bona vita, preces, et amores,
Per silvas virides quod perdit Francia flores.
Ante lepus fugit, quae nunc est Anglica villa,
Quum leo rugit per Francos redditur illa.

THE FRENCHMAN TO THE ENGLISHMAN.²

Versus Francorum.

O gens Anglorum, morum flos, gesta tuorum,
Cur tu Francorum procuras damna bonorum?
Servorum Christi quos tractas crimine tristi,
Et servant isti fidem quam bis renuisti.

¹ From MS. Harl. No. 869, fol. 282, v°.
² From MS. Harl. No. 2,406, fol. 9, v°.
Sub specie casti, fraudem tu semper amasti.
Scindas annosam caudam quam fers venenosam,
Sed cantas prosam fidelibus Christi morosam.
Exaudi præsto tu, præsul, et memor esto,
Qui te caudavit Deus ipsum sanctificavit.

**Responsio Anglorum.**

Anglorum gentem cur false percutis ore?
Et pro responso do tibi metra duo.
Provalet in lingua qui non est fortior armis,
Nullus in hac pugna plus meretrice valet.

**ON THE LOLLARDS.**

*Versus Lollardorum contra prælatos ecclesiae ad exci-
tandum dominos temporales contra eos.*

Plangant Anglorum gentes crimen Sodomorum,
Paulus fort horum sunt idola causa dolorum.
Surgunt ingrati Giesitas Simone nati,
Nomine prælati hæc defensare parati.
Qui reges estis, populis quieunque præestis,
Qualiter his gestis gladios prohibere potestis.

*Versus quidam catholic i contra eosdem Lollardos.*

Gens Lollardorum gens est vilis Sodomorum,
Errores eorum sunt in mundo causa dolorum.
Hii sunt ingrati, maledicti, daemone nati,
Quos vos, prælati, sitis damnare parati;
Qui pugiles estis fidei populisque præestis,
Non horum gestis ignes prohibere potestis.

---

1 These verses appear to belong taken from MS. Cotton. Vespas. D. to the reign of Henry V. They are lx. fol. 51, r°.
ON THE DEATH OF HENRY V.

Nota bene de Henrico rege quinto, scilicet Angliæ.

Finit tractatus celebri memoramine dignus,
Tractatus talis qualem non viderat Anglus,
Nec visurus erat, licet annis mille manebit,
Plusquam militia nisi gratia deferat arma,
Et fortisque potens princeps sit bella gubernans,
Ut semper fuerit Henricus quintus quando regebat;
Quando sed id fiet, Deus utique non homo dicet.
Det Deus Augustus ut sit Julio novus hæres,
Duxque patri Macedo successor honore Philippo.
Quam probus et pugnax, quam vivax, fortis, et audax
Adversus Francos fuit Henricus rex nomine quintus,
Dum regnans steterat, hæc nunc concordia monstrat.
Monstrat, declarat, plano sermoneque narrat,
Quod fuit in bellis Mars, altus et Hector in armis,
In causis Icathus, in judiciis Radamantus,
Carolus in quaestu, Clodoveus et in moderatu;
Pluraque sub brevibus ut summataim referamus,
Quiquid regis erat, hic unus solus habebat,
Unus et in numero rex, miles, duæque regendo.
Regum gemma fuitque dæcum flos dummodo vixit.
Quam bona, quam magna, quam grandia, quamque
notanda
Hic rex, dum rexit, apud hostes gesta peregrit,
Si melius memores, et quomodo nunc variat sors,
Non sine militias neglectu desidiaque.
Die siles, dieque moerens, fert hostis seu modo gaudens,


VOL. II.
Nunc vir, nunc æstus, nunc Martis tota potestas
Ad Francos abiit, nunc nos Angloque reliquit.
Regina fallit habens patrem, sequitur sua proles,
Fallit item dictum, dat ramus semper eundem
Fructum quem stipes, interdum sunt variantes.
Desino plura loqui, res est manifesta legenti.

Decet enim talia haberi in memoria in honorum
laudem, vitaeperationem enim eorum qui dor-
mitant et peregre permittunt omnia in per-
ditionem.

---

**EPIGRAM ON THE ASSUMPTION OF THE ARMS OF FRANCE. 1422.**

*Insectio Gallici contra dominum regem Angliae pro
mutatione armorum.*

Lilia Francorum, rex Karole septime regum,
Sint tua cum regno, si qua est reverentia legum.

*Justa responsio Anglici pro mutatione armorum.*

Lilia Francorum descensu progenitorum
Jam sunt Anglorum, si lex valet nulla priorum.

---

1 From a manuscript in the Bodleian Library, MS. Rawlinson, No. 214, fol. 121, v°. This epigram appears to have been written on the occasion of the proclamation of the dauphin of France, claiming the kingdom as Charles VII., upon the death of Charles VI.
ON THE ENGLISH TITLE TO THE CROWN OF FRANCE.

Here begynneth a remembrance of a peedeugre how that the kyng of Englonde, Henry the sext, is truly borne heir unto the corone of Fraunce by lyneyalle succession, als wole on his fader side, Henry the fith, whom God assouile, as by Kateryne quene of Englonde, his modir, whom God assouile; made by Lydgate Johan the monke of Bury, at Parys, by the instauance of my lord of Warrewyk.

The prolog.

Trouble hertis to sette in quyete,
And make folkys there language for to lette,
Which disputen in their opynyons
Touching the ligne of two regions,
The right, I mene, of Ingland and of Fraunce,
To put away alle maner vairiance,
Holy the doute and the ambyguyté,
To sette the ligne where hit shuld be,
And wheres hit aught justly to abide,
Wrongfulle claymes for to set aside,
I moved was shortly in sentement
By precept first and commandement
Of the nobly prince and manly man,
Which is so knyghtly and so moche can,

---

1 This is one of the numerous metrical productions of the poet Lydgate, and certainly is one of his worst. Its date is fixed to the autumn of the year 1426 by the statement that the king was then "nigh" five years old, and Lydgate himself gives us the day of the month on which it was written, namely, the 28th of July. It is printed from MS. Harl. No. 7333, fol. 31, r. I have not been able to discover any traces of the original from which Lydgate professes to translate.
My lord of Warrewyk, so prudent and wise,
Beyng present that tym at Parys
Whanne he was than repairede again
From seint Juliane of Mauns, oute of Mayne
Resorted home, as folkys telle conne,
From the castelle that he had wonne
Thurgh his knyghthode and his hy noblesse,
And thurgh his wysdom and his hy prowesse.

Gladly he chevith what so he begynne,
Sesynge not tylle he his purpos wynne,
The fyne therof berith witnessing.
Lyf and goodis for title of his kyng
He sparith not to put in juperdye,
Oonly the right for to magnifie
Of him that is to him moste soverain,
Henry the sext, of age ny fyve yere renne,
Borne to be kyng of worthie reamys two.
And God graunt that it may be so,
Septune and crowne that he may in dede,
As he hath right, in peas to possede,
And to put his title in remembrance,
Whiche that he hath to Ingland and to Fraunce.

The noble, that worthi varioure,
Whiche may be callid a very conqueroure,
Who lyst considre and serche by and by
His grete emprise in ordre koriously,
And specially to encrece his glory,
Who list remembre the grete high victory
Which that he had in Vernoille in Perche,
Fulle notable in boke oute to serche,
In cronycles to be song and rad;
And this prince moste discrete and sad,
Hy lord of Bedford, of Fraunce the regent,
Was the first that did his entent,
By grete advys and ful hy prudence,
Thurgh his laboure and his diligence,
That made eche in cronycle fulle notable,  
By the clerk which he knew moste able,  
Renomed of wysdom and science,  
Worthie eke of fame and of credence.  
And I, as he that durst not withsey,  
Humbly his biddynge did obey,  
Ful desirous him to do plesaunce,  
With dere suppressed for my ignorant,  
And in my hert quakyng for drede;  
And as I kend began to taken hede  
Unto the Frensch compiled by Laurence,  
In substantce filowyng the substantce  
Of his wryntyng and compilacioun.  
Alle be that I in my translacioun  
To my helpe nor to my socoure  
Of rethoryk have no maner floure,  
Yit shal I folow my maistre doubtles,  
Calot, and be not recheles  
Liche his writyng my stiel to direct;  
Where I dare pray hem to correct,  
I mene tho that shalle hit sene or rede;  
And right forth who so lyyst take hede,  
Undir favoure and supportacioun,  
Thus I begyn on my translacioun.

Here endith the prolog, and begynneth the translacioun.

Crist Jhesu, prince and soverain lord  
Of unyté, of pease, and of accordé,  
Seyng the myschief and the hie distaunce  
Betwene the kyng of England and of Fraunce;  
Perylle of soules both nygh and ferre,  
By occasioun of the mortalle werre;  
Seyng also the grete confusioun  
Of both reames, by devisioun  
Thurgh feyned falsede caused cursidly  
By the dolphyn, that so horribly
Made sleen withoute drede or shame,
At Monstreux, a toune of grete fame,
Johan due of Burgoynce, by grete violence,
Doyng to him honoure and reverence,
And evermore of inyquité,
By false tresoun and cursed cruelté,
Compassed; alas! that was to grete a ruth
Under coloured and shadowe of veray trouth,
In dispite of the chirche, alas!
Havyng no reward in this horrible cas
To suerté nor othe ymade toforme,
Nor assurance in holy place asworne,
The high lord Herry Bully to offende;
That wit of man coude not comprehende,
That this dolphyn shuld in any wise
So hygh tresoun compassen or devise,
Him self, alas! in hindryng of his name,
Thurgh the world to sclaundre and to blame.
Causing in soth his unabilité
For to suceede to any dignité,
Of knyghtly honoure to regne in any lond,
As by lettres ensealid with his hond
Clerly recorde, truth wolde not vary,
He to his othe wirching the contrary.
Consideryng this and peised in balaunce,
Touching the right of true enheritaunce,
God thurgh his myght who can undirstonde
More of grace than of mannes honde,
Alle oure trouble to enden and to fyne,
By purveaunce which that is devyne,
Provided hath of his hy grace
For reames two large to compasse
A rightfulle heire, I dare hit wele endite,
As this figure unto every wight
Shewynge in ordre descendynge lyne right,
To forein blode that it not ne choinge,
The crowne to put in non hondis straunge,
But it conveyed there it should be.
Verily, liche as ye may se,
The pedagré doth hit specific,
The figure lo of the genealogy,
How that God list for her purchase
Thurgh his power and benigne grace,
An heir of peas by just successioun,
This figure makith clere demonstracion.
Ageins which noman may maligne,
But that he stondith in the veray ligne,
As ye may se, as descendid is
Of the stok and blode of seint Lowys;
Of which we ought of equité and right
In oure hertis to be glad and light,
That we may se with every circumstauce
Direct the lyne of England and of Fraunce.
On the othir part byhold and ye may se
How this Herry in the eight degré
Is to seint Lowys sone and very heire;
To put away alle doute and despare,
God hath for us so graciously provided,
To make al oon that first was devided,
That this Herry stonding in the lyne,
Thurgh Goddis hond and purviance devyne,
Is justly borne, to voide alle variaunce,
For to be kyng of England and of Fraunce;
To whom we owe truly to obey
In every thing, there is nomore to sey.
By whom we se the werre doutelesse
Fully finisshed, brought in werre and peas,
Bettwixe this noble worthi reames twayne,
Ful long afore with laboure and grete payne
Sought and required, which ben now at rest,
Thanked be God, that alle doth for the best.
And that this peas in sothfast unyté,
Be endid sone withoute striff or pleé,
By thavise and mediacioun
Made by treté of bothe region,
Sworne and asured by fulle besy peyne
Of both partes at Trois in Champoigne.
Charlis the sext makyng thassurance,
Thilke tyme beyng kyng of Fraunce;
The quene also sworne in the same wise,
And after hem, as I shal devise,
The boke also entouchid with his hond,
Was Herry sworne, kyng of Englund,
Heir of Fraunce, and also regent,
And Phelip eke beyng there present,
Duc of Burgoyne, assured eke and sworne,
Sone to the duc of whom I spake byforne,
That slayn was and murdred traitoursly;
Than thre astatis beyng by and by,
Prelatis, erles, lordis, and barons,
Sworne and assured, of both regions,
As the traité fully hath devised.
And there in Troyes also was solempnesed
The mariag, to conferme up the peas;
And to declare the maner douteles
Of this weddyng, who so lyst to serche,
At Seint Petirs Aundels of the chirche,
The said Herry, manly and prudent,
Of Englund kyng, of Fraunce the regent,
Betrouthed hath my lady Kateryne,
And the mystery with that is devyne.
O mariag by grete reverence,
The sacrament for the excellence
He hath worshipped, and fulle humbly
In the chirch made axid openly,
After costume of hy or low degré,
To show ensample of humylité.
In the chirche thries of Seint Johan,
Liche the costume of new and yore agon,
Thries published in open audience,
As the lawe byndeth in sentence.
Touching the statuyt in cas of mariage,
For any favoure of blode or lynage,
The cours suyng in alle his hole entent,
And in no wise list not be exempte.
From poynct to poynct list no thing withdrawe,
The bonde filowyng of holy chirche lawe,
Notwithstandyng his astate rialle;
But in his chirche than parochialle
Of Seint Johan he came with good entent,
For to receive the holy sacrement
Of mariage, he and Kateryne,
As ye toforne have herd me determyne.

The which Herry if I shal discryve,
I dare wele sey there was never on lyve
No manlier to speke of worthinesse,
Of governaunce, nor of hy prowesse,
Whiche thurgh his manhode and grete laboure,
Lyche a notable worthi conqueroure
Csaid not, thurgh his besy peyne,
Justly to bring worthi reames twayne
Undir oo crowne by desceynt of lyne;
For which he may among the worthie nyne
Truly be set and reconed for oon,
Who can take hede among hem everichone.

And of this Henry, of knyghthyode moste famous,
Moste auyse, and moste victorious,
From saint Lowys in the right lyne,
I sey of him and of Kateryne,
Don in ordre by corious lynealle,
Descendid is from the stok rialle
Of seint Lowis, who can undirstond,
Henry the sext, borne in England,
For to possede by enheritaunce
Crownes two of England and of Fraunce,
By true title, as ye have hard toforne,
The first yere in soth that he was borne.
By the which of hem he and his fader dere
Both two passing in oon yere,
Everiche in haste suyng aftir othir,
By pitous faate, hit wold be non othir,
The yere of grace by computacioun
A thousand foure hundrid by conclusion
Twenty and two, who so compute right.
God graunt her soulis of her grete myght
Joy and rest which is eternalle,
In his court above celestialle;
And graunt oure kyng joy, honoure, and glorye,
Peas and quiste, and of his foon the victorye,
To love his people, and to be loved ayen,
As thei loved her lord most soverain,
Charles the sext, which was his aielle.
And in doctrine norisshed be as wele,
And als wys and prudent fynally,
As was his fader callid eke Henry.
Graunt him grace and also good fortune,
In his regnes also to contynue
His rialle lyne also to habounde,
And that hit may verily be founde
Hy to encrece in worship and vertue,
As an heir blessed of Jhesu,
And of renoun excellent in vertue.
To drawen oute a true peedegreu,
Lyneally descending even adoun
From seint Lowys, most famous of renoun,
And renommed of parfite holynesse;
And specially, the trouth to expresse,
Amonges other to rekene everychone,
Of Frenssh men oonly there was oon
From the trouth which wold not varie,
Oure liege lord chosen secretary
For his faithfulle true diligence,
Which by name callid is Laurence
Calet, of the counscille clerk,
Which toke on him the laboure of this werk,
Ever aftir to be rad and song;
First to compile hit in the Frenssh tong,
Compendiously drawe hit in sentence
In that language, by grete providence,
As he that was passing excellent,
In rethoryk famous and eloquent,
And diligent withouten any slouth
To declare oute the trouthe,
The chaf to voide and take the true corne.
Of which my lorde that I spak of byforne,
My lord of Warrewyk, ful worthi of renown,
Of high prudence and discrecioum,
Touching the wrytyng of this Calot clerk,
Draw into Frenssh by his besy werk,
Gaf me precept in conclusion
To make therof a playne translacioun
In English tong, and bad me hit translate.
And to reheerce the very true date
Of this laboure, when I first bygan,
Hit was in soth, as I reheerce can,
The monyth of Juylle twenty daies comen,
And eight over, when the sonne shone
Made his paleys and his dwellingly place
Ameddis the hevene in the thrid face,
The signe I mene callid the lioun,
Which is the toure and chief mansioun
Where Phebus hath moste soverain dignité;
And thilke tyme in the thritteneth degré
He entred was of the same signe,
Thatempre wedir lusty and benigne,
Saturne beyng in the scorpypoun,
In which he hath no domynacioun,
Ne dignité shortly for to tary;
Jubiter in the sagittary
Seven degrés where he is dignified,
Fulle fortunat and grety magnified;
Furious Mars, the ferfulle red sterre,
Causar of stryf, patroun of the werre,
With his bemes cast moste fervently,
Was two pocys passed of gemeny;
Fresh Venus, lady of Citheroun,
Was nyne degrees entred the lyoun;
And the monc, with her hores pale,
From the bolle gan her cours availe;
The same tyme when that Mercurious
In the lyoun had take his hous,
Ful contrary to his dignité,
Beyng tho in the tenth degré;
And of the bulle also doueteles
By accomptes also twenty grees
Entred was the bed of the dragoun;
And his taille in thopposicioun;
The same tyme, as I understond,
My lord bad me this werk take in hond.
That he may se his generacioun
Unto the fortieth multiplicacioun
Victoriously for to regnen here,
After this lyfe above the sterres clere,
God him graunt onely of his grace
Of mercy there for to have a place.

Here endith the genologie of kyng Henry the sext,
and folowith a roundelle of him ayens his coronacioun, made by Lydegeate daun Johan.

Rejoice, ye reames of Englond and of Fraunce,
A braunche that sprang oute of the floure-de-lys,
Blode of seint Edward and seint Lowys,
God hath this day sent in governaunce.

God of nature hath yoven him suffisaunce,
Likly to atteyne to grete honoure and pris.

O hevenly blossom, o budde of alle plesaunce,
God graunt the grace for to ben als wise
As was thi fader by circumspeect advise,
Stable in virtue, withoute variaunce.

Explicit.
TO KING HENRY VI. ON HIS CORONATION.

To King Henry VI. on his Coronation.¹

Most noble prince of cristen princes alle,
Florwyng in yowthe and vertuous innocence,
Whom God above list of his grace calle
This day to estate of knyghtly excellence,
And to be crowned with diewe reverence,
To grete gladnesse of al this regioun,
Lawde and honour to thy magnificence,
And goode fortune unto thy high renoun.

Royal braunched, descended from two lynes,
Of seynt Edward and of seynt Lowys;
Holy seyntes, translated in theyr shrynies,
In theyr tyme manly, prudent, and wys;
Arthur was knyghtly, and Charles of grete prys,
And of all these they grene tender age,
By the grace of God and by his advys,
Of manly prowess shall taken tarage.

God of his grace gaf to thy kynrede
The palme of conquest, the laurere of victorye;
They loved God, and worshipped hym in dede,
Wherfor theyr names he hath put in memory,
Made hem to reigne for vertu in his glorye;
And sith thow art born of theyr lynage,
Tofore al thynges that bien transitorye
Love God and drede, and so gynne thy passage.

¹ This poem was evidently addressed to the infant king, on his coronation, which took place on the 6th of November 1429. It is printed from a contemporary manuscript, MS. Harl. No. 2251, fol. 251, v°.
Downe from the heven thre flour-de-lys of gold,
The fielde of assure, were sent to Clodové.
To sygnifie, in storye it is tolde,
Parfite blyve, and sothfast unyté
Of thre persones in the Trynité;
For to declare that the lyne of Ffrance
Shuld in theyr trouth parfite and stable be,
Grounded on feyth, withouten variaunce.

And sith thou art from that noble lyne
Descended downe, be stidefast of byleve;
Thy knyghtly honour lette it shewe and shyne,
Shewe thy power and thy myght to preve
Ageyne al thoo that wil the chirche greve.
Cherisshe thy lortes, hate extorcioun;
Of thyn almesse thy peple thou releve;
Ay on thy comunes havyng compassioun.

Noble prince, the high Lord to qweme,
Susteyne right, trouth to magnyfie,
Differre vengeaunce, alwey or thow deeme,
And gyf no dome til thoue here iche partye
Til nother part thy favoure nat applye;
And eke considre, in thyn estate royal,
The Lord above, whiche noman may denye,
Indifferently seeth and considreth alle.

God sent this day unto thy regalye
Of al vertues hevenly influence;
First of alle thi state to magnyfye
With Salamons soverayne sapience;
To governe thy wit and thi high prudence,
Liche kyng David to be loo! mercyable,
Whiche of pité, whan men dide hym offence,
Mercy preferryng, list nat be vengeable.
Nobles and force in wexynge liche Sampson,
  Resemble in knyghthode to worthy Josué;
And thow mayst be Goddis champioun,
  As that he was, Judas the Machabée;
  With Alisaundres magnanimité;
Conquest, victorye, with Cesar Julius,
  His pacience and his tranquillité,
And in suffraunce to be als vertuous.

Provident, with Brutus Cassius;
  Hardy as Hector, whan tyme doth require;
Vices eschewyng as Fabricius;
  Constant of hert, and al als entier
  As Zenocrates, whos renoun shoone so cliere;
Wronges forgetyng, noble Cypion;
  Clement, with Titus; with al these in feere,
In al thi dedis conquest and high renown.

In al thi werkis hauntyng rightwisnesse,
  As themperour that callid was Trajan;
With Thiberye, fredam and gentillesse;
  Attemperance, with prudent Gracian;
  And in thy doomes, liche Justynian,
Nothyng conclude til thow se the fyne;
  Pees preferyng as Octovyan;
The chirche cherysshynge, like Constantyne.

And that thow mayst be resemblable founde,
  Heretikes and Lollardes to oppresse,
Liche themperour worthy Sygesmounde;
  And as thy fader, flowre of high prowesse,
  At the gynning of his roial noblesse,
Voided al cokil farre out of Syon,
  Cristes spouse satte in stablenesse,
Outrayeng foreyns that cam from Babilon.
God graunt the grace for to resemble in al
    Unto these noble worthy conquerours;
Longe to contynue in thyn estate royal,
    And to be lyke to thy progenytours;
To gadre the vertu out of fresshe floures,
As dide thy fadir, nyrrour of manhode;
    And to repesse of vices al the showres,
With fynal grace to love God and drede.

Fynally, remembryng of reasoun
    Croppe and roote of that royal lyne
Fro whiche thow cam, solwe discriscioun
    Of thy fader, whiche dide so shyne
In al vertu; plainly to termyne,
Late hym by thy myrrour and thy guyde,
    With the goode lyf of qwene Kateryne,
Thi blessid moder, in that other side.

Of goode rootes, sprynggyng by vertu,
    Must growe goode fruyte be necessité;
Whan influence by the Lord Jhesu
    Is sent adowne from his hevenly cytee.
And God I pray, of his hygh bounté,
Of fader and moder in thy tendre yowth
    To take ensample, reyngneng in thy see,
And bien in vertu als famous and als kowth.

With hym in knyghthode to have excellence;
    Like thy moder in vertuous goodenesse;
And liche hem both, groudne thy conscience
    To love thi Lord in parfite stabilnesse,
Goode lyf and lange al vices to represse,
Love of thy lieges, pees and obeysanne.

Thy right rejoisyng of Ingland and of Fraunce.
Prince excellent, be feythful, triewe, and stable;
Drede God, do lawe, chastice extorcioun;
By liberal of courage, unmutable;
Cherisshe the chirche with hole afeccioun;
Love thy lieges of eyther regioun;
Preferre the pees, eschewe werre and debate;
And God shal sende from the heaven downe
Grace and goode hure to thy royal estate.

Be mercyful, nat hasty ne vengeable;
Lightly forgyve, where as thou seest reasoun;
Be righteous juge, be manly, be tretable;
Thy right ay sugre with remyssioun;
Deme nat to sone, but make dilacioun;
Rowe on the poore and folk desconsolate;
And God shal sende from the heaven above
Grace and goode hure to thy royal estate.

In thy behestes be nat variable;
Holde thy promesses, made of entencioyn;
Be bounteuous, and kyngly honourable;
Vyde thy realme from discencioun;
Eschew flaterie and adulacioun;
Folkes reconcile that stonde desolate;
And God shal sende from the heaven downe
Grace and goode hure unto thy royal estate.
ON THE CORONATION OF HENRY VI.¹

Nov. 6, 1429.

A balade made of the same kynge.

Holde up our yong kyng, 
_aev benigna,
And sende us peas in our londe, 
_aev regina._

_Mater, nunc_ bright bee thy beamys,
Moodir of mercy, save bothe reamyss;
See to our innocent, our crowne may be gladder,
Holde up our lorde that nevir sigh his ssadir,
Ne the sdir his sone reynyng in his londes;
Grete nede have we to kepe peas amonge us.
On a Sownday, trewly ye may trowe,
Oure bishoppes and oure abbottes were mytird arowe;
Two archiebissoppes so woorthely ascequynit,
And a gracious cardynalle aboute oure kyng anoynit.
Thre swordis there were borne, oon poynles, and two
poynit;
The toon was a swerde of mercy, the oothir of astate,
The thrid was of the empiir the which ewart oure gate.
Three dukyes were in presens woorshipe to encrece;
Two bissoppis hym ledde to kepe in pcee;
Six erles in their estate shewid them alle;
And the v. poortis beryng up the palle.
Gracious Werwik, God hym contynue,
Beryng up his trayne in pcee and vue,
Alle the barouns of our londe togidir they were founden,
The juges, the knyghtes of the shire, and the cite of
Londen.
This is procession goyng thorugh the halle;
Angélis mete, manna, on his crowne did falle,

¹ Printed from MS. Lansdowne, No. 285, fol. 5, v°.
And concyward in this lande the crowne to encrce,
Evir enduryng with plente and with pece.
The archiebissehope of Cauntirbury appoynttid,
The gracius kyng Harry the sixt he anoyntid
Oure sovereigne lorde in the chief, who wille undirstonde.
The cardynalle tho was on his right hande;
On the toothir side the chaunceller, theis lordes were able,
The bishope of Beames\textsuperscript{1} at the same table.
Huntyngdone kneelyng with his septune on the right honde,
Stafforde with his swerde there woorthyly holdande.
Northfolk as a marschalle fulle woorthyly beknowe,
Ridyng in his office, truly ye may trowe.
Salisbury in Bedforde office present hym there,
Sittynge on a stede, as he conestable were.
The v. poortis on the right hande that the palle beere,
At the boorde on the right hande present they were.
At the next bisshoppis and abbottes togidir were founden;
And on the toothir side the citee of Londoun.
Many oothir lordis were present in that place,
To woorsheipe oure sovereigne lorde with alle solace.
Byfore the kyng, with his lordis thus sittynge alle,
Came Phillipe Dymmok ridyng to the halle,
Armyd clene with armure so bright,
Like as perteynethe unto a woorthy knyght,
As the kynges champion by heritage;
There redy his body and his gloove to wage,
Yf there were any man that wille say the contrary,
That kyng Harry the sixt is crownyd truly.
He is redy to delyvir hym, and not abasshe,
By signement of the kyng, tyme and place.

\textsuperscript{1} An error apparently for Rheims.
Praye we alle bothe more and lesse,
Crist save Englonde in reste and pece,
And God coomforthe that mykille hathe loost,
That was woon with worshipe late nevir be loost.

ON THE DUKE OF BURGUNDY.¹

A songe made of the duke of Burgeyne.

Thow Phellippe, foundour of new falschede,
Distroubar of pees, capiteine of cowardise,
Sower and distrauber, reprof of alle knyghthode,
Which of alle Bourgoyne, that is so gret of pris,
Thow clepest thi selfe duc, whan woltow ryse
Ande in pleyne felde do mustre with thi lance?
See how alle knyghthode thi werre doth despise,
White thi owne falsnes alle thi myschance.

Rememble the, Phelippe, ande have in mynde
Howe Henry the wth of werry genteliness,
Withotene thi desert, he was to the kynde,
Ande alwa thi socoure whane thou were in destresse,
Defende thi persone from alle wulfulnes
Of alle thi martial enemys of Engolonde and of France;
Wherfor thou shewest gret unkyndnesse,
The which thou may wite alle thi myschance.

Rememble the, Phelippe, at thi begynnyng,
Whan that thi slader, thurgh conspired tresoun,

¹ This piece, which appears to be imperfect, was written at the time of the defection of the duke of Burgundy from the English alliance, probably shortly before, or at the time of, the siege of Calais (1436). It is printed from MS. Sloane, No. 252, fol. 169, r., in a French hand, and apparently by a scribe whose mother tongue was not English, which will account for some obscurity.
ON THE DUKE OF BURGUNDY.

By assent of Charles that callede him self kyng
   Of that reame of France withouten ground resoun,
   Was at Motreux broght to his confusionne;
To kyng Henry there thou dedist thy legeance;
   Of lyf and land he was thy proteccion;
Wherfor thy falsnes causeth the thi myschance.

Remembre the, Phelippe, what tyme and how
   To kyng Henry the fift, by thi owne assent,
Withouten his desire, thou madest a solempe vow,
   Usyng Goddes body, the holy sacrament,
   To becomme trew lygman with good entente
To him ande his heires, withouten variance;
   Now art thou fals to Gode, by thine owne assente,
The which thou may witte all thi myschance.

Remembre the, Philleppe, that thou yonge kyng,
   Harry the sext, was crownèd at Parys,
Johan duc of Bedford thine absenc excusyng
   By souffisant warant made by thi devise,
   He did thine homage as to the ffloure-de-lys;
This matere the lust not to adversité,
   With thine owne falsnes and thi myschance.

Remembre the, Philleppe, how peple of Englund
   Have bene to the eyvr gentil and trew;
For whan thou wer besegede with many a thousand
   Of Armyнакkes, they did the rescewe.\footnote{This poem appears to end imperfectly.}
PHILIPPE OF BURGUNDY AND JAMES OF SCOTLAND.¹

Philippus dux Burgundiae ad Jacobum regem Scot-torum.

Ilustri Jacobo Scottorum principi magno,
Regi magnifico cum fulmine castra reduco.

Responsio ad hoc per quendam Anglicum.

Burgundus Scoto, dux regi, falsus iniquo,
Philippus Jacobo, dedit hoc baliaria metro.
Et si quis quaerat cujus vox extitit ista,
Vox balearis erat, ut finxerat ipse metrissa.
Nunc reflexivum parvum lapidem tibi flabo,
Atque ducem vivum si vult mihi stare probabo
Bumbardo metrico; sic scriptit amicus amico,
Regi magnifico cum fulmine castra reduco;
Ecce tene lapidem, per sermones ita viles,
Et frangendo fidem, tu falsus es undique miles.
Nec Burgundorum dux, quamvis scandat ad astra,
Nec rex Scotorum, sibi subdit Angloca castra.
Per tantum fulmen, per talem nempe reductum,
Anglorum culmen adquisivit sibi fructum.
Quamvis falsidicus hic dux noster amicus,
Nobis multa dedit ut ab obsidione recedat,
Angligenis vinceps tum Scotus rex habeatur,
Est falsus princeps, quia principi falsificatur.
Dux Burgundorum quia princeps falsus habeatur,
Principi Scotorum sua per metra falsa fatetur.
Est et semper erit similis, similem sibi quaerit;
Ambo perjurii, sunt ambo simul perituri.

¹This short poem, printed from MS. Rawlinson, No. 214, fol. 166, r°, belongs no doubt, from internal evidence, to the same period as the preceding. The king of Scotland must be James I., who was murdered in the night of the 20th of February 1437.
Philiippus, Jacobus, sancti simul ambo fuere; 
Istorum reprobus contendit uterque manere. 
Nominitus similes sunt non in imagine morum; 
Sed nisi sint humiles non intrant castra polorum. 
Dux dudum victus est, per papam maledictus; 
Acrier illicitus est iste gravissimus ictus. 
Miror vos quippe, te, Jacobe, teque, Philippe, 
Cur ita temptatis nos Anglos et stimulatis. 
Si vultis pacem, populum revocate minacem; 
Si vultis guerras, proprias defendite terras. 
Expectate domi, nos proprias terras tenemus, 
Vinus poni vestri pretio nec egemus. 
Obscure, rex et dux, clare videatis ubique, 
Quomodo lex et lux vestrum tenebantur utrique. 
Si non caretis vestras animas fore salvas, 
Non alias detis inferni visere valvas. 
Dux Burgundicus et rex Scoticus insidiantur, 
Sed rex Anglicus et grex publicus his dominantur. 
Anglia regna premit, Burgundia dedecus emit, 
Francia fracta tremit, Scotia victa gemit. 
Undique concursus stat et Anglia fortis et ursus; 
Anglia dum rugit, circula terra fugit. 

Explicit.

On the Siege of Calais. 1436.\(^1\)

*Her bigingyth the sete off Calayes, in the yer off our Lord j. m' iiiiv.*

In Juyl, whan the sone schon, 
Tres, leyys, and herbus grene, 
Wyth many sonder colowris,

\(^1\) From MS. Cotton, Galba E. ix. fol. 110, r\(^a\). The duke of Burgundy laid siege to Calais on the 19th of July 1436, and was compelled to raise it on the 25th day of the same month.
And ffresch flowris that April mad,
Gan 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 wex fulle pale;
    Than comyth tyme off labowr,
To profit and to wrischip wyne
In armes, so ther be no treson inn,
    Untruth, ne fals colowr.
The duk of Burgayn off grete prid
Mad gret assemblé in landes wyd,
    In Flanders, and in Breban,
Of his power and in chevalry
Of Burgayn and in Pikardye,
    Of Henaw and off Holland;
A c.l. m', 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 mercandyss,
And othir god with the ymprise,
    They wold have a serteyne.
The walles they wold ber adowne,
Towr, castelle, and dongen,
    Alle schuld be mad fulle playn.
And so with red bancers displayed,
With odir in the bateyllys arayed,
    They cum the towne abote;
Statly tentes anon they pyȝte,
Larg and long and gret of syȝth;
    It was a ryalle rowte.
Wyth gunnes gret, and other gret ordinance,
Them to help and to avanc,
    With many a proud pavys,
Gayly peynted and stuffed well,
Ribawdes armyd with iyrne and stele,
Was never better off devye;
Ix. m likeness cokkes to crow at nyȝth,
And viii. m likeness cressetes to brene liȝth;
Gret wonder to her and se,
How sone the had mad her logyng,
Defens off herth and dikyng;
Redier nyȝth non be.
The erle of Mortayne mad a diner,
And, "Felowys, be of good chere,
"Off no thynge hav we no dred;
"I trust to God to se that day,
"That, for alle the proud aryay,
"Fulle low schalle thay lowth."
The levtenant, ser Johan Racyf,
That ever loyed worschyp and dred repreve,
Kept fulle god governance.
And so did the baren off Dudley,
In the castelle, 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 withowt wer so hardy
It onys to assayle.
At the Mylk-gate ser Johan Aston,
And ser Jefferey Warbulton,
With a many a hardy man,
The trompetes lowd they dyd blow,
That the duk nyȝth welle know
The wach whan yt bigan.
The porteres kept the gattes full manly,
The gattes opyn continually,
To wate they wer not irk;
The trew sodiers both day and nythe
Lay on the walles in harnes brighe,
    Hit was ther howses and kirk.
The burges and men wer full bown
For to defend the possession,
    Hit longith to them off ry3th;
The merchanttes wer ful redy
At all tymes and every skry;
    Hyt was a full good sy3th.
And so did the good comyns,
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 grett and smalle,
Yf they wold assaute the walle,
    All hote to gev them drynk.
The first day ther enmys proud
Gan to skirmysch with schowtes lowd,
    But countred they wer anon.
Gomners, to schew ther arte,
Into 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 howsais thow they did harm.
Sent Barbaras than was the cry,
When the stone in the stone did fly;
    They cowd non other charm.
And for the duk lay them no nere,
At the sowth-west corner
    Off gomnes he had a song;
ON THE SIEGE OF CALAIS.

That anon he left that place,
And to the west end he mad a chace;

Hym thowth he bod to long.
Ther men myyth 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 Iyrysch man,
Uppone his hoby swyftly ran;

Hyt was a sportfulle sygthe,
How hys dartes he did schak;
And when him lyst to leve or tak,

They had fulle gret dispite.
Allso a hownd that did hyegehe go by,
That longid to the water-bayly,

Fulle swyftly wold he ren;
And every skyrmyszch to travayle,
Man and hors he wold assayle,

Fulle welle he coude them kenne.
And so hit byfelle upon a Thyrsday,

The erle of Morteyn made a fray
At seynt Peturs on the playne;
And drove them to there tentys nere,
And toke many a prisonere,

And many off them wer 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 schipis when he saw brent.
And so after, within a whyle,

Drawyn adown was hys castell

With many a hardy man;
His men of armes were layd to ground,
And sum askapid with dethys wond,
    And few off them were tan.
The next morow, or yt was day,
Erly the duk fled oway,
    And with hym they off Cant.
And after Bruges and Apres both
To folow after they wer not loth;
    Thus kept they ther avaunt.
For they had very knowynge
Off the duk off Glouceturs cumyng,
    Caleys to rescue.
Bycaus they bod not ther,
In Flanders he soght hem fer and ner,
    That ever may they yt rew.
Only God, in whom ys all . . . . ,
Say Caleys that ryall towne,
    That ever yt mot wel cheve
Unto the crown of mery Yngland,
While that this world wyll stand,
    That neany enmys ytt greve.
Lytelle wote the fool,
    Who myyth ches,
What harm yt wer
    God Caleys to lese. Amen.

*Explicit the sege off Caleys.*
THE LIBEL OF ENGLISH POLICY.

The Libel of English Policy.¹

Here beginneth the prologue of the processe of the Libelle of Englyshe Polycye, exhortynge alle Englande to kepe the see environ, and namelye the narrow see, shewynge whate profete commeth thereof, and also worshypp and salvacioun to Englande and to alle Englyshe menne.

The trewe processe of Englysh polycye,
Of utterwardes² to kepe thyse regnes³ in rest
Of oure England, that no man may denye,

Incipit liber de custodia maris, præsertim arcta inter Dovoream et Calisiam.

¹ The date of this very important poem is fixed by internal evidence, for it was written after the siege of Calais by the duke of Burgundy, and the invasion of his territory by the duke of Gloucester, which latter event occupied the first half of the month of August 1436, and while the emperor Sigismund was still living, and therefore before his death in 1437. From the tone in which the defeat of the Flemings is spoken of we are justified in supposing that it was written soon after that event; and if we may take the marginal note in the MS. we follow (see further on, p. 183) as referring to the time at which the poem was written, its date would be fixed very nearly, for the 14th year of Henry VI. ended on the 31st Aug. 1436. It is here printed from a MS. in the Bodleian Library, MS. Laud. No. 704, fol. 1, r² (A.), collated with other copies, MS. Harl. No. 4011, fol. 120, r² (B.), MS. Harl. No. 271, fol. 1, r⁴ (C.), and MS. Cotton. Vitell. E. x, fol. 192, r⁴ (D.). The first of these manuscripts has the appearance, by the care and style in which it is written, of having been an original copy, intended to be sent by the author to one of the statesmen of the day, perhaps to the lord Hungerford, whose name is inserted in the Envoys at the end. In MS. D. the title has been changed to "The Bible of Englyshe Polycye," an evident mistake. It is hardly necessary to state that Libel (libellus) means a little book. There are two classes of the MSS., one of which has the name of lord Hungerford at the end, the other is addressed to a high ecclesiastic, no doubt cardinal Beaufort. In this respect Hakluyt's copy agreed with the text now printed, while the three other manuscripts belong to the second class. I have not attempted to give all the verbal variations in the texts, but the readings of MS. D. are generally the most interesting.

² outwārd, B., D.
³ londe, B.; reame, D.
Nere say of soth but\(^1\) one of the best
Is thys, that who seith southe, northe, est, and\(^2\) west,\(^3\)
Cheryshe marchandyse,\(^4\) kepe thamyralte,
That we bee maysteres of the narowe see.

\(^b\) Ffor Sigesmonde the grete emperoure,
   Whych ye regneth,\(^5\) whan he was in this londe
Wyth kynga Harry the vi\(^\text{th}\), prince of honoure,
   Here moche glorie as hym thought he founde;
   A myghty londe, whyche hadde take on honde
To werre in Ffraunce and make mortalité,
And evere welle kept\(^6\) rounde aboute the see.\(^7\)

And to the kynga thus he seyde, “My brothere,”
   Whan he perceyved too townes\(^8\) Calys and Dovere,
   “Of alle youre townes to chese of one and othere,
   “To kepe the see and sone to come overe
   “To werre oughtwardes and youre regne\(^9\) to recovere,
   “Kepe these too townes, sire, and\(^10\) youre mageste,
   “As youre tweyne eyne to kepe the narowe see.”

Ffor if this see be kepte in tyme of werre,
   Who cane here\(^11\) passe withought daungere and woo?
Who may eschape, who may myschef dysserre?
   What marchaundyse may for by be agoo?
Ffor nedes hem muste take truse\(^12\) every ffuo,
   Ffauandres, and Spayne, and othere, trust to me,
   Or ells hyndered alle for thys narowe see.

\(^b\) Videns imperator Sigismundus duas villas inter caeteras Angliae, scilicet Caliscaum et Dovream, ponens suos duos digitos super duos suos oculos, ait regi, “Frater, custodite istas duas villas sicut duas vestros oculos.”
Therefore I caste me by a lytele wrytinge
To shewe att eye thyss conclusione,
Ffor conyens and for myne acquytynge
Ayenst God and ageyne abusyon,
And cowardyse and to oure enmyes confusione;
Ffor iiiij. thynges our noble sheueth to me,
Kyng, shype, and swerde, and powere of the see.

Where bene oure shippes? where bene oure swerdes become?
Owre enmyes bid for the shippe sette a shepe.
Allas! oure reule halteth, hit is benome;
Who dare weel say that lordeshyppe shulde take kepe?
I wolde assaye, thoughghe myne herte gynne to wepe,
To do thyss werke, yf we wole ever the,
Ffor verry shame, to kepe aboute the see.

Shalle any prynce, what so be llys name,
Wheche hathe nobles moche lyche oures,
Be lorde of see, and Flemmyngis to oure blame
Stoppe us, take us, and so make fade the floures
Of Englysshe state, and disteyne oure honnoures?
Ffor cowardyse, allas! hit shulde so be;
Therfore I gynne to wryte now of the see.

* Quatuor considerantur in moneta aurea Anglicana quae dicitur noble, scilicet, rex, navis, et gladius, qui designant potestatem Anglicorum super mare, in quorum opprobrium his diebus Britones minores et Flandrenses et ceteri dicunt Anglicis, "tollite de vestro " nobile navem, et imponite ovem," intendentes quod, sicut quon-
dam a tempore Edvardi tertii Anglici erant domini maris, modo
his diebus sunt recordes, victi, et ad bellandum et mare observ-
vandum velut oves; et sicut saepissime patet corum derisio in oppro-
brium Anglicorum, etc.

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1 wher ben thei, B. 2 as, B.
2 Sehall the duke of Burgoyne be 4 out of flame, D.
his name, D. 5 asiate, B.
Of the commodityes of Spayne and of Fflaundres.
The fyrste chapitl.

Knowe well all men that profites in certayne,
Commodityes called, commynge out of Spayne,
And marchandy, who so wylle wete what that is,
Bene fygues, raynsys, wyne bastarde, and dates;
And lycore, Syyyle oyle, and grayne,
Whyt Castelle sope, and wax, is not in vayn;
Iren, wolle, wadmolle, gotefel, kydefel also,
For poyn-list makers fulle nefedulle be the ij.;
Saffron, quiksilver, wheche arne Spaynes marchandy,
Is into Fflaundres shyped fulle craftylye,
Unto Bruges, as to here staple fayre,
The haven of Sluse here havene for here repayre,
Wheche is cleped Swyn, thaire shyppes gydyngye,
Where many wessell and fayre arne abdyngye.
But these merchandes, wyth there shyppes greet,
And suche chaffare as they bye and gette
By the wyes, most nede take one honde
By the costes to passe ofoure Englonde,
Betwyxt Dover and Calys, thys is no doute,
Who can weelle elis suche mater bringe aboute.
And whenne these seyde marchaunutz discharged be
Of marchaundy in Fflaundres neere the see,

---

1 Here begynmeth the profites, B.
2 With commoditese that cometh, B.; Commodites called out of, D.
3 With, D.
4 and were certayn, B.; and wez, armours in vayn, D.
5 This and the preceding line are transposed in D.
6 This, D.
7 To have at, B.
8 they haven, D.
9 many a vesselle are lydyng, B.
10 charged, B.
THE LABEL OF ENGLISH POLICY.

Than they be charged agayn wyth marshaundy
That to Fflaundres bougthe full rychelye;
Ffynne clothe of Iprie, that named is better than oure is,8
Cloothie of Curtryke, fyne cloothie of alle coloures,
Mochie sffustyane and also lynen cloothie.
But ye Fflemmyngis, yf ye be not wrothe,
The grete subsaunce of your cloothie, at the fulle,5
Ye wot ye make hit of your English wolfe.

Thanne may hit not synke in mannes brayne,
But that hit most, this marshaundy of Spayne,
But ought and inne by oure costes passe;
He that seyde nay, in wytte was lyche an assa.7
Thus if thys see werre kepte, I dare well sayne,
Wee shulde have pease with the growndes tweyne.
Ffor Spayne and Fflaundres is as yche othere brothere,
And nether may well lyve wythought othere.
The may not lyven to mayntene there degrees,
Wythought oure Englysshe commodytees,
Wolle and tynne; for the wolfe of Englonde
Susteyneth the comons Fflemmyngis,7 I understonde.
Thane yf Englonde wolde hys wolfe restreyne
Ffrome Fflaundres, thys ffoloweth in certayne,
Fflaundres of nede must wyth us have pease,
Or ellis he is distroyde, wythought lees.
Also yf Fflaundres thus distroyed bee,
Some marshaundy of Spayne wolfe never ithe;10
Ffor distroyed hit is, and, as in cheffe,
The wolfe of Spayne hit cometh not to preffe,
But if it be toseed11 and menged welle
Amonges Englysshe wolfe the gretter delle.

1 Ipur, B.
2 than oures, B.
3 Curryh, B.
4 though, B.
5 atte fulle, B.
The clothe ye make of our, B.

VOL. II.

7 He that seithe nay, in witte is like an ass, B.
8 That, D.
9 comons of Fflaundres, D.
10 wolle never thee, B.
For Spayneshe wolle in Fflaundres draperd is,
And evere hath be, that men have mynde of this; 2
And yet wolle is one of the cheffe marchaundy
That longeth to Spayne, who so woll anyvo; 3
Hit is of lytelle valueue, trust unto me,
Wyth Englyssh wolle but if it menged be.
Thus if the see be kepte, then herkene hedere,
Yf these ij. londes comene not togedere,
So that the ffete of Fflaundres passe nought,
That in the narowe see he be not brought
Into the Rochelle, to feche the famose wine,
Nere into Britonuse bay for salt so fyne,
What is than Spayne? what is Fflaundres also?
As who sayde, nought, the thryfte is ago.
Ffor the lytelle londe of Fflaundres is
But a stapel to other londes, iwy,
And alle that groweth in Fflaundres, greyn and sede,
May not a moneth fynde hem mete of brede.
What hath thenne Fflaundres, be Flemmyngis leffe or lothe,
But a lytelle madere and Flemmyshe cloothe?
By drapinge of oure wolle in substaunce
Lyvene here comons, this is here governaunce;
Wythought whyche they may not leve at ease,
Thus moste hem sterue, or wyth us most have peasse.

Of the commodites of Portingalle. The ij. captle.
The marchaundy also of Portyngale
To dyverse londes torne into sale.

1 draperd, D.
2 hathe mynde wis, B.; or this, D.
3 list aspis, B.
4 can not come, D.
5 seeke, B.
6 fewmouse, D.
7 seith, B., D.
8 and, D., and so Hakl.
9 draprynge, D.
10 thei, B.
11 Into, B.
12 come, B.
Portyngalers wyth us have trought one hande,¹
Whose marchaundy cometh moche into Englande,
They bene ouere ffrendes wyth there commoditez,
And wee Englyshhe passen into there countrees.
*Here londe hathe oyle,*² wyne, osey, wex, and greyne;
Ffygues, reysyns, hony, and cordeweyne;
Dates and salt, hydes, and suche marchaundy.
And if they wolde to Filaundres passe forth bye,⁴
They schulde not be suffrode ones ner twyes,
Ffor supportynge of oure cruelle enmyes;
That is to saye Filemonyngis wyth here⁵ gyle,
Ffor chaungeable they are in lytell whyle.⁶
Than⁷ I conclude by resons many moo,
Yf wee sufferede nethere ffrendere narre sfoo,
What soo⁸ enmyes and so supportynge,⁹
Passe for-by us in tyme of werrynge,
Sethe oure ffrendys wolde not bene in caussse
Of oure hyndrenge, yf reason lede thys clausse.
Than nede frome Filaundres pease shulde by to us
sought,
And onther ondes shulde seche pease, doute nought.
Ffor Filaundres is staple, as men tell me,
To alle¹⁰ nacyons of Crystianté.

* Wynne, oyle, osey, wex, greyne, ffygues, reysyns, hony, cordeweyne, dates, salt, hydes.

¹ *have truse in honde, B.; hath trouth in honde, D.*
² *your, D.*
³ This word is supplied from B.;
⁴ *fore-bye, B.; forbye, D.*
⁵ *full of, D.*
⁶ *For they were never trewe eny whyle, D.*
⁷ *Whan, A.*
⁸ *for, D.*
⁹ *What for enmye and supportynge, B.*
¹⁰ *Of alle, B.; To alle maner n., D.*
The commodityes of Petey Bratayne, wyth here rovers on the see. The iiij. capitile.

Eforthermore to wrytene I have fayne, Somwhat spekyng of the Lytell Bretayyne; Commodité therof there is and was, Salt and wynes, creste clothe, and canvasse; And the londe of Fflaunders sikerly Is the staple of there marchaundy; Wheche marchaundy may not passe away, But by the coste of Englonde, this is no nay. And of this Bretayn, who so trewh levys, Are the grettest rovers and the grettest theys That have bene in the see many oone yere, That oure marchauntes have bowght full dere. Ffor they have take notable gode of oures On thyse seyde see, these false coloured pelours, Called of Seynt Malouse, and elles where, Wheche to there duke none obeysaunce wolle bere. Wyth suche colours we have bene hindred sore, And fayned pease is called no werre herefore. Thus they have bene in dyverse costes manye Of oure England, mo then rehearse can I; In Northfolke coostes, and other places aboutte, And robbe and brente and slayne by many a routte, And they have also ransonomed toune by toune, That into the regnes of bost have ronne here soune;

1 Litelle, B.
2 The commodites therof is and was, B.; Commodités therof is and was, D.
3 cresecloth, D.
4 the truoth beleues, B.
5 A. reads and, an evident error of the scribe; the whole line stands thus in B.: Are the grettest robbers and theves.
6 many a yere, B.
7 bought alle to dere, B.
8 On this ycle the see, D.
9 thise seid pillours, B.
10 toune to toune, B.; touere and toune, D.
11 of the best, D.
Whyche hathe bene ruth unto thys realme and shame; 
They that the see shulde kepe are moche to blame. 
Ffor Bretayne is of easy reputasyoun, 
And Seynt Malouse turneth hem to reprobacioun.

A storie of kynge Edwarde the iiijde hys ordynaunce 
for Bretayne.

Here brynge I in a storye to me lente, 
What a good s quyere in tyme of parlemente, 
Toke unto me welle wretene in a scrowe, 
That I have comonde bothe wyth hygh and lowe, 
Of whyche all mene accordene in to one, 
That hit was done not monye yeris agone, 
But when noble kynge Edwarde the therde 
Regned in grace, ryght thus hit betyde. 
Ffor he hadde a manere gelozye 
To hys marchauntes, and lowed hem hartelye. 
He felde the wyes to reule well the see, 
Whereby marchauntes myght have prosperité, 
That fro Harlew e and Houndflewe dyd he makene, 
And grete werres that tyme were undertakene 
Betwyx the kynge and the duke of Bretayne; 
At laste to falle to pease bothe were they feyne.

Historias, ostendas quam ordinationem rex Edwardus iiij a 
feicit contra depredatores marinos Britanniae minoris, ad debellan-
dum eos et subjugandum minores Britannos, non obstante colore 
ducis eorum, per excusationem sui dicentis se non posse domare 
suos inobedientes, et insubjiciibiles ei erant.

---

1 That Hampton esquier, D.  
2 I comoned with bothe, B.; amended, D.  
3 daies, D.  
4 love, B.  
5 felte, D.  
6 He felt wele the waies the rules of the see, B.  
7 therfor, B.  
8 Harflete and Houndflewe, B.; 
Harflew and Houndflew, D.
Upon the whyche, made by convencioun,
Oure marchaundys made hem redy bounne
Towarde Bretayne to lede here marchaundye,
Wenynghe hem frenedes, and wente forthe boldelye.¹
But sone anoneoure marchaundes were itake,
And wee spede neuer the better for treuse sake.
They loste here goode, here moné, and spendynge;²
But there compleynte come³ unto the kynge.
Then wex he wrothe, and to the duke he sente,
And compleyned that⁴ such harme was hente
By convencioun, and pease made so refused.
Whiche duke sent ageyne, and hym excused,
Rehersynge that the mounte of Seynte Michele
And⁵ Seynt Malouse wolde never a dele
By subject unto his⁶ governaunce;
Ner be undere hym obeysaunce;
And so they did withowten hym that dede.
But whan the kynge anone had takene hede,
He in his herte set a jugemente,⁷
Wythoute callynge of ony parlemente,
Or grete tary to take longe avyse,
To fortyfe anone he dyd devyse
Of Englyshe townes iij, that is to seye
Derthmouth, Plymouthe, the third it is Ffloweye,
And gaffe⁸ hem helpe and notable puissance,
Wyth insistence set⁹ them in governaunce
Upon Pety Bretayn¹⁰ for to werre.
That gode see-menne wolde no more deferre,
But bete them home, and made they myght not route,
Tooke prysoners, and lernyd hem for to loutte.
And esfe the duke an ensample wysse
Wrote to the kyng, as he ffyrste dyd dewysse,
Hym excusynge; butoure meny wode
Wyth grete poure passed over the flloode,
And verrie forth into the dukes londe,
And had neygh destroyed free and bonde.
But than the duke knewe that the townes thre
Shulde have loste all hys natale cuntree,
Undertoke by sewte trewe, not false,
Ffor Mount Mychelle and Seinte Malouse als,
And othere partes of the Lyttelle Bretaynne,
Whych to obeye, as seyde was, were nott faync,
The duke hym selfe for all dyd undertake,
Wyth all hys herte a full pease dyd he make.
So that in all the lyffe tym of the kyng
Marchaundes hadde pease wythowten wyrrynge.
He made a statute for Lumbardes in thys londe,
That they shulde in no wyssse take one bonde
Here to enhabite, here to charge and to dyscharge,
Butt x. dayes, nomore tym had they large.
Thys good kyngye, be wytt of suche appreffe,
Kepte hys marchauntes and the see fro mysccheffe.

\[\text{\textsuperscript{8}}\] Tutum statutum regis Edwardi tertii pro Lombardis.

1 that, B.; made is omitted in A., and is here supplied from D. and Haklynt.
2 Than the duke in like wise
Wrote to the kyng for the truse,
The kyngome awnward how his
mayne wode, B.
And after the duke in semblable
wyse
Wrote to the kyng, as he fyrrst
did devise,
Hym excusynge, but our nacy
woode, D.
3 werryd in the, D.
4 To destroy the dukes londe,
Ayenst his wille, I understande,
B.
5 And whan, B.
6 sey, B.
7 Shold have destroyed his countrée,
B. not tolel contrée, D.
8 And for alle the parties, B.
9 These two lines omitted in B.
10 Omitted in B. and D.
11 in, B.
Of the commodités of Scotelonde, and drapynge of her wolle in Fflaundres. The iiiij. chapitre.

Moreover of Scotelonde the commodites
b Ar fielles, hydes, and of wolle the fiellesse.
And alle thesse muste passe bye us aweye
Into Fflaundres by Englonde, sothe to saye.2
And alle here wolle was draped3 for to selle
In the tounes of Poperynge and of Belle,
Whyche my lorde of4 Glowcestre wyth ire5
FFor here flashedede sett upon a ffyre.
And yett theye of Belle and Poperynge
Cowde never drapere6 here wolle for any thynge,
But if they hadde Englysshe woll wythalle.
Oure godely wolle that7 is so generale
Nedefulle to hem in Spayne and Scotelande als,
And other costis, this sentence is not fals.
Ye worthi maarchautes, I do it upon yow,
I have this lerned, ye wott wele where and howe;8
Ye wotte the staple9 of that marchaundye
Of this Scotelonde is Fflaundres sekerlye.10
And11 the Scottes bene chargede, knowene12 at the eye,13
i Out of Fflaundres wyth lytyll mercerye,

b Fi elles, hydes, wolles sees, owtewarde.
1 Hie patet de incendio villarum de Poperynge et de Belle per ducem Gloucester et suos.
1 Mercerye, herbershe, cartwhelys, barowes, homeward.

1 Also over alle Sc., B.
2 this is no nay, B.
3 drapered, D.
4 the duke of, B.
5 in grete ire, B.; in ire, D.
6 drap, B.; draper, D.
7 if, B., D.
8 That this is trew, ye wote wele how, B.
9 For the staple, B.
10 truly, B.
11 Than, B.
12 This word is omitted by B.
13 known that ye, D.
And grete plente of haburdasshers ware,
And halfe herc shippes wyth carte whelys bare,
And wyth barowes, are laden as in substauncce.
Thus moste rude ware be in here chevesaunce;
So they may not forbere thys Filemyshhe londe.
Therefor if we wolde manly take on honde
To kepe this see fro Flaundres and fro Spayne,
And fro Scotelonde, lych as fro Pety Bretayne,
Wee schulde ryght sone have pease for all here bostis;
Ffor they muste nede passe by oure Englyssh costis.

Of the commodites of Pruse, and Hyshe Duche menne, and Esterlynges. The v. chapitile.

Now goo wee fforthe to the commodites
That cometh to Pruse in too manere degrees;
Ffor too manere peple have suche use,
This is to saye, Highe Duch men of Pruse
And Esterlynges, whyche myghte not be forborne
Oute of Fflaundres, but it were verrely lorne.
Ffor they bringe in the substauncce of the beere
That they dryaken fele to goode chepe, not dere.
Yo have herde that twoo Flemmynges togedere
Wol undertake, or they goo ony whethere,
Or they rise onys, to drinke a barelle full
Of gode berkyne; so sore they hale and pulle,

Nota de proprietatibus et conditionibus populorum Flandrensiun.
Undre the borde they pissen as they sitte;
This cometh of covenant\(^1\) of a worthy\(^2\) witte.
\(^1\) Wythoute Calise in ther buttere the\(^3\) cakked,
Whan they flede\(^4\) home, and when they leysere\(^5\) lakked
To holde here sege, they wente lyke\(^6\) as a doo;
Wel was that Flemmynge that myght trusse and goo.
For fere they turned bake,\(^7\) and hyede faste;
Mi lorde\(^8\) Gloucestre made hem\(^9\) so\(^10\) agaste
\(^m\) Wyth his commynge, and sought hem in here londe,
And brente and slowe as he hadde take on honde;
So thatoure enmyse\(^11\) durste not byde nor stere,
They flede to mewe,\(^12\) they durste no more appere.
Then his meyne seyden that he was dede,
Till we were goo, ther was non bettir rede.
Ffy! cowardy knyghthode was aslepe,
As dede their duk yn mew they did hym kepe,\(^13\)
Rebukede sore for evere so shamefully
\(^n\) Unto here uttere everelastinge vylany.

\(^1\) Nota enormitatem scurrilitatis Flandrensiun quando fugas
seerunt reliquentes Calissem.
\(^m\) Nota de fuga Flandrensiun propter adventum strenuissimi
principis ducis Glocesterensis.
\(^n\) Hic redarguitur vecordia fugiuntium, in perpetuum eorum
memoriam.

\(^1\) comenght, D.
\(^2\) comethe of an unworthy, B.
\(^3\) boture thoi, B.
\(^4\) wente, D.
\(^5\) leve, B.
\(^6\) yole light, B.; went lyght, D.
\(^7\) And her prince torned his bak, D.

\(^8\) The duke of, B.
\(^9\) hym, D.
\(^10\) sore, B.
\(^11\) their duke, D.
\(^12\) mewe, B.; He was in mew, D.
\(^13\) This and the three preceding lines, omitted in A., are supplied
from D.
After bere and bacon, odre gode commodités usene.

Now bere and bacon bene fro Pruse 1 ibroughte
Into Fflaundres, as loved and fere isoughte; 2
Osmonde, coppre, bow-staffes, stile, 3 and wax,
Peltre-ware, 4 and grey, pyche, terre, borde, and flex,
And Coleyne thred, fustiane, and canvas,
Carde, bokeram, of olde tyme thus it wase.
But the Fflemonyngis amonge these things dere
In comen lowen 5 beste bacon and bere.
Thus arn they hoggges, and drynkyn wele atauunt,
Ffare wele, Fleymynge, hay, harys, hay, auaunt. 6
Also Pruse 7 mene make here aventure
Of plate of silvere, of 8 wegges gode and sure
In grete plente, whiche they bringe and bye
Oute of londes of Bealme 9 and Hungrye;
Whiche is encrese ful grete unto 10 thy londe.
And thei bene laden, 11 I understonde,
Wyth wollen clothe alle 12 manere of coloures,
By dyers craftes ful dyverse that bene oures. 13
And they aventure ful gretly unto the Baye
Ffor salte, that is nedefulle wythoute naye.
Thus if they wolde not oure frendys bee,
Wee myght lyghtlye 14 stope hem in the see;
They shulde not passe oure stremes wythoutene leve,
It wolde not be, but if we shulde hem greve.

1 Spruce, D.
2 Flandres, laden ferre isought, B.
3 stele, D.
4 Pelteware, B.
5 loven, B., D.
6 These two lines are added from D.
7 Spruce, D.
8 and, B.
9 Beam, B.; Beame, D.
10 in, B.
11 lade agayn, B.
12 of alle, B.
13 whiche awayle therof is oures, B.
14 gretly, B.
Of the commoditiees of the Januays, and here grette karekkys. The vi. chapitle.

The Januys comyne in soudre wyse
Into this londe, wyth dyverse marchaundyse,
In grette karrekkis arrayde wythouten lake,
Wyth clothes of golde, silke, and pepir blake
They bringe wyth hem, and of wood grete plenté,
Wolle, oyle, woad aschen, by wesshelle in the see,
Coton, roche-alum, and gode golde of Jene.
And they be charged wyth wolles ageyne, I wene,
And wollene clothe of owres of colours alle.
And they aventure, as ofte it dothe byfalle,
Into Flauandres wyth suche thynge as they bye,
That is here cheffe staple sykerlye;
And if they wolde be oure fulle ennemyse,
They shulde not passe our streamez with merchaundyse.

The commoditées and nyceotes of Venicyans and Florentynes, with there galees. The vi. chapitle.

The grette galees of Vences and Florence
Be wel ladene wyth thynge of complacence,
Alle spicerye and of grocers ware,
Wyth swete wyynes, alle manere of chaffare,
Apes, and japes, and marmusettes tayled, 
Nifles, trifles, that litelle have availed,
And thynge wyth whiche they fetyly blere our eye,
Wyth thynge not enduryng that we bye;"
THE LIBEL OF ENGLISH POLICY.

For moche of thy shaffare that is wastable
Mighte be borne for dere and dyssevable. ¹
And that² I wene, as for infirmitees,
In our Englande is³ suche comoditees,
Wythowten helpe of any othere londe,
Wychn by wytte and practike bethe ifounde,
That alle humors myght be voyded sure;
Wychn that we gledre wyth our Englishe cure,
That we shulde have no nede to skamonye,
Turbit, euforbe, correcte,⁴ diagredie,⁵
Rubarde, sené, and yet they bene to⁶ nedefulle;
But I knowe thynges also⁷ spedefulle,
That growene here, as these thynges seyde;⁸
Lett of this matere no mane be dysmayde,
But that a man may voyde⁹ infrimtyee
Wythoute degrees fêt¹⁰ fro beyonde the see.
And yett¹¹ there shulde excepte be ony thyngne,
It were but sugre, truse to my seyninge.¹²
He that trussth not to my seyninge and sentence,
Lett hym better serche experience.
In this mater I wole not ferthere presse,¹³
Who so not believeth, let hym leve and sease.¹⁴
Thus these galeise for this¹⁵ lykyng ware,
And etynge ware,¹⁶ bere hens ooure beste shaffare,

⁷ Hic de materialibus et ingredientibus receptas medicinales.
⁸ Of druges materiales for receytes of medicines.

¹ for thei ben disecevable, B.
² yitt, B.
³ are, B.; our londe arm, D.
⁴ correctid, D.
⁵ sapardye, B.
⁶ two, B.
⁷ But ther ben thynges also, B.
⁸ stayned, B.
⁹ byde, D.
¹⁰ Without thisse drugges, B.;
   drouggeis fett, D.
¹¹ yf, B.; if, D.
¹² semynge, B.
¹³ phase, B.
¹⁴ cease, B.
¹⁵ thire, B.
¹⁶ stuffe, D.
Clothe, wolle, and tynne, whiche, as I seide\(^1\) beforne,  
Oute of this londe werste myghte\(^2\) be forborne.  
For eche other londe of necessité  
Have grete neide to by some of the thre\(^3\)  
And wee resseyve of\(^4\) hem into this cooste  
Ware and chaffare that lyghtlye wol be loste.  
And wolde Jhesu thatoure lordis wolde  
Considre this wel, both yonge and olde;  
Namelye olde\(^5\), that have experience,  
That myghte the yonge exorten to prudence.  
What harme, what hurt, and what hinderance  
Is done to us unto youre\(^6\) grete grevaunce,  
Of suche londes and of suche\(^7\) nacions?  
As experte men knowe\(^8\) by probaciones;  
By wretynge as discure\(^9\) our counsayles,  
And false colour alwey the counteryales  
Of our\(^10\) enmyes, that dothe us hinderinge  
Unto our goodes, our realme\(^11\) and to the kyng;  
As wysse men have shewed welle at eye,  
And alle this is coloured by marchaundrye.

\textit{An ensamelle de deseytte.}

Also they bere the golde owte of thys londe,  
And souketh the thryfte awye oute of our honde,  
As the waftore\(^12\) souketh the honye fro the bee,  
So mynuceth\(^13\) oure commodité.  
Now wolde ye here how they in Cotteswolde  
Were wonte to borowe, or they schulde\(^14\) be solde,
Here wolde gode, as for yere and yere, Of clothe and tynne they did in lych manere, And in her galeys schypppe this marchaundyte? Than sone at Venice of them men wol it bye, Then utterne there the chaffare be the payse. And lyghtly als ther they make her reys. And whan tho gode bene at Venice solde, Than to caruye her chaunte they ben fulle bolde Into Flaundres, whan thei this money have, They wyll it proffre ther sotelté to save, To Englyssh marchaundis to yeve it oute by eschaunge, To be paid agayn, thei make not straunge. Here in Englonde, semynge for the better, At the reseyvinge and syght of the lettir, By iiij. pens lesse in the noble rounde, That is xij. pens in the golden pounde. And yf we wolde have of paymente, A fulle monythe than moste hym nedes assente, To viij. pens losse, that is shellyngis tweyne, In the Englyssh pounde, as etsones ageyne Ffor ij. monthes xij. pens must be paye, In the Englyssh pounde, what is that to seye, But iiij. shyllingis, so that in pounde felle Ffor hurte and harme harde is wyth hem to delle. And whenne Englyssh Marchaundys have contente This eschaunge in Englonde of assente, That these seyde Veniciane have in wone, And Florentynes, to bere here golde sone

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1. volles good, B.
2. fro yere to yere, B., D.
3. lyte, B., D.
4. Thei utter, B.
5. also, B.
6. weyes, D.
7. This line is added from B. and D.
8. Added also from D.
9. losse, B.
10. xij. d. losse in, B.
11. marchauntes, B.
12. by, B.
13. have mowen, D.
Over the sea into Flandres ageyne.
And thus they lyve in Flandres, sothe to sayne,
And in London, wyth suche chevesaunce
That men calle usuré, to our losse and hinderaunce.

Another example of discyttte.

Now listen well how they made us a baleys
When they borwed\(^1\) at the townes of Caleys,
As they were wonte, ther wolle that was hem lente,
Ffor yere and\(^2\) yere they schulde make paymente,
And some tymse als too yere and too yere;
This was fayre lone,\(^3\) but yet wolle ye here
How they to Bruges\(^4\) wolde her wolles carye,
And for hem take paymente wythouent tarye,
And selle it faste for redy money in honde?
Ffor fifty pounde of money of losse they wolde not wonde
In a thousande pounde, and lyve therebye,
Tylle the day of paymente easlye,
Some\(^5\) ageyne in exchaunge makynge,
Ffullhe lyke usurie, as men make undertakyngye.
Than whan thes payment of a thousande pounde
Was welle contente, they shulde have chaffare sounde,
Yff they wolde fro the staple fulle
Rescyve ageyne ther thousande\(^6\) pounde in wolle.
And thus they wold, if we will beleve,
Wypen our nose with our owne sleve;
Thowe this proverbe be homly and undew,
Yet be liklynesse it is for soth fulle trew.\(^7\)

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\(^1\) borowed, B., D. \\
\(^2\) to, B., D. \\
\(^3\) love, D. \\
\(^4\) Bruges, B. \\
\(^5\) Come, B., D. \\
\(^6\) iij. thousand, B. \\
\(^7\) This and the preceding three lines are added from D., which omits the four which follow.
THE LIBEL OF ENGLISH POLICY.

In Cotteswolde also they ryde aboute,
And al Englond, and bien, wythouten doute,
What them liste, wythe fredome and fraunchise,
More then we Englishe may getyn in any wyse.
But wolde God that, wythoute lenger delayse,
These galeise were unfraught in 1 xl. daies,
And in the xl. dayes charged ageyne;
And that they myght be put to certeyne 2
To go to ose, as wee there wyth hem doo.3
It were expediente that they did right soo
As wee do there; if the kyng wolde itt,
A! what worship wold fall to Englyssh wie witte!
What profite also to oure marchaundyse,
Whiche wolde of nede be cherisshed hartelyse!
Ffors I wolde wete why nowe owre navye fayleth,
Whan many a foo us at oure dorre assayleth,
Now in 4 these dayes, that, if there come a nede,
What navye shulde wee have it is to drede.
In Denmarke ware fulle noble conquerours
In tyme passed, fulle worthy werriours,
Whiche when they had here marchaundes destroyde,
To poverté they felle, thus were they noyede;
And so they stonde at myscheffe at this daie;
This lerned I late, welle wryten, this no naye.5
Therefore be ware, I can no better wylle,6
Yf grace it wole of other mennys perylle;
Ffors yef marchaundes were cherysshed to here spede,
We were not lykelye to fayle 7 in ony nede.

A woffulle compleyn[te] of lake of navye if nede come.
A storye of destracion of Denmarke for destrucion of her
marchauntes, by presidente of master Richard Barnew shewynge in
a rolle.

1 within, D.
2 in certifyn, B., D.
3 as we in Flanond don, D.
4 of, D.
5 This lerned I late, it is no nay,
6 B., D.
7 while, D.
8 like to fall, B.
Yff they bee riche, than in prosperité
Schalbeoure londe, lordes, and comonté.†
And in worship nowe thinke I on the sonne
Of marchaundy, Richarde of Whitingdone,‡
That loode-sterre and chefe chosen floure,
Whate hathe by hym our England of honoure?
And whate profite hathe bene of his richesse?
And yet lasteth dayly in worthinesse,
That penne and papere may not me suffice
Him to describe, so high he was of prise;
Above marchaundis to sette him one of the beste,
I can no more, but God have hym in reste.§

Now the principalle materie.

What reason is it that wee schulde⁴ go to oste⁵
In there cuntrees, and in this Englishhe coste
They schulde⁶ not so, but have more liberté:
Than wee oure selfe? now, alle so mot I the,
I wolde men shulde to geftes⁷ take no hede
That lettith oure thinge publique for to spede;
Ffor this wee see welle every day at eye,
Geftes and festes stopene oure pollicye.

Memoire of the sonne of marchaunde, Ric. of Whitingdone.
Nota, here is for to be notyde that sithene this seyde ordyn-
naunce of wrightinge there have be ordeynede to go to oste in Lon-
done, etc⁸. But how this policie is subverted, it is mervelle to
knowe, be wyles and gyles, whiche wol be in outhere place de-
clarede.

† comportté, B.    † shalle, B.
‡ Richard Whittington, D.    ‡ hoste, D.
§ This passage relating to Richard    ¶ shalle, B.
Whittington is not found in B.    7 yfles, B.; giftes, D.
Now se that fooles bene eyther they or wee,  
But evere wee have the worse in this contré,  
Therefore lett hem unto costé 1 go here,  
Or be wee free wyth hem in like manere  
In there entrés; and if it wolle not bee,  
Compelle them unto costé, 2 and ye shall see  
Moche avauntage and muche profite arise,  
Moche more than I write can in any wyse.

Of owre charge and discharge 3 at her martis.

Conseyve welle here that Englysshe men at martis  
Be discharged, for alle her craftes and artes,  
In the Braban of her marchaundy  
In xiiiij. dayes, and ageyne hastely  
In the same dayes xiiiij. are charged etfe;  
And yf they byde lenger alle is berefte,  
Anone they schulde forfeit here godes alle,  
Or marchaundy, it schulde no bettere fallo.  
And wee to martis of Braban charged bene  
Wyth Englyssh clothe, fulle gode and feyvre to seyne,  
Wee bene ageyne charged wyth merceryre,  
Haburdasshere 4 ware, and wyth grocerye.  
To whyche martis, that Englissh men call feyres,  
Iche nacion ofte maketh here repayres,  
Englyssh and French, Lumbardes, Januayes, 5  
Cathalones, 6 theder they take here wayes,  
Scottes, Spaynarde, Iresshmen there abydes,  
Wythe grete plente bringinge of salte hydes. 7

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1 host, B., D.; oste, Hakl.  
3 discharge and charge, B.  
4 Haberdasshe, B.; haburdashe, D.  
5 Lombardis, Dychmen, and Sauvois, D.  
6 Catholones, D.  
7 bryngen of Irish bifes, B.;  
Wiche Bruges grete plente euvith of  
Irische hydes, D.
And I here saye that wee in Braban lye,
Flandres and Seland, wee bye more marchaundy\(^1\)
In comon use, then done alle other nacions;
This have I herde of marchaundes relations.
And yff the Englysshe be not in the martis,
They bene febelle, and as noughte bene here\(^2\) partes;
For theye bye more, and fro purse\(^3\) put owte.
More\(^4\) marchaundy than alle othere rowte.
Kepte than the see,\(^5\) shyppes schulde not bringe ne feste,
And thane the carreys wolde not theder streche;
And so the martes wolde full evel thee,
Yf wee manly kepte aboute the see.

Of the commoditees of Braban and Selande and
Henoulde, and marchaundysses caryed by londe
to the martes. The viij. chapitle.

Yit\(^6\) marchaundy of Braban and Selande,\(^7\)
The\(^8\) madre and woode\(^9\) that dyers take on haunde
To dyne\(^10\) wyth, garleke and onyons,
And salt fysshë als for husbond and comons;
But they of Holonde\(^11\) at Caleyseoure felles,
And our e wolles, that Englyshe men hem selles.
And the chefare that Englysshe men do byene
In the martis, that noman may denyene,

\(^1\) For, B.  
\(^2\) And the see were kept that, B.; Kepe than, D.  
\(^3\) The, B.  
\(^4\) Zelonde, D.  
\(^5\) Bette, B.; By, D.  
\(^6\) wad, B.  
\(^7\) dyen, D.  
\(^8\) Selond, B.
Is not made in Braban that cuntré,
It commeth frome oute of Henaulde, not be the see,
But alle by londe by carris,\textsuperscript{1} and frome Fraunce,
Burgoyne, Coleyne, Camerete,\textsuperscript{2} in substaunce.
Therfore at martis yf there be a restreynte,
Men seyne pleyntly, that liste no fables peynte;\textsuperscript{3}
Yf Englysshe men be wythdrawene awey,
Is grete rebuke and losse to here affraye;\textsuperscript{4}
As\textsuperscript{5} though wee sent into the londe of Fraunce
Tenne thousande peple, men of gode puissance;\textsuperscript{6}
To werre unto her hyndergyne multiphary;\textsuperscript{7}
So bene oure Englysshe marchauntes necessary.
\textsuperscript{w} Yf it be thus assay, and we\textsuperscript{8} schall weten
Of men experte, by whom I have this wrytene.
\textsuperscript{For seyde is that this carted}\textsuperscript{9} marchaundyse
Draweth in valew as moche verralye\textsuperscript{10}
As alle the gode that commeth in shippes thedyre,
Whyche Englishe men bye moste and bring it hedire.
\textsuperscript{For here martis bene feble, shame to saye,}
But Englishe men thedire dresse here wave.

\textit{Conclusion of this deppendinge of kepinge of the see.}

Than I conclude, yff nevere so moche by londe\textsuperscript{11}
Werre by carres brought unto there honde,
Yff welle the see were keppe in governaunce,
They shulde by see have no delyveraunce,

\textsuperscript{w} Nota, what oure marchaundes bye in that costis more than all other, etc\textsuperscript{4}.

\textsuperscript{1} icariel, B.; in carres, D.
\textsuperscript{2} Camerite, Colyn, B.; Camerik, D.
\textsuperscript{3} sain, D.
\textsuperscript{4} and lose, and affraye, B.; lose to their astringe, D.
\textsuperscript{5} Alle, D.
\textsuperscript{6} \textit{xx. thousand men of puissance,}
\textsuperscript{7} multiphary, B.
\textsuperscript{8} ye, B.
\textsuperscript{9} when this caried, B.
\textsuperscript{10} as moche to valew sikerly, B.
\textsuperscript{11} Yf men so moche be of loud, B.
Wee shulde hem stoppe, and wec shulde hem destroy,
As prysoners wee shulde hem brynge to noy;
And so wee shulde of oure cruell enmyssse
Make oure ffrendes for sere of marchaudysse,
Yff they were not suffred for to passe
Into Ffauondres; but wee be frayle as glasse,²
And also bretyll,³ not thought;⁴ nevere abydyng.
But when grace shynetho sone are wee slydyng.
Wee wolle it not resyvyve in any wysse;
That maken luste, envye, and covetyssse.
Expoone me this, and ye shalle sothe it fynde,
Bere it aqweye, and kepe it in youre mynynde.

Thenayle of thys conclusiounn.

Than shulde worship unto oure noble be,
In feete and forme to lorde and magesté;⁵
Liche as the seale the grettest of thys londe
On the one syde hathe, as I understande,
A prince rydyng wyth his swerde idraue,
In the othere syde sittynge, sothe it is in sawe,⁶
Betokenynge goode reule and ponesshynghe
In verry deode⁷ of Englande by the kyng.
And hit is so, God blessyd mote he bee;
So one lyche wysse I wolde were on the see.
By the noble that swerde schulde have powere,
And the shippes one the see aboute us here.

¹ Nota, of oure defautes lettyngs oure gode speade in polycye.
² Nota, of the kynges grete seale.
³ By septe and swerde.

¹ we, D.
² but we fre as glasse, B.; we be freny, as I gesse, D.
³ And as brasile, B.; And also at Brusshill, D.
⁴ tough, B.
⁵ Rather than to the duke and his menyng, D.
⁶ sothe is this saw, B., D.
⁷ sede, B.
What nedeth a garlande, whyche is made of ivye,\(^1\)
Shew a tavern wynelees,\(^2\) also thryve\(^1\);
Yf men were wysely,\(^3\) the Frenehmen and\(^4\) Flemynge
Shulde bere no state in see by werrynge.

*Of Hankyne Lyons:*\(^5\)

Thane Hankyne Lyons shulde not be so holde\(^6\)
To stoppe wyne, and shippes\(^7\) for to holde,
Unto our shame; he hadde be betene thems.
Alas! alas! why drede wee these\(^8\) offence,
Ffully\(^9\) to shende the olde Englishe names,\(^10\)
And the profites of Englonde, and there names?
Why is thys powere called of covetise\(^11\)
Wyth fals colours caste before our euys?
That if goode men ben called werryours
Wolde take the see for the comon socours,
And purge the see\(^12\) unto our grete avayle,
And wynnc hem gode, and have\(^13\) up the sayle,
And one oure enmyes there lives to juparte,\(^14\)
So that they myght there pryses well departe,
As reasone wolde, justice, and equite,
To make this lande have lorde shyp of the see.

*This tyme anno regis H. VI. xiiiij* was Hankyne Lyons archebere one the see, and afor Fety Pynson. Alas, alas!
A false colour in excessyng of prises.¹

Thane shalle Lumbardes and othere feyned frendes
Make her chalenges by colour false of fendes,
And sey there shafer in the shippes is,
And chalenge alle, loke yf this be amisse.
Ffor thus may alle that men have brought to sorowe,²
And ben excused and saved by false colour.

Be ware, ye men that bare³ the grete on hende,
That they destroy the polycye of this londe,
By gifte and goode, and the fync golden clothes,
And silke and othere, sey ye nat this sothe is?
Bot if ye hadde verry experience,
That they take mede wythe pryvé violence,
Carpetis, and thynges of price and of pleysaunce,
Whereby stopped shulde be⁴ gode governaunce.
And if it were as ye seye unto me,
Than wolde I seye, allas, cupidité!
That they that have here lyves put in drede
Schal be sone oute⁵ of wynnynge, al for mede,
And lese here costes, and brought to poverté,
That they shalle nevere have luste to go to see.

Lumbardis are cause inough to hurte this lande, allthough there were none othere cause.
Allas! for bribes and gifte of goode festes and meanes that stoppen oure pollyceye.

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¹ This title is omitted in A, but supplied from B.
² so swore, B.
³ thet bare, B.
⁴ stoppid is, B.
⁵ Schalle be shown out, B., D.
Storynge to an ordinance ayens colore of maynteners and exercisers.

Ffor thy colore that muste be seyde alofte,
And by declared of the grete fulle ofte,
That our seeme wolde by many wysse
Spylle our frendys in stede of our enmyse;
Ffor whyche colore and Lumbnardes mayntenaunce,
The kyng it nedeth to make an ordinaunce
Wyth hys counsell, that may not fayle, I troue,
That frendes shuld frome enmyes welle be knoue,
Oure enmyes taken, and our frendes spared;
The remedy of hem muste be declared.

Thus may the see be kept in no selle;
Ffor if ought be taken, wotte ye weel,
Wee have the strokes, and enmyes have the wynnyng,
But maynteners ar parteners of the synnynge.
Wee lyfe in luste, and byde in covetyse,
This is oure reule to mayntene Marchauntysc,
And polycye that we have on the see;
And, but God helpe, it woll none other bee.

Of the commodtees of Irelonde, and policye and keeping thereof, and conquerynge of wyllde Iryshe, wyth an incident of Watys. The tw. chapitre.

I caste to speke of Irelonde but a lytelle,
Commodtees yit I woll entitelle,

It is a myrveyle thynge that so grete a sekenesse and hurt of the londe may have no remedy of so many as letten hem selfe wysemen of governaunce, etc.

Et unde mors oritur inde vita resurgat.

1 then, B.
2 sould in any wise, B.
3 be kept every dke, B., D.
4 lye, B., D.
5 take, B., D.
6 The comedites, B., D.
Hydes, and fish, samon, hake, herynge,  
Irish wollen, lynyn cloth, faldynge,  
And marternus¹ gode, bene here marchaundyse,  
Hertys² hydes, and other of venerye,  
Skynnes of otcre, squereel, and Irysh are,³  
Of shepe, lambe, and fox, is here chaffare,  
Ffelles of kydde and conyes grete plenté.  
So that yf Irelond halpe us to kepe the see,  
Because the kynge clepid⁴ is rex Anglice,  
And is dominus also Hibernia,  
Old possessyd⁵ by progenitours,  
The Yrieche men have cause lyke to oures  
Oure londe and herres togedre defende,  
That none enmye shulde hurte ne offende⁶  
Yrelonde ne us, but as one comonté  
Shulde helpe to kepe welle aboute the see.  
Ffor they have havenesse grete and godely⁷ bayes,  
Sure, wyde, and depe, of gode assayes,  
Att Waterforde and coostis monye one,  
And as men seyn in England, be there none  
Better havenesse shyppes in to ryde,  
Ne more sure for enmyes to abyde.  
⁸Why speke I thus so muche of Yrelonde?  
Ffor also muche as I can understonde  
It is fertyle for thynge⁹ that there do growe  
And multiplyen, loke who so lust to knowe;  
So large, so gode, and so comodyouse,  
That to declare is strange and merveylouse.  
Ffor of sylver and golde there is the oore  
Amonge the wylye Yrishe, though they be pore;

¹ marto, D.  
² Hert, D.  
³ Iryshe hare, B., D.  
⁴ callid, D.  
⁵ O longe passed, D.  
⁶ nor abende, B., D.  
⁷ gardy, B., D.  
⁸ B. and D. insert here a new title or rubric, An exhortacion to kepe sikerly Ireland.  
⁹ fructiful of thynge, B.; riche for thinges, D.
Ffor they ar rude, and can ther come no skylle;
So that if we had there pese and gode wylle,
To myne and fyne, and metalle for to pure,
In wylde Yrishe myght we fynde the cure.
As in Londone seyth 1 a juellere,
Whych brought from thens gold ore 2 to us here,
Whereof was fyned metalle gode and clene,
As 3 the touche, no bettere coude be sene.
Nowe here be ware and hertly take entente,
As ye wolde answere at the laste jugemente,
That for slouge and for racheshede 4
Ye remembere, wyth alle youre myghte take hede
To kepe Yrelond, that it be 5 not loste;
Ffor it is a boterasse and a poste
Undre England, and Wales another.
God forbede but eche were othere brother,
Of one ligeaunce dewe unto the kynge.
But I have pite, in gode feythe, of thys thynge,
That I shalle saye, wythe avysemente,
I ham aferde that Yrelonde wol be 6 shente;
It musete away, it wolde be loste frome us,
But if thow helpe, thow Jhesu graciouse,
And yeve us grace alle sloughte to leve bysyde. 7
Ffor myche thynge in my harte is hyde, 8
Whych in anothere tretyse I caste to wrytte,
Made alle onelye for that soyle and sitee 9
Of fertile Yerelonde, whiche mythe not be forborne,
But if Englande were nyghhe as gode as gone. 10
God forbede that a wylde Yrishe wyrylenge
Shulde be chosene for to be there kynge,

1 seyd, B.
2 good ure, B.
3 At, B., D.
4 recklesse heide, B.; recklesheide, D.
5 were, B.
6 shalle be, B.
7 slouth to sette aside, B.
8 I hide, B.
9 cote, D. These two lines are omitted in B.
10 lorn, B.; lorne, D.
Aftere here conqueste for oure laste\(^1\) puisshaunce,  
And hyndere us by other londes allyaunce.  
Wyse mene seyne, whych e folyn not ne dotyn,\(^2\)  
That wylde Yrishe so muche of gronde have gotyn  
There\(^3\) upon us, as lykelynesse may be,  
Lyke as England to sherish two or thre\(^4\)  
Of thys oure londe is made comparble,  
So wylde Yrishe have wonne unto us unable\(^5\)  
Yit\(^6\) to defende, and of no\(^7\) powere  
That oure gronde there is a lyttel cornere,\(^8\)  
To alle Yrelonde in trewe comparson.  
It nedeth no more this mater to expone,  
Which if it be loste, as Criste Jhesu forbode,  
Ffarewelle Wales, than Englonde cometh to drede  
Ffor alliaunce of Scotelonde and of Spayne,  
And other moo, as the Pety\(^9\) Bretayne,  
And so have enmyes environ rounde aboute.  
I beseche God that some prayers devoute  
Mutt lett the seyde\(^10\) apparaunce probable\(^11\)  
Thys disposed\(^12\) wythought feyned fable;  
But alle onely for perelle that I see  
Thus ymynent as lykely for to be.\(^13\)  
And welle I wote that frome hens to Rome,  
And, as men sey, in alle Cristendome,  
Ys no gronde ne lond to Yrelond lyche,  
So large, so gode, so plenteouse,\(^14\) so riche,  
That to this worde dominus dothe louge.  
Than me semyth that ryght were, and not wronge,
To gete that lond, and it were piteous\(^1\)
To us to lese thyshyghname domimus.
And alle this\(^2\) worde domimus of name
Shulde have the grounde obeisiaunte, wykde and tame.
That name and peple\(^3\) togedere myght accordel
Alle\(^4\) the grounde subjecte to the\(^5\) lorde;
And that it is possible to be subiecte
Unto the kynge, well shall it be detecte\(^6\)
In the lytell boke that I of spake;
I trowe reson alle this wolde undertake.\(^7\)
And I knowe well with Irland\(^8\) howe it stant;
Allas! fortune begynmeth so to stant.\(^9\)
Or ellis grace, that dede is governance.
Ffor so mynusshyth partyes of oure puissauce\(^10\)
In that land, that we lesse\(^11\) every yere
More grounde and more, as wel\(^12\) as ye may here.
I herde a man.\(^13\) spake to me fulle late,
\(^f\) Whyche was a lorde of ful grete astate,\(^14\)
That expensis\(^15\) of one yere don in Fraunce
Werred\(^16\) on men welle wyulled of puissance,
Thys seyd grounde of Yrelonde to conquer,
And yet because Englonde\(^17\) myght not forbere
These seyde expensis gedred in one yere,
But in iiij. yere or iiiij. gedred up here,

\(^1\) This lorde was the erle of Ormond, that told to me this mater,
that he wolde undretteke it in peyne of lesse of all his lyvelode,
etc\(^a\); but this profere not by admitted; ergo male.
Myght wynne Yrelonde to a fynalle conquest
In one soole yere,\(^1\) to sett us alle in reste.
And how some wolde thys be payde ageyne,
What were it worthe yerely, yf wee not feyne,
I wylle declare, who so luste to looke,
I trowe ful pleynly in my lytele boke.\(^2\)  
But covetyse and singularité
Of one\(^3\) profite, envye, cruelté.\(^4\)
Hathe done us harme, and doo us every daye,
And mustres\(^5\) made that shame it is to saye,
Oure money spente alle to lytelle avayle;
And oure enmyes so gretely done prevayle,
That what harme may faile and overthwarte,\(^6\)
I may unneth wrytte more for sore of herte.\(^7\)

__An exhortacion to the kepynge of Walys.\

Be ware of Walys, Criste Jhesu mutt us\(^8\) kepe,
That it make not oure childei\(^9\) childe to wepe,
Ne us also, if it go his waye
By unwarenesse;\(^10\) seth that many a day
Men have be ferde of here rebellion
By grete tokenes and ostentacion.\(^11\)
Seche the menys wyth a discrete avyse,
And helpe that they rudely not arysse
Ffor to rebelle,\(^12\) that Criste it forbode;
Loke wele aboute, for, God wote, we have nede,

\(^1\) In too hole, D.
\(^2\) These two lines are omitted in B.
\(^3\) owne, B.; common, D.
\(^4\) envie and carnalitie, B.; carnalitie, D.
\(^5\) monstaries, D.
\(^6\) over wher, B.; ever werete, D.
\(^7\) for sorrow in hert, B.
\(^8\) it, B.; hit, D.
\(^9\) childes, B., D.
\(^10\) woundernesse, D.
\(^11\) demonstracion, B.; of ostentation, D.
\(^12\) to be rebelle, D.
Unfaylyngly, unseyngly, and unseynte,
That conscience for slought you not atteynyte.
Kepe welle that grounde for harme that may bene
used,
Or afore God must ye bene accused.

Of the comodius stokfysshe of Yselonde, and kepyng
of the see, namely the narowe see, wyth an in-
cident of the kepyng of Calyse. The tenne
chapitlle.

Of Yselond to wryte is lytelle nede,
Save of stok fische; yit for sothe in dede
Out of Bristow, and costis many one,
Men have practised by nedde and by stone
Thider-wardes wythine a lytel whylle,
Wythine xij. yere, and wythoute perille,
Gone and comen, as men were wonte of olde
Of Scarborowgh unto the eighth costes colde;
And now so fele shippes thys yere there were,
That moche losse for unfraughte they bare;
Yselond myght not make hem to be fraught
Unto the howys; this moche harme they caught.
Thene here I ende of the comoditees
Ffor whiche nede is well to kepe the sees;
Este and weste, sowthe and northe they be;
And chesely kepe the sharpe narowe see,
Betwene Dover and Caleise, and as thus
That fosse passe not wythought gode wyll of us,
And they abyde our daunger in the lenghte,
What for our costis and Caleise in oure strenghte.

1 unseyngly, unseyngly, D.
2 In yeres few, B.
3 that, B.
4 unfreight, D.
5 This and the three preceding lines are omitted in B.
6 sharply the, B.
7 That oure foes passe, B.
8 lene, B.
9 And yf they, B. D.
10 with here, B.
An exortacioun of the sware kepynge of Calise.

And for the love of God and of his bliss,
Cherishe ye Calise better than it is;
See welle therto, and here the grete compleynye
That trewe men tellen, that woole no lies peynye;
And as ye knowe that writynge commyth from thens,
Do not to England for sloughte so grete offens,
But that redressed it be for any thynge,
Lest that ¹ a songe of sorow that wee synge.
For lytelle wenythe the sole, who so myght chese;²
What harme it were gode Calise for to lose,
What woo it were for alle this Englyssh she gronde.
Whiche welle conceyved the emperoure Sigismounde,
That of alle joyes made it one of the moste,
That Calise was soget unto Englyssh she coste.
Hym thought it was a jewel moste of alle,
And so the same in Latyn did it calle.
And if ye wolde more of Calise here and knowe,
I caste to writte wythynge a litelle scrowe;³
Like as I have done byforene by and bye
In othir parties of oure pollicie.
Loke welle how harde it was at the firste to gete,
And by my counselle lyghtly let not it leete.
For if wee leese it wyth shame of face
Wylfully, it is ⁴ for lake of grace.
Howe was the Hareffewe ⁵ cryed upon, and Rone,⁶
That it were likely for slought to be gone,
How was it warened and cryed on in Englonde,
I make recorde wyth this penne in myne honde.
It was warened pleyneley in ⁷ Normandye,
And in England, and I thereone ⁸ dyd crye.

¹ This word is inserted from B. ² Lessa than a songe, D. ³ what myschefe, D. ⁴ throw, B. ⁵ for it is, B. ⁶ Harfett, B.; Harfete, D. ⁷ at Roon, B., D. ⁸ also of Gascoigne and, B. ⁹ And alle Englonde also thevan, B.
The libel of English policy.

The worlde was defrauded, it\(^1\) betid ryght soo;
Farewell Hareffewe!\(^2\) lewdely it was agoo;\(^3\)
Now ware Calise, I can sey no bettere,
My soule discharge I by this presente lettere.

\[ \textit{Aftere the chapitlle of commoditees of dyverse landes,}
\textit{shewyth the conclusion of kyngye of the see environ by a storgy of kyngye Edgare, and ij.}
\textit{incidentes of kyngye Edwarde the iiij\(\text{th}\) and kyngye}
\textit{Herry the vij\(\text{th}\). The xi. chapitlle.} \]

Now see wee welle than that this rownde see
To oure noble by paryformytee,\(^4\)
Undere the shypp, shewyd there the sayle,
And oure kyngye of royalle apparylle,
Wyth swerd drawe, bryght and extente,
Efor to chastise enmyes vyolente,
Shulde be lorde of the see aboute,
To kepe enmyes fra wythine, wythoute,\(^5\)
To be holde thorowgh cristianyte
Master and lorde envirom of the see,
Alle lyvinge\(^6\) men suche a\(^7\) prince to drede
Of suche a regne to be aferde in dede.
\[^{\text{Thus prove } I} \text{ welle that it was thus of olde,}
\text{Which by a chronicle anone shal be tolde,}\]

\[^5\text{Dict chronica, quod iste Edgarus, cunctis predecessoris suis felicior, nulli sanctitate inferior, omnibus morum suavitate prae-
stantior, etc\(^{\text{a}}\)}, vixit ipse Anglia non minus memorabilis quam Circus}
\[^{\text{Persis, Karolus Franciis, Romulus de Romanis.}}\]

\[^{\text{1 was deef, and it, B., D.}}\]
\[^{\text{2 Hareffete, D.}}\]
\[^{\text{3 Farewele Guyen and Normandy, lewdily it is ago, B.}}\]
\[^{\text{4 parformyte, B.; be perfourmere, D.}}\]
\[^{\text{5 enmyes withyn and withoute, D.}}\]
\[^{\text{6 lyvinge, D.}}\]
\[^{\text{7 such as a, D.}}\]

VOL. II.  

\[ N \]
Ryghte curiouse, but I wolle interprete
Hit into Englisshe, as I did it gete.
Of kyng Edgare, oo¹ moste merweylouse
Prince lyvyng, wytty, and chevalrous,
So gode that none of his predecessours
Was to him lyche in prudens and honoures.
He was fortunat, and more gracious
Then other before, and more glorious.
He was benethe no man² in holinesse,
He passed alle in vertuose swetenesse.
Of Englysshe kynges was none so commendable
To Englysshe men, ne lasse³ memoriable
Than Cyrus was to Perse by puissauce ;⁴
And as grete Charlis was to them of Fraunce,
And as to Romanis was grete Romulus,
So was to England this worthy Edgarus.
I may not write more of his worthynesse,
Ffor lake of tyme, ne of his holynesse ;
But to my matere I hym examplifie,
Of condicions tweyne and of his policie.
Wythine his land was one, this is no doute,
And anothere in the see wythoute,
That in tyme of wynter⁵ and of werre,⁶
Whan boistous wyndes put see-men into ferre,⁷
Wythine his lande aboute bi alle provinces
He passyd thorowgh the percevyng his princes,
Lorde, and othir of the commontée,⁸
Who was oppressour, and who to poverté
Was drewe and broughte, and who was clene in⁹
lyff,⁹
Any who¹⁰ was by myscfffe and by stryffe

¹ one, B.
² He was a blessid man, D.
³ nor non more, D.
⁴ Like Cyrus that gate Percy by puissauce, B.
⁵ of aventure, D.
⁶ of veer, B.
⁷ fer, B.
⁸ comynalty, B.
⁹ of, B.
¹⁰ This word is inserted from B. and D.
Wyth overeledynge and extorcioun;
And gode and bad of eche condicioun
He aspied, and his mynisters als,
Who did trought, and whiche of hem was fals;
How the ryght and lawes of his londe
Were execute, and who durste take on honde
To disoboye his statutes and decrees,
Yf they were welle kepte in alle cuntrees.
Of these he made subtile investigacioun
By his owyne espye and other menis relacioun.
Amonge othyr was his grete besines
Welle to bene ware that grete men of rycheesse,
And men of myght in citee ner in toune,
Shuld to the pore doo none oppressione.
Thus was he wonte, as in this wynter tyde,
One suche enscherche busily to abyde;
This was his laboure for the publique thinge,
Thus was he occupied, a passynge holy kyng.

h Now to the purpose; in the somer sfiyre,
Of lusty season, whan clered was the eyre,
He had redy shippes made byfrore,
Grete and huge, not fewe but manye a score,
Ffulle thre\(^3\) thousande and sex hundred also,
Statelye inowgh on oure see to goo.
The cronicles seyth these shippes were full boisteous;\(^4\)
Suche thinges longen to kynges victorious.

\(^{h}\) Dicit chronica, preparaverat naves robustissimas numero tria
milia sexcentas, in quibus redeunte aestate omnem insulam, ad
terrem extraneorum et ad suorum excitationem, cum maximo
apparatu circumnavigare consuverat.

---

\(^1\) *enquiracioun*, B.
\(^2\) *ii. m.*, D.
\(^3\) *was* is omitted in A.
\(^4\) *costious*, D.
In somere tide 1 wolde he have in wone,
And in custome, to be fulle redy sone, 2
Wyth multitude of men of 3 gode array,
And instrumentis of werre of beste 4 assay;
Who coude hem welle in ony wyse describe,
Hit were not lyght for ony man on lyve.
Thus he and his wolde entre shippes grete,
Hablementis havynge and the fete
Of see werres, that joyfull was to see
Suche a naveie, and lord of magesté
There present in persone hem amonge,
To saile and Rowe environ alle on londe, 5
So regaliche aboute 6 the English eyle,
To all straungeours terroure and perille;
Whose sonne wente aboute 7 in alle the worlde stout,
Unto grete ferre of alle that be wythoute,
And exercise to knyghtis and his meyné
To hym longynge 9 of his natalle 10 contred.
Ffor corage musit of nede have exercise,
Thus 11 occupie for esshewynge of vise.
This knewe the kyng, that policie espied,
Wynter and somer he was thus occupie.
Thus conclude I by auctorité
Of cronique, that enviroun the see
Shulde bene oures subies 12 unto the kyng,
And he be lorde therof for ony thynge,
Ffor grete worship, and for profite also,
To defende his londe fro every foo.
That worthy kyng I leve, Edgar by name,
And alle the cronique of his worthy fame;

1 time, B.
2 to be fortyfied sone, D.
3 in, B.
4 good, B.
5 alonge, B., D., and Hakl.
6 He ransaked aboute, D.
7 out, D.
8 aboute, B., D.
9 lawding, D.
10 noble, D.
11 Younghe, B.
12 subjecte to, B., D.; our subj.
ext, Hackluyt.
Save onely this I may not passe awy,
A word of myghty strenght til that I seye,
1 That grauntyd hym God suche worship here,
Ffor his meritis, he was wythoute pere,
That suntyme at his grete festivitē
Kynges and yerles of many a contrē,
And provinces 2 fele, were there presente,
And mony lordes come thedirē by assente
To his worship; but in a certayne daye
Ho bade shippes be 3 redy of arraye
Ffor to visite Seynte Jonys chyrche he lyste,
Rowynge unto the gode holy Baptiste.
He assygned to yerles, lordes, knyghtes,
Many shippes ryght godely to syghtes;
And for hym selfe and viij. kynges mo
Subdite 4 to hym, he made kepe one of tho,
A gode shipp, and entred into it,
Wyth viij. kynges, and doune did they sit,
And eche of them an ore toke in hande,
At ore-holes viij., 5 as I understonde;
And he hym selfe atte the shipp behynde
As steris-man, it hym 6 becam of kynde.
Suche another rowynge, I dare welle saye,
Was not sene of princes many a day.

1 Dicit chronicae, et ut non minus quantam ei etiam in hac vita
bonorum operum mercedem donaverit, cum aliquando ad maximam
ejus festivitatem reges, comites, multarumque provinciarum protec-
tores, convenissent, quodam die naves jussit parari, gratum habens
ecclesiae beati Johannis Baptista Tenete navigio petere; cum itaque
comitibus et satrapis naves plurimas delegasset, ipse cum viij. re-
gibus sibi subditis navem unam intravit, ad octo itaque remos
regibus totidem collocatis, ipse in puppe sedens gubernatoris fun-
gebatur officio.
Lo than how he on waters had⁠¹ the price,
In land, in see, that I may not suffice
To telle, o right! o magnanimité!²
That kynge Edgar had upon the see.

An incident of the lorde of the see, kynge Edwarde
the thredde.

Of kynge Edwarde I passe, and his prowesse
On londe, on see, ye³ knowe his worthynesse.
The siege of Calèise, ye wott welle alle the mater,
Rounde aboute by londe and by the water,
How it lasted, not yeres many agoo,
After the bataille of Crecy was idoo;
How it was closed environ aboute,
Olde men saue it whiche leyvn, this is no doute.
Olde knyghtis sey that the duke of Burgoyne,
Late rebuked for all his golden coyne,
Of shipp and see made no besegynge there,
Ffor wante of shippes that durste not come for fere.
It was no thynge beseged by the see,
Thus calle they it no seage for honesté.
Gonnes assayled, but assaute was there none,
No sege, but fuge, welle was he that myght gone.
This manere carpynge have knyghtes ferre in age,
Experte of olde this manere langage.⁴
But kynge Edwarde made a sege royalle,
And wanné the toune, and in especialle
The see was kepte, and thereof he was lorde,
Thus made he nobles coigned of recorde.

¹ This word from B., D.
² To telle the righte herthe mag-
nanimité, B.
³ I, B.
⁴ This and the nine previous lines,
alluding to the siege of Calais by
the duke of Burgundy, in 1436, are
not found in B.
In whose tyme was no navey in the see
That myght wythstonde of hys mageste.\(^1\)
Bataylle of Sluce ye may rede every day,
How it was done, I love and go my way;
Hyt was so late done that ye it knewe,
In comparisone wythyne a lytel throwe.
Ffor whiche to God yeve we honoure and glorye,
Ffor lorde of see the kynge was wyth victorie.

\textit{Another incident of kepyngge of the see, in the tyme
of the merveillouse werroure and victorious prince,
kyngge Henry the \textit{v}\(^{th}\), and of his grete shippes.}

And yf I shulde conclude al by the kynge,
Henry the fift, what was hys purporsynge,
Whan at Hampton he made the grete dromons,
Which passed other grete shippes of alle the comons,
The Trinite, the Grace-Dieu, the Holy-Goste,
And other moo whiche as now be loste,
What hope ye was the kynges grette entente
Of the shippes, and what in mynyde he mente?
It was not ellis but that he caste to be
Lorde rounde aboute environ of the see.
And whan Harflew\(^2\) had his sege aboute,\(^3\)
There came carikkys\(^4\) orrible, grete, and stoute,
In the narowe see wylynyge to abyde
To stoppe us there wyth multitude of pride.
My lorde of Bedeforde\(^5\) came one, and had the cure;
Destroyde they were by that discomfiture.\(^6\)
This was after the kyngge Hareslew\(^7\) had wonne,
Whane oure enmyes to besiege had begonne,

\(^{1}\) That count withstonden the myght of his mageste, D.
\(^{2}\) Harfete, B.
\(^{3}\) had his sword bought, D.
\(^{4}\) a bataille, B.
\(^{5}\) The duke of Bedford, B.
\(^{6}\) scorporue, B.
\(^{7}\) Harfete, B.
That all was slayn or take, by treue relacioun,  
To his worship and of his Englishe nacioun.  
 Ther was presente the kynges chamberleyne  
At bothe batayles, whiche knowethe this in certayne;  
He can it tello other wyse than I;  
Aske hym, and wite; I passe forthe hasteleye.¹  
What had this kyng of his² magnificens,  
Of grete corage, of wysdome and prudence,  
Provison, forewytte, audacité,  
Of fortitude, justice, agilité,³  
i Discrecioun, subtile avisifenesse,⁴  
Atemperaunce, noblesse,⁵ and worthynesse,  
Science, proescœ,⁶ devocioun, equyté,  
Of moste estate his magnanimité,  
Liche to Edgare and the seyde Edward,  
A braunch of bothe, lyche hem as in regardé.  
Where was on lyve a man⁷ more victorious,  
And in so shorte tymne prince so meravelouse?  
By lande and see so welle he hym acquyte,  
To speke of hym I stony in my witte.  
Thus here I leve the⁸ kyng wyth his nobelesse,  
Henry the fifté, wyth whomé alle my processe  
Of this trewe boke of pure⁹ pollicie,  
Of see kepynge, entendynge¹⁰ victorie,  
I leve endely, for aboute in the see  
No better was prince of strenuité.¹¹

¹ Nota de conditionibus quibusdam regis Henrici quinti, decentibus magnanimitatem omnis magni principis, belligerii, conquæstoris.

³ This and the three preceding lines are omitted in B.
⁴ hic, B.; succé, D.
⁵ Of fortitudo, justice Anglice, D.
⁶ avisénes, B.; avissement, D.
⁷ nobilité, D.
⁸ processe, B.
⁹ any lives man, B.
¹₀ this, D.
¹¹ trew, D.
¹² endynge, B.
¹³ extrengte, B.
And if he had to this tyme lyved here,
He had bene prince named wythoutene pere.
His grete shippes shulde have bene put in proffe,
Unto the ende that he mente of in cheffe.
Ffor doute it nat, but that he wolde have be
Lorde and master aboute the rounde see,
And kepeth it sure, to stoppe oure enmyes hens,
And wonne us gode, and wysely brought it thens,
That no passage shulde be wythought daungere
And his licence on see to meve and stere.

Of unité, shewynge of oure kepyng of the see, wyth
ane endely processe of pease by auctorité. The
xij. chapitule.

Now than for love of Cryste and of his joye,
Brynge yit Englande out of trouble and noye,
Take herte and witte, and set a governaunce,
Set many wittes wythoutene variaunce
To one accorde and unanimité,
Put to gode wylle for to kepe the see.
Firste for worshypp and profite also,
And to rebuke of ech eyl wylled foo;
Thus shalles richesse and worship to us lunghe;
Than to the noble shalle wee do no wronge,
To bere that coigne in figure and in dede,
To oure corage and oure enmyes to drede.

k Nota, prince perelesse.
1 Grace-Dieu, Holy-Gost, etc.
2 Exhortatio generalis in custodiam totius Angliæ per diligentiam custodiarum circuitus maris circa litora ejusdem, quæ debet esse per unanimitatem consiliariorum regis et hominum bonæ voluntatis.

1 helpe, D.
Ffor whiche they muste dresse hem to pease in haste,
Or ellis there thrift to standen and to waste,
As this processe hathe proved by and bye,
Alle by reason and experte policie,
And by stories whiche preved welle this parte;
And elles I wolde my lyff put in jeparte,
But many landes wolde seche here pease for nede,
The see welle kepte, it muste be do for drede.
Thus muste Flandres for nede have unité
And pease wyth us, it wolle none other bee,
Wythynne shorte while, and ambassatours
Wolde bene here sone to trete for ther secours.
This unité is to God plesaunce
And pease after the werres variaunce;
The ende of bataile is pease sikerlye,
And power causeth pease finally.

Kepte than the see abought in specialle,
Whiche of England is the rounde walle;
As though England were lykened to a cite,
And the walle enviroun were the see.
Kepe than the see, that is the walle of Englond,
And than is Englond kepe by Goddes sonde;
That is, for ony thinge that is wythoute,
Englande were at ease wythoutene doute.
And thus shulde everi lande one with another
Entrecornon as brother wyth his brother,

\[\text{Tres sunt cause predictae custodie, scilicet honor, et commodum regni, et opprobrium inimicis.}\]
\[\text{Finis belli est pax.}\]
\[\text{De circuitu maris, quod est quasi murus et vicina regni Angliae.}\]

\(^1\) shall go to, B.  \(^4\) hepe, B., D.
\(^2\) to Goddes p., B.  \(^5\) Entrecornen ever, B.
\(^3\) And poore causeth pease fynalle verely, B.
And life togedre werreles 1 in unité,
Wythoute rancoure, in verrý charité,
In reste and pese, to Cristis grete plesaunce,
Wythoute striffe, debate, and variance.
Whiche pease men shulde enserche 8 with besinesse,
And knytt it sadely holdynge in holynesse.
The apostil seyth, if ye liste to see,
"Be ye busy for to kepe unité
"Of the spirite in the bonde of pease,"
Which is nedefulle to alle, wythouten lesse.
The profete bideth us pease fore to enquire,
To pursue it, this is holy desire. 9
Oure Lorde Jhesu seith, "Blessed mot they be
"That maken pease, that is tranquillitez."
"Ffor pease makers," as Mathew writeth arygght,
"Shull be called the sonnes of God allemith."
God yeve us grace the weyes for to kepe
Of his preceptis, and slugly not to slepe
In shame of synne, that oure verry foo
Mow be to us convers and toerned too.
Ffor in 1 Proverbs a text is to purpose,
Pleyne inowgh, wythoute ony close,
"Whan mennes weyes please unto oure Lorde,
"It shall converte and brynghe to accorde
"Mannes enmyes unto pease verray,
"In unité, to life 4 to Goddis pay."
Which unité, pease, reste, and charité,
He that was here claude 5 in humanité,

8 Ad Eph. 4: "Soliciti sitis servare unitatem spiritus in vinculo
"pacis."
9 In primo: "Inquire pacem et persequare eam."
5 Proverbis: "Cum placuerint Domino viæ hominis, inimicos ejus
"convertet ad pacem."

1 without werre, B.
2 inforse, B.; encrose, D.
3 And after it to purswe, with
hart cler, B.
4 lyke, B.; love, D.
5 cladde, Hakl.
That came frome bevyne, and stieed up with our nature,
\[\text{u Or he ascendid he yafe to us cure,}\]
And lefte wyth us pease augeyne striffe and debate,
\[\text{Mote geye us pease so welle iradicate}\]
Here in this worlde, that after alle this\[\text{f feste}\]
Wee owre have pease in the londe of byheste,
\[\text{J}erusalem, which of pease is the sight,\]
Wyth his bryghtnesse of eterneall lighte.
There glorified in reste wyth his tuicione,
The deite to see wyth fulle fruiccione,
He secunde persone in divinis is,\[\text{g}\]
He us assume,\[\text{h}\] and brynge us to the blisse. Amen.

Here endithe the trewe processe of the libelle\[\text{i}\] of
Englyshe policie, exhortyng alle Englannde to kepe
the see enviroun, and namely the narowe see;
shewyng whate worshippe, profite, and salvaciuon
commeth thereof to the reigne of Englond, etc.\[\text{j}\]

Go furthe, libelle,\[\text{k}\] and mekely shewe thy face,
Apperynge ever wyth humble contynuance;
And pray my lorde the to take in grace
\[\text{In opposaile,}\]
\[\text{and cherisshyng the\[\text{l}\] avauunce}\]
To hardynesse, if that not variaunce
Thow haste fro troughte\[\text{m}\] by full experience,
Auctours and reasone, yif ought faile\[\text{n}\] in substaunce,
Remitte to heme that yafe the this science.

\[\text{u “Pacem reliquo vobis, pacem mean do vobis.”}\]
\[\text{v “Urba beata, Jerusalem, dicta pacis visio, etc.”}\]

\[1\text{ irradiate, B.}\]
\[2\text{ after at his, B.}\]
\[3\text{ in divineness, B.; divinessse, Ha.}\]
\[4\text{ assyn, B.}\]
\[5\text{ bible, D.}\]
\[6\text{ lytle bylle, B., C.}\]
\[7\text{ apposeil, C.; especialle, D.}\]
\[8\text{ acheryshe the and a., C.}\]
\[9\text{ hast sore thowt trouthe, B., C.}\]
\[10\text{ fulle, B., C.}\]
THE LIBEL OF ENGLISH POLICY.

1 That sythe it is sothe, in verry faythe,
That the wyse lorde baron of Hungerforde
Hathe the oversene, and verrily he seith
That thow arte trewe, and thus he dothe recorde,
Nexte the gospell; God wotte, it was his worde,
Whanne he the redde alle over in a nyghte.
Go forthe, trewe booke, and Criste defende thi
ryghte.

Explicit libellus de policia conservativa maris.

LAMENT OF THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.2

Thorowowt a pales as I can passe,
I hard a lady make gret mone,
And ever she syked and sayd, "Alas!"
"Alle wordly joy ys from me gone;
And alle my frendes from me can fle;
Alas! I am fulle woo begun;
Alle women may be ware by me.

"Alle women that in this world be wroght,
By me they may insaumple take,
"As I that was browght up of nowght,
"A prince had chosyn me to his make;

1 Instead of the lines which follow, B. has in conclusion:
To the gret prelate, the kegliest so confessor,
The gret mayster of the gretest housse,
Cheff tresoreere of the gret socoure,
Besschop, herle, and baroun plentivous,
Of high wythes lordez thre famous,
To examene thy doubled rendytes,
I offer the tham to be gracious,
To myn excuse, farwelle, my own truet.

MSS. C. and D. conclude in the same words.

2 The duchess of Gloucester performed her penance on the 13th of November 1441. The poem here printed is preserved in a MS. of the latter half of the fifteenth century, in the Library of Balliol College, Oxford, No. 354, fol.169, v, written by a citizen of London named Richard Hill, but the poem itself appears to have been composed at the time of the event to which it refers.
"My sofferen lorde so to forsake,
"Yt was a dulfulle destenye.
"Alas! for to sorow how shuld I slake;
"Alle women may be ware by me.

"I was so high upon my whyle,
"My owne estate I sowld not know,
"Therfor the gospelle seythe fulle welle,
"Who wille be high, he shalle be low.
"The whyle of fortune, who may it trow,
"Alle ys but veyn and vanyté;
"My flowris off joy be alle down blow;
"Alle women may be ware by me.

"In worldly joy and worthynes
"I was besette on every side;
"Of Glowestere I was duches,
"Amonge alle women magnyfied.
"As Lucyfer felle down for prye,
"I felle ffrom alle felycyté;
"I hade no grace my self to gyde;
"Alle women may be ware by me.

"Alas! what was myne adventure,
"So sodenly down for to falle,
"That hade alle London at my cure,
"To crok and knele, whan I wold calle?
"Now, fader of hevyne celestyalle,
"Of my complaynt have pyté.
"Now am I made symplest of alle;
"Alle women may be ware by me.

"Before the counselle of this londe,
"At Westmynster, upon a day,
"Fulle rewfully ther dide I stonde;
"A worde for me durst no man say.
LAMENT OF THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.

"Owre soverayn lorde withowt delay
"Was there he myght both here and see
"And to his grace he toke me ay.
"Alle women may be ware by me.

"Hys grace to me was evermore gayne,
"Thowgh I had done so gret offence;
"The lawe wolde I hade bene slayn,
"And sum men dyde there delygence.
"That worthy prync of high prudence
"Of my sorow hade gret petye.
"Honour to hym, with reverence!
"Alle women may be ware by me.

"I come before the spiritualité;
"Two cardynals, and byshoppis fyve,
"And oder men of gret degré,
"Examened me of alle my lyffe.
"And openly I dyde me shryffe
"Of alle thyng that they asked me.
"Than was I putt in penaunce belyffe;
"Alle women may be ware by me.

"Thorow London in many a strete,
"Of them that were most pryncypalle,
"I went bare fote on my fette,
"That sum tyme was wonte to ride rialle.
"Fader of hevyn and lorde of alle,
"As thou wilt, so must yt be.
"The sync of pryde wille have a fallæ;
"Alle women may be ware by me.

"Ffarewelle, London, and have good day;
"At the I take my leve this tyde.
"Ffarewelle, Grenwych, for ever and ay;
"Ffarewelle, fayer places on Temmys syde;
"Farewelle, alle welth and the world so wide.
"I am asigned where I shalle be;
"Under mens kepyng I must abide.
"Alle women may be ware by me.

"Farewelle, damask and clothes of gold;
"Farewelle, velvet, and clothes in grayn;
"Farewelle, robes in many a folde;
"Farewelle, I se you never agayn.
"Farewelle, my lorde and sufferayn;
"Farewelle, that may no better be;
"Owr partyng ys grownd of felyng payn.
"Alle women may be ware by me.

"Farewelle, my mynstrels, and alle your songe,
"That ofte hath made me for to daunce.
"Farewelle; I wott I have done wronge;
"And I wyte my mysgovernaunce.
"Now I lyste nother to pryke nor prauence;
"My pryde ys put to poverté.
"Thus, both in Englond and in Fraunce,
"Alle women may be ware by me.

"Farewelle, alle joy and lustynesse;
"Alle worldly myrth I may forsake.
"I am so fulle of hevyynesse,
"I wotte not to whom my mone to make.
"Unto hym I wille me take
"That for me dyed upon a tre.
"In prayer I wille both walke and wake;
"Alle women may be ware by me."

Here endith the lamytacion of the duches of
Glowcettre.
ON THE PROSPECT OF PEACE

Mercy and Trouthe mette on an hih mounteyn,
Briht as the sonne with his beemys cleer,
Pees and Justicia walkyng on the pleyn,
And with foure sustryn, moost goodly of ther cheer,
List nat departe nor severe in no maneuer,
Of oon accord by vertuous encrees
Joyned in charité, pryncestes moost enteer,
Mercy and Trouthe, Rihtwisnesse and Pees.

Misericordia, ground and original
Of this processe, Pax is conclusioune;
Rihtwisnesse of vertues pryncipal,
The swerd to modefyte of executioun,
With a sceptre of discrecioun;
Ther sustir Equitas wil put hir silf in prees,
Which with hir noble mediacioun
Sette alle vertues in quiete and in pees.

In this woord Pax ther be lettrys thre;
P set toforn for polityk prudence;
A for augmentum and moore auctorité;
X for Xpus, moost digne of reverence,
Which on a cros by mortal violence
With blood and watir wroght by a relees
Of our trespacyes, and for ful confidence
With hym to regne in his eternal pees.

1 This poem, by the well-known monk of Bury, John Lydgate, appears to have been composed during the negotiations for peace between England and France in the latter part of the year 1443. It is printed from a nearly contemporary copy in MS. Harl. No. 2255, fol. 21, r°.
In inward pees ther is eek of the herte
   Which callid is a pees of conscience;
A pees set outward, which that doth averte
   To worldly tresours with to gret dilligence;
Glad pees in povert, groundid on pacience,
Professyd to which was Diogenees,
   Which gruchyd nevir for noon indigence,
Such as God sent, content in werre and pees.

Ther is also a pees contemplatif,
   Of parfiht men in ther professioun;
As some that leede a solitary lif,
   In fastyng, prayng, and devout orisoun;
Visite the poore, and of compassioun,
Nakyd and needy, and hungry socourles,
   And poore in spirit, which shal have ther guerdoun,
With Crist to regne in his eternal pees.

Pees is a princesse, douhtir to Charité,
   Kepyng in reste cités and roial tousns,
Folk that be froward, set in tranquyllité,
   Monarchies and famous regiouns;
Pees preservyth them from divisiouns;
As seith the philisophre callid Socratees,
   Among alle vertues makith a discripcioun,
He moost comendith this vertu callid pees.

Pees is a vertu pacient and tretable,
   Set in quyet discourd of neibboures,
Froward cheerys, pees makith anyable,
   Of thorny roseers pees gadrith out the floures,
Makith the swerd to ruste of conqueroures,
Provided by poeetys nat slouh nor reklee,
   And mediacioun of wise enbassitoures,
The spere maad blont, brouht in love and pees.
ON THE PROSPECT OF PEACE.

And who that list plenté of pees possede,
Live in quyete fro sclaundre and diffame,
Our Lord Jhesus he muste love and drede,
Which shal preserve hym fro worldly trouble and shame.

This woord Jhesus in Nazareth took his name,
Brouht by an angil, which put hym sylf in prees,
Whan Gabriel cam, the gospeleer seith the same,
Brouht gladdest tydynges that evir was of pees.

And in rejoisshyng of this glad tydyng,
Angelis song devoutly in the ayr
Gloria in excelsis, at comyng of this kyng;
And thre kynges havyng ther repayr,
With a sterre that shoon so briht and fayr,
Brouht hem to Bedleem, a place that they chees,
Of ther viage brouht out of despayr,
Where poorly loggyd they fond the kyng of pees.

Briht was the sterre ovir the dongoun moost,
Wher the hevenly queen lay poorly in jesyne,
With the seven douhtren of the Hooly Goost
On hire awaytyng, moodir and virgine;
Tofore whos face lowly they did enclyne,
Song laudes Deo pastores douteless,
Fyly doun to ground, bowyd bak and chyne,
And of ther song the refreit was of pees.

Of thes seven douhtren of the Hooly Goost,
Caritas in love brente briht as levene,
And for bicause that she lovyd moost,
Hir contemplacioun rauht up to the hevene.
The next sustir in ordre, as I can nevene,
Was Pacience, which put hir sylf in prees,
And moost was besy, of alle the sustryn sevene,
Folk at discord to settyn hem in pees.
Gaudium in spiritu to rejoishe every wrong,
    Ffor Cristes comyng, among hir sustry ale,
With a glad spirit this was hir newe song,
    Gaudete in Domino, born in an oxis stalle;
A new myracle in Bedleem is now falle,
Kyng Davidis heir, mong prophetis perlees,
    Shal at Jerusalem, in that royal halle,
As lord of lordys, callyd sovereyn lord of pees.

In thses seven sustry was no divisioun;
    Cheef of ther consayl was Humilitas;
Content with litel was Discrecioun;
    Moost meke of alle was Leta-paupertas;
Alle of accord, cause that Benignitas
Set governaunce that noon was rekless.
    Of cardinal vertues Perfecta-societas,
What evir they wrouhte, concludid upon pees.

Thes sustry ale, pacient and pesible,
    Lyk ther princesse moost fayr, moost gracious,
Callyd Maria, as ferre as was posible,
    Ffulfilled with vertues she was moos plenteous,
Queen of hevene, lay in a symple hous,
A poore stable, mong beestys rewlesss,
    An oxe, an asse, no courseers costious,
In a streih rakke lay ther the kyng of pees.

At Cristes birthe, as I reherse can,
    This pees cam in, almoost at merk mydnyht,
Tyme of thempyre of Octovian,
    Whan Cibile cast hir look upriht
Toward the Orient, and sauh an aubteer briht,
Callyd ara caeli, of beuté peerles;
    Theron an empresse moost fayr of face and siht,
A child in hir armys callyd cheef lord of pees.
ON THE PROSPECT OF PEACE

The pees of grace long while did endure,
Tyme that iij. kynges wer conveyd with the sterre,
Tyl Herodes of froward aventure
Geyn Jhesus by malys gan a werre,
Sent his knyhtes both nyh and ferre,
Slouh innocentys of malys giltles,
In Bedleem boundys this tyraunt list so erre
Ageyn the prynce callyd soverayn lord of pees.

This Herodis tiraunt ful of prye,
In his malys surqedous and cruel,
Thoruh alle the citees that stood there besyde
Slouh alle the childre, geyn Crist he was so fel.
Of compassion moost pitously Rachel
Wepte, whan she sauh the knyhtes mercilees
Slouh so hir childre born in Israel,
Ffor his sake, soverayn lord of pees.

Ther be figures dolorous of pité,
Of fals tyrauntes vengable to do wraak;
Caym slouh Abel for his great equité;
Attwen Ismael was stryff and Isaak;
Esaw wolde have founde a laak,
Cause that Jacob was put out of pees;
By Rebecca a while set abaak,
Atwen the brethre tyl ther wer maad a pees.

The Apocalips remembryd of seyn Johan,
In his avisiouns the ewangelist took heede,
With a sharp swerd he sauh ridyng oon,
Ffers and proudly, upon a poleyn steede,
Of colour reed, his journé for to speede,
By his array vengable and rekles;
Whos power was bothe in lengthe and breede,
To make werre, and distroye pees.
His swerd wex bloody in the mortal werre
   Attween Grekys and them of Troye toyn,
Gan spreede abrood bothe nyh and ferre,
   Thebes aforn brouht to destruccioun;
Kyng Alisaundre put Darye doun
In Perce and Meede, the crowne whan he chees;
   Vowes of the Pecok the Ffrenssh makith mencioun,
Pryde of the werrys, moost contrary unto pees.

Othir werrys that were of latter age,
   Affhir Jerusaleem and gret Babiloon,
Werrys attween Roome and Cartage,
   Of thre Scipionys, moost sovereyyn of renoun;
Rekne Hanyhal, the proude champioun,
Brak Rome wallys, furious and reklee,
   At the laste, stranglyd with poison,
Of marcial ire koude lyve nevir in pees.

At werrys dreedful vertuous pees is good;
   Striff is hatful, pees douhtir of plesaunce.
In Charlys tyme ther was shad gret blood;
   God sende us pees twen Ynglond and Ffraunce!
Werre causith povert, pees causith habundaunce,
And attween bothen, for ther moor encrees,
   Withoute feynyng, fraude, or varyaunce,
Twen al cristene Crist Jhesu send us pees.

The ffifte Herry, preevyd a good knyht
   By his prouesse and noble chivalrye,
Sparyd nat to pursue his rihth,
   His title of Ffraunce and of Normandye,
Deyed in his conquest, and we shal alle dye.
God graunt us alle, now aftir his disees,
   To sende us grace, attween ech partye,
By love and charyté to live in parfihnt pees.
ON THE PROSPECT OF PEACE.

Criste cam with pees at his nativité,
   Pees songe of angelis for gladnesse in Bedleem;
And of his mercy to make us alle fre,
   He suffryd deth at Jerusalem.
The day wex dirk, the sonne lost his been;
The thief to paradyse by mercy gan in prees;
   Gladdest kalendis to every cristen reem,
For us to come to evirlastyng pees.

Explicit quod Lydgate.

ON THE TRUCE OF 1444.\(^1\)

Sum man goth stille of wysdam and resoun
   Aforn provided can kepe weel scilence;
Ful ofte it noyeth, be recoord of Catoun,
   Large language concludeyor off no sentence;
Speche is but fooly and sugryd eloquence
Medlyd with language wheer men have noght to don;
   An old proverbe groundid on sapience,
Alle goo we stille, the cok hath lowe schoon.

To thyne mochyl, and seyn but smal,
   Yiff thow art feerfulle to ottrre thy language,
It is no wisdam a man to seyn out al;
   Sum bird can synge merily in his cage.
The stare wyd chatre and speke of long usage,
   Though in his speche ther be no greet resoun;
Kepe ay thy touenge fro surfeet and outrage;
   Alle go we stille, the cok hath lowe shoon.

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\(^1\) This poem, also by Lydgate, appears to have been occasioned by the truce concluded by the earl of Suffolk in 1444, and the treaty of marriage between Henry VI. and Margaret of Anjou. It is printed, like the preceding, from MS. Harl. No. 2255, fol. 131, v\(^{2}\).
Unavised speke no thyng toforn,
   Nor of thy touunge be nat rekkelees,
Uttre nevir no darnel with good corn,
   Begen no trouble whan men trete of pees;
Scilence is good, and in every pees,
Which of debate yevith noon occasyoun;
   Pacience preysoed of prudent Socrates;
Alle go we stille, the cok hath lowe shoon.

Comoun astrologeer, as folk expert weel knowe,
   To kepe the howrys and tydis of the nyght,
Sumtyme hih and sumtyme he syngith lowe;
   Dam Pertelot sit with hire brood doun right;
The fox comyth neer withoute candellyght
To trete of pees, menyng no tresoun,
   To aboyde as gile and ffraude he hath behight,
Alle go we stille, the cok hath lowe shoon.

Undir fals pees ther may be covert ffraude;
   Good cheer outward, with face of innocence;
Ffeyned ffaterye, with language of greet laude;
   But what is wers than shynyng apparenc,
When it is prevyd ffals in existenc?
Al is dul shadwe whan Phebus is doun goo,
   Berkynge behynde, ffawnyng in presence;
Alle go we stille, the cok hath lowe shoon.

The royalle egle, with his ffetherys dunne,
   Of nature so hih takith his flyght,
No bakke of kynde may looke ageyn the sunne,
   Of ffrowardnesse yit wyl he ffleen be nyght
And quenche laumpys, though they brenne bright.
Thynges contrarye may nevir accorde in oon;
   A fowle gloowerm in dirknessse shewith a lyght;
Alle go we stille, the cok hath lowe shoon.
The wourld is tournyd almoost up-so-doun,
Undir prynces ther dar noon officeer,
Peyne of his lyff, do noon extorcioun;
Ffreerys dar nat affater, nor no pardowneer,
Where evir he walke al the longe yeer,
Awtentyk his seelys everychoon,
Up peyne of cursyng, I dar remembre heer,
Alle goo we stille, the cok hath lowe shoon,

Alle estatys of good condicioun
Wille noon of them offende his conscience.
Byshoppis, prelatys, of oon affeccioun
Kepe ther chargys of entieer dilligence;
Auaunsyd persownys holde residence
Among ther parysthes, make a departysoun
Of ther tresours to folk in indigence;
Alle goo we stille, the cok hath lowe shoon.

I saugh a kevelle, corpulent of stature,
Lyk a materas redlyd was his coote,
And theron was sowyd this scripture,
A good be stille is weel worth a greote.
It costith nat mekyl to behoote,
And paye ryght nought whan the feyre is doon.
Suych labourerys syng maye be roote,
Alle goo we stille, the cok hath lowe shoon.

Atwen a shipe with a large seyl
And a cokboot that goth in Tempse lowe,
The toon hath oorys, to his greet avayl,
To spede his passage whan the wynd doth blowe;
A blynd maryneer, that doth no sterre knowe,
His loommanage to conveye doun;
A fresssh comparisoun, a goshawk and a crowe;
Alle go we stille, the cok hath lowe shoon.
The royalle egle, with his fetherys dunne,
Whoos eyen been so cleer and so bryght
Off nature, he perce may the sunne;
The owgly bakke wyl gladly fleen be nyght
Dirk cressetys and laumpys that been lyght;
The egle aloffe, the snayl goth lowe doun,
Darythe in his shelle, yit may he se no sight;
Alle go we stille, the cok hath lowe shoon.

The pecok hath ffetherys bryght and shene;
The cormenteunt wyl daryn in the lake;
Popyngayes froo Paradys comyn al grene;
Nyghtyanggales al nyght syngen and wake,
For longe absence and wantyng of his make;
Withoute sveys make no compleysoun
Atween a laumperey and a shynyng snake;
Alle go we stille, the cok hath lowe shoon.

Where is also a thyng incomparable,
By cleer reporet, in al the worlde thorough right;
The ryche preferryd, the poore is ay cowpable,
In ony quarelle gold hath ay moost myght.
Evir in dirknessse the owle takith his flight;
It were a straunge unkouth devisyoun,
Tersites wreechyd, Ector moost wourthy knyght;
Alle goo we stille, the cok hath lowe shoon.

Is noon so proude, pompous in dignyty,
As he that is so sodeynly preferryd
To hib estaat, and out of poverté;
Draco volans on nyght his tayl is sterryd;
Stella erraticæ nat fix, for they been erryd;
Stable in the eyr is noon impressioun;
This wourld wer stable, yif it were nat werryd;
Alle goo we stille, the cok hath lowe shoon.
ON THE TRUCE OF 1444.

Among estatys whoo hath moost quicte?
   Hih lordshippes be vexid with bataylle;
Tylthe of ploughmen ther labour wyl nat lete;
   Geyn Phebus uprist syngen wyl the quaylle;
The amerous larke of nature wyl not paylle
Aegyn Aurora synge with hire mery sown;
   No laboureer wyl nat for his travaylle;
Alle goo we stille, the cok hath lowe shoon.

Foo unto hevys and enemy is the drane;
   Men with a tabour may lyghtly cachte an hare;
Bosard with botirflyes makith beytis for a crane;
   Brechelees beerys be betyn on the bare;
Houndys for favoure wyl nat spare
To pynche his pylche with greet noyse and soun;
   Clepith he merye that slombryth with greet care;
Alle goo we stille, the cok hath lowe shoon.

I sauh a krevys, with his klawes longe,
   Pursewe a snayl, poore and impotent;
Howe of this snayl, the wallys wer nat stronge,
   A slender shell, the sydes al torent.
Whoo hath no goold, his tresour soone spent;
The snaylis castel but a skelendir coote;
   Whoo seith trouthe, ofte he shalle be shent;
A good be stille is ofte weel woureth a groote.

Whoo hath noon hors on a staff may ryde;
   Who hath no bed, may sleypyn in his hood;
Whoo hath no dyneer, at leyser must abyde,
   To staunche his hungir abyde upon his flood.
A beggers appetight is alwey sffresh and good,
With voyde walet, whan al his stuff is doon,
   Ffor fawte of vitaylle may knele afore the skood;
Alle goo we stille, the cok hath lowe shoon.
The ryche man sit stuffyd at his stable;
The poore man stant hungry at the gate,
Of remossaylles he wolde be partable;
The awmeneer scyth he cam to late.
Off poore men doolys is no sekir date,
Smal or ryght nought whan the feeste is doon.
He may weel grucche and with his tounghe prate;
Alle goo we stille, the cok hath lowe shoon.

A good be stille is weel worouth a groote;
Large language causith repentaunce;
The kevel wroot in his rydlyd coote,
Out with al this marke in your remembraunce.
Whoo cast his journé in Yngelond or in Ffrannte,
With gallyd hakeneyes, whan men have moost to doon,
A ffool presumptuous, to cacche hym acqueyntaunce;
Alle goo we stille, the cok hath lowe shoon.

Whoo that is hungry, and hath no thyng but boonys
To staunce his apetyght, is a froward foode;
Among an hundryd oon chose out for the noonys
To dygestioun repastys be nat goode.
To chese suych vitaylles ther braynes wer to woode.
That lyoun is gredy that stranglyth goos or capoun;
Fox and ffulfard, togidre whan they stooed,
Sang, be stille, the cok hath lowe shoon.

Here al thyng and kepe thy pacience;
Take no quarelle, thynk mekyl and sey nought;
A good be stille, with discreet scilence
For a good grote may not wel be bought.
Keep cloe thy tounghe, men sey that free is thought,
A thyng seid oonys, outhir late or soon,
Tyl it be loost, stoole thyng is nat sought;
Alle goo we stille, the cok hath lowe shoon.

Explicit quod Lydgate.
ON THE POPULAR DISCONTENT AT THE DISASTERS IN FRANCE.¹

(Written about 1449.)

Bedford²
Gloucester³
The Rote is ded, the Swanne is goone,
Exeter.⁴
The fyr Cressett hath lost his lyght;
Therefore Inglond may make gret monc,
Were not the helpe of Godde almyght.
Roone.⁵
The castelle is wonne where care begowne,
Somerset.⁶
The Portecolys is leyde adowne;
Cardinale.⁷
I closid we have oure welevette hatte,
That keveryd us from mony stormys browne.

¹ The various events alluded to in these curious verses, such as the deaths of the dukes of Gloucester and Exeter and of cardinal Beaufort, which occurred in 1447, and especially the loss of Rouen, which was surrendered to the French in that year, seem to fix their composition to the year following, or at latest to 1449. They are preserved in the Cotton. Rolls, ii. 23, in the British Museum. This was one of the songs which paved the way for the popularity of the house of York.

² John Plantagenet, duke of Bedford, third son of king Henry IV., and regent of France, had died in 1435.

³ Humphrey Plantagenet, duke of Gloucester, fourth son of Henry IV., died under arrest at Bury St. Edmonds in 1446, and is believed to have been murdered.

⁴ John Holland, duke of Exeter, who died on the 6th of August 1446.

⁵ Rouen was surrendered to the French in 1447.

⁶ Edmund Beaufort, earl of Somerset, under which title he was made regent of France on the recall of the duke of York in 1445, and created duke of Somerset on the 31st of March 1446. After the loss of Rouen and Caen, he was recalled from his command in France, and had to encounter great unpopularity, both for his mismanagement in France, and because he was one of the court favourites.

⁷ Cardinal Beaufort died on the 11th of April 1447.
Northfolke.¹
The White Lion is leyde to slepe,
Southfolk.
Thorough the envy of the Ape clogge;
And he is bounden that our dore shuld kepe,
That is Talbott our good dogge.²
Fawkenberge.³
The Fisshere hath lost his hangulhooke;
Gete them againe when it wolde be.
Wylobry.⁴
Oure Mylle-saylle wille not abowte,
Hit hath so longe gone emptye.
Warwik.⁵
The Bere is bound that was so wild,
Ffor he hath lost his ragged staffe.
Bokyngham.⁶
The Carte nathe is spokeles,
For the counsell that he gaffe.
Danyelle.⁷
The Lily is both faire and grene;
Norrey.⁸
The Comdite rennyth not, as I wene.

¹ John de Mowbray, duke of Norfolk. The reference is probably to the duke who died in 1432, and who had distinguished himself in the French wars under Henry V.
² The great warrior John Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury, who had been recalled from active service in France.
³ William Neville, lord Fauconberg, one of the distinguished heroes of the French wars.
⁴ Robert lord Willoughby, another of the heroes of the French wars.
⁵ Richard Neville, created earl of Warwick on the 4th of May 1442. He espoused the party of the duke of York, and was taken and beheaded at the battle of Wakefield. He was the father of the kingmaker.
⁶ Humphrey de Stafford, created duke of Buckingham on the 14th of September 1444. He was killed in the battle of Northampton, in 1460.
⁷ Thomas Daniel, "armiger," or esquire, was one of the unpopular courtiers, who appears in this same Cottonian Roll, ii. 23, as one of those indicted at Rochester on the feast of the Assumption of the Virgin, 29th Hen. VI. (August 15, 1451).
⁸ John Norris, one of the officers of the household to Henry VI.
ON THE POPULAR DISCONTENT, ETC. 223

Trevilian.¹
The Cornysshe Chowgh offt with his trayne

Rex.

Hath made oure Egalle blynde.

Arundelle.²
The White Harde is put out of mynde,
Because he wolde not to hem consent;
Therfore the commyns saith is both trew and kynde
Bothe in Southesex and in Kent.

Bowser.³
The Water-Bowgo and the Wyne-Botelle,

Prior of Saint Johanis.

With the Vetturlockes cheyne bene fast.

Exeœturr.

The Whete-yere wolte theym susteyne
As longe as he may endure and last.

Devynshire.⁴
The Boore is farre into the west,
That shold us helpe with shilde and sper;

Yorke.⁵
The Fawkoun fleyth, and hath no rest,
Tille he witte where to bigge his nest.

¹ Daniel Trevilian, included in the articles against the duke of Suffolk. A John Trevylian is enumerated among the persons indicted at Rochester in 1451, as “nuper de London, armiger.”
² William Fitz-Alan, earl of Arundel.
³ Henry lord Bourchier, whose arms were argent, a cross ingrailed gules, between four water-bougets, sable. The wine-bottle may perhaps refer to James Butler, created earl of Wiltshire in 1449.
⁴ Thomas Courtenay, earl of Devon, one of the heroes of the French wars, and a staunch supporter of the Lancastrian cause.
⁵ The duke of York had at this time retired to his government in Ireland.
ON THE ARREST OF THE DUKE OF SUFFOLK.¹

Now is the Fox² dreven to hole; hoo to hym, hoo!
hoo!
Ffor and he crepe out, he wille yow alle undo.
Now ye han founde parfite, love welle your game;
For and ye renne countré theonne be ye to blame.
Sum of yow holdith with the Fox, and rennythe hare;
But he that tiede Talbot oure doge, eyylle mot he fare!
Ffor now we mys the black doge with the wide mouthe;
Ffor he wolde have ronnen welle at the Fox of the southe.
And alle gooth bacwarde, and Donne is in the myre;
As they han desevede, so pay they ther hire.
Now is tyme of Lent, the Fox is in the Towre;
Therfore sende hym Salesbury to be his confessoure.³
Many mo ther bene, and we kowde hem knowe;
But wonne most bygnyn the daunce, and alle come arowe.
Loke that your hunte blowe welle thy chase;
But he do welle is part, I beshrew is face!
This Fox at Bury slowe oure grete gandere;⁴
Therfore at Tyborne mony monne one hym wondere.
Jack Napys, with his clogge,
Hath tiede Talbot oure gentille dogge.

¹ From the Cotton. Rolls, ii. 23.
² The duke of Suffolk, who was accused, among other crimes, of having promoted the murder of the duke of Gloucester.
³ Richard Neville, earl of Salisbury, was one of the great political opponents of the duke of Suffolk.
⁴ The duke of Gloucester, who was accused and arrested when attending the parliament held at Bury St. Edmunds in 1446.
ON THE ARREST OF THE DUKE OF SUFFOLK. 225

Wherfore Beamownt,¹ that gentille rache,
Hath brought Jack Napis in an eville cache.
Be ware, al menne, of that blame,
And namly ye of grete fame,
Spiritualle and temperalle, be ware of this,
Or els hit wille not be welle, iwis.
Gave save the kynge, and God forbede
That he suche apes any mo fede.
And of the perille that may befalle
Be ware, dukes, erles, and barons alle.

Gens erit australis rector regni generalis,
Et regit inustae, periet quoque postea justae.
He is wise that is wode, he is riche that hase no
goo de;
He is blynde that may se, he is riche that shalle
never ithe;
He is fledde that is not ferde, and he abideth that
makethe alle your berdes.

ON BISHOP BOOTHE.²

Boothe, be ware, bispophpe³ thoughge thou be,
Sithe that Symoun hym selff set the in thy sete,
Petur his pagent pleyed not with the;
Caro and Sanguis did pryvely plete;
Thy goode and thy catelle made the to mete
With the churche of Chester, whiche crieth, alas!
That to suche a maflarde marryede she was.

¹ John lord Beaumont, lord constable of England, who in that capacity arrested the duke of Suffolk.
² From the Cotton. Rolls, ii. 23. It was evidently written in the middle of the excitement against the duke of Suffolk.
³ William Boothe, made bishop of Coventry and Lichfield in 1447, was promoted to the archbishopric of York in 1453. This see was, during several centuries after the Norman conquest, called popularly the bishopric of Chester.
Prese not to practise on the privaté
Of princes powere, but pluk at the plough;
Clayme thou a Carter crafty to be;
Medille the no farther, for that is young.
Thow hast getyne greet goode, thou wost welle how.
By symoni and usure bilde is thy bothe;
Alle the worlde wote welle this sawys be sothe.

The psalmus of the sawter, or Salamonis boke,
Austyne or Ambrose, or othere tretyes ther are,
But litelle on the lessons lust the to loke.
Be not to bolde, but be thou wel ware.
The wit of this worlde wantonly ware,
And likenyde to lewdenes lorne in my lore;
Shame sewith sone, whenne syn gooth byfore.

Sum servyne silver, and sorow they doone seche;
Synne is ther soveraigne, se what I say.
Looke on this lessoun, and lerne of a leche,
Thy soule for to save with miserere mei.
The printe of a palsywisith the thy way,
And shewith by thy semblant to sey the ther sothe,
That tyme is to course hens, and breke up the bothe.

Cast in thy conciens clerkly to knowe,
Publique and privathe is alle one;
Tullius hit tellith fulle trewly y trowe,
The regentes of Rome mony day gone,
In honour and havour lile hem allone,
And of the wide worlde worthiest they were,
To the commyne thynge in charité they kere.

But whenne they begane godes to encresse,
To prevat persons sorow and shame,
Dishonoure, dispute, rebuke dide in prese,
With alle maner myscheff disserityng ther fame;
Lost alle ther lose of ther nobille name,
Disperpiled theyme in warde, and put theyme to declyne;
Remembre now how Rome felle to a ruyne.
ON BISHOP BOOTHE.

Justice ne was egaly execute,
Fredome was forfarene for lak of liberté,
Right was repreysede and founde for no repute,
They were punysshede and tokyne in gré.
Rigour of lawe hit wolle no better be;
Dethe thoghe hit were, they myt no better escape,
But the grete and the godede they made but a jape,
And lepe over lawe at ther owne lust;
Flavour and favelle, foule faille they ferys,
Broghte forthe avarice fast by the fiste.

These were the rasours and the sharpe sheres,
These were the same that Rome overthrove;
Wittenes of writyng alle this is trewe.

These made ther enmyes theenne to summyse,
And put fro ther powere with shenshippe and shame;
Cronicols thise causis crafty canne devise,
And tellene how trechery brought in the blame.
Hit is not in Englonde now the seijf same;
Discusse it with diligens, and telle iff hit be,
This pagent is pringnant, sir Pilat, pardé.

And ye in your olde age put in pres,
And pecus the parlious youre parfettes to play,
And pray for the party to make his pees,
That alle the worldc crieth oute on, sohtly to say.
The voyse of the pepille is clepede vox Dei;
It is agayns grace and a gret griff
To maynetayne a mater of suche myscheffe.

Vox oppressorum one the prince playnyth,
And one the priste eke, be warre yow off wrecche;
Juggage and justice tho that theym waynyth,
Serche out and se welle, sorow they seche.
The juge that is unjuste is a shrewede leche;
Tent to the tale of Treviliane,
And flynde by his falsed what worshippe he wan.
Be ware of this warnyng, and wayte welle aboute,
    I counselle the corse not, ne blame not the bille,
    *
    *
    *
    *
Yt is myche lesse harme to bylle thanne to kylle.
Be no more blynde, but weynyth youre wille,
To set yow in sewrté holde up youre honde,
God save the kyng, his lawe, and his londe.

Men seyne that youre secte is opynly knowynte and
    asspiede,
Conduede in conciens wonne of the twyene,
That ye be ychone with tresoun aliede,
Or els hit is luce that maketh you to leyne.
Pité for to here the people complayne,
And riken up the ragmanne of the hole rowte,
That servyth silvyre and levyth the lawe oute.

Se alle the set that for the swayne sewe,
Whether mony or mede make yow to mewe,
Try out the trouthe, myght he be trewe,
    That covetise hath causede this gret mysheff.
By rayyne of riches put this in prefe;
Muse one this mater, and be no more blynde;
Be faiythefull and feynte not fawtus to fynde.

God kepe oure kyng ay, and gide hym by grace,
    Save hym fro Southefolkes, and frome his foois alle;
The Pole is so parlyus men for to passe,
    That fewe can ascape hit of the banck rialle.
But set under suger he shewithe hem galle;
Witness of Humfrey, Henry, and Johan,¹
Whiche late were one lyve, and now be they goon.

And mony other that nedith not to telle,
    Sum bene ago, and summe abidene here;
Hit is a shrewde pole, pounde, or a welle,

¹ Humphrey Plantagene, duke of | dinal of Winchester; and John
Gloucester; Henry Beaufort, car-| duke of Bedford.
That drownythe the dowghty, and bryngen the hem abeere.
And alle is for the lordanke lovithe no pere.
Practys he his preff of alle that I sey,
God kepe oure kyng, and hym to convey.

Bridelle yow, bysshope, and be not to bolde,
And biddeth yowrs beawperes se to the same;
Cast away covetyse now be ye bolde,
This is alle earnest that ye calle game.
The beelesire ye be, the more is youre blame.
Trowthe tellithe the tale, and wille it not hide;
Your laboure for lucre is playlyly aspiede.
God, for his mercy alle this reme gyde.

A WARNING TO KING HENRY.¹

Ye that have the kyng to demene,
And ffrauncheses gif theyme ageyeue,
Or els I rede ye fle;
Ffor ye have made the kyng so pore,
That now he beggeth fro dore to dore;
Alas, hit shuld so be.

Tome of Say² and Danielle bothe,
To begyn be not to lothe;
Then shalle ye have no shame.
Who wille not, he shalle not chese,
And his liffe he shalle lese,
No resoun wille us blame.

¹ From the Cotton, Charters, ii. 23. ² James Pices, lord Saye and Sele, lord treasurer, was one of the unpopular statesmen of the day, and having been, as a matter of policy, committed to the Tower, he was dragged thence by the mob in Jack Cade's rebellion, and was beheaded by them on the 4th of July 1451. This song was written apparently before this nobleman was thrown into the Tower.
Trowthe and pore men ben appressede,
And myscheff is nothyng redressede;
The kyng knowith not alle.
Thorowout alle Englonde,
On tho that holdene the fals bonde
Vengeaunce wille cry and calle.

The traytours wene they bene so sly,
That no mane can hem aspy;
Wecane do theme no griffe.
Weswere by hym that hairwede helle
They shalle no lenger in eresy dwelle,
Ne in ther fals beleve.

So pore a kyng was never scene,
Nor richere lords alle bydene;
The communes may no more.
The lorde Say biddeth holde hem downe,
That worthy dastarde of renowne,
He techithe a fals loore.

Suffolk Normandy hath swolde,
To gete hyt agayne he is bolde,
How acordeth these to in one;
And he wenityhe, withouten drede,
To make the kyng to avowe his dede,
And calle hit no tresoun.

We trow the kyng be to leere,
To selle bothe menne and lond in feere;
Hit is agayne resoun.
But yef the commyns of Englonde
Helpe the kyngs in his fonde,
Suffolk wolle bere the crowne.

Be ware, kynges Henré, how thou doos;
Let no lenger thy traytours go loos;
They wille never be trewe.
The traytours are sworne alle togedere
To holde fast as they were brether;
Let hem drynk as they hanne brewe.
THE chaunselere that last was hath staffes take,
Blanke charters, to done us wrake,
   No nombre of them, hit is ferde.
He wolle not suffre the clerkes preche;
Trowthe in no wise he wille not teche;
   He is the devels sheparde.

This bille is trewe; who wille say nay,
In Smythfelde synge he a day,
   And the helpe of the rode;
That traitours shalle provide;
More resoun canne not be mevide;
   Ther shalle hit be made goode.
O rex, si rex es, rege te, vel eris sine re rex;
   Nomen habes sine re, nisi te recte regas.

VERSES AGAINST THE DUKE OF SUFFOLK.¹

Ffor feer or for favour of ony fals mane,
Loose not the love of alle the commynalte;
Be ware and sey, by seint Juliane,
   Duke, jwge, baroun, archebisshope and he be,
He wolle repent it within this monthes thre.
Let sfolke accused excuse theym selff, and they cane;
   Reserve no goode, let soche bribry be;
Support not theyme this wo bygane,
And let theym suche clothis as they spane,
   And take from theym ther wages and ther fee,
   or, by God and seint Anne!
Som must go hens, hit may none othere weys be,
And els is lost alle this lond and we;
   Hong up suche menne to oure soverayne lorde,
That ever counselde hym with fals men to be acorde.
Anno milleno Domini centumque quatermo
   L. simplex pleno caveat omnis homo.

¹ From the Cottonian Rolls, ii. 23.
ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF SUFFOLK.¹

May 3, 1450.

In the monethe of May, when gresse groweth grene,
Flagrant in her flouris, with swete savour,
Jac Napes wolde one the see a maryner to ben,
With his close and his cheyn, to seke more tresour.
Suyche a payn prikkede hym, he asked a confessour.
Nicolas² said, "I am redi thi confessour to be;"
He was holden so that he ne passede that hour.
For Jac Napes soule Placebo and Dirige.

Who shalle execute his exequies with a solemnité?
Bishopes and lorde, as grete reson is;
Monkes, chanons, prestes, and other clergie,
Pray for this dukes soule that it might come to blis;
And let never suyche another come after this;
His interfectours blessed might thi be,
And graunte them for ther dede to regne with
angelis;
And for Jac Nape soule Placebo and Dirige.

"Placebo," begynnethe the bishipes of Herforde.³
"Dilexi, for myn avancement," saieth the bishipe
of Chestre.⁴
"Hoe mei," saith Salisbury,⁵ "this gothe to ferre forthe."
"Ad Dominum cum tribularer," saith the abbot
of Gloucestre.⁶

² Nicholaus was the name of the ship which arrested the vessel on which the duke of Suffolk was embarked.
³ Reginald Baker, who had been promoted to this see from the abbacy of Gloucester in 1450.
⁴ Bothe, bishop of Coventry and Lichfield. See the note, p. 223.
⁵ Richard Beauchamp was elected bishop of Salisbury in 1450.
⁶ Reginald, abbot of St. Peter's in Gloucester; he was one of the unpopular courtiers indicted at Rochester in 1431, according to the Cottonian Roll.
"Dominus custodit," saith the abbot of Roucheste.
"Levavi oculos," saith frere Stanbury, "volavi."
"Si iniquitates," saith the bishop of Worcestre;¹
"For Jac Nape soule de profundis clamavi."

"Opera manuum tuarum," seith the cardynal wisely,²
That brought forthe confitebor, for alle this Napes reson.
"Audivi vocem," songe Allemighty God on hye;
And therfore syng we "Magnificat anima mea
"Dominum."
Unto this dirige most we gon and come
This pascale tyme, to say veryli
Three psalmes and thre lessouns, that alle is and somme,
For Jac Nape soule, Placebo and Dirige.

Executors of this office Dirige for to syngye,
Shalle begyn the bishop of synt Asse;³
"Verba mea auribus," saith abbot of Redyngye;
"Alle your joye and hope is come to alassee."
"Committere, Domine, yet graunte us grace,"
Saith abbot of synt Albans ful sorily.
The abbot of the Toure hille, with his fat face,
Quaketh and tremuleth for "Domine, ne in furore."

Maister Water Liard⁴ shal syngye "Ne quando."
The abbot of Westmynstre, "Domine Deus meus, in
"te speravi;"

¹ John Carpenter, bishop of Worcester, who was also a great supporter of the high church party, and therefore of the court.
² John Kemp, archbishop of York, had been made a cardinal at the close of the year 1439.
³ Thomas, bishop of St. Asaph, a prelate who appears to have gained no degree of celebrity.
⁴ Walter Liard (in the ordinary lists of bishops he is called Hart and Lyharte) was bishop of Norwich from 1445 to 1472. This name also occurs in the list of unpopular courtiers indicted at Rochester.
"Requiem eternam Draunte them alle to come to."
Therto a pater-noster saith the bishop of synt Davy
For thes soules that wise were and mightly,
Suffolk, Moleyns, and Roos, thes thre;
And in especial for Jac Napes, that ever was wyly,
For his soule Placebo and Dirige.

Rise up, Say, rede parce in Domine,
"Nihil enim sunt dies mei," thou shalt synge.
The bishop of Carlyle sing "Credo" ful sore.
To suyche fals traitours come foule endynge!
The baron of Dudley with grete mornyng, Redethe, "Tecdet animam meam vitae mea."
Who but Danyel qui Lasorum shall synge?
For Jac Nape soule Placebo and Dirige,
John Say rede the, "Manus tuaa fercvant me."
"Libera me," syngethe Trevilian, "warre the rewe,
"That thei do no more so, requiescant in pace."
Thus prayes alle Englund ferre and nere.
Where is Somerset? whi aperes he not here,
To synge "Dies irae et miseria?"
God Draunte Englund alle in ferre
For thes traitours to synge Placebo and Dirige.

Meny mo ther be behynde, the sothe for to tele,
That shal messes oppon thes do synge.
I pray som man do rynghe the belle,
That these forsaiden may come to the sacrynge;
And that in brief tyme, without more tarienge,
That this messe may be ended in suyche degré;
And that alle Englund joyfulle may synge
The commendacioun with Placebo and Dirige.

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1 John Delamere was consecrated bishop of St. David's in 1447.
2 Lord Hungerford had at this time succeeded, by right of his wife, to the title of lord Molines. He was a partisan of the house of Lancaster.
3 Thomas Lord Ros was also a stanch partisan of the party of Henry VI.
4 Nicholas Close.
5 In the Rochester list, John Say is described as "esquire, of London."
ON THE CORRUPTIONS OF THE TIMES.

ON THE CORRUPTIONS OF THE TIMES.\(^1\)

Ffulfylyd 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;
 Ry[t] gos redles alle behynde;
Truthe ys turnyd to se trechery;
Ffor now the bysom ledys the blynde.

Now gloserys fulle gayly they go;
Pore men be perus of this land;
Sertes sum tyme hyt was not so,
But sekyr alle this ys synnes sonde.
Now maynte[ne]rys be made justys,
And lewde men rewle the lawe of kynde;
Nobulle men be holdyn wyse,
Ffor now the bysom ledys the blynde.

Truthe is set at lytlyl prys;
Worschyp fro us longe hath be slawe;
Robberyys now rewle ry[twysenesse,
And wynnerys with her sothe sawe;
Synne sothfastnesse has slawe;
Myrth ys now out of mannys mynde;
The drede of God ys al todrawe;
Ffor now the bysom ledys the b[1]nynde.

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\(^1\) From MS. Harl. 5396, fol. 295, r. Unfortunately two lines are lost by the close cutting of the bottom of the leaf. An entry on the last page of the manuscript, in the same handwriting as this poem, gives the date of St. Bartholomew’s day, in the thirty-fourth year of the reign of Henry VI., i.e., August 24, 1456.
Now brocage ys made offycerys;
   And baratur ys made bayly;
Knyʒtus be made custemerys,
   * * * *
Flatererys be made kyngus perys;
   Lordys be led alle out of kynde;
Pore men ben knyʒtus ferys;
   Ffor now the bysom ledys the blynde.

The constery ys combryd with coveytysce,
   Ffor trouth his 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]ualte it ys founde,
   Ffor pete ys clene out of ther mynde.
Lord, whan thy wylle is, al ys confounde;
   Ffor now the bysom ledys the blynde.

He ys lovyd that wele can lye;
   And thevys tru men honge;
To God I rede that we cry,
   That this lyfe last not longe.
This werld is turnyd up-so-doune among;
   For frerys ar confessourys, ageyn a kynde,
To the chefe ladyes of this londe;
   Theryor the bysom ledys the blynde.

Lordys the lawe they lere,
   * * * *
Japerys syt lordys ful nere;
   Now hath the devylle alle hys devys;
Now growyth the gret flour-de-lys;
   Wynnynis wyttes are fulle of wynd;
Now ledres ladyn the leward at her debres;
   For caus the bysom ledys [the] blynde.
ON THE CORRUPTIONS OF THE TIMES.

Now prelates don pardon selle,
And holy chyrche ys chaffare,
Holynes comyth out of helle,
Ffor absoluiciouns waxyn ware.
Gabberys gloson eny whare,
And gode feyth comys alle byhynde;
Ho shalle be levyd the sothe wylle spare?
Ffor now the bysom ledys the blynde.

The grete wylle the sothe spare,
The comonys love not the grete;
Therfor every man may care,
Lest the wade growe over the whete.
Take hede how synne hath chastysyd Frauns,
Whan he was in hys fayrest kynde;
How that Flaundrys hath myschannys;
Ffor cause the bysom leydyth the blynde.

Therfor every lord odur avauns,
And styfle stond yn ych a stoure;
Among 3ou make no dystaunce,
But, lordys, buskys 3ou out of boure.
Ffor to hold up this londus honour,
With strenkyth our enmys for to bynde,
That we may wynne the hevynly tour;
Ffor here the bysom ledys the blynde.

Explicit.
ON THE CORRUPTIONS OF THE TIMES.¹

_How myschaunce regnythe in Ingeland._

Now God, that syttyst an hyghe in trone,
Help thy peple in here greet nede,
That trowlthe and resoun regne may sone,
For thanne schal they leve owt of drede.
In that wyse conscience schal hem lede,
Hem to brynge onto good governaunce;
That yt may sone be doon in dede;
Of alle oure synnys, God, make a delyveraunce.

And men wolde, and take good hede,
This lond ys now full of inyquyte;
And al that causyth the mayde Mede,
The wyche feer bannyd ys from felycyte.
There that sche regnyth ther ys no prosperyte,
To holy cherche sche doth greet grevaunce;
For of here aperyd ys the hyghe dycnyte,
Of al oure synnys, God, make a delyveraunce.

Mede makyth fele men for to wepe,
Wyth here frendys sche wol abyde,
The wyche cunne here goodys wysely kepe,
Be manye false wyes here wytty gyde.
Untrowthe regnyth in many a syde,
For agayn here ys a greet distaunce,
That knowen ys ful feer and wyde;
Of al oure synnys, God, make a delyveraunce.

¹ From a MS. in the University, in a handwriting of the Library, Cambridge, FF. 1. 6, fol. reign of Henry VI.
ON THE CORRUPTIONS OF THE TIMES. 239

Meed and falseheed assocyed are;
   Trowthe bannyd ys, the blynde may not se;
Manye a man they make fulle bare,
   A strange compleynt ther ys of every degré.
The way ys now past of tranquillyté,
The wyche causyth a full greet varyaunce;
   Amange the comunys ther ys no game nor gle;
Of al oure synny, God, make a delyveraunce.

And men myghte wel the hyghe wey fynde
   Of trowthe and resoune, and where they dwelle;
Meece wyth here help stand scholde behynde,
   In dyspyte of alle the develyys of helle.
Untrowthe wyt many oon scholde no more melle;
Falsched and seche byn bothe of oon stubaunce,
   Alle be they not worth an oyster-schelle;
Of alle oure synny, God, make a delyveraunce.

Murdre medelythe ful ofte, as men say;
   Uasure and rapyne stefly dothe stande,
Here abdyng ys wythe her that goon ful gay;
   For whanne they were they have hem in hande.
And thus they regne throughe thys lande;
Ful manye they brynge to myschaunce.
   Wyse men, beholden, be wayr al afore hande;
Of alle oure synny, God, make a delyveraunce.

Idylnesse and thefte 3yt have they no care,
   Thoughe that thys worlde thus endure ever more;
Oftyn tymes here wyde purse is full bare,
   And other whyles here schoon be al totore;
The mete that thei ete ys alle forlore;
On the galwys they scholde anhaunse;
   They greve the comunys, and that ryghte sore;
Of alle oure synny, God, make a delyveraunce.
Slowthe and neclygance ful sore empeche
    Justise, that scholde regne contenually;
Coveytysse causyth that, for he dothe teche
    Of all astatis seme fulle besyly.
The prosperité of thyss land thus they gy
Forthewyth togedere al to the daunce;
    A wronge way to werke alle they be redy;
Of alle oure synnys, God, make a delyveraunce.

Wyght ys blak, as many men seye,
    And blak ys wyght, but summe men sey nay;
Anotoryteys for hem they toleye;
    Large conscience causyth they croked way.
In thyss reame they make a foul aray.
Whanne the dyse renne, ther lakkythe a chaunce;
    Clene conscienc bakward goth alway;
Of al oure synnys, God, make a delyveraunce.

Myscheef mengid ys, and that in every syde;
    Dyscord medelythe ful fast amonge;
The gatis of glaterye standen up wyde,
    Hem semythe that al ys ryghte and no wronge.
Thus endurid they have al to longe;
Crosse and pyle standen in balaunce;
    Trowthe and resoun be no thynge stronge;
Of alle oure synnys, God, make a delyveraunce.

Rychesse renewyd causithe the perdicioun
    Of trowthe, that scholde stande in prosperyté;
Between here and hope ys mayd a devisioun,
    And that ys al for lak of charyté;
Wherfore ther regnethe no tranquillyté;
Thys mateer causithe the fool ignoraunce,
    That the peple may not in eese be;
Of alle oure synnys, God, make a delyveraunce.
ON THE CORRUPTIONS OF THE TIMES.

He that hathe the word at hys owne wylye,
Helthe, rychesse, and contynual tranquilliyté,
Ech mannys hestes ys glad to fulfylye,
He thenkyth upon noon deverstité.
Ful unsewyre atte the laste may he be
To sette hys herte in swyche abundaunce;
Dampnacioun yt schewythe, as thenkythe me;
Of alle oure sennys, God, make a delyveraunce.

Wyghte is wyghte, 3yf yt leyd to blake;
And soote ys swettere astur bytternesse;
And falsenesse ys evere drevene abake,
Where tho throughte ys rootyd wytheowte dubbil-

Wytheowte preef may not be sykernesse;
Wherfore trowthe and resoun scholde hem avaunce,
For to take to hem stedefastnesse.
Of alle oure synnys, God, make a delyveraunce.

That unhappy insacyable simonia
Now regnethe in Ingeland, and that sore;
He sparithe not for closyng of alleluya;
Woo worthe the tyme that evere was he bore!
Unavysyd clerk soone may be forlore
Unto that theef to donne obeysaunce;
For as afore God they ben forswore;
Of alle oure synnys, God, make a delyveraunce.

Hatrede and praptyk of fals auctorité
Al good conscientie they putten owte;
Of trowthe and resoun lettynge the prosperyté;
Wherfore concord ys put feer abowe.
And 3yf men wolde stonden owt of dowte
Drede of God, with a good atemperaunce
From these synnys scholde make hem schowte,
And put hem alle to a pleyne delyveraunce.
Vengeaunc and wraethe in an hastvyvyté,
Wyth an unstedefast speryte of indyscrecioun,
Been the cause that men may not yn eese be;
For here consentynge drewith to confusioun.
Al londys putten thys land in derisioun.
For thys usyd ys oonly of acustomaunce,
3yf that day may come of a good conclusiouyn,
Of alle oure synnys to make a delyveraunce.

Men of holy cherche, that been ful wyse,
Scholde meekly preye with good devosioun,
That trowthe and resoun myghte sone aryse;
For to bryng away thys false tribulacioun;
And that the heyere herd with good medytacioun.
May the pore peple swych wyse avaunce,
In the drede of God to sette here ocupacyoun,
Of al here synnys to make a delyveraunce.

And men wolden weel hem self knowe,
Grace for to ake in here greet nede,
To God here hertis bowyng ful lowe,
Almesse doyng weel to taken heede,
Pylgremage goyng to gete hem mede,
Prayeng and fastynghe with good rememoraunce,
Body and sowle so they may hem lode
Into blyssse of eternalle purvyaunce.

Now, God, that art ful of al pletevousnesse,
Of al vertuys grace and charyté,
Putte from us al thys unsekyrnesse,
That we stande yune in grete necessyté,
That agayn trowthe no varyeng be,
Al tymes that art founteyne of al felycité,
Of al oure synnys thou make a delyveraunce.
AGAInst THE LOLLARDS.

Lo, he that can be Cristes clerc,
And knowe the knottes of his crede,
Now may se a wonder werke
Of harde happes to take goud heede.
The dome of dethe is hevy drede
For hym that wol not mercy crie;
Than is my rede, for mucke ne mede
That no man melle of lollardrye.

I say for meself, yut wist I never
But now late what hit shuld be,
And, by my trouthe, I have wel lever
No more kyn than my a, b, c.
To lolle so he in suyche degré
Hit is no perfit profecie;
Sauf seker sample to the and me
To be war of lollardie.

The game is noût to lolle so he
Ther fete failen fondement;
And yut is a moche folie
For fals beleve to ben brent.
Ther the Bibello is al myswent
To jangle of Job or Jeremye,
That construen hit after her entent
For lewde lust of lollardie.

1 From MS. Cotton. Vespar. B. xvi. fol. 2, v°. I have put together here
a few short pieces on the religious
disputes of this period. The first
belongs, perhaps, to a rather earlier
date, as it seems to contain a conti-
nuous allusion to the celebrated Sir
John Oldecastle, who was put to death
in 1418, but all the others belong
evidently to the reign of Henry VI.
Hit is unkyndly for a kniȝt,
That shulde a kynges castel kepe,
To bable the Bibel day and niȝt
In restyng tyme when he shuld slepe;
And carefolly awey to crepe,
For alle the chief of chivalrie.
Wel aught hym to waile and wepe,
That syche lust hath in lollardie.

An old castel, and not repaired,
With wast walles and wowes wide,
The wages ben ful yvel ware
With suiche a capitan to abide;
That rere the riot for to ride
Agayns the kyng and his clergie,
With privé peyne and pore pride;
Ther is a poynt of lollardie.

For many a man withyn a while
Shal aby his gult ful sore;
So fele gostes to begile
Hym aught to rue evermore.
For his sorowe shal he never restore
That he venemed with envye;
But ban the burthe that he was of bore,
Or ever had lust in lollardie.

Every shepe that shuld be fed in felde,
And kepeth fro wolves in her folde,
Hem nedethe nether spere ne shulde,
Ne in no castel to be withholde.
For ther the pasture is ful colde,
In somer seson when hit is drie;
And namly when the soyle is solde,
For lewde lust of lollardie.
 AGAINST THE LOLLARDS. 245

An old castel draw al doun,
Hit is ful hard to rete hit newe,
With sycye a congregation
That cast hem to be untrew.
When beggers mow nether bake ne brewe,
Ne have wherwith to borow ne bie,
Than mot riot robbe or reve,
Unde[r] the colour of lollardie.

That castel is not for a kynge
That the walles ben overthrowe;
And yut wel wors abidyne
When the captayn away is flowe,
And forsake sperre and bowe,
To crepe fro kniçthode into clergie.
Ther is a bitter blast yblowe,
To be bawde of lollardie.

I trowe ther be no kniçt alyve
That wold have don so open a shame,
For that crafte to studi or strive,
Hit is no gentel mannes game;
But if hym lust to have a name
Of pelour under ipocrasie,
And that were a foule defame
To have sycye lose of lollardie.

And, pardé, lolle thai never so longe,
Yut wol lawe make hem lowte;
God wol not suffre hem be so stronge
To bryng her purpos so abowte,
With sauëz faile and sauëz doute,
To rete riot and robberie;
By reson thei shul not long route,
While the taile is docked of lollardie.
Of the hede hit is las charge,
    When grace wol not be his gide,
Ne suffre hym for to lepe at large,
    But hevely his hede to hide.
Where shuld be other route or ride
Agayns the chief of chivalrie,
    Not hardi in no place to abide,
For alle the sekte of lollardie.

A! God, what unkyndly gost
    Shuld greve that God grucchede nouȝt!
Thes Lollardes that lothen ymages most
    With mannes handes made and wrouȝt,
And pilgrimes to be souȝt;
Thei seien hit is but mawmentrie.
    He that this lose first up brouȝt,
Had gret lust in lollardie.

He wer ful lewde that wold byleve
    In figure mad of stok or ston,
Yut fourme shulde we none repreve,
    Nether of Marie ne of Jon,
Petre, Poule, ne other none
Canonised by clergie;
    Than the seyntes everychone
Be litél holde to lollardie.

And namly James among hem alle,
    For he twyes had turnement,
Moche mischaunse mot him befalle
    That last beheded hym in Kent;
And alle that were of that assent.
To Crist of heven I clepe and crie,
    Sende hem the same jugement,
And alle the sekte of lollardie.
For that vengans agayns kynde
   Was a poynt of cowardyse;
And namly suyche on to bete or bynde
   That miȝt not stande, set, ne rise.
   What dome wold ye hym devyse
By lawe of armes or gentrie,
   But serve hym in the same wise,
And alle the sekte of lollardie.

When falsnes faieth frele folie,
   Pride wol preseyn sone amonge;
Than willerdome with old envy
   Can none other way but wronge.
   For synne and shame with sorowe stronge,
So overset with avutrie,
   That fals beleve is fayn to fonge
The lewde lust of lollardie,

And under colour of suyche lollynge,
   To shape sodeyn surreccioun
Agaynst our liege lord kynge,
   With fals ymaginacioun.
   And for that corsesd conclusion,
By dome of kniȝthode and clergie,
   Now turneth to confusioun
The sory sekte of lollardie.

For holy writ berithe witnes,
   He that fals is to his kynge,
That shamful dethe and hard distres,
   Shal be his dome at his endynge.
   Than double dethe for suyche lollynge
Is hevy, when we shul hennes hye.
   Now, Lord, that madest of nouȝt alle thinge,
Defende us alle fro lollardie.
To the King.  

O rex Anglorum, quae sunt jam facta videto,  
Dudum gestorum signacula dura timeto.  
Quid, rex, est clerus sic per laicos laniari?  
Ut fatear verum signat proceres superari.  
En, rex, a Græcis bellans fortuna recessit,  
Cleri facta necis hujus prognostica gessit.  
Signum, Roma, tibi quae nunc armis viduat,  
Cur? quia clerus ibi nec floret nec dominatur.  
En, rex, pro studio per singula regna timeris,  
Tu quia de proprio clero responsa mereris.  
O rex, tu videas spes hic distantibus an sit,  
Ut faculam foveas, scintilla decora remansit.  
Rex, si sit per te cleri facies relevata,  
Est tibi tunc certe victoria magna parata.  
Si fons sicetur, laico regnante furor,  
Miles vincetur belli privatus honore.  
Tu miles juras cleri defendere jura,  
Cur nunc non curas inflicta sibi mala dura.  
Rex, princeps, miles, clero rogo consocia te,  
Quisquis ad ista siles fugiet decus et vigor a te.  
Hæc duo si coeant sociari juncta valore,  
Non sunt qui valeant nostros privare vigore.  
Hoc scio quod clero miles bonus omnis adhaeret,  
Solum pro vero falsus sua prospera mæret.  
Oxoniae perante rores et germina terre,  
Singula te subeant strages et jurgia guærae.  
O plebs ingrata regi, mala signa parasti,  
Dura tibi fata veniant quia tanta patrasti.  
O rex invicte, pueros recolas spoliatos,  
Sis rex vindictæ revocans terrore fugatos.

1 From MS. Col. Merton, Oxon. No. 306, fol. 8, r°.
A Political Prophecy.\(^1\)

When Rome is removith into Englonde,
And ilke preest baiit the popeis poure in hande,
Betuene the iiij\(^d\) and the sixte, who wold onderstonde,
Moche were and wo schalle arysse in Englonde.
Thayr challe tyde then a strife be the stremis of
Hommour,
That a northyne slave schalle follow him for ever,
The iiij\(^d\) schalle recuirre and rekyn of rulyys,
That baiit lywith in Lowthe many longe days.
Than worthe upp, Walis, that vantithe no vylis,
And holpe up thi brother with brith the hardde brandis,
Thi kynnys men of Yrlonde, lordes of honour,
Thy schalle spende ther speres with dentes of dolour.
To bringe owt of brawlis the kynd blod of Brutes,
The whiche schalle lyve on to lyve of landes.

Against the Friars.\(^2\)

Freeres, freeres, wo ze be!
\textit{ministri malorum},
For many a mannys soule bringe ze
\textit{ad pænas infernorum}.
Whan seyntes felle fryst from hevene,
\textit{quo prius habitabant},
In erthe leyff the synnus vii.,
et fratres communicabant.

Falnes was the ffryst flauré
que fratres pertulerunt;
For falnes and fflals derei
multi perierunt.
Freeres, ze can weyl lye,
ad fallandum gentem;
And weyl can blere a mannus 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
tecum pernoctare,
Odur thi wyff or thi doughtour
hic vult violare;
Or thi sum he weyl prefur,
sicut furtam fortis;
God gyffe syche a freer peyne
in inferni portis!
Thei weyl assaylle boyth Jacke and Gylle,
licet sint pradones;
And parte off pennans take hem tylle,
qui sunt latrones.
Ther may no lorde of this cuntré
sic edificare,
As may thes freeres, where thei be,
qui vadunt mendicare.
Mony-makers I trow thei be,
regis prodiores,
Therfore ylle mowyth thei thee,
falsi deceptores.
Fader fyrst in Trinité,
filius, atque flamen.
    Omnes dicant Amen.
ON THE CORRUPTION OF PUBLIC MANNERS.

Ye proud galontes hertlesse,
With your hyghe cappis witlesse,
And youre shorth gownys thirftlesse,
Have brought this londe in gret hevynesse.

With youre longe peked schone,
Therfor your thrifie is almost don,
And with youre long here into your eyen,
Han brought this lond to gret pyne.

Ye poopesholy prestis fulle of presomcioun,
With your wyde furrtyd hodes voyd of discrecioun,
Unto your owyn prechyyng of contrary condicioun,
Wheche causithe the people to have lesse devocioun.

Avauncid by symony in cetees and townys,
Make shorter youre taylis and broder your crownyns;
Leve your shorth stuffide dowbelettes and your pleytid gownys,
And kepe your owyn howsyng, and passe not your boundis.

Repreve non other men, I schalle telle you whye,
Ye be so lewyd youer selfe, there settithe no man you bye,
It is not but a schame y[c] wold be callyd holly,
And worse dysposyd people levythe not undir the skye.

Frist make fre your selfe, that now to syne be bounde,
Leve syne, and drede it, than may ye take on hand
Othir to repreve, and that I understonde,
Ye may amende alle other and bryng pese to londe.

1 From MS. Harl. No. 372, fol. 113, r, of the time of Henry VI.
EPIGRAMS ON THE PUBLIC EXTRAVAGANCE.¹

Luffe, luffe, where is thi reste?
Of Englonde I am oute keste,
Thurgh sir Envye.
Thise longe berdes to middis the breste
Has putt luffe oute of his nest,
Thurgh felonye.

Fleshly lustes and festes,
Furres of ferly bestes,
Costefulle crouperes with crestes,
Fules that it first fonde;
Robes made of scrides,
Grisely othes and grete medes,
Flaterers and false dedes,
Has schent Englonde.

ON THE TIMES.²

Now ys Yngland alle in fyght;
Moche peple of consyens lyght;
Many knyghtes, and lytyl of myght;
Many lawys, and lytylle ryght;
Many actes of parlament,
And few kep wyth tru entent;
Lytylle charyté, and fayne to plese;
Many a galant penyles;

ON THE TIMES.

And many a wondurfulle dysgzyng,
By unprudent and myssavyzyng;
Grete countenanse, and smalle wages;
Many gentyllemen, and few pages;
Wyde gownys, and large sleys;
Wele besene, and strong theyvs;
Moch bost of there clothys,
But wele I wot they lacke none othys.

ON THE TIMES.¹

De miserrima responsione populi quae jam instat.

Proh dolor! o crudi gestus sparsim juvenescunt,
Rarescunt ludi, solatia cuncta senescunt.
Crimen avaritiae dominatur ubique locorum,
Quae quasi blanditiae tollit terras miserorum.
Dormit militia vitiata cupidine rerum,
Pro quibus in vitia jam pugnat amor mulierum.
Clerus decrescit, vestitu vulgus olescit,
Curia ditescit, virtus in villa cessit.
Heu! ratio moritur, pretio judex hebetescit,
Fraude fides premitur, pietas cum lege recessit.
Secta quidem consoi perit entia pseudo-coloris;
Inde sumus consi querula quocunque doloris:
Dico parum prodest pro jure tribunal adire,
Dum ratio vivat quæ jus faciet revenire.

¹ From a MS. in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, Bodl. 839, fol. 177, r°.
ON THE PROCESSION TO ST. PAUL’S OF THE RECONCILED PARTIES.¹

(March 25, 1458.)

Whan charité is chosen with states to stonde
Stedfas and skille without distaunce,
Than wrathe may be exilede out of this londe,
And God oure gide to have the governaunce.
Wisdom and wellthe, with alle plesaunce,
May rightful regne, and prosperité;
For love hath underlaide wratheful venjaunce,
Rejoise, Anglonde, oure lorde acordede to be.

Rejose, and thanke God for evermore,
For now shal encresse thi consolacion;
Oure enemyes quaken and dreden ful sore,
That peas is made ther was division.
Whiche to them is a gret confusion,
And to us joy and felicité.
God hold hem longe in every season,
That Anglonde may rejoise concord and unité.

Now is sorowe with shame fled into Fraunce,
As a felon that hath forsworn this londe;
Love hath put out malicous governaunce,
In every place bothe fre and bonde.
In Yorke, in Somerset, as I understonde,
In Warrewike, is love and charité,
In Sarisbury eke, and in Northumbrelande,
That every man may rejoise concord and unité.

¹ From MS. Cotton, Vespas. B. xvi. fol. 4, r².
ON THE PROCESSION TO ST. PAUL'S.

Egremown and Clifford, with other forsaide,
   Ben set in the same opynyon.
In every quarter love is thus laide;
   Grace and wisdom hathe thus the dominacion.
Awake, welthe, and walke in this region,
Rounde aboute in town and cité;
   And thanke them that brought hit to this con-
   clusion;
Rejoise, Anglond, to concord and unité.

At Poules in Londoun, with gret renown,
   On oure Ladi day in Lent this peas was wrought;
The kyng, the quene, with lorde many one,
   To worship that virgine as thei ought,
Wenten a procession, and spariden right nought,
In sighte of alle the comynalité,
   In token that love was in herte and thought;
Rejose, Anglond, in concorde and unité.

Ther was bytwyn hem lovely countynaunce,
   Whiche was gret joy to alle that ther were;
That long tyme hadden be in variance,
   As frendes for ever that had be in fere.
Thei wenten togeder and made gond chire.
France and Britayn repente shul thei;
   For the bargayn shul thei abye ful dere;
Rejose, Anglond, in concorde and unité.

Oure soveraigne lord kyng God kepe alwey,
   The quene, and the archefisshope of Canterbury,
And the bishop of Wynchestre, chancellor of Anglond,
   And other that han labured to this love-day;
God preserve hem, we pray hertly,
   And Londoun, for thei ful diligently
Kepten the peas in trowbel and adversité,
   To bryng in reste thei labured ful truly;
Rejoise, Anglond, in concorde and unité.
Of thre thynges I praise the worshipful cité;
   The first, the true faihte that thei have to the kynge;
The seconde, of love to the comynalté;
   The thrid, goud rule for evermore kepynge;
The whiche God maynteyn evermore durynge,
And save the maier and alle the worthi cité;
   And that is amys God brynge to amendynge,
That Anglond may rejoise to concorde and unité.

EPI TAP H FOR R I C H A R D D U K E O F Y ORK.

A remembred à tous cœurs de noblesse
Que ycy gist la fleur de gentillesse,
Le puissant duc d'York, Rychart ot nom,
Prince royal, preudomme de renom,
Saige, vaillant, vertueux en sa vie,
Qui bien ama loyauté sans envie,
Droyt heritié, prouvé en mainte terre,
Des couronnez de France et d'Engleterre.
Ou parlement tenu à Westmestre,
Bien fut congneu et trouvé vray heir estre.

[Translation.]
Let it be remembered by all noble hearts—that here lies the flower of gentility,—the powerful duke of York, Richard was his name,—a royal prince, a gentleman of renown,—wise, valiant, virtuous in his life,—who loved well loyally without envy,—the right heir, proved in many a land,—of the crowns of France and England.—In the parliament held at Westminster—he was fully acknowledged and found to be

1 From MS. Harl. No. 48, fol. 81, v°.
Sy fut roygent et gouverneur de France, 
Normandie il garda d’encombrance, 
Sur Pontaysse la ryviere passa, 
Le roy Francoyez et son doulin chassa. 
En Erlande mist tel gouvernement, 
Tout le pais rygla paisiblement. 
D’Engleterre fut long temps protetur, 
Le peuple ama, et fut leur defendeur. 
Noble lygne ot d’enfans, que Dieu garde. 
Dont l’aysne fylz est nomé Edouarde, 
Qui est vray roy, et son droit conquesta, 
Par grant labeur qu’il en prinst l’aqueta, 
Il est regnant solitaire ou jour d’uy, 
Dieu et ses sainz sy le gardent d’ennuy! 
Ce noble due à Wacquefylde mourut, 
Doux paix traitant force sur luy courut, 
L’an soixnte, le xxx° de Decembre, 
Cinquante ans ot d’age, comme on remembre, 
En priant Dieu et la tresbelle dame 
Qu’en Paradiz puist reposser son ame! 

Amen.  

Chester le H'.

the right heir.—And he was regent and governor of France, 
—Normandy he guarded from danger,—he passed the river at Pontoise,—and drove away the French king and his dauphin.—In Ireland he established such government,—that he ruled all the country peaceably.—Of England he was long protector,—he loved the people, and was their defender.—He had a noble lineage of children, whom may God have in his keeping.—The eldest of whom is named Edward,—who is true king, and conquered his right,—he purchased it by great labour which he bestowed upon it,—he is reigning singly at the present day,—God and his saints preserve him from injury!—This noble duke died at Wake- 
field,—while treating of sweet peace, force rushed upon him, 
—the year sixty, the thirtieth of December,—he was fifty years of age, as people remember.—Praying God and the very fair lady—that his soul may repose in Paradise!—Amen. 

Chester the Herald.
ON THE CIVIL WARS.¹

Processus sub brevibus in metro belli illius primi quod actum erat apud villam Sancti Albaní temporibus regis Henrici sexti.

Martia splendiderum regerent cum sidera lucem, Aspicerentque feros torvis aspectibus Anglos, Albani villam tranquilla pace vigentem Fœdarunt multo violenter sanguine fusio. Rex aderat præsens, secunque cohors satis ingens De dominis regni; contrarius his Eboraci Duxque duo comites Warwicki et Sarsburiensis Venerunt; media fit grandis pugna platea, In qua corruerant qui nobilitate vigebant De patria Boreæ, comes insignis dominusque, Corruit ac ipse qui belli causa fuisse Fertur, dux magnus de Somerseth vocitatus, Ac alii plures; satís aspera sors fuit ipsis. Multi fugerunt, aliter se non properarunt Quam faciunt trepidæ nisum fugiendo columbæ, Insultumve canis damus, lepus, aut fera quevis. Dum fugiunt, nemora petierunt sive frutecta; In quibus, ut pueri virgam metuendo magistri, Se pudet id ferre, vecorditer occultuere. Qui fuerant nostra propius penetralia tecta Ad nos fugerunt, sub stallis et latuerunt, Aut infra latebras; timor ingens duxerat ipsos.

¹ This piece, written by the well-known monk of St. Alban's, John de Whethamsted, was evidently composed immediately after the decisive and sanguinary battle of Towton, which is mentioned in it. The author seems to be chiefly desirous of recording the ill-treatment which the abbey of St. Alban's received from the northern partisans of the house of Lancaster. It is printed from a manuscript in the Bodleian Library, MS. Laud. No. 697, fol. 29, r°.
ON THE CIVIL WARS.

Sic imbecillis tergum dedit hostibus hostis,
Non sine dedecore, nec nominis absque rubore.
Mors est, non vita, sub turpi vivere fama.
Et patet in paucis sors bellii quae fuit hujus,
Qualis et eventus domini ducis et comitatus.

Ter deno trino domini regis fuit anno
Henrici sexti, facies hae obvia celis,
In Maio mense bis dena bis quoque luce.

Providentia Dei misericordis mediatione martyris
sui Albani actum esse credimus, ut rex ad
villam cum accideret diverteret se a monasterio
ac ad villam medium properaret, unde quia tam
tanta tam gratuita quae fuerant mediatione sui
martyris in salvationem sua ecclesia misericordia
domini plasmatoris, ideo in laudem et
gloriam utriusque soriitur ulterior de haec
materia metrice sub his verbis.

Dum Maius madidi flos floruit imbris Austri,
Mollibus et Zephyrus resoveret flatibus arvos,
Flora velut riguos herbis dita verat hortos,
Post glacies inopes hos fecerat et locupletes,
Sic rapidis stilbon predonibus undique regnum
Repletatque nimis, sic late sparserat ipsos,
Ut villam tandem tantus pervaderet istam
Illorum numerus, ut vix evaderet unus
Quin spolium luaret, spoliantes vel tropidaret.
Accidit ex causa spoliatio tam gravis ista;
Mars ocel dominus fuerat tunc, et soror ejus
In terris domina belli Bellona vocata,
Unde malum multum signanter partibus istis
Contigit, et bellum fuit istis grande peractum,
Sanguis et effusus multus, dux et jugulatus
Illius pugnae qui furtur causa fuisse.
Bello finito, strepitu quoque pacificato,
Indultum est prædæ, prædones quippe fuere

R. 2
Victores omnes, nulli quasi compatientes.
Tunc rex, tunc proceres, tunc villani quoque plures,
Ac ali vari, fuerant rebus spoliati.
Attamen ecclesia simul ecclesiae bona cuncta,
Infra quae fuerant sub clausuraque jacebant,
Manserunt salva, nec ei res defuit illa.
Laus igitur Domino, laus in specieque patrono,
Cujus per media stabant suA singula salva,
Salvus et a cunctis simul Abbas, frater, et omnes.
Spiritus ille bonus sine fallo, spiritus almus,
Ad villam regem qui direxit venientem
Illius ad medium, nec tunc permiserat ipsum
Ecclesiam petere, conservavit sua quaeque.
Sed patronus erat qui pro monachis mediaret,
A raptore locumque suum servavit, et omnem
Ipsius ornatum, fecedere nec tulit ipsum.
Si rex intrasset, secumque ducem sociasset,
Valvas ecclesiae, paruissent cuncta rapinae,
Nec poterat fuerat quisquam compescere plebis.
Laus igitur Domino rursus rursusque patrono!
Stat locus iste suo salvus munimine solo,
Salvamque supposita, sua salvaque prædia cuncta.
Tempore dilapso miracula plura patrono
Concessum facere fuit, utique ab omnipotente
Laude celebrandum praes cunctis creditur unum,
Quod dum praedator stabat pro tempore liber,
Et raperet varia, bene servavit sua cuncta,
Flere nec ecclesiam rem raptam pertulit ulla.

Nota de bello apud Waefeld habito.

Anno milleno centum quater, x. quoque seno,
Terdenoque die duodeno mense Decembre,
Infra Eboracensem juxta Waefeld comitatum,
Dux dominus villæ fertur pugnans habuisse
Conflicatum grandem contra gentem borealem
Ac procreses plures praerant qui gentibus ipsis;
ON THE CIVIL WARS.

Quo docuit quia sors quod res fortuna secundas
Vitat habere moras, ecclit dux, natus et ejus,
Ac comes insignis, sors bellii sors fuit ipsis
Obvia, sicque satiis regni fuerat brevis haeres,
Omen et id latum tulerat mutamine maestum,
Deflendum multis; jus regni jus fuit ejus.

Processus bellii illius sive praelii secundi sub metrico
style, quod inter Australes et Boreales commis-
sum fuerat infra et extra villam Sancti Albani.

M. semel x. seno centum quater et simul uno,
Cum lux septena fuerat mensis quoque dena,
Numinis illius venerantur quod morientes,
Inter Solares pugnantes et Boreales
Magna cohors ecclit, duo milia plebs numeravit,
Sors apud Albani villam protomartyris almi
Et pugnae campum caesis dedit et tumulatum,
Quod dolet ac doluit annis multisque dolebit
Villicus ac monachus prope cos habitator et omnis.
Principio pugnae potiores marte fuere
Australes, tandem vicit Boreasque triumphum
Abstulerat secum, stat sors mox versa retrorsum
Martis, ut eventum fore scire sic dubiosum.
Ut veniunt cinifes, culices, brucique, locustae,
Ac vastant segetes, aliae muscae quoque multae,
Sic advenerunt similis illis Boreales
Ac vastaverunt segetes et opes populares
Austri totius; his judex sit Radamantus,
Et Minos Cretae conjunctus eis Æacusque,
Atque modum poenae pensent seu demeruere.
Vix infernalis pro poena sufficit ipsis
Aut focus aut furus, licet essent agrine mille.
Gens est Cerberea, gens Sphyngea, gens Briarea,
Laratru, raptu, spolii praedaeque voratu,
Laus hae, laus Boreae, laus est haec laus sine laude.
Nunc quia de viris Borealibus sit saxe et saxius
mentio in premissis, ideo de eorum moribus et
conditionibus scribitur hic ulterior metrice sub
his verbis.

Qui mores plebis agnoscere vis borealis,
Perlege, range metra, tibi dicent nil nisi vera.
Gens Boreæ, gens Tisiphone, gens alta Megææ,
Gens lactata Styge, potataque plebs Acheronte,
Sævit in Australes, stimularet seu furor omnes,
Non vigor attrahere victus, non visve moveret,
Est furor aut furia quicquid gens egerit ista.
Gens Boreæ, gens Cerbereæ linguaeque loquelaæ,
Latrat et clatrat et verba rudissima tractat.
Prodictor est quisque vir nobilis ejus in ore,
Presbyter et monachus, puer et vir, sexus et omnis,
Foemineæ sive probri quod possit villus edì,
Semper ut infaict vir villis villia tracta.
Gens Boreæ gens proluvie foedissima de se
Harpyiæ similis violando vasa liquoris,
Ac mensas hominum, tabulatas ac mulierum.
Foedior est fatu, bis turpior est moderatu,
Nescit honesta loqui vir foedæ progenieí.
Gens Borïæ gens perfidiae, gens prompta rapinæ,
Gens est centimano raptu similis Briareæ,
Et Tityo jecore, Sisypho saxoque ruente;
Et licet ulterior societur Tantalus istis,
Non portat metrum, mos est his pejor eorum,
Diripiunt, rapiunt, post se vix saxa reliquit
Gens Boreæ, gens nequitiae, gens absque pietae,
Et sine lege veris vindex, sine judicî juris.
Decissor quia vi vult cuncta regi gladiâli,
Moreve barbarico, licitem foret in spoliando,
Ut fierent propriæ per raptum res alienæ.
Friguit aut caluit nìmis id quod tollere nollet.
Gens Boreæ, gens vipereæ pellis generisque,
Mordet et emordet, rodit, corrodit, et urget
Matris ad interitum, male sicut tendat ad ortum.
Devorat ad patriam quae sepe cibaverat ipsum,
Per matrisque modum dederat sibi lac ad edendum,
Et linguee stimulc noceat caudaque veneno
Australi populo sibi res et opes rapiendo,
Austiterat praeda raptix boreasque rapina.
Hinc gens, gens ista quia fertur tam vitiosa,
Quod mihi, si centum linguee sint oraque centum,
Ferrea vox, et item vix singula dicere possem.
Hanc cantarem sibi quae vivit propriandam,
Extinctis cereis sonituque noxeque libellis,
Et pro perpetuo maledicta sit Arctos ab Austro.

Processus sub brevibus sub forma et modo quibus
comes Marchiae, filius et hcres domini ducis
Eboraci interfici, audita fama de morte sui
patris, max associata sibi non pauca multitudine
plebis, ad partes boreales secessit contra proceres
et alios rebelles pugnaturos, ideo scribitur hic
ulterior sub breviloquio stylo metrico sub hirc
verbis.

X. numero seni lapsi sunt circiter anni,
Postquam successit rex juris jureve rexit
Anglorum regnum, vis non jus rexerat ipsum;
Jam nova progeniesquia coelo venit ab alto.
Saturni soboles qui nomine dicitur alto,
Edwardus quartus, Ricardo sanguine junctus.
Creditur a multis redient Saturnia nostris
Temporibus secla; lis, visque, nefas simul una
Deperient; jura, lex, et pax sint reditura;
Fraus etiamque dolus cessabunt, ac violentus
Raptus avaritiae subeunt verunque fidesque.
Hae spes plebis erat, cleri chorus haeceque putabat..
Det seu speratur regnum Deus ut statuatur,
Et plebs tranquillo vivat clerusque quiste.
Deinde de tempore illius belli quo domiti stabant
Boreales, et pradomiti, pro excessibus patratis
in patria australi, ulterior metrice sic scribens
inquit.

M. semel x. terno centum quaterni simul uno,
In Martis mense ter dena denique luce,
In patria Boreae Ferebrius prope jugera villae
Pugna fuit plebis acris nimis et satis atrox.
Vicerat Arctos in bello martius heros
Junior Edwardus, Hector novus, alter Achilles,
Prostravit multos; Austro tunc cessaret Arctos,
Et doluit casum supra x. bis millia, quorum
Quamplures domini, plures et erant generosi.
Illius patriae flos et sors tunc cecidere,
Et merito, quoniam spoliaret nequiter Austrum.
Laus igitur Domino, sit honor, sit gloria Christo!
Cessat nunc flatus grandis Boreaeseque boatus,
Inque Austrum redit, Æolus ventum variavit.
Est Boreas mordens et valde ventus aduens;
Est Austus justus, vult morsu rodere morsus,
Et male mordentem vere vires tollere eidem;
Est Zephyrus placidus, est suavis frater et ejus;
Hinc Boreaeseque Aquilo pro tunc clauduntur in antro.

Quia in promissis sit mentio de titulis utriusque
jam dicti regis, ideo in recensionem et recitationis
recordationem scribitur hic ulterior de utriusque
metrice sub horum verborum tenore.

In sibi conjunctis Edwardi semine natis
Ortu erat primo Lionellus, Johannisque secundo;
Cedat lex regni vult junior ut seniori.
Attamen Henricus hæræ genitusque Johannis,
Per vim sceptrigerum regimen tuleratque coronam,
Et tenuit multis sed non sine viribus annis.
ON THE CIVIL WARS. 265

Illi successit rex, qui si non carnisset
Justitiae titulo, non Hector dignior ipso,
Non iudex Æacus, non ore politus Ulixes.
Ipso defuncto successit filius, in quo
Stirps ea cessavit; haeres rectus remeavit,
Seiunct Edwardus Leonelli proximus haeres.
Hic petiit regimen, rex obstat datque negamen.
Res agitur belli, vicit sanguis Leonelli
Et palmam tulerat, Henricus rex fugiebat.
Bello finito, multo quoque sanguine fusso,
Cum victor secum palmam ferretrque triumphum,
Vendicat hoc iterum, plebs applaudat eadem,
Clamabatque sibi, vivat felicior omni
Rege vel Augusto, melior regat Octaviano.
Hae vox cunctorum clamor fuit ac populum.
Rexigitur factus, rex in solioque levatus,
Quod fractum fuerat iterum bene consolidatam,
Jureque quo potuit vim pressit, jus renovavit.
Sic vetus id dictum fuerat bene verificatum,
De male quasitis vix gaudet tertius haeres,
Stare duique nequit mala quicquid vis stabilivit;
Jus nescitque mori, valeat licet ense ferire;
Ex bene patris bene crescit honos quoque virtus.
O rota versatilis nimis oque rotabilis axis,
Sorte novercante fatoque modum variante,
Corruit Henricus isto sub nomine sextus,
Et casum tulerat, titulus sibi deficiebat,
Defecitque bonus, heus! pro moderamine sensus,
Proquo bono campi cor defuit Herculis illi.
Matris non patris fuit ortus filius excors,
Matrem nec coluit, nimis a patre degeneravit,
Quo melior miles non Teucer erat vel Atrides,
Sive timor Phrygiis Ajax robustus in armis.
Hic fuit in verbis rex mitis, rex pietatis,
Attamen in factis nimiss vir simplicitatis.
Hine postquam triginta novem rex præfuit annis,
Caesa suam fortuna rotam, quasi fortis in armis,
Volverat, et regimen rapiebat regis, eundem
Compulit ac subito sic dicere, "sum sine regno."
O sors prosperior, o gratia sorteque major,
Qui diurna nimis fuit expectatio plebis,
Sed mittendus erat, jam dante Deo veniebat.
Hic Martis soboles et nomine martius heros,
Marte triumphante jus sceptri jusque coronae
Ut decuit sumpset, ut debuit ac sibi junxit.
Tunc bona spes fuerat sors prospera quod reveniret,
Laetaque pro voto coleret plebs seda sub ipso.
Det Deus ac faciat bona ne spes irrita fiat!
Qui veteres recolis veteranaque gesta revolvis,
Ferreque scis si vis thore quis fuit ac pater ejus,
Dicit si legisti, legisseve te meministi,
Quenquam decrepitum qui cesserat opilionem,
Et steterat multis absens in partibus annis,
Rursus gestantem baculum baculoque regement
Conventum pecorum concordi voce legentum.
Res haec rata satis, nec contingens retroactis
Temporibus multis, nostris tamen accidit annis.
In patre qui sextus fuit ordine primo Johannis,
Sed post octavus bis praebuerat quia dictus,
Hoc duplex nomen sibi vendicat unus et idem,
Deque loco segetis pater est cognomine dictus,
Hac nunc in decade numerus qui dicitur esse,
In qua totius residet perfectio legis,
Scriba tuo calamo pausam finemque libello
Imposuit fessus, senio morboque repressus,
Cæcutiens steterat, auditus deficiebat,
Contractique manus digiti fuerant simul omnes,
Semper et ad valvas stabat mors improba pulsans;
Dixit et ecclesiae, dispone tuo, moriere.
Hac igitur causa scriptor nihil addidit ultra;
Addere nec poterat, quia visus deficiebat,
Idem scribendi sibi finis eratque videndi.

Explicit, expliciunt qualia scripta ferunt.
A POLITICAL RETROSPECT.

To have in mynde calllyng to remembraunce
The gret wrongys doon of oold antiquité,
Unrightful heyres by wrong alyaunce
Usurpyng this royaurne caused gret adversité;
Kynge Richard the seconnde, lighe of dignytee,
Whiche of Ingeland was rightful enheritoure,
In whos tyme ther was habundaunce with plente
Of welth and erthelyoye, withouzt langoure.

Than cam Henry of Derby, by force and myght,
   And undir the colour of fals perjury,
He toke this rightwys kyng, Goddes trow kyght,
   And hym in prison put perpetuelly,
   Pyned to dethe, alas! ful pyteuxly;
Holy bishope Scrope, the blyssed confessour,
   In that quarel toke hys dethe ful paciently,
That alle the world spak of that gret langoure.

Whos dethe ys a very trow evidence
   To alle Ingeland for the just title and lyne,
Whiche for the trowthe by tyranny and violence
   Was put doune and suspec holde venyrsynye;
   Many a trow lord then put to mortel fyne;
Alway they have ben aboute withe rigoure
   The lynaige of kyng Richard to undirmyne,
That longe have lyved in gret langoure.

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1 This poeme, which appears to have been composed in 1462 or 1463, is preserved in a contemporary manuscript in the Library of the Society of Antiquaries, No. 101, fol. 98, r'.
God smote the said Henry, for hys gret fersnesse,
   With a lepre holdyng hym to hys ende fynally.
Next hym Henry the fyfte, of knyghtly prowesse,
   Named the best of that lyne and progeny,
   How be it he reigned unrightfully,
   3it he upheld in Ingeland the honnour;
   Henry hys sone of Wy[n]desore, by gret foly,
Alle hath retourned unto huge langoure.

Callyng to mynde the fals engendred treson
   And myschyfz that were in hys dayes regnyng;
The good due of Gloucestre, in the season
   Of the parlement at Bury beyng,
   Was put to dethe; and ay sithe gret mornyng
Hathe ben in Ingeland, with many a scharp schoure,
   Falshode, myschyfz, secret synne upholding,
Whiche hathte caused in Engeland endelez langoure.

Noo mervail though Engeland hathe ben unhappy,
   Whiche hathte be mysrewled 3erys sertayne;
Scripture saithe heritage holdyn wrongfully
   Schal never cheve ne with the thred heyre remayne,
   As hathe be verified late ful playne,
Where as iiij. kynges have regned by errooure,
   The thred put ouȝte, and the right brought agayne,
Whos absence hathte caused endelez langoure.

Also scripture saithe, woo be to that regyon
   Where ys a kyng unwyse or innocent;
Moreovyr it ys right a gret abusyon,
   A womman of a land to be a regent,
   Qwene Margrete I mene, that ever hathe ment
To governe alle Engeland with myght and poure,
   And to destroye the ryght lyne was here entent,
Wherfore sche hathte a fal, to here gret langoure.
And now sche ne rought, so that sche myght attayne,
Though alle Engeland were brought to confusyon,
Sche and here wykked affynité certayne
Entende uttyrly to destoyre thys regioun;
For with theym ys but dethe and distruecioun,
Robberye and vengeance, with alle ryggur,
Therfore alle that holde of that oppynioun,
God sende hem a schort ende with meche langour.

O it ys grely agayne kynde and nature,
An Englyshe man to corrumphe hys owne nacion,
Willyng strangiers for to recure,
And in Engeland to have the domynacioun,
Wenyng thanne to be gret of reputacion;
For sothe they that soo hope, least schal be theyre pour;
He that woulde be high schal be undir subjecioun,
And the fyrst that schal repente the langoure.

Wherfore I lykken Engnynd to a gardayne,
Whiche that hathe ben overgrown many yere
With the wedys, whiche must be mowen doune playne,
And than schul the pleasant swete herbes appere.
Wherfore alle trewe Englyshe peuple, pray yn fere
For kyng Edward of Rouen,oure comfortoure,
That he kepe justice and make wedis clere,
Avoydying the blak cloudys of langoure.

A gret signe it ys that God lovythe that knyght,
For alle thoo that woulde have destroyed hym utterly,
Alle they ar myschyeved and put to flyght.
Than remembre hys fortune with chevalry
Whiche at Northamptoun gate the victory,
And at Mortimers Crosse he had the honnour;
On Palme Sonday he wan the palme of glorye,
And put hys enemyes to endelez langour.
And drave hys adversary out of the lande;
    Aftyr cam to Londun and was crownd kyng.
    Ryght late God yaf hym grace to undirstonde.
The fals traytours agayne hym ymagynge.
The prophecie saithe, there schal dere hym noo thinge,
    He it ys that schal wynne castelle, toune, and toure;
    Alle rebellyous undyr he schal hem brynge,
Willyng to hys highenesse any langoure.

Richard the erl of Warwyk, of knyghthode
    Lodesterre, borne of a stok that evyr schal be trewe,
Havyng the name of prowes and manhood,    
    Hathe ay ben redy to helpe and resskewe
    Kyng Edward, in hys right hym to endewe;
The commens therto have redy every houre;
    The voyx of the peuple, the voix of Jhesu,    
Who kepe and preserve hym from alle langoure.

Now blyssed saint George, pray the vierge immaculat
    To be good mediatrix, praying her sonne
That Edward of Rouen may be victorieux and fortunat,
    Withe alle the trew lordes of hys regioun,
    That they may se a good way and direction
To make pees in Engeland, that riche and pouer
    May Joyfully sygne at the conclusyon,
Welcom everlastyng joye, and farewell langoure.
ON THE RECOVERY OF THE THRONE BY EDWARD IV.

Remembyr with reverens the Maker of mankynde,
How myghty, how mercyfulle, how glorius he is,
Alle erthly creaturys in thayre reasonys bryn blynde,
Whan they compar with his power they do alle
amys.
Agaynste his power no thynge impossible is;
Wherefore lett us say in wele and in woo
Good Lorde, evermore thy wille be doo.

How mervelous to man, how dowtfulle to drede,
How far paste mannys resoun and mynde hath it bee,
The conyng of kyng Edwarde, and his good sped,
Owte of Dochelonde into Englonde over the salte see.
In what parell and trowbill, in what payne was hee!
Whan the salte water and tempest wrought hym
gret woo;
But in adversité and ever, Lorde, thy wille be doo.

His knyghtehode, his power, his ordinance, his ryȝte,
Agaynst this trowblis tempest avaylidi hym no thynge.
What may manhode do agaynst Goddes myȝte?
The wynde, the water spareth nodyr priynce ne kyng.
Haply that trowbill was for wickyd lyvyng;
God wolde every creature his Maker shulde know,
Wherefore, good Lorde, ever more thy wille be doo.

1 From MS. Reg. 17 D. xv. fol. 337, r°.
Lorde, theunkyndnes was shewid to kynge Edward thatday!
At his londyng in Holdyynes he had grett payne;
His subjectes and people wolde not hym obey,
Off hym and his people thay had grett disdayne.
There schewid hym unkyndnes, and answerid hym playne,
As for kynge he shulde not londe there for wele ne woo;
Yett londid that gentill prynce, the will of God was soo.

To Yorke this nobille prynce and his pepull did passe,
Magré his enmyes, no man hym lett myȝte;
At wiche cite tongbelid the ryalle prynce was,
Yett into the cite he enterid be Goddes power and myȝte;
And whan the pepull of his persone had a verrey syȝte,
Thayre malice was quenchid, were they never so woo.
Wherefore, good Lorde, ever more thy wille he doo.

That shortly to ride that nobill prynce was redy,
By Pomfrett castell he paste, his enmyes not with-
Mounkigew of that passage was verrey hevy,
Wyth the prynce he durste not mete, but ther lay
His tresoun in his mynde before done was remiyng,
Supposyng that kynge Edward remembryd it also.
Wherefore, good Lorde, ever more thy wille be doo.

At Covyntré that gentill prynce was tongbelid mer-
Wyth the scourge of God thus betyn was hee.
Mete, dryneke, and logynge his pepulle lackyd certaynly,
Yett he pight his felse in placis thre,
To fyght with Warwicke and all his meny.
But he was affrayed, and his people also.
In every thyng, Lord, thy wille be doo.
O glorius God, how thou haste assigned
Hertes disceveryd to be stablisshyd ayene,
In love of matremonye thou haste hem joynyd,
Kyng Edward and the duke of Claranse gret
honour to attayne.
Thay were dysceveryd by a sottell meane;
Nature hath compellid hem agayne togerre go;
Thus in every thyng, Lorde, thy wille be doo.

At Warwicke the knot was knytt agayne,
Unknownyng to many a man in this londe;
God sent his grace by a sovereyne meane,
Yett the pepulle ben blynde, they will not under-
stonde.
Stryve not with the peopull, ne the werkys of his
honde,
And thonck hym hertely it plesith hym so to do;
And lett us say, "Good Lorde, ever thy wille be doo."

Longe lay the kyng there, away wolde not hee,
Dayly he prophered batayle, his enmys durst not
fyghte;
Lacke of logyng and vitayle, it was grett peté,
Causid the gentill prynce to remewe, suche was Goddes
myȝte.
Lowe how the good Lorde his owne gentill knyȝte,
Because he shulde remembir hym in wele and in woo.
Thus in every thyng, Lorde, thy wille be doo.

As the priynce passid to Londone, God shewid ryghte
Secrett thyng to hym, tokyn of victory;
In presence of the same priynce, by Goddes powere
and myȝte,
And ymage wiche was closid brake opyn sodenily.
God sheid hym this conforte in the abbey of
Deyntré,
Because he shulde be stidfast in wele and in woo;
The ymage was of saynte Anne, God wolde it shulde be so.

The gentill priynce and his pepull to Londone did passe,
   Into the cite he enterid with a company of men trew.
For the wiche his enmys cryed, “Owte and alas!”
   Thayre red colowrus chaungid to pale hewe.
   Than the nobill priynce began werkys new.
He toke prisoners a kyng and a clerke, loo,
How the will of God in every thynge is doo.

To Westmynster the kyng be water did glide,
   Worshypfully resayvid with processioun in seet,
Resayvid with reverence, his dewte not denye;
   The cardenall uppone his hede the crowne did sett,
   The seupture in his honde, withowte intrumpcioun or let.
Then to seynt Edwardes shryne the priynce did goo,
   Thus in every thynge the wille of God is doo.

The kyng comfortid the quene, and other ladyes eke;
   His swete babis full tendurly he did kys;
The yonge priynce he behelde, and in his armys did bere.
   Thus his bale turnyd hym to blis;
   Aftur sorow joy, the course of the worlde is.
The siȝte of his babis relesid parte of his wo;
   Thus the wille of God in every thynge is doo.

How sodenly that tyme he was compellid to parte
   To the feld of Barnet with his enmys to fyghte.
God lett never priynce be so hevy in his herte
   As kynge Edwarde was all that hole nyȝte.
   And aftur that shone a ster over his hede full bryȝte,
The syght of the wiche made his enmys woo;
   It was a tokyn of victory, Goddis will was soo.
RECOVERY OF THE THRONE BY EDWARD IV. 275

This prynce it perceyvid, and he let it passe and goo,
That was to Cryst his creature he did calle,
To oure lady and to saynt George, and other seyntes moo;
Then sodenly uppone his knees the prynce did falle,
Besechyng the good Lorde and his seyntes alle
His ryght hym to sende, and defende hym of his foo,
And said ever, "Good Lorde, thy wille be doo."

Thow knowyst my ryȝte, Lorde, and other men also;
As it is my ryȝte, Lorde, so thou me defende,
And the quarrell that is wronge it may be overthroun,
And to ryght parte the victory thou sende,
And I promesse the, good Lorde, my lyffe to amende,
I knolege me a synner wrappid in woo.
And all said with one voyse, "Lorde, thy will be doo."

His meditacioun thus made, his herte hevy,
Yet his hede he up lyfte with a mery chere,
And said, "Frendis, to this jorney it is tyme we hye;
" Latt us all call to Cryst and his seyntes in fere,
" As he uppone a crosse boght us ryght dere.
" I knolege me a synner wrappid in woo;
" In this adversité evir, Lorde, thy wille be doo."

"Avaunce, baner," quod the kyng, "passe forthe anone,
" In the name of the Trynyté and oure Lady bryghte,
" Seynt Edward, seynt Anne, and swete seynt Johan,
" And in the name of seynt George, oure ladis " knyȝte,
" This day shew thy grett power and thy gret " myȝte,
" And brynge thy trew subjectes owte of payne and " woo;
" And as thy wille is, Lorde, thyss jorney be doo."
There was shotyng of gonnys and arows plenté;
    There was showtyng and crying that the erth did quake;
There was hewyng of harnes, peté was to see;
    For fere of that fray many man did shade.
There was tremelyng and turnyng thayre woo did wake.
There was hewyng of helmettes and salettes also;
Hit plesid God that seasoun it shulde be soo.

There was jollyng, ther was rennyng for the sove-
reynte,
    There was rorynge and rumbelyng, peté to here;
Fayne was the waykyer away for to flee.
    That day many a stowte man was ded there;
Warwicke and Mowntegew were slayne in fere,
Knytétes and gentilmen and other men moo.
In all thynges, good Lorde, every thy wille be doo.

There was rydyng and rennyng; sum cryed, “Wayle-
    "away!"
Unknowyng to many man who the better hadde.
Sum souzte thayre maysters, sum hit thaym that day,
    Sum ran here and there like men that were madde;
Sum were ryght hevy and harde bestadde,
Ryght besy in thayre wittes away to goo.
Alle was for the best,oure Lorde wold it shulde be so.

Kynge Edward and his brothere, dowtyng no fere,
    Lordis and other gentilmen in the kynges ryzte,
Stidfastily and worshipfully thayre parte did there,
    Manly and freshely that day did thay fyzte.
To kynge Edwarde fille the victorye, throw Goddes myzte.
Many one whan thay wist thay were ryzte woo.
Hit bootid hem not to stryve, the wille of God was soo.
To London com the kyng whan the batell was doo,
Levyng behynde hym many a dede man;
Sum hurte, sum slayne, sum cryinge "Alas!"
Gretter multitude than I con telle.
Sum waloyng in blood, sum pale, sum wan.
Sum sekyng thayre frendis in care and in woo.
In every thynge, Lord, thy wille be doo.

In Sothwerke, at Bambere heth, and Kyngston eke,
The bastarde and his meané in the contré abowte,
Many grett men in London they made seke,
Man, wyff, ne childe there durst non rowte.
Oxin, shepe, and vetayle, withowtyn any dowte,
Thay stale away and carrid ever to and froo.
God suffirs moche thyng, his wille to be doo.

Moche sorow and shame the wrecchis thay wroughte,
Fayre placis thay brend on the water side.
Thayre myschevus dedis avaylid ham noughte,
Schamfully thay wrougte, and so thaym betyd.
Thay wolde not leve ther malice, but therin abyde,
Thay cryed kynge Edward and Warwicke also.
Thus the wille of God in every thynge is doo.

At Londone brygge thay made asawte, sham to see,
The utter gate on the brygge thay sett on fyre;
Into Londone shott arrowes withowté peté.
With gunnus thay were bett that sum lay in the
myre.
Thay askyd wage of the brygge, thay paid them
thayre hire.
Ever amonge thay had the worse, then wakynd thaire
woo.
False men most be poyneshyd, the will of God is soc.
At Londone brige anodyr sawte thay made agayne,
Wyth gunpowdir and wildefire and straw eke;
Fro the gate to the drawbrygge thay brent down playne,
That x. myle men myȝte se the smake.
Thay were not of thayre entent the nere of a leke,
For into the cité thay myȝte not com for wele ne for woo;
God restid thayre malice, the wille of hym was soo.

At Algate thay sawtid in an ill seasoun;
Thay brente fayre howsis, peté was to se.
Thus these false men did opyne tresoun,
Supposynge evermore to enture into cité.
God and good seyntes thereof had pité.
Thayre malice was sesid and turned hem to woo.
Thus in every thynge, Lorde, thy will be doo.

The erle of Essex, and also the aldurmen,
At Bysshopus gate togedder thay mette,
And owte therat sewde like manly men.
Thay bete hem down, no man myȝte hem lett;
Freshely on thayre enmyes that day did thay fyȝte.
Thayre false treson brouȝte theym in woo;
Thus in every thynge, Lorde, thy wille be doo.

The erle Revers, that gentill knyȝte,
Blessid be the tym that he borne was!
By the power of God and his grett myȝte,
Throw his enmyes that day did he passe.
The maryners were kellid, thay cryed "Alas!"
Thayre false tresoun brouȝte hem in woo,
Thus in every thynge, Lorde, thy wille be doo.

There aventurid the erle then into the honde,
Contravelde the welefaire of London that day;
When the comens the skomfertour did understonde,
Recovery of the Throne by Edward IV. 279

Thay seyed owte freshely, thay kepud none araye; 
Glad with the Kentyschmen thay were for to fraye. 
Thay were kyllib down, away thay myzte not goo. 
Thus the wille of God is evermore doo.

God wolde the erle Revers there shulde be; 
He purchesid grett love of the comyns that seasoun; 
Lovyngly the cetsyens and hee 
Pursuyd thayre enmyes, it was but reason, 
And kyllib the peple for thayre false tresoun, 
Or the chase were do, cc. and moo. 
Thus in every thynge, Lorde, thy will be doo.

When the Kentyschmen herd of that fraye, 
Like mysterles men away thay wente, 
Erly in the mornyng, or it were day, 
Throw halkys and hegges resortid into Kent. 
Thay vanyssshyd away as thayre tayles had be brente, 
Remembryngge thayre false tresoun, in hertes woo. 
Thus in every thynge, Lorde, thy will be doo.

O glorius God, what vexacioun was then 
To the quene and the lordis and other lades eke, 
To the mayre, and the comens, and the aldurmen; 
Thay nedid no fere ne sorow to seke. 
Then aftur kyngge Edwarde thay cryed and did wepe; 
The lacke of his presence made the pepull woo. 
Thus the wille of God in every thynge is doo.

O that nobill prynce and emperour florere, 
To sitt at Londone resorte he than; 
Nothur Alisaunder ne Artur, ne no conquерouere 
No better were acomoyned with nobill men. 
Like none of the rounde tabulle were beseyn, 
Rally horsid and aparelde in the fere of thayre foo. 
Thus victoriously he come, Goddes wille was soo.
The duke of Glocetter, that nobill prync,  
    Yonge of age and victorius in batayle,  
To the honoure of Ectour that he myȝte comens,  
    Grace hym folowith, fortune, and good spede.  
    I suppose hes the same that clerkis of rede,  
Fortune hathe hym chosyn, and forthe wyth hym will goo,  
Her husbonde to be, the wille of God is soo.

In the kynges forwarde the prync did ride,  
    Withe nobill lordis of grett renowne;  
The erle of Penbroke, the lorde chamberlayne be his side;  
    Many other knyȝtes and yomen of the crowne;  
    With tru[m]ppus and clarions thay rode to Londone.  
In the kynges forwarde were viij. m[ ] and moo.  
Thus in every thynge the wille of God is doo.

The lorde chambrlayne, that gentill knyȝte,  
    Whiche faillid his mayster nother in storme ne stoure;  
Off goodly men he had a faire syȝte,  
    Wiche rode afore the kyngle to his honoure.  
He hathe deservid thancke amonge other paramour,  
In Docheleonde, in Englonde, in wele and in woo;  
He hath beddyn with his kyngle, the wille of God is soo.

Then the glorius prync, victorius and ryalle,  
    Kyngle Edwarde the iiiijȝte, I wille ye undurstonde,  
Viij. aldermen of Londone, I wille ye undyrstonde,  
    In the felde he dubbid thaym knyȝtes, and bade them up stonde,  
    Fulle nobille and worshypfully with his honde.  
Wyth reverence and worshyp thay thanckyd hym also;  
He remembirde thayre trew hertes, God wolde soo.
The duke of Claranse, that honorabill knynte,  
Can alowe the cite notabully.  
Hym to beholde it was a goodly sȝte,  
He is an excellent prynce certaynly.  
He thonckyd the cetisence of thayre fidelité  
Done to the kynge, it plesid hym soo.  
Thus in every thynge the wille of God is doo.

Then to the gate the kynge did ride,  
His brethir and his lordis in ordre, a good sȝte to see.  
iiiij. m', harnessid men the kynge did abide,  
And worshipfully resayvid hym into the cite.  
Cryste preserve the pepull, for his grett peté!  
xx. m', I suppose, and many one moo,  
Welcomyd kynge Edward, the will of God was soo.

Throw the cite to Poulus thai did ride;  
He was resayvid with prosesissoun solemnly;  
His brether and his lordis knelyng hym beside,  
Thayre offereng thay made devoutly,  
Lovyng and thonckyng God of his victory.  
His brether and his lordis said the same also.  
Thus in every thynge, Lorde, thy wille be doo.

O quene Elizabeth, o blessid creature,  
O glorius God, what payne had sche?  
What langour and angwiche did sche endure?  
When hir lorde and soveereyn was in adversité.  
To here of hir wepyng it was grett peté,  
When sche remembirde the kynge, sche was woo.  
Thus in every thynge the wille of God is doo.

Here aftir, good lady, in youre felicité,  
Remembir olde trowblis and thynges paste,  
And thyncke that Cryste hym selfe is hee  
That is kynge of kynge, and ever shall laste.  
Knytt it in youre herte suerly and faste,  
And thyncke he hathe delyveryd you owte of woo;  
Hertly thoncke hym, hit plesith hym so to doo.
And ever, good lady, for the love of Jhesu,
    And his blessid modir in any wise,
Remembrir suche personus as have be trewe,
    Helpe every man to have justice.
And thes that wille othir maner maters device,
Thay love not the kynge, I dar say soo,
Besechyng ever God that his wille be doo.

Explicit the balet off the kynge.

ON ENGLAND'S COMMERCIAL POLICY.¹

*Anglia, propter tuas naves et lanas, omnia regna te salutare debent.*

Goe forth, lybell, and mekly schew thy face
Afore my lorde, with humble countenaunce,
And pray theym all to take the to grace,
In appoyssaylle and in cheryschyng the to avaunce.

Ffor thow mayst expertly be provyd by prudence,
Among alle discrete men havyng sapyence,
Ffor oone of the best that may be thought
Ffor the welth of Ynglond, yf it be well sowthe.

Ffor ther ys no reme in no maner degree,
Butt they have nede to our Englysshe commoditye;
And the cause theroff I wyll to you expressse,
The wiche ys soth as the gospelle of the masse.

¹ This poem was written to enforce the same principles as those contained in the larger tract of an earlier date, the Libel of English Policy, of which it is partly a sort of abstract adapted to the time.
ON ENGLAND'S COMMERCIAL POLICY.

Ther ys noothir pope, emperowre, nor kyng,  
Bysschop, cardynal, or any man levyng,  
Of what condicion or what maner degree,  
Duryng theyre levyng thei must have thynges ii.

Mete, drynk, and cloth, to every mannes sustynaunce,  
They leng alle ii., withowtt varyaunce.  
Ffor who so lackyth any of thyse ii. thynges,  
Be the popys or emperowrs, or soo royall kynges,

Yt may not stonde with theym in any prosperyté;  
Ffor who so lackythe any of thyse, he suffryd  
adversyté;  
Wyllys this ys sooth be yowre wyttes dyscerne,  
Of alle the remes in the worlde this beryth the  
lanterne.

Ffor of everyche of thyse ii. by Goddes ordynaunce,  
Wee have suffycyeny unto oure sustynaunce,  
And with the supplusage of oone of thyse ii. thynges,  
We myȝth rewle and governe alle cristyn kynges.

And paynymys also we myȝithe mak theym ful tame,  
Ffor the cause we take no hed we be mykycle to  
blame;  
For of alle the pepylle that be lyvyng on grounde  
To praye and to please God we be most bownde.

Ffor thow thei have met, drynke, in every kyngges  
londe,  
Yet they lacke clothe, as y undyrstonde;  
And for to determyyn that the trouthe ys soo,  
Lestyn wel to me, and ye moste acord therto.

Ffor the marchauntes comme oure wollys for to byc,  
Or elles the cloth that is made theroff sykyrly,  
Oute of dyverse londes fer beyond the see,  
To have thyse merchaundyss into theyr contré.
POLITICAL POEMS.

From Arteryse, Pekardy, Henaude, and Normandy,  
Bretayne, Fraunse, Petowe, and Barry,  
Gasscoyne, Gyon, and also Aragun,  
Portyngale, Spayne, and Naverun.

Castyle, Cesyle, Coleyn, and Swethyn,  
Pruse-londe, Florence, Venyse, and Jene,  
Melane, Catelony, and alle Ytally,  
Bewme, Hungry, Greke, and gret Turky.

And many moo londes that I can not nevene,  
But y dar sey alle that be unther hevyne,  
Bothe crystyn [and] hethyn of alle maner degreys,  
They have nede to oure Englysshe commodyteis.

Therfor let not owre woole be sold for nowte,  
Neyther our clothe, for they must be sowth;  
And in espeyalle restrayne strayttly the wool,  
That the comyns of thys land may wyrke at the fulle.

And yf any wooll be sowlde of thys londe,  
Lete yt be of the worst bothe to fire and bonde,  
And noone other in [no] maner wyse,  
Ffor many dyverse cawsys, as y can devyse.

Yf the woole be corse, the cloth is mykyll the worse,  
Yet into lytylle thei putt owte of purse,  
As myche for gardyng, spynnyng, and wevyng,  
Ffulllyng, rowyng, dyng, and scheryng.

And yet when suche clothe ys alle ywrowte,  
To the maker it waylyth lytylle or nowtte,  
The pryce ys sympyly, the cost ys never the lesse,  
They that wyrkkyd soche wooll in wytte be lyke an asse.
ON ENGLAND'S COMMERCIAL POLICY.

The costes into lytyll trewly at the fulle
Ys as myche as yt were maad of the fyne woll,
Yet a yerde of that oon ys worth v. of that other;
Bettyr can not I seye, thow yt were to my brother.

Take hed to my lessoun that y have schewyd here,
Ffor yt ys necessary to every clothyer,
And the most prevayle to theym that may be fownde,
Yf they wylle take hede therto and yt undyrstonde.

A ordynaunce wolde be maad for the poore porayle,
That in thyse dayes have but lytyll avayle,
That is to say for spynnrs, carders, wevers also,
Ffor toukers, dyers, and schermyn thereto.

For in thyse dayes ther is a hewsaunce,
That puttyth the pore pepyll to grett hynderaunce,
By a strange mene that is late in londe
Bygun and usyd as y undyrstonde

By merchaundes and cloth-makers, for Godys sake
take kepe,
The wyche makythe the poreyille to morne and wepe;
Lytyll thei take for theyre labur, yet halff ys mer-
chaundyse;
Alas! for rewthe, yt ys gret pyté.

That they take for vjd, yt ys dere ynow of iij,
And thus thei be defrawdyd in every contré,
The pore have the labur, the ryche the wynnyng;
This acordythe now;te, it is a hevy partyng.

Butt to voyde fraude, and sett egallyté,
That syche wyrfolk be payd in good moné,
FFrom this tyme forthe by suffycyent ordynaunce
That the poreyille no more be putte to suche gre-
vaunce.
For and ye knew the sorrow and heaviness
Of the pore peyll leyng in dystress,
How thei be oppressyd in alle maner of thyng,
In yevnyng theym to myche weythe into the spynnyng.

Ffor ix I wene they schalle take xij,
This is very trewthe, as y know my selff;
Theyre wages be batyd, theyre weyte ys encresyd,
Thus the spynners and carders avaylys be alle seaasyd.

Yt were profytably also and exspedyent for our kyng.
And a gret awawntage of myche wynnyng,
And a gret enscheryching to alle the comynálté,
That dwelle abowte ther that the mynyss be,

The wyche have hyt in usage
To myne in the erthe to gete theyre sustynaunce,
Ther myght be had x. tymys more wynnyng
Than ys now adayees with good governyng.

For and ther were a myntte ordeynydyd ny therby,
And a ordynaunce maad therto sykyrly,
That alle the sylver, whan yt fynydyd were,
Thether schold be brotthe and ycoynyd there.

And mony to be caryyd into another place,
But onyly to be coynyd in a schort space,
Wherby that the wyrkfolck myghte treweyly be payd,
Then I dar sey yt wold not be denayyd,

But ayenst oon man then schuld ye have x,
For the good payment of the wyrkmyn;
And the moe peopyll that wyrk in the mynyss,
The more sylver schuld be had up at alle tymys.
AND THUS THE KYNG SCHOLD BE ENRYCHYD FOR HIS PARTE,
MORE THAN HE IS NOW, I DARE PLAY[LY] JOPARTE,
AFTER THE RATE OF THEYRE GRET WYNNYNG,
The wiche schold be to hym a profytable thyng.

AND THUS THIS LOND MAY BE ENRYCHYD AGEYNE,
The kyng, the lorde, and alle maner of men,
Knyghtis, squyers, and alle the comynalte,
They may playnly voyd alle poverté.

AND SO TO CONTYNOW OWTT OF HEVYNNESS,
Fro penowry and nede, and to be put owtt of dystress;
And for to cawse owre enmyss be this ordynaunss
To seke love and pese withowtt varyaunss.

AND SULLE FAYNE THAT THEY MAY BE SUBYEY TO THIS LOND,
YF WE KEPE THE WOLLYS STRAYTLY OWTT OF THEYRE HOND;
For by the endraperyng theroff they have theyre
sustynaunce,
And thus owre enmys be supportyd to owre gret
hynderaunce.

AND THERFOR, FOR THE LOVE OF GOD IN TRINYTE,
COCHYE WELLE THESE MATORSS, AND SCHERYSSHE THE
comynalte,
That theyre pover levyng synfulle and aduersyté
May be altratyd unto welth, rychess, and prosperyté.

HERE ENDYTHE THE BOKE OF YNGLYSSHE POLYSAYE,
That may cause alle the worlde yt to obeye;
Ther may no man denyinge but that it ys sothe,
For every man must have met, drynk, and clothe.

THE END.
GLOSSARY AND INDEX OF MEDIEVAL LATIN WORDS.
GLOSSARY AND INDEX OF MEDIEVAL LATIN WORDS.

A.

accidia, i. 175; sloth, listless melancholy.
acroma, i. 118, for aeroama; a concert of music.
adamas, i. 286; the diamond.
adunare, i. 259; to unite, to bring together in one.
auffgere, i. 37; to fly from, to escape.
aldirmannus, i. 284; an alderman.
alle, i. 33.
alpha theos, i. 120.
ambassador, i. 441; an ambassador.
amodo, i. 104; henceforth.
ancillare, i. 227; to bring into subjection.
anigerulus, i. 285; an error for anigerulus; a dealer in birds.
antos, i. 43.
applaudare, ii. 265; to applaud.
arcta, ii. 157; the straits, between Dover and Calais.
arrestasio, i. 143; an arrest.
argumentare, i. 260; to argue, to dispute.
armiger, i. 138; an esquire.
ar, i. 284, 287, &c.; a trade, a trading corporation.
artifex, i. 287; an artizan, a member of a guild or company.
apothecarius, i. 284; a dealer in drugs, an apothecary.
applicare, i. 160; to apply one thing to another.
assisa, i. 194; the assises.

B.

baga, i. 185; a ring, a jewel.
balearea, ii. 150; shots from an arbalest or military machine.
balearis, ii. 150; an arbalest, or other military machine for throwing missiles.
ballivus, i. 141; a bailiff.
bannire, i. 135; to banish, to put under ban.
bannitio, i. 136; ban, banishment.
baro, i. 110, 196, ii. 3; a baron.
barra, i. 294; a bar.
barridus, i. 176, 177, 194, 196; strong, powerful, proud.
barrus, i. 196; an elephant.
bastardua, i. 108; a bastard.
bipartitus, i. 287; party-coloured.
bladum, i. 175; wheat, blé.

T 2
bombinare, i. 183, 184; crepitum edere.
bombus, i. 184; crepitus ventris.
brucus, i. 44; a sort of locust which devours the vegetation.
bubo, i. 194; a camp-follower, a scamp.
bumbardus, i. 150; a gun, a cannon.
burgensis, i. 166; a burgher, a burgess.
bursista, i. 285; a maker of purses.

C.
caballus, i. 288; a horse, cheval.
calamizare, i. 192, 193; to sing joyfully.
calippus, i. 27.
camerarius, i. 461; a chamberlain.
cancellarius, i. 228; a chancellor.
candelarius, i. 285; a maker of candles.
cantarea, ii. 263; a chantry.
capellare, i. 227; to put a hat on.
capitalis, i. 120; put to death.
capito, i. 194; a fish, the gurnard.
capitulum, i. 257; a chapter or meeting of the monks.
capucium, i. 243; a capuce.
carbunculus, i. 286; a carbuncle, the precious stone.
catalla, i. 418; chattels.
candare, ii. 128; to give a tail to.
cerarius, i. 285; a maker of wax tapers.
certificare, i. 105; to certify, to give information of.
cervicatus, ii. 119; proud, overbearing.

cheses, i. 117.
checkmat, i. 29; a term in the game of chess—checkmate.
chronica, i. 362; a chronicle. This was the most common form of the word in medieval Latin.
cirothecarius, i. 285; a glover.
cissura, i. 205; for seissura.
cistula, i. 293; a musical instrument.
clepere, i. 203; to steal.
cleptes, i. 201; a thief, a bandit.
climat, i. 29; apparently a term in chess.
clunagitar, i. 159, 160, 171; futuere.
coir, i. 28.
colliberti, i. 95, 121; the free companions, or freebooters, who, under Duguesclin and other chiefs, ravaged the provinces of France. It is an unusual sense of the word.
collistrigium, i. 230; the pillory.
comes, passim; an earl.
comitissa, i. 461; a countess.
comptus, i. 33; an account, reckoning.
conjectuari, i. 124; to conjecture, to divine.
consi, ii. 253; perhaps for consici, but the line appears to be corrupt.
conventriculum, i. 299; a convention, an assembly in secret.
counaire, i. 29; to collect, to amassed.
crustum, i. 190; a crust of bread.
cullus, i. 176, for culus.
curtus, i. 201, ii. 127; short.
cy, i. 36.
D.

damus, ii. 258; for dama.
dextrarius, i. 286, 288; a war-horse, destrier.
distractus, i. 134; drawn; distractus et suspensus, drawn and hanged.
ducissa, i. 460; a duchess.
duellum, i. 111; a single combat.
duplare, i. 282; to double.
dux, passim; a duke.

E.

ethelinga, i. 98; a prince.
exactivus, i. 39; exigent, one who exacts.
excellare, i. 159, 171; manere cum uxore propria.

F.

fallare, ii. 250; to deceive.
fatare, i. 36; to be fated.
favoror, i. 195; a favourer or maintainer.
feodum, i. 31; homage.
feriare, i. 95; apparently for ferire, to strike.
finis, i. 188; a fine.
first, i. 29; apparently a term in the game of chess.
fortunium, i. 30; fortune; fortunia dura, misfortunes.
furire, i. 118; to be mad with rage.

G.

gario, i. 227; a lad, a camp-follower?
gardianus, i. 257; the guardian.
gaudiosus, i. 192, 212; full of joy.
generosus, i. 125; vir generosus, a gentleman, an esquire.
genulos, i. 120.
girfalco, i. 46; a large species of falcon, a gerfalcon.
gith, i. 101; a plant, the corncockle.
glabrio, i. 173, 174; a beardless man.
glomerare, i. 285; to assemble in a cluster round anything.
gluto, i. 116, 118; a glutton, a loose fellow, a ribald.
griseus, i. 256; grey.
guerra, passim; war.

H.

hogge, i. 35; a sort of ship, perhaps the same word as the modern hoy.

I.

igris, i. 33.
immo, i. 99, &c.; the usual medieval form of imo.
imetuensis, i. 204, 205; impetuous.
improperare, i. 177; to reproach, to abuse.
improperium, i. 177; reproach, abuse, insult.
ingratuitas, i. 230; ingratitude.
ingrediens, ii. 173; an ingredient (in medicine).
insubjicibilis, ii. 165; insubmissive, ungovernable.
intrusor, i. 114; a usurper.

J.
jocari, i. 444; to rejoice, to be glad and joyful.
jubilus, i. 40, 253; a joyful shout.
junctor, i. 285; a joiner (the trade).
justitia, i. 172; a just claim, or right.

K.
koghe, i. 35; a sort of ship, usually interpreted a cock-boat.

L.
laboritium, i. 259; properly, agricultural labour.
lapides, i. 160; testiculi.
latrones, i. 116; the free companies.
ligures, i. 116; ribalds, camp-followers, plunderers.
lista, i. 192; the border or list, in cloth.
livaret, i. 29; apparently an old term in the game of chess.
lorinarius, i. 286; more correctly lornarius, a maker of horses' bits.

M.
magistrari, i. 258; to take the degree of master of arts.
maleys, i. 27; an Anglo-Norman word, signifying uncomfortable.
maligni, i. 436; the malignants, a term applied to the court party in the reign of Richard II. It reminds us of the term as used by the puritans at a later period.
mansus, i. 169; a horse, a palfrey.
marcha, i. 156; a mark (the coin).
marecallus, i. 106; a marshal.
mendiola, i. 247.
megarus, i. 194; a mackarel.
memoramen, ii. 129; a memorial, a record.
mendicantes, i. 255; the mendicant friars.
mestrists, ii. 150; a versifier.
millus, i. 194, 196; for mullus, a mullet (the fish).
minoritis, i. 256; the minorites, or friars minors.
ministrallus, i. 143; a minstrel.
imisura, ii. 114; a misery.
missa, i. 114; the service of the mass.
monacordium, i. 293; a musical instrument with one string, more usually written monochordum.
monacornis, i. 294; a unicorn.
mortificare, i. 95; to kill.
morus, i. 194; a haddock (the fish),

moys, i. 180, 182; water.
multare, i. 184; for mulctare.
multo, i. 126, 162, &c.; a sheep, mouton.

N.
nahum, i. 208; a musical instrument.
nobile, i. 139, ii. 159; a noble, the name of a coin struck first in the 18th Ed. III.
notus, i. 94; for notus, a bastard.
novalia, i. 236; some sort of tax exacted by the church.
soeverare, ii. 265; to play the stepmother, to treat with cruelty.

O.
obstringillus, i. 176, 177; it appears by the context to mean obstructed, but according to Ducange obstringillus was a word signifying a sort of loose shoes.
opportere, i. 124; to subscribe.
oitiva, i. 226.

P.
palafridus, i. 169, palafridus, i. 289; a palfrey.
pancratiatus, i. 161; punished, tormented.
pandoxator, i. 285; a brewer.
pares, i. 57; the peers.
pellicia, i. 256; a fur cloak, or mantle.

penna, i. 346; a pen.
phy, i. 27; an exclamation of disgust.
pilatus, i. 260; wearing a hat, the mark of an academic degree.
pir, i. 180, 182; fire.
pirata, i. 194; a robber on the sea.
pirus, i. 28; a way, a road.
pisticus, i. 30; pure, unadulterated.
plagare, i. 109; to wound.
pomilio, i. 283; a fruiterer.
poscy pescy, i. 36.
possessionatus, i. 265; endowed, having possessions.
pour est ry, i. 36.
praeinentia, ii. 115; prerogative or privilege.
pretendere, i. 124; to assert, to declare.
propriare, i. 288; to approach.
propriare, ii. 263; to appropriate.
provisores, i. 280; provisioners?
pugnaele, i. 56.

Q.
quietare, i. 124; to satisfy.
quietatio, i. 150; inactivity.

R.
rato, i. 43, 162; a rat.
receipta, ii. 173; a receipt.
rectores, i. 250; ecclesiastical dignitaries.
reserare, i. 125, 126; to interpret, reveal.
reseratio, i. 127; an interpretation.
rosum, i. 118; for *roseum*, red.
rumbus, i. 194; a kind of fish, the
sturgeon.
rumphea, i. 37, 39; a javelin, a
dart.

S.
saligia, i. 173; a factitious word,
explained in the text.
scaeci, i. 46; the game of chess.
scaenum, i. 183, 186; for *scamnum*.
scoartum, i. 140; in *scortis*, in for-
nication; *scorta*, fornication.
scutifer, i. 138; a knight.
scutum, i. 137, 139; a coin, called
in English a noble, in French an
écu.
secta, i. 285; a suit, uniformity of
dress, livery.
seodus, i. 183, 185; one who lisps,
and cannot pronounce the letter s
properly.
enescallus, i. 106; a seneschal, or
steward.
seon, i. 29.
shopa, i. 254; a shop.
siba, i. 48.
singlaris, i. 28, 33; a wild boar,
sanglier.
situla, i. 293; a musical instrument.
sotilaris, i. 233; a shoe.
sacra, i. 119; a sword, épée.
statutum, i. 273; a statute.
staurnum, i. 30, 47, 137, &c.; pro-
visions of all kind, stores.
strata, i. 288; a street.
stereparius, i. 285; a maker of
stirrups.
subarratus, i. 102; engaged, bound
by duty?
summare, i. 117; to count, reckon.
suffragia, i. 257; suffrages, ex-
plained in the text.
supponere, i. 126; to be put in the
place of something, to repre-
sent.
supponere, i. 171, 172; to sup-
port.
supponere, i. 248; to suppose.
supponere, i. 160; futuere.

T.
tantomodo, i. 259; to such a de-
gree.
taxa, i. 143; a tax.
taxare, i. 143; to levy a tax.
temeraire, i. 27; to occupy by vio-
ence, to usurp.
temptare, i. 132; the medieval form
of tentare, to attempt.
tenementum, i. 191; landed pro-
erty.
terminare, i. 140; to decide.
terminus, i. 125, 127; a term, or
appellation.
tiro, tyro, i. 110, 115; a youth not
yet experienced in military affairs.
tractatus, i. 450; treated.
tractatus, i. 129; a treaty.
treuga, i. 37, 39; *et passim*; used
generally in the plural, treuga;
a truce.
triphones, i. 48.
trulla, i. 184; crepusus ventris.
turmosus, i. 174; belonging to the
mob, or to the lower classes.
U.

 unus, passim; used for the indefinite article a, Fr. un.

 V.

 vendicare, ii. 265; to claim; vendicare sibi, i. 133.
 venerinus, i. 102; adulterine; fratres venerini, illegitimate brothers.
 vespilio, i. 194; a thief, a robber.
 veteratus, i. 206; antiquated.
 vicarii, i. 280; vicars, in the ecclesiastical sense of the word.
 viella, i. 293; a fiddle, a violin.

 villagium, i. 244; a village.
 villanus, i. 140; a villain, a rustic.
 vinceps, ii. 150.

 Y.

 ymas, i. 44.
 ymon, i. 228.
 yprotarus, i. 194; a kind of fish; perhaps for yprotamus, which is found in the medieval glossaries in the sense of a sea-horse.

 Z.

 zelotopatus, i. 204; struck with jealousy.
GLOSSARY AND INDEX OF OBSOLETE ENGLISH WORDS.
GLOSSARY AND INDEX OF OBSOLETE ENGLISH WORDS.

[As the letters i and y are so continually interchanged in English words of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, it has been thought better to class them together in the following Glossary, except in particular cases where y only is correct, and where it commences a word. G and y are also classed together.]

A.

A, ii. 43 ; on ; leyen hem a water, put them on water, or, as we should say, to sea, i.e., overthrow them.
A, i. 70 ; at, a half eb, at half ebb.
abate, i. 76 ; to reduce, put down.
abateth, i. 408 ; lowers, diminishes.
abated, ii. 14 ; diminished.
abeeo, ii. 229 ; to their bier.
abide, ii. 281 ; to wait for.
abyde, ii. 191 ; to endure, to suffer.
abidyng, ii. 245 ; dwelling place.
abit, ii. 12 ; remains, endures.
abite, ii. 67 ; a habit.
aby, ii. 244 ; to be punished for, to pay for.
accale, i. 305 ; cold.
achieved, ii. 5, 7 ; obtained, succeeded.
accombrede, i. 38, 415, 416 ; encompassed, confused.
accounted, i. 399 ; reckoned, put to account.
acresith, ii. 105 ; increaseth.
acustomaunce, ii. 242 ; habit, custom.
adoune, i. 378 ; down.
adrad, ii. 6 ; in fear, in alarm.
afefe, ii. 51 ; to enfeof, to give in feof.
afferme, ii. 6 ; to strengthen, to consolidate.
afforse, i. 413 ; by force, by necessity.
affraye, ii. 181 ; fright, alarm.
afore, ii. 241 ; before.
afraye, i. 329 ; to frighten.
agadred, i. 344 ; assembled.
against, i. 318 ; contrary to.
aȝenward, ii. 66 ; back.
aglite, i. 343 ; to offend against.
agoo, i. 404 ; gone.
asgramed, i. 313 ; angered, displeased.
agrise, i. 314, 329 ; to be terrified.
ail, i. 330 ; an egg.
aielle, ii. 138 ; an ancestor.
ailed, i. 85 ; perhaps used in the sense of diseased. Ailed unsele, in a bad or unfortunate condition of health.
akken, ii. 11 ; ache.
alblast, i. 69 ; an arbaelest, or crossbow.
aee, i. 416; to the lee-ward.
algate, ii. 11; nevertheless.
alie, i. 392; an ally.
aller, ii. 65; of all, plural.
alls, i. 60; also.
almesse, i. 319; alms.
alowe, ii. 281; to approve.
al, i. 337; also.
also, passim; as.
alsone, i. 251; as soon as.
altratyd, ii. 287; altered.
alumners, ii. 110; disciples.
alweldand, i. 75; all ruling.
amarride, i. 369; married.
amembassiatours, ii. 202; ambassadors.
amensuith, ii. 105; diminishes.
amorwe, i. 414; on the next day.
amounteth, ii. 91; is, what it
amounteth to.
an, ii. 124; on; an hy, on high.
ancres, ii. 64; anchorites.
an, passim; one.
anet, ii. 50; dill (the plant)
anewe, i. 392; to renew, to make
new.
angerliche, i. 323; in anger.
anhaunse, ii. 239; be raised up.
anucels, i. 267; payment for saying
anniversary masses for the dead.
anuellers, i. 80, 95; priests em-
ployed to sing anniversary masses
for the dead.
apaid, ii. 23; apaided, ii. 31; satisfied.
aparte, i. 316; openly.
apychung, ii. 46; impeaching, ac-
cussing.
apere, i. 372, 384; to impair.
apend, i. 323; belong.
aperid, i. 377; decayed, failed.
apertli, ii. 68; openly.
apis, ii. 76; ape's.
aplace, ii. 5; into place; is come
aplace, has taken the place of
heathenism.
appoysylyng, ii. 282; inquiry, ques-
tion.
appreffe, ii. 167; contrivance.
appraisist, ii. 113; settest value on.
arais, i. 326; array, dress.
ar, i. 78; formerly, ere.
are, ii. 186; the hare.
arce, i. 412; to reach, to attain.
arce, ii. 183; an archpirate.
arody, ii. 387; ready.
arere, i. 397; back.
arsoneth, ii. 40; argues against.
arish, i. 397; bright.
aroutid, i. 403; driven away?
arowe, ii. 146; on a row.
arsewordre, ii. 64; backwards.
arse, i. 137; estate.
arschen, ii. 172; ashes.
arschonne, i. 390; to avoid.
asry, i. 67; to proclaim or cry, to
report.
askapid, ii. 156; escaped.
aspic, ii. 58; a spy, a scout.
asaut, ii. 195; assault.
assay, ii. 196; trial, proof; of beste
assay, of the best description; at
assay, i. 215, when brought to
trial; of gode assayes, ii. 186,
proved to be good.
asseye, ii. 41; inquire.
assised, ii. 11; judged, regulated.
assoille, ii. 131; absolve, pardon
assoiled, ii. 32; absolved.
assoiled, ii. 38, 113; answered or
solved a question.
astonye, ii. 51; to astonish, to con-
found.
astonyed, i. 380; astounded, stunned, confounded.
atai, i. 392; tamed, disciplined.
atate, ii. 90; to taste.
ataunt, ii. 171; so much.
atcheved, ii. 5, 7; succeeded.
ate, ii. 6; at the.
atempre, ii. 139; temperate.
atrete, i. 217; distinctly, positively.
attemperance, atemperance, ii. 143, 241; moderation.
atwen, ii. 213; between.
auters, ii. 42; altars.
autorise, ii. 80; to allege authority for.
avale, ii. 140; to descend, to go down.
avayle, ii. 285; advantage, profit; avaylys, 286; profits.
availed, ii. ; profited, with advantage.
avant, ii. 124; forward.
avault, ii. 156; a boast.
avys, avyse, i. 277, ii. 190; advice, counsel, deliberation.
avysemente, ii. 187; counsel, deliberation.
avisifenesse, ii. 200; good counsel.
avisy, ii. 137; advised, cautious.
avow, ii. 11; to vow, to take a vow.
avovries, ii. 35; patrons, protectors.
avurie, ii. 247; adultery.
awgryn, i. 414; arithmetic.
asweneer, ii. 220; an almoner.
aswe, i. 331; own.
axe, i. 381; to ask.
axist, ii. 69; thou askest.
ay, i. 267; always.
ayenst, i. 325; against.

B.
bable, ii. 244; to talk childishly.
bablid, i. 395, 415; chattered.
baffyn, ii. 53; barking.
baiteth, i. 323; baited.
bakke, ii. 216, 218; a bat.
baldely, i. 71; boldly.
bale, i. 58, 74, 75; evil, mischief, sorrow; to brewe bale, to breed mischief.
baleys, ii. 176; a rod.
ballid, i. 415; bald.
bau, i. 83, ii. 244; curse.
bond, i. 72, 73; a bond.
bar, i. 216; bane.
baratur, ii. 236; a contentious person.
bare, i. 74, 77; a bear.
bargenynge, ii. 77; contending.
baselarde, i. 331; a long dagger.
basonet, ii. 125; a bassenet, or light helmet.
bastarde, ii. 160; a sort of wine brought from Spain, mentioned not unfrequently in old writers.
bait, i. 82; an army.
batailled, ii. 9; warred upon.
bated, i. 385; fluttered.
baterid, i. 388; battered.
batyd, ii. 286; abated, diminished.
battis, i. 409; bats, cudgels.
bawdrike, i. 381; the sword-belt.
bawtild, i. 380; abated?
bay, ii. 90; brynge the bay, bring you to bay (as in hunting).
bayed, i. 404; barked.
bawperes, ii. 229; companions.
bedyn, ii. 280; remained.
bede, ii. 103; a prayer.
bede, i. 62; to proffer.
bede, i. 71; to abide.
bedred, ii. 22; bed-ridden.
been, ii. 17; to be.
beelsire, ii. 229; literally, fair lord.
beerys, ii. 219; bears.
behest, ii. 5; promise; behestes, ii. 146; promises.
behote, i. 416; promised.
behoten, ii. 33; they promise.
behoveli, ii. 12; necessary.
beytis, ii. 219; baits.
beld, i. 75; protection, refuge.
beld, i. 379; to protect, to bring help.
beldid, ii. 77; built.
bolef, i. 381; left behind.
belyffe, ii. 207; immediately.
ben, i. 218; be.
benede, i. 275; a band.
bindes, i. 319; bonds.
bene, ii. 179; we are.
benyme, i. 372; to take from.
bonyssoun, ii. 113; a blessing.
benome, ii. 159; taken away.
bent, ii. 127; a field, a plain.
bent, ii. 125; indented.
beo, i. 216; by.
beo, i. 215; they are.
beoth, i. 218; are.
berde, i. 69; keped hym in the berde, a phrase which perhaps signifies to keep within bounds. The Promtorium has the word berde in the sense of margin or brink.
bere, i. 73; a bier.
bere-bag, i. 62, 84; a bag carrier. An injurious word, applied to the Scots, who carried their provisions, consisting of oatmeal, in bags on their backs.
beresfe, ii. 179; taken from.
berede, i. 387; deprived of.
bereward, i. 364; a bear-ward, or keeper of a bear.
berkyne, ii. 169; beer, ale.
berkyng, ii. 216; barking.
berlingis, i. 396; young bears.
berne, i. 373; man.
beside, ii. 19; aside.
besinesse, ii. 203; activity, earnestness; with besinesse, busily.
beste, i. 371; beast, i.e., my cattle.
bestad, ii. 6; arranged.
bete, i. 125; to strike.
bete, i. 62; to amend or relieve; bete their bale, to bring them relief from misfortune.
bete, i. 62; to walk up and down; bete ham, ii. 94; to address themselves.
betid, ii. 198; happened.
betydith, i. 384; it happens, it betides.
bett, i. 226; beat.
beu, i. 390; fine, handsome.
bid, i. 58; ask.
bidden, ii. 48; to pray.
bide, i. 68, ii. 185; to remain, dwell.
byde, i. 216; to support, bear.
byde, ii. 126; prayed.
bydene, i. 366; immediately; at bidene, forthwith, at once.
bye, ii. 160; to buy.
bye, i. 269; to aby, to make amends for.
bien, ii. 177; they buy.
byfalle, i. 269; to befall; faire not byfalle, may they have good luck; foule mote him befall, i. 304; may he have bad luck or fortune.
biform, i. 66; before.
big, i. 80; to take up one's dwelling.
big, i. 77; prepared.
bigge, ii. 223; to build.
bijing, i. 62; a dwelling.
bigly, ii. 57; strongly, boldly.
byheste, ii. 204; promise.
biker, i. 71; to skirmish, to fight.
byleve, i. 269; belief.
blevid, i. 64; remained.
bylle, ii. 228; to write a bill against.
to libel.
bylle, i. 274; to bell.
bride, i. 333; a girl, young woman.
bysom, ii. 235; blind.
bysye, ii. 187; beside; to leve
bysyde, to abandon.
bit, ii. 35; biddeth.
bitake, ii. 114; give, abandon to,
commit to.
bithought, i. 74; bethought.
bitt, i. 61; befallen.
blaunchid, ii. 50; blanched, whitened.
blaw, i. 69; to blow.
ble, i. 269; colour, hue.
blent, i. 327; blinded.
blere, ii. 172; to blear; to dim one's
sight.
blernyed, i. 389.
bleuz, i. 217; blew.
blayne, i. 266; blin, i. 72, 74; to
cease, to desist.
blith, i. 78; joyful.
blythid, i. 396; made joyful, gave
joy to.
bloond, i. 268; bustle, disturbance.
blwnun, i. 225.
bod, ii. 155; remained.
bodden, ii. 23; hidden.
boisteous, ii. 195; boistous, i. 307,
335; threatening, fearful, tur-
bulent, rude.

VOL. II.

bokerame, ii. 171; buckram.
boldid, i. 379; emboldened.
bole, ii. 84; a bull.
bolgit, ii. 155; bulged.
bolle, ii. 140; a bull.
bonde, i. 216; bonds, fetters.
bondus, i. 225; bondsmen, serfs.
bone, i. 68; a petition, prayer.
bone, i. 58; a boon, a favour.
bonet, i. 415; a supplementary or
additional sail in a ship, fastened
with lacing to the feet of courses
or lower sails, in moderate or fair
winds, and the operation of apply-
ing it is still termed bending.
bonus, i. 277; bones.
boote, ii. 155; remedy.
bootid, ii. 276; availed, helped.
bore, i. 72; a boar.
borowe, i. 415; a borough.
bosard, ii. 219; a buzzard, a kind of
moth.
bosse, i. 396.
bost, i. 218; to boast.
bot, passim; but.
bot, i. 62, &c.; without.
bote, i. 68, 218, 365; remedy, help,
compensation.
bote, i. 65; a boat.
boterasse, ii. 187; a buttress.
bothe, ii. 226; a booth.
botirflies, ii. 219; butterflies.
bougeth, ii. 161.
boun, i. 90; ready, going to do any-
thing.
boun, i. 268; ready.
bounteous, ii. 145; bountiful.
boure, i. 81; bour, i. 265; a chamber.
bown, ii. 154; ready.
boxomnesse, ii. 44; obedience.
boy, i. 272; a serving lad.
boynard, i. 389; boynardis, i. 379;
a low fellow.
brade, i. 71; broad.
brayd, i. 217; a stroke.
braste, i. 396; burst.
bredd, i. 387; a bird.
bradder, i. 275; broader.
brede, i. 369; breadth.
breme, i. 411; proud, haughty.
bremme, i. 384, 387; proud, swag-
gering.
bremli, ii. 52; fiercely.
brens, i. 72; (or brenis) corslets.
brene, i. 73, ii. 153; to burn.
brent, i. 269; brente, ii. 278; burnt.
brere, i. 78; a briar, bush. —
 breached, i. 395; briars.
brise, i. 54; gaddies.
brist, i. 407; burst.
brethyst, ii. 182; brittle.
brithith, ii. 40; begs, robes. The
word is used in both senses.
brid, i. 78; bryd, i. 364; a bird.
brid, i. 61; a lady, a bride.
brig, i. 77; a bridge.
brid, i. 71; sea, flood.
bryme, ii. 109; fierce.
brin, i. 64; burn.
brodid, i. 387; spread.
broylist, ii. 61; bringest up con-
fusedly, blunderest.
bromes, i. 391; brooms.
broud, i. 396; a bond (?).
bround, ii. 52; a firebrand.
brouute, i. 380; brought.
b rovet, i. 382; broth.
bud, i. 71; behoved, must.
bud, i. 85; made, compelled.
buge, i. 265; a sort of cloth.
buyostousnesse, ii. 99; boisterousness.
burgase, i. 70; the burghers,
burne, i. 400, 404; a man; burns,
i. 379; men, fellows, barons.
burnesse, i. 404; baronage, nobility.
burnished, i. 395; smoothed (?).
burthe, ii. 244; a birth, the act of
being born.
buserde, ii. 98; the buzzard, a kind
of large moth.
busk, i. 62; to go rapidly. — busked,
i. 395; hurried. — buskys, ii. 237;
haste you.
bushe, i. 382; to but, to push, to bush.
bushinge, i. 378; busking, pushing.
bute, i. 58, 70; compensation (for
bote).
byse, i. 265; a fine description of silk.
by, passim, for be.

C.
cacche, ii. 67; catch.
cakked, ii. 170; cacaerunt.
calkyn, ii. 61; to calculate.
can, i. 269, ii. 131, know, knows.
can, i. 226; began. Used with a
verb to form a sort of imperfect
tense. Can schowte, they
shouted, or were shouting—liter-
ally, they began to shout.
canst, i. 334; knowest thou.
cant, i. 78; brisk, courageous.
cantily, i. 71; briskly, courageously.
careckes, i. 320; figures, characters.
cared, ii. 4; been in care, or trouble.
carikys, ii. 199; large ships.
carke, i. 310; to care.
carpe, i. 381; to talk, to converse.
— carapist, ii. 68; talkest. — carpynge,
ii. 198; talking.
carpe, i. 414; talk, conversation.
carveys, ii. 180; carracks, or large ships.
carris, ii. 181; carts.
cass, i. 364; case.
cast, ii. 90; contrived, formed a design.
castis, i. 396; contrivances, machinations.
catale, i. 84; goods.
catel, i. 217; chattels.
cautelle, i. 394; craft.
cautell, ii. 32; a stratagem, trick.
certayne, ii. 177; to certeynn, to a limit; for a certeyn bi ñere, for so much a year.
cessco, ii. 6; to cause to cease, to put a stop to.
cetisence, ii. 281; citizens.
chaffare, ii. 160; merchandize.
chaffren, i. 307; to barter.
chafyr, ii. 110; to trade.
chaelengin, ii. 44; claim.
challe, i. 249; shall.
chapitle, ii. 160; a chapter.
chargeaunt, ii. 106; burthensome, chargeable.
chefare, ii. 180; merchandize.
cheff, i. 402; cheffe, ii. 201; head, chief.
chekonys, i. 387; chickens.
chele, i. 387; cold.
chepe, i. 247; to purchase.
cherichen, i. 387; cherish.
cheriche, i. 402; dearly.
ches, i. 252; ches, ii. 5; to choose.
chesse, i. 378; chose.
chevalleris, i. 413; knights.
cheve, ii. 268; to flourish, to succeed.
chovith, ii. 132; bringeth to a successful issue, achieveth.
chevesaunce, ii. 169; bargain, agreement.
chevetan, i. 225; chieftain, captain.
chevyteyns, i. 378; chieftains.
chief, ii. 147; head.
chire, ii. 225; cheer.
chyt eryng, ii. 40; chattering.
chowys, ii. 40; a chough (the bird).
christened, i. 306; a Christian.
churliche, i. 335; clownish, churlish.
cisme, ii. 41; schism.
clappid, i. 416; talked.
claterers, i. 271; chatters.
claterist, ii. 60; chatterist.
clatrid, ii. 76; talked loudly.
claude, ii. 203; clothed, clad.
cleete, i. 217; a piece of wood (?)
clekkid, ii. 95.
cleome, i. 313; to claim.
clepe, ii. 32; call. cleped, i. 368, 396, called. clepest, ii. 148; callest. clepen, i. 309; called.
clepen, i. 325; they call.
clip, i. 73; to embrace.
cliper, i. 215, 252; slippery.
clogge, ii. 222, 224, 232; a clog of wood at the end of a chain or rope.
cofren, i. 306; to put in coffers.
coyffes, i. 409; coifs.
coile, i. 402; choose (??).
cokil, ii. 143; the weed in corn.
colctis, ii. 88; collections.
colres, i. 275; collars.
colys, i. 382; coals.
colis, i. 413.
coloure, ii. 185; pretense.
combraunce, ii. 65; trouble.
combred, i. 377; confused.
combrousel, ii. 104; troublesome.
come, i. 413; arrival, coming.
comens, ii. 280; to commence.
comyne, i. 416; the community.
comynliche, i. 378; commonly.
comliche, i. 413; in an elegant manner, comely.
comonde, ii. 165; communed, conversed.
comonté, ii. 178, 186; commonly.
comsith, i. 401; begins, commences,
comsid, i. 413; began.
comynes, i. 250; the commons.
con, i. 250; can.
concludist, ii. 86; refuted.
confect, ii. 108; made, composed.
conyes, ii. 186; rabbits.
conig, i. 82; a rabbit.
conne, ii. 4; are acquainted with.
constery, ii. 236; the consistory court.
construen, ii. 243; interpret.
constrwe, i. 378; to construe.
contynaunce, i. 264, ii. 204; behaviour, appearance.
contrarie, ii. 62; to act contrary to.
contravelde, ii. 278; laboured with (?).
cordewyneye, ii. 163; Spanish leather, brought from Cordova.
coroune, i. 86; a crown.
coroun, ii. 67; the priest's tonsure.
correcte, ii. 173.
corette, i. 371; to correct.
corrump, ii. 269; to corrupt.
corsed, ii. 247; cursed.
corvysers, ii. 109; shoemakers.
coste, ii. 179.
costened, i. 400; cost.
costes, ii. 184; expenses.
costions, ii. 212; costly.
costis, i. 385, 390; regions.
cot-armers, ii. 126; men in coat-armour.
cotis, i. 401; coats.
coude, i. 396; knew.
cougioun, i. 393; perhaps congioun, a coward.
couzthe, i. 371; knew how, could.
countred, ii. 154; encountered.
countenance, ii. 253; appearance, ostentation.
countours, i. 328; arithmeticians.
courseers, ii. 212; highbred horses.
covetise, ii. 78; covaitise, i. 84; covetousness.
covent, i. 225; assemblage.
covent, i. 68; convent. coventis, ii. 64; convents.
covetour, i. 306; a coverture.
cralit, i. 308.
crasid, i. 373, 377; crushed, broken.
creasunce, i. 374; credit.
crepit, ii. 51; creeps.
cressetes, ii. 153, 218, cresses, frames at the ends of poles in which fires were lighted.
creste-clothe, ii. 164; a sort of fine linen.
croys, i. 269; a cross.
croisyer, i. 317.
crok, ii. 206; to bend.
crokettes, i. 312; locks of hair.
crokk, i. 382; a pot, a pitcher.
cropun, ii. 47; crept (?).
crouche, i. 332; a cross.
croupere, ii. 252; cruppers.
cuynde, i. 251; kind, nature.
culleth, i. 311, 321, 344; to cherish; to enforce.
culorum, i. 372, 415; the conclusion of a narrative.
OF OBSCURE ENGLISH WORDS.

cumberd, i. 78; cumbred, i. 252; 
troubled, encumbered, entangled.
cumen, i. 63; come.
cumly, i. 66; comely.
cunne, i. 218; can.
cure, ii. 199; care.
cure, ii. 206; service.
cure, ii. 187; remedy.
customale, ii. 71; accustomed.
cutted, i. 332; jagged, alluding to 
an extravagant fashion prevalent 
in the reign of Richard II.

dagges, i. 401; slips, shreds, the 
cuts in the fashionable dress.
dale, i. 87.
daliaunce, ii. 111; tittle-tattle.
dare, i. 59, 250; to stare, to be 
terrified, to be scared.
darseand, i. 59; staring.
dased, i. 344; confused, dazzled.
daungur, ii. 191; lordship or do-
minion.
dawe, ii. 44; day, daylight.
dawe, i. 323; dawis, i. 377; days.
debres, ii. 236.
ded, i. 80; deed.
dedde, i. 308; death.
dede, i. 74; death.
dede, ii. 189; dead.
dees, i. 374.
deyzede, i. 218; died.
deyntis, i. 406; dainties.
del, i. 251; dele, i. 64; part, share.
dele, ii. 31; parts, a thousand dele, 
a thousand times.
deleted, ii. 14; delayed.
delid, i. 79; dealt.
delith, ii. 110; distribute.
delle, i. 371; part, deal.
deme, ii. 57; to judge.
deme, ii. 229; to direct, or lead.
demer, i. 383; a judge, one who 
demes.
demin, i. 319; they judge.
den, ii. 236; a dean.
denayyd, ii. 286; denied.
dene, i. 73; a den, or habitation.
denyene, ii. 180; to deny.
dent, ii. 126; a blow.
departe, ii. 183; to share.
departysoun, ii. 217; a distribution, 
a sharing.
dere, ii. 270; to injure.
dere, i. 78; dear.
derei, ii. 250; confusion, noise, 
disturbance.
derid, i. 386; injured, hurt, harmed.
derklich, i. 394; obscurely.
dern, i. 59; cruel, severe.
derne, i. 375, 377; secret.
derriere, ii. 89; dearer.
derstic, ii. 47; to destroy.
detecte, ii. 189; exposed, made 
evident.
dever, ii. 73, 98; duty.
deversité, ii. 241; change of for-
tune.
dewe, i. 394; due, legitimate.
digredie, ii. 173.
dight, i. 70; prepared, made ready.
dyzght, i. 226; arranged.
dighte, i. 76; to prepare oneself;
dighteth, i. 333; arranges, pre-
pares.
digness, i. 398; worthiness.
diking, i. 335; making ditches.
GLOSSARY AND INDEX

dilacioun, ii. 145; delay.
dyme, i. 412; a tenth.
dinuuir, i. 216; demure, quiet.
dyne, ii. 180; to dye.
dineth, i. 394; gives to dinner; feeds.
dint, i. 73; a blow; dyanes, ii. 126; blows.
dirk, ii. 218; dark.
discrauder, i. 336; to slander.
discryve, i. 374; to describe.
discured, ii. 174; discovered.
disert, ii. 64; a desert.
disperpiled, ii. 226; scattered.
dissese, i. 383; uneasiness.
dyssevable, ii. 173; deceptive.
distance, i. 83; distance, i. 339, ii. 254; debate or discord.
doc, ii. 31; done.
dokkist, ii. 27; curtailest.
dole, i. 79, 80; in the latter instance it means sorrow, grief; in the former, perhaps, a portion, from A. S. delaun.
dolfyne, ii. 124; dolphyn, ii. 133; the dauphin of France.
dolosité, ii. 111; deceit.
dome, i. 309; judged, condemned.
dome, i. 308; judgment; at dome, i. 327; in judgment.
domes cart, i. 398; the executioner's cart.
domes-day, i. 72; day of judgment.
domp, i. 88; to plunge, to tumble.
dongen, i. 77; struck.
dongen, ii. 152; the keep or main tower of a castle; dongoun, ii. 211; where it is applied to the place in which Christ was born.
doolis, ii. 220; doles, shares.
doren, ii. 107; dare.
doth, ii. 7; causeth, maketh.
dotyn, ii. 188; dote.
douteth, i. 399; feareth.
dout, i. 73; to fear.
dout, i. 69, 324; fear, doubt.
dowtes, i. 368; doubts.
dowtfulle, ii. 271; fearful.
drad, i. 213; dradde, i. 417; feared.
draffe, ii. 84; dregs, refuse.
draggee, ii. 72; a draught (?).
drance, ii. 219; a drone.
dray, i. 81; noise, tumult.
draped, ii. 162; made into cloth.
drapere, ii. 168; to make cloth.
drave, ii. 270; drove.
drawte, i. 403; draught, shot.
dresce, i. 58; set right?
dressen, i. 314; they prepare.
drewris, i. 78; jewels, valuable things.
dride, i. 874; dread, fear.
drye, ii. 64; to suffer, to undergo.
drive, i. 71; to go quickly.
dromons, ii. 199; ships of war.
droupe, i. 250; to droop.
drouping, i. 344; drooping.
drowze, i. 225; drew, dragged.
dryzè, i. 216; dry.
dubby, ii. 57; dud, i. 225; did.
dude, i. 364; did.
dulfulle, ii. 206; grievous, doleful.
duro, i. 215; to endure, last.

E.
edder, i. 392; a snake, an adder.
eeche, ii. 133.
eeris, i. 394; ears.
efte, ii. 179; again.
eftsoone, i. 322; soon again.
egallyte, ii. 285; equality, fairness.
egge, i. 305; to urge.
eghen, i. 77; eyes.
cyre, i. 388.
cite, i. 250; eyes.
cyld, i. 382; ailed.
cyn, i. 387; eyes.
cyre, ii. 195; air.
cyren, i. 393; eggs.
cyrer, i. 363; a brood of swans.
cyris, ii. 86; heirs (?)
cisyng, ii. 81;
cylde, i. 372; old age.
cylde, i. 377; of the elders, of the men of old.
cicle, i. 377; alike, equally.
enbasissoures, ii. 210; ambassadors.
enbatallid, ii. 57; formed in order of battle.
enencens, ii. 44; to cense, to perfume with or offer incense.
encer, ii. 9; increase.
endauntid, i. 398; feared (?)
edely, ii. 201; final.
endraperyng, ii. 287; making into cloth.
enuaunsid, ii. 41; raised.
enmysse, ii. 182; enemies.
enoint, ii. 12; anointed.
enpeche, ii. 82; accusest.
enplede, i. 326; to impead.
enquerre, ii. 203; to seek.
enusle, ii. 6; an example.
enscherchyng, ii. 286; a cherishing.
en cherche, ii. 203; to seek.
enserce, ii. 195; inquiry.
enisse, i. 322; quality (?)
entendement, ii. 13; meaning.
entent, i. 372, ii. 199; intention, design.
entrecomon, ii. 202; to hold intercourse, to intercommunicate.
environ, ii. 157; round about.
ecorthe, i. 251; earth.
er, i. 266; before.
er, i. 59; are.
ecron, i. 364; an eagle.
ercete, ii. 124; first, before, formerly.
ert, i. 266, ii. 113; art.
ercrou, i. 78; art thou.
cas, passim; is.
ce, i. 382; ease.
ceth, i. 71; easy.
euforbe, ii. 173; a plant, purge.
evangey, i. 306; the gospel.
evyn, ii. 39; equal; her even Christian, their fellow Christian.
evone, ii. 8; level; in evone, on a firm footing; at in evone, i. 11, all straight with one another.
everich, ii. 6; every one, everich on live, everybody alive.
everichone, ii. 137; every one.
extpoune, ii. 182; explain, expound.
extente, ii. 193; stretched out, held forth.

F.

fade, ii. 7; sad.
faghth, i. 81; fought.
fay, i. 215; faie, i. 330; faith.
failled, i. 395; deserted, abandoned.
failen, ii. 243; want.
fain, i. 64; fayn, ii. 155; glad.
faiteurs, i. 307; flatterers, deceivers.
faldyng, ii. 186; a sort of rough cloth.
fally, ii. 103; falsely.
falnes, ii. 250; falseness, deceit.
famed, i. 313; defamed.
famen, i. 74; foe-men.
fand, i. 73; to try.
fare, i. 59; to go; foule fare, i. 25; to go ill, to misbehave, to fare foully; 251, to be ruined.
fare, i. 73; frankis fare, the distribution of your money (?).
fare, i. 59; going, expedition.
fare, i. 325; business, affair (?).
fauhte, i. 386; fault, want.
faukyn, i. 388; fawcon, 389; a falcon.
fawtis, i. 372; faults.
feble, i. 391; become feeble.
federed, ii. 125; feathered, i. 9; pierced with arrows, the feathers of which appeared without.
feedrin, fedris, i. 388; feathers.
feer, ii. 241; far; feer abowe, far out of the way.
feet, ii. 182; deed, fact.
feet, i. 398; fetched.
feyncd, i. 269; feigned, pretended.
feynt, ii. 152; to become weak.
felde, passim; a field.
felde, ii. 165; felt.
fele, i. 63; many.
fell, i. 61, 70; cruel.
fell, i. 77; to strike down.
felle where, i. 399; fel-ware, feltry, skins of wild animals.
felle, i. 391; the skin. felles, ii. 168; skins.
felliche, i. 389; cruelly.
felliest, ii. 17; most cruel.
fende, i. 252; the fiend, the devil.
fendes, ii. 184; devils.
faole, i. 250; many.
fer, i. 269; far.
fer, i. 71, 81; far, farther.
ferd, i. 68; afraid.
ferde, i. 67; fear.
ferde, i. 376; went.
fer, i. 73; a companion, a fellow.
fer, i. 340; company.
fer, i. 77; to frighten.
ferkyd, i. 396; fastened. ferkyd hem forth, they rushed forwards.
ferly, ii. 252; strange.
ferene, i. 68; fern.
ferli, ii. 51; wonderfully.
ferme, ii. 44; to strengthen.
ferme, i. 313; farm.
ferre, ii. 194; fear.
ferrum, i. 77; o ferrum, afar.
fers, ii. 125; fierce.
fersnesse, ii. 268; cruelty.
feste, ii. 4, 56; fourth.
feste, i. 269; to fasten.
feete, ii. 196; fact.
feete, ii. 243; feet.
fetely, ii. 172; cleverly, neatly.
ficul, ii. 82; fickle.
fyght, ii. 252; in fyght, engaged in fighting, in strife (?).
file, i. 79, 81; a worthless fellow, a coward.
flowynge, ii. 133; following.
yun, ii. 91; the end. a fyn, in the end.
yne, ii. 134; to conclude, to put an end to.
yne, ii. 132; end, result.
yne, ii. 187; to refine. fynyd, ii. 286; refined.
finding, i. 327; board, living.
yndyth, i. 414; support, keep, provide for.
figre, ii. 112; of figs. figre-tree, a fig-tree.
fyth, i. 364; to fight.
flagrant, ii. 232; fragrant.
flauré, ii. 250;
fe, i. 394; to fly.
feand, i. 77; flying.
fleen, i. 64; fly.
flemed, ii. 40; flemid, i. 60; banished.
flex, ii. 171; flax.
flit, i. 88; to remove.
fletter, i. 389; to flutter.
fleur, i. 216; ii. 7; a flower.
flusshe, i. 389; to hop as a bird.
fode, i. 389; a child.
fodid, i. 387; fodid, ii. 12; cherished, bred up, fostered, fed.
fodith, i. 394; cherishes, feeds.
fode, i. 386; food.
fode, i. 74; a youth, a person.
fwayne, i. 399; a polecat.
fold, i. 81; the earth, the world.
folyn, ii. 188; go mad, or foolish.
foltheed, i. 380; folly (?).
fulus, i. 225; fools.
fomen, i. 218; foes.
fond, ii. 230; a dilemma (?).
fonde, i. 84; to endeavour, to attempt.
fonde, i. 266; invented.
fonde, ii. 232; found.
fondement, ii. 243; foundation.
fone, fune, i. 62; foes.
fong, ii. 247; to take, embrace.
fongen, i. 414; we take. fongeth, i. 333; they take.
fonnedli, ii. 97; foolishly.
fonnest, ii. 86; becomest foolish.
foode, ii. 220; a young man, a fellow: foodis, i. 398; fodies, 405; youths.
foole, i. 395; fowls.
foon, ii. 127; foes.
forbode, i. 344; a forbidding.
for-by, ii. 158; near, past.
forckis, i. 379; the gallows.
fordyd, i. 371; apparently an error for fondid, endeavoured.
fordone, i. 322, ii. 39; destroyed, abolished, overthrown.
fordoth, i. 398; undoeth, ruineth, destroyeth.
foreyns, ii. 143; strangers, interlopers.
forewitte, ii. 200; foreknowledge.
forfarene; gone into exile.
forgard, i. 344.
forgone, i. 86; lost.
forgrowe, i. 363; overgrown.
forhele, ii. 45; conceal, or, perhaps, withhold.
forjugid, ii. 79; judged to death.
forlith, ii. 7; violates.
forborne, i. 365; lost, spoilt.
forlore, i. 241; ruined, lost in a moral sense.
formed, i. 415; informed.
formere, ii. 42; informer, teacher.
formynge, ii. 42; informing, information.
foosings, i. 331; ruins by singing, sings to ruin.
foorslokend, ii. 40; smothered, stifled.
foorsweere, i. 241; perjured.
forthi, i. 77; therefore.
forthinken, ii. 73; repent.
forthem, i. 336; to further, to promote.
forward, i. 86; an engagement, promise.
forwarde, ii. 280; the front or vanguard of an army.
forweynd, i. 374; weaned badly, corrupted in the weaning.
forwrithen, ii. 45; twisted, tortuous.
foryet, i. 317, 325; forget.
fosse, ii. 191; foes.
fostrid, i. 387; fostered.
foule, ii. 126; a fowl.
foullen, i. 330; defoul.
foyled, i. 388; fowled, huntèd birds.
foundament, ii. 9; foundation.
founded, i. 59; tried.
fourmures, ii. 113; informers.
frat; from.
fray, ii. 279; to fight.
fraine, ii. 38; to interrogate.
frankis, i. 73; francs, French money (?).
fre, i. 67, 395; free, of gentle birth.
freynet, ii. 42; inquired, questioneth.
frck, i. 59, 68; eager.
frele, ii. 247; frail.
frâly, i. 74; of gentle blood.
frelle, i. 373; frail.
frentike, ii. 85; frenetic, frantic.
frers, i. 263; friars.
freted, i. 387; cat.
fretyd, ii. 41.
fryst, ii. 249; first.
frith, i. 63, 389; a low wood.
fuge, ii. 198; flight.
fuyre, i. 305; fire.
fules, ii. 232; fools.
fullefille, i. 370; to fill full.
fulumard, ii. 220; a polecat.
fumose, ii. 162; smoky (?).
fun, i. 83; found.
funden, i. 81; found.
gery, i. 398; changeable, giddy.
gest, i. 326; a guest; gestes, i. 90, guests.
get, i. 62, gain (?) ; bot get, may perhaps mean without any gain (by their treachery). Ritson explains it as “an interjection of contempt.”
seven, ii. 67; to give.
gy, ii. 240; rule, guide.
gie, i. 406; gye, i. 370; to guide, to direct, to rule.
thy, zit, passim; if.
gigges, i. 326; loose women.
gild, ii. 244; beguiled.
gildyn, ii. 50; gilt.
gyle, i. 395; guile.
gylour, i. 374; a deceiver, a beguiler.
gyllorys, ii. 235; guilers.
gyn, i. 79; a trap.
gynne, ii. 141; begin.
gynning, ii. 143; beginning.
gioure, i. 370; giour, ii. 109; a ruler, leader, guide.
gyside, i. 399; disguised (?) .
ʒite, i. 385;
ʒit, i. 79; yet.
gyuleris, i. 398; guilers.
glade, i. 71; to gladden.
glasen, ii. 100; made of glass.
glaterye, ii. 240; flattery (?) .
gle, i. 64, 68, ii. 239; game, mirth, gladness.
glede, i. 344; a kite (the bird).
gledre, ii. 173.
glee, i. 406; joy, pleasure.
gloe, ii. 40; flattery.
glosinge, i. 414; flattering.
god, ii. 152; goods, property.
goldede, ii. 227; possessed of gold, wealthy.
gome, i. 400, 401; a man; gomes, i. 388; men.
gong, i. 307; gonge, ii. 72, a privy.
gonnes, ii. 198; gomys, 276; gunus, 277; guns, cannons.
gospelcer, ii. 211; the evangelist.
gost, i. 370, 373; spirit. gostes, ii. 244; spirits.
gotesel, ii. 150; goat’s hides.
governail, i. 336; helm, rudder.
ʒovun, ii. 98; given.
gowe, i. 48.
graas, i. 251; grace.
grayn, ii. 208; a scarlet dye; clothes in grayn, scarlet cloth.
graythest, i. 76; readiest, quickest.
grame, i. 70; grief, harm.
grame, i. 370; to be angry.
gras, i. 252; grace.
greable, ii. 112; agreeable.
gree, i. 313; pleasure.
grees, ii. 140; degrees.
grey, ii. 171; badger skins or fur (?) .
grennes, i. 390; interpreted in the margin as meaning greyhounds.
grete, ii. 125; a cry.
grete, i. 90; to greet, to salute.
grett, i. 377; great.
greves, i. 388; griefs.
griff, ii. 227; grief.
gryse, i. 250; to be terrified.
gryse, i. 265; a species of cloth.
groche, i. 339; to grudge.
gromys, i. 272; grooms.
gromes, i. 377; men.
gronde, i. 87; ground; in the see gronde; at the bottom of the sea.
groote, ii. 219; a great, fourpence.
grost, ii. 47;
grott, i. 370 ; a groat.
grotus, i. 395 ; groats.
grucche, ii. 76 ; grudge.
grucchen, i. 370 ; to grudge.
grw, ii. 91 ; Greek.
gult, ii. 244 ; guilt.

harlotte, i. 313 ; a scamp, a vagabond. It was a term applied properly to men. harlotes, ii. 89.
harlotrie, ii. 99 ; ribaldry.
hassellis, i. 381 ; hassels (?)
hastryyté, ii. 242 ; rashness, hasty-ness.
hat, i. 69 ; hate, i. 317 ; is called.
haunderere, i. 387 ; antlered, or superior deer.
hauteyn, i. 268 ; high, proud, haughty.
hautesse, i. 391 ; highness.
haved, i. 85 ; had.
haves, i. 86 ; has.
havour, ii. 226 ; wealth.
hawys, i. 191.
bed, ii. 283 ; heed, care.
heed, i. 386 ; head.
heerdes, i. 313 ; herds, keepers.
heggies, ii. 279 ; hedges.
hegh, i. 269 ; high.
heyer, i. 395 ;
heyere, ii. 242 ; higher.
heih, i. 215 ; heise, i. 218 ; high.
heipeth, i. 393 ; lays (?)
heire, ii. 20 ; to hire.
heyres, ii. 267 ; heirs.
heyres, i. 193 ; eggs.
hele, i. 73, ii. 69 ; to cover, to conceal.
hele, i. 372 ; health, prosperous condition.
hele, i. 392, ii. 13 ; salvation.
helys, i. 275 ; heels.
heliples, ii. 11 ; helpless.
hende, i. 388 ; gentle.
hende, i. 73 ; hinde, i. 85 ; gentlymanly.
hens, hennes, hennys, passim ; hence.
hent, i. 320 ; taken.

H.
habilements, ii. 196 ; accoutrements.
haburjoms, ii. 54 ; breastplates.
hacchen, i. 387 ; hatch.
hay, i. 48 ;
hait, ii. 249 ; has, possesses.
hayme, i. 266 ; them.
hairwede, ii. 230 ; harrowed, sacked.
halde, i. 74 ; to hold or keep a promise.
hale, ii. 169 ; to hawl.
halely, i. 69 ; wholly.
hales, i. 403 ; tents.
half-delle, i. 403 ; one half part.
halk, i. 318 ; a corner. halkys, ii. 279 ; corners.
halow, i. 311 ; bless, consecrate.
halowed, ii. 50 ; consecrated.
halowid, i. 403 ; halloed at, hooted.
halteth, ii. 159 ; goes lamely, totters.
ham, i. 266 ; them.
ham, i. 273 ; they have.
hangulhouke, ii. 222 ; a hook for angling, a fish-hook.
hansell, i. 416 ; the first use.
happid, ii. 44 ; wrapped, covered.
haras, i. 392 ; a stud of colts.
habarow, ii. 97 ; lodging.
hardi, ii. 246 ; courageous, bold.
harys, ii. 171 ; hares.
hente, i. 382; henten, i. 411; took, caught.
heore, i. 215; their.
erbegage, ii. 94; lodging.
erborowe, i. 403; to lodge, to give lodging, to harbour.
here, i. 73; to hear.
heres, i. 80; hear, listen to.
here, ii. 251; hair.
here, 76; to spoil, to ravage.
herne, i. 318. herne, i. 402; a corner.
heres, i. 64; brains.
herre, ii. 9; a hinge; out of herre, out of hinge, unsettled.
herres, ii. 186; theirs.
hertis, i. 380. hertys, ii. 186; harts, deer.
hertly, ii. 355; heartily.
hestes, i. 322; commandments.
het, i. 74; to promise. hetes, i. 62; promises.
hetith, i. 393; warmth.
heve and hale, i. 330; a phrase equivalent to might and main.
hevèd, i. 64; head. hevidles, i. 65; headless.
hevèd, ii. 85; to behead.
hevèyheéd, i. 394; heavy-head, dull-head.
hevys, ii. 219;
hevren, ii. 42; to labour.
hewsaunce, ii. 285; a usance, a custom.
hyand, i. 269; going, hieing.
hicke, i. 394; a familiar appellation of contempt.
hide—at hide, i. 59; secretly.
hye, ii. 247; go.
hied, i. 398; raised up high.
hiede, ii. 6; heed.
hyege he go by, ii. 155; apparently a similar phrase to the modern heigh-go-mad.
hieles, ii. 7; heels.
hyen, ii. 86; to raise up.
hiere, ii. 5; here.
hiere, ii. 7; to hear.
hight, i. 75; was called.
hille, i. 409; to cover.
hillyng, ii. 77; covering, roof.
hynderinge, ii. 181; hindrance.
hirte, i. 396; hurt.
hit, ii. 131; and passim, the original and correct form of it.
ho, i. 276; who.
hibbis, i. 378; clowns (?).
hobblid, i. 381; lobbled, gone.
hoblid, i. 391; hobbled.
hoby, ii. 155; a small kind of horse.
hode, i. 266; a hood.
hodove, i. 196; a whale.
hog-hyerd, i. 269; a hog-herd, a driver of pigs.
hold, ii. 23; holden, held.
hold, i. 317; a fortress, whence the word stronghold.
holde, ii. 4; held.
hole, i. 326; whole.
holy, ii. 131; wholly.
hol, i. 88; a hole (?).
holly, i. 215; wholly. holliche, i. 218.
holpen, i. 267; helped.
holsume, i. 402; wholesome.
holte, i. 391; holtes, i. 381; a wood.
hone, i. 409;
hongen, i. 331; they hang.
hongen, ii. 11; hung.
honsalle, i. 224; hansel.
hoole, i. 370; whole.
hoot, ii. 69; hot.
hope, ii. 199; expect, suppose, guess.
hope, i. 218; to expect.
hoppen, i. 330; they hop.
hor, i. 225; their.
hore, i. 307; a whore.
horow, i. 337; hoar, mouldy.
hortyn, i. 275; hurting.
hosel, ii. 46; to administer the eucharist.
hosyn, i. 275; hose (in the plural).
houselin, i. 340; to administer the eucharist.
houten, i. 330; they hoot.
hovyn, i. 388; to hover. hoved, i. 66; hovered, halted. hoveth, i. 393; hovereth.
howsyn, ii. 251; houses.
hue, i. 393.
hund, ii. 82; a dog.
hunte, ii. 224; a hunter.
hurdis, i. 88; ropes.
hure, ii. 145; goode hure, represents the French word bonheur, happiness, prosperity.
hurle, i. 392; to jostle.

ilkone, i. 82; each one, every one.
impe, i. 218; a sprout, sprig, shoot.
in, i. 81, 86; a lodging.
in, i. 77; eyes.
infortune, ii. 5; misfortune.
inne, i. 264; in, the adverb.
inne, i. 333; lodging.
inoyle, i. 225; enough.
inomen, i. 335; taken, obtained.
insaumpelle, ii. 205; example.
interflectours, ii. 232; slayers.
intrikid, ii. 55; interlaced.
intrumpcioun, ii. 274; interruption.
ipainted, i. 307; painted.
ipearled, i. 308; adorned with pearls.
ipent, i. 332; pinned.
iradicate, ii. 204; rooted.
irk, ii. 153; slow.
iseiże, i. 215; seen.
ith, ii. 161; thrive.
ivel, i. 313; evil.
iwis, i. 64; iwy, ii. 162; truly, surely.
iye, i. 330; eyes.
ivrne, ii. 153; iron.

J.
jaees, i. 398; fringes (?).
jake, i. 274; a jack, a defensive coat.
jangle, i. 327, ii. 243; to prate.
jangeliste, ii. 104; pratest.
jangeler, ii. 86; a prater.
jape, ii. 227; a joke.
japes, i. 67, 265, ii. 172; jeers, tricks, buffooneries (?).
jape, i. 270; futuere.
OF OBSCURE ENGLISH WORDS.

japid, ii. 75; mocked, deceived.
japerys, ii. 236; jesters.
jawdewyne, ii. 86, 101; a term of reproach.
jerorys, i. 273; jurors.
jesine, ii. 213; childbed.
jette, i. 399; fashion.
jewis, i. 410; justice.
jogulours, ii. 89; minstrels, jugglers.
joied, i. 399; rejoiced.
jolitó, i. 250, 251; joy, mirth.
jollyng, ii. 276; people coming into collision with one another.
joparte, ii. 286; jeopardy, risk, make a wager.
jornay, i. 64; a voyage.
jorney, ii. 275; properly a day, or a day's work, but usually applied to a battle.
jospinel, ii. 105; a term of reproach.
Juylle, ii. 139; Juyl, 151; July.
juperdye, ii. 132; jeopardy.
juparte, ii. 183; to jeopard, to put in risk.

ken, i. 8; to teach, to make to know.
kend, i. 85; kende, i. 318; taught.
kendly, ii. 65; kindly, naturally.
kenned, i. 390; knew.
kepe, ii. 285; take kepe, pay attention.
kepud, ii. 279; kept.
kepen, ii. 65; keep, dwell.
kere, ii. 226.
kest, i. 226. keste, ii. 252; cast.
kettord, i. 363; diminished.
kevelle, ii. 217.
kever, i. 291, 393; to discover.
kevereth, ii. 71; covers.
kew-kaw, i. 407; awry.
kid, i. 61; known.
kydefel, ii. 160; kid leather.
kime, i. 324; a simpleton.
kyn, ii. 243; know.
kynde, i. 380; nature.
kynde, i. 394; natural.
kyndede, ii. 141; kindred.
kirtell, i. 82; kyrte, i. 265; a kirtle, a sort of cloak thrown over the shoulders.
kith, i. 71; to make known, to show.
kith, i. 218; a region.
knavé, ii. 76; a serving lad.
knelys, i. 275; kneel.
knokelys, i. 276; knuckled, with knuckles.
knowlechen, ii. 43; acknowledge.
kogge, i. 72; a cock-boat.
konne, i. 393; to come to life, to be hatched.
kouth, i. 71; knew.
kowth, ii. 144; known, celebrated.
krevys, ii. 219; a crab.
knd, i. 218; known, celebrated.
kuyttes, i. 388; kites (the bird).
kun, i. 83; can, knows how.
kunynge, i. 384; knowledge.

L.
laak, ii. 213; a lack, a fault (?).
lacchide, i. 377; blamed.
ladde, i. 377; led.
ladde, i. 399; lad, people.
laddus, i. 225; lads.
lade, i. 264; a load.
ladyn, ii. 236;
lafte, i. 395; left, deserted.
layke, i. 64; a game, play.
lake, ii. 177; lack.
langour, ii. 267; faintness.
lare, i. 70; teaching.
lasse, ii. 7, 45; less.
late, ii. 148; let.
late, ii. 83; leave.
lath, ii. 6; loath, hateful.
latte, i. 317; left.
lanzte, i. 388; caught.
laurene, i. 141; laurel.
law, i. 78; low.
leaud, i. 307, ii. 25; lewd, unlearned.
leautê, i. 269; loyalty.
leche, ii. 226; a physician.
ledderr, i. 90; a ladder.
leddyn, i. 373; led.
lede, i. 382; people.
ledeing, i. 82; at his ledeing, at his rule, at his beck.
ledres, ii. 236.
leef, i. 373; dear, to be desired.
leef, i. 251; believe.
leere, ii. 280; empty.
lees, ii. 161; lies; wythought lees, truly.
lesinge, i. 399; falsehood.
leete, ii. 192; to abandon, to lose.
leggaunce, i. 217; allegiance.
leggen, i. 252; to lie down.
leggyst, ii. 41; allegest.
legiance, i. 374; allegiance.
leyff, ii. 249; left.
leyne, i. 387; laid.
leyne, ii. 228; to lie (?).
leisere, ii. 170; leisure.
lele, i. 326; loyal.
lele, i. 64; legal.
ley, i. 77; faithfully, truly.
ley, i. 89; the lily.
leley, i. 383; loyally, faithfully.
lemed, ii. 52; shone.
lemes, i. 388; rays of brightness.
lemman, i. 313, 330; a concubine.
len, i. 90; lend, give.
lend, i. 63; remained, dwelt.
lended, i. 81; remained.
lendys, i. 394; loins.
lene, i. 218; grant.
leode, i. 405; man, person.
leodis, i. 379; people, lads.
leof, i. 215; dear.
leere, i. 70; to teach.
lered, i. 326; lerid, ii. 25; learned, educated.
lesse, i. 386; a leash.
lesse, ii. 6; to lose.
lesynges, ii. 40; falsehoods.
lesse, ii. 189; lose.
lesse, ii. 189; loss.
let, ii. 31; hinder. let, i. 251; prevented, hindered.
letes, i. 215, 217; to leave, to abandon, to fail.
lete, i. 217; to care.
letherin, i. 90; made of leather.
lett, i. 64, &c.; to prevent, to put a
stop to.
lette, i. 384; to fail.
lette, i. 383; hindered, prevented.
letteroun, ii. 78; a lectern, or read-
ing-stand.
lead, i. 326; uneducated, ignorant.
leuéte, i. 269; loyalty.
leve, i. 66, 69; to believe.
leve, i. 392; to live.
leven, i. 331; to believe.
leven, ii. 67; leave.
levene, ii. 211; lighting.
leverey, i. 379; leveré, 381; leve-
rez, 388; livery.
levest, i. 388; dearest.
loved, i. 394; lived?
levid, i. 60; left.
levyn, ii. 198; live.
leveste, i. 372; most willingly, es-
pecially.
leward, ii. 236.
lewde, i. 382; uneducated, ignorant.
lewedly, ii. 193; vilely, ill-advisedly.
lewidheood, ii. 75; ignorance.
libel, ii. 157, 282; a little book, a
pamphlet.
líche, ii. 142, et passim; like.
licensse, ii. 108; similitude, sem-
blance.
líque, ii. 14; place.
líves, i. 66; lives.
liifode, i. 366; lyifode, i. 405; food,
sustenance.
líg, i. 77; to lie.
lígand, i. 82; lying.
lyže, i. 250; to lie.
ligescone, ii. 187; allegiance.
liggen, ii. 19; laid.
líggés, i. 65; lies.

lightly, ii. 10; lyghtlye, ii. 174;
liély, ii. 43; lyghtlich, i. 373;
easily.
liéles, ii. 43; without light, in the
dark.
lýke, i. 269; to please; that lyked
me, it pleased me. liketh, ii. 113;
itplease sleeper, how hem likith, how
ith pleases them. likyde, i. 399;
plesed. lykynge, ii. 173; pleasing.
lýkyng, i. 267, 392; pleasure, lust.
likne, i. 217, 343; to compare, to
 liken. likynest, ii. 89; compares.
lýkken, i. 269; compare.
lile, ii. 226;
lymitour, i. 265; limitors, ii. 21;
friars licensed to beg within cer-
tain limits.
list, ii. 141; likes, pleases.
list, i. 73; cunning, artifice (?).
liste, i. 392; to desire.
lite, i. 325, 369; little.
lith, i. 218; limb.
líthes, i. 58; listen.
livelich, i. 218; lively, vigorous.
líywith, ii. 249; lived.
loy, i. 389; a lubber.
loenge, ii. 14; praise.
lozę, i. 225; laughed.
logges, ii. 50;
loggid, ii. 211; lodged.
lole, ii. 243; to profess the doc-
trines of religious reform, to be a
lollard; literally, to idle about.
lollers, i. 305; vagabonds.
londeese, i. 305; people without
settled abode.
lönge, i. 217; to belong to. longid,
i. 389; belonged. longeth, i. 333;
longith, 393; belongs. longyng, 
ii. 196; belonging.
lonyd, i. 408; 
loodmannage, ii. 217; pilotage.
loode-sterre, ii. 178; lodesterre, ii. 270; the polar star.
lordane, ii. 229; an idle lout.
lordyns, i. 383; lords, a form of familiarity.
lore, i. 325; lost.
lore, i. 252, 401; teaching, doctrine, lesson.
lorell, i. 314, 338, 389; a scoundrel.
lorn, i. 69; lost.
los, i. 218; lose, ii. 245; praise, repute.
losell, i. 342; a scoundrel.
losengerie, i. 322; losengery, ii. 27; 
lying and flattery.
loste, ii. 167; ruined.
lotby, ii. 102; a concubine.
lothen, ii. 246; hate.
loure, i. 266, 377; to look discontented or cross.
lousid, ii. 56; let loose.
lout, i. 73, 78; loute, i. 308; to stoop, to bend, to bow, to make obeisance.
love-daiies, ii. 52, 255; meetings for arranging disputes amicably.
lovying, ii. 281; praising.
lowede, ii. 165; love.
lowte, i. 226; lowth, ii. 153; to bow.
luf, i. 79; lufe, ii. 252; love.
lurker, i. 394; an intruder (?).
luscheburne, i. 140; a debased foreign coin, so named from Luxemburgh, whence they were brought.
luste, i. 393; to desire. lust, ii. 149; pleases.

M.
ma, passim; more.
maddid, i. 376, 387; drove mad.
mufey, ii. 75; my faith! (an exclamation).
maffarde, ii. 225; a fool.
mafflid, i. 415; stammered.
magré, ii. 272; in spite of.
maine, i. 74; strength, force.
maistership, i. 338; office of authority.
maisterfull, i. 323; authoritatively, by force.
maistrie, i. 338; authority.
male, i. 307; a box, a chest.
mallisoun, ii. 112; curse.
mals, i. 379; 
mansinge, i. 60; a threat.
mance, ii. 98; the purveyor of provisions, or clerk of the kitchen.
mance, i. 65; moan, lament.
maners, i. 225; manors, mansion houses.
manslaughter, i. 273; manslaughter.
marcerye, i. 264; mercery.
marchandes, ii. 160; merchants.
marchandy, ii. 160; merchandise.
marches, ii. 12; borders, border districts.
mare, i. 80; more.
markes, i. 267; marks (money).
merkins, i. 384; marks, signs, badges.
market-beaters, i. 330; swaggerers.
marmusettes, ii. 172; monkeys.
marrin, ii. 72; to mar.
marternus, ii. 186; furs of the marten.
martis, ii. 179; marts, or fairs.
masc, i. 81; makes.
mastling, i. 308; mixed metal.
OF OBSOLETE ENGLISH WORDS.

mastry, i. 328; authority, force.
matyn, ii. 50; to confound.
mater, i. 273; matter.
materas, ii. 217; a mattress.
mawfesours, ii. 85; evil-doers.
maugrē, i. 330; in spite of.
mawgrē, i. 60, ii. 112; bad comfort, spite, displeasure.
mawmientrie, ii. 246; idolatry.
meche, ii. 42; much.
mede, i. 71, 332; reward, bribe.
medes, ii. 252; bribes.
medled, ii. 74; mixed.
megre, i. 264; meagre, thin.
meynē, ii. 196; attendants, company.
meytentournz, i. 405; maintainers.
mekill, i. 63; much.
mele, i. 250; to meddle, to treat.
mell, i. 329; melle, ii. 243; to meddle.
mellid, i. 388; mixed.
memorable, ii. 194; to be remembered, memorable.
mendis, i. 376, 381; amends.
menē, i. 403; household, retinue.
menȝ, i. 61, 66; retinue.
menged, ii. 161; mixed.
mengid, ii. 99; reminded.
mendid, i. 70; meant, intended.
meny, ii. 167; people, mainē.
menys, ii. 190; means.
mente, ii. 50; mint (the plant).
menuse, ii. 53; to diminish, to detract from.
menysynge, ii. 85; detracting from.
mere, ii. 68; a mare.
merk, ii. 212; dark.
merke, i. 84; a mark.
mescheī, i. 48, ii. 7; mishap, misfortune.
messe, ii. 93; the mass.
messes, i. 327; dishes at table.
mete, ii. 86; boundary.
mateles, i. 264; without meat.
meuve, i. 370; move.
meve, i. 378; move.
mewe, ii. 170; a close place; strictly speaking, the place where falcons were put to moult.
mewe, ii. 228; to moult.
mych, i. 278; myche, ii. 187; much.
michel, ii. 45; great.
middis, ii. 252; the midst, the middle of.
midel-erd, i. 58; the earth, the world.
myyne, ii. 53; a mill.
mynged, i. 379; meddled, mixed; though it may be an error for mynghed.
myagit, ii. 51; mixes.
mynys, ii. 286; mines.
myneth, ii. 58; undermines.
mynusshyth, ii. 189; diminishes.
myry, ii. 72; pleasant, merry.
mis, i. 252; error, wrong.
myschevyd, i. 272, ii. 269; plagued, injured, brought into misfortune, miscreantz, ii. 12; unbelievers, infidels.
misfare, i. 89; to mischance, mishap.
misqueume, i. 323; to displease.
misaverynge, ii. 53; misunderstanding (?).
myssavyzyng, ii. 253; bad counsel.
myssetyme, ii. 58; to err.
myste, i. 378; might.
mistere, i. 309; need.
mystir, i. 409;
myswent, ii. 243; gone wrong, fallen into abuse.

x 2
mytird, ii. 146; mitred, had their mitres on.
myth, i. 364; mythe, ii. 187; might.
moche, ii. 243; great.
mochel, i. 268; much.
mode, i. 74; mod, ii. 7; mind, spirit.
mody, i. 71; highminded, brave.
mold, i. 80; molde, i. 391; i. 408;
earth, world.
molde, i. 388;
mon, i. 251; man.
mone, ii. 208; lamentation.
mone, i. 64; money.
monest, ii. 104; lamentest, moanest.
monkynde, i. 250; mankind.
mony, i. 252; many.
moo, ii. 188; more.
moppis, i. 406; fools.
more, ii. 21; greater.
more, i. 83; a moor.
morrynge, ii. 76; mourning.
mot, i. 59; may.
mote, i. 218; might.
moule, i. 342; to become mouldy.
moun, i. 400; may.
mouse, i. 396; mused.
mowe, i. 327; may.
mowen, ii. 269; mowed.
mowyth, ii. 250; may.
mowtyng, i. 380; moulding.
mucke, ii. 243; used commonly as a contemptuous term for money, or wealth.
multiphyry, ii. 181; multifarious.
mun, i. 73; may.
muse, i. 372; reflect, brood over.
mutt, ii. 188; might.

N.
naker, i. 69; a musical instrument, a cornet or brass horn.
nay, ii. 126; this is no nay, this admits of no denial.
nayt, ii. 62; naught.
nale, i. 330; the ale.
namely, ii. 92; especially.
nathe, ii. 222; the nave of a cart.
necy, ii. 156; none, not any.
nec, i. 274; the neck.
neft, i. 376;
neghe, i. 267; closely. "The land is so closely sought by the friars, that the secular priests can hardly get any employment."
nelde, i. 327; a needle.
nempne, i. 376; to name, to mention, to tell; nempned, i. 403; called.
ner, passim; nor.
nere, i. 403; nearer.
nere, i. 330; for ne were, were not.
neres, i. 264; kidneys (?).
nevene, ii. 211, 284; name.
newe, ii. 49; anew, again.
newed, i. 373, 412; renewed.
neweth, i. 372; annoyeth.
ny, i. 392; near.
nyth, i. 393; approacheth. nyhed, i. 403; approached.
nifles, ii. 172; trifles, nicknacks.
nigges, i. 326; niggards.
nyghed, i. 380; approached.
nil, i. 313; contracted from ne will, will not.
nis, i. 216; nys, 370; contraction of ne is, is not.
nyset, i. 399; delicacy, nicety.
yst, i. 415; knew not, for ne wist.
noble, ii. 159; the name of a coin
minted under Edward III.
nodyr, i. 271; neither.
nodur, i. 365; no nodur, for non
odur, none other.
noy, ii. 182; injury. noyes, i. 372;
injuries, griefs, annoyances.
noien, ii. 56; to injure.
nokes, i. 75; corners, nooks.
nold, i. 325; for ne wold, would not.
nolle, i. 374; the head, noddle.
nomen, i. 86; took.
not, i. 393; neither.
nother, i. 392; neither.
nother, i. 216; neither.
nownagis, i. 412; nonages.

O.

obeysaunt, i. 308; making obeis-
sance.
obeisante, ii. 189; obedient.
about, i. 61; about.
odur, ii. 250; or.
ogayn, i. 59; again. ogayne, i. 64;
against.
ogaynes, i. 59; against.
oghne, ii. 9; own.
oght, i. 267; aught.
oilles, i. 401;
ok, i. 216; oak.
olive, i. 71; alive.
onde, i. 84; an error of the press
for londe.
one, i. 82; only.
onys, i. 371; once.
onthryfty, i. 272; that which coun-
teracts or destroys thrift.
oo, i. 278; one.
oon, ii. 137; one.
oore, ii. 186; ore.
open, i. 70; upon.
opposaile, ii. 204; question, in-
quiry, argument, for apposaille.
or, i. 397; before.
ore, ii. 197; an oar.
osey, ii. 163; a sort of wine.
osmonde, ii. 171; a sort of iron.
oste, ii. 177, 178, for hoste; to take
up lodgings (?).
ostentacioun, ii. 190; appearances,
demonstration.
otere, ii. 186; the otter.
ottre, i. 215; to utter.
ouches, i. 331, 334; jewels.
ouris, ii. 68; ours.
outraye, i. 216; to outrage, to in-
jure.
outrayeng, ii. 143; erasing, ex-
pelling.
overeledyng, ii. 195; oppression.
oversene, ii. 205; overlooked, read
through.
overthwarte, ii. 190; to cross, to
embarrass.
overwacche, i. 406; sitting up over
late.
oway, i. 78; away.
owgly, ii. 218; ugly.
owyn, i. 273; own.

P.
paien, ii. 46; pay.
paiene, ii. 5; pagan.
paynen, i. 311; to labour.
paynymes, ii. 65; paynmys, ii. 283;
pagans.
paishens, ii. 87 ; parisioners.
pales, ii. 205 ; a palace.
palat, i. 79 ; the head, the pate.
pall, i. 78 ; fine cloth.
panne, i. 376, 394, 409 ; pannes, i. 409 ; the skull, the head.
pans, ii. 66 ; pence.
paneris, i. 390 ; nets, snares,
paragals, i. 377 ; peers, companions.
parage, i. 218 ; peerage (?).
par-amour, ii. 280 ; by or for love
(used adverbially).
parbrake, ii. 63 ; to vomit.
parceit, i. 369 ; perception.
pardé, passim ; an exclamation,
literally by God.
pardonystres, ii. 78 ; pardoners.
parfettes, ii. 227.
parfit, ii. 9 ; the rule, the exemplar.
parfite, ii. 224.
parlyformytee, ii. 193 ; similitude.
aparishen, i. 327 ; a parishioner.
aparishens, ii. 217 ; parishioners.
aparle, i. 414 ; to talk.
aparlious, ii. 227 ; perilous.
aparochie, ii. 72 ; a parish.
apartable, ii. 220 ; sharing in.
aparten, ii. 98 ; to give a share of.
apayes, ii. 152 ; a sort of large
shield.
pease, i. 339 ; a pea.
pecus, ii. 227.
peedeugré, ii. 131 ; a pedigree.
peeere, i. 372 ; a pear.
peynys, i. 272 ; punishment.
poynte, i. 181 ; to paint.
peise, ii. 8 ; to weigh, to deliberate.
poked, ii. 251 ; peaked.
pelers, i. 62 ; pillars.
pelour, ii. 245 ; a plunderer, a
robber. pelours, ii. 164 ; thieves.
peltre-wave, ii. 171 ; raw hides, perhaps
haps more especially of wild
beasts.
pelure, i. 265 ; fur.
pencell, i. 76 ; a streamer, or orna-
tmental flag.
pende, i. 323 ; to confine.
penslæ, i. 398 ; want of money.
peraunter, ii. 60 ; peradventure,
perhaps.
perdé, ii. 125 ; an exclamation of
affirmation, par Dieu.
perdurable, ii. 14 ; endurable, ever-
lasting.
pere, ii. 201 ; a peer.
pere, i. 59 ; a pear.
perfit, ii. 243 ; perfect.
perlis, i. 375 ; pearls.
permagall, i. 307 ; probably a mis-
print for peregal, equal.
perric, i. 308 ; precious stones.
persen, ii. 81 ; pierce.
persons, ii. 30 ; persownys, ii. 217 ;
parsions, parish priests.
perswyaunce, ii. 242 ; continuation (?).
pertli, ii. 51 ; openly, plainly, for
apertli.
pes, ii. 5 ; peace.
pese, ii. 251 ; peace.
pesinge, i. 400 ; piecing, joining the
pieces together.
pété, passim ; pity.
piement, i. 316 ; a sort of mixed
drink.
piercles, ii. 18 ; peerless, without
equal.
pight, i. 390 ; pyâte, ii. 152 ; raised,
fixed, pitched.
piken, ii. 66 ; to steal.
pikers, ii. 66 ; thieves.
OF OBSOLETE ENGLISH WORDS.

pylche, ii. 219; a leather coat.
pyle, ii. 240; the obverse side of a coin, the other side having a cross.

Hence the game of crosse and pyle was equivalent to our "heads and tails."
pill, i. 314; to plunder.
pilmyng, i. 374; plundering.
pillour, i. 306; a pillow.
pine, i. 77, ii. 251; pain, punishment.
pined, i. 318; pyned, ii. 267; pynnyd, i. 389; tormented, punished.
pipoudris, i. 409; courts of pipoudre held at fairs and markets for the speedy trial of offences occurring there.
pirth, i. 393; peeps, watches.
pistles, ii. 63; epistles.
pitaile, i. 76; foot soldiers.
piteouse, pitevous, ii. 189; lamentable.
pyteuxly, ii. 267; piteously.
playn, ii. 152, 269; even, level.
plain, ii. 13; simple, candid.
playne, i. 64; abundant (?).
plasmacion, i. 275; make, formation.
plate, i. 76; mail, armour.
pleasaunce, ii. 254; pleasure.
pliche, ii. 8; pleyen, i. 77; pleyne, i. 376; to complain.
pleysaunce, ii. 181; pleasure, thynges of pleysaunce, ornamental objects.
plenili, ii. 89; fully.
pleasand, i. 265; pleasing, agreeable.
plenteous, plenteouse, ii. 188, 212; productive, producing plenty, abundant.
plenteousnesse, ii. 242; abundance.
plete, i. 305, 410; to plead, to argue.
plewe, i. 389; plume.
plit, ii. 13; plight.
pyles, i. 399; pleats.
plomayle, i. 381; feathers, plumage.
pocys, ii. 139; poyn't-makers, ii. 160; makers of the points, or laces, with which the hose were fastened.
pokes, i. 332; sleeves.
pol, i. 389; the head.
poleyn, ii. 213; a poleyn steede, may mean either a young steed, or a Polish steed.
polled, i. 79; shorn, shaved.
poopeholy, ii. 251, pretending to great holiness.
porayle, ii. 285; the poor classes of society.
port, i. 329; bearing.
portred, i. 307; pictured.
possessioners, i. 267; persons endowed with land, referring here apparently to the monks, in contradistinction to the friars.
postilles, ii. 44; apostles.
pogue, i. 276; a pouch.
poure, ii. 249; power.
poure, i. 372; to porce.
pover, i. 66; poor.
povert, i. 270; poverty.
powch, i. 274; a purse, a pouch.
powchers, ii. 109; makers of pouches.
power, ii. 25; poor.
praptyk, ii. 241; perhaps for practyk, or practice.
pray, i. 314; prey (?).
prease, ii. 33; to urge, to press.
prease, i. 303; prison (?).
precith, i. 393; presseth.
GLOSSARY AND INDEX

preffe, ii. 161; proof.
preifs, i. 369; proofs, experience.
preysing, i. 374; appraising, fixing a value on.
presciousitee, ii. 68; value, preciousness.
presse, i. 61; press, crowd.
preseyn, ii. 247; press (?).
presse, i. 401; to push.
presse, i. 250.
prest, i. 226, 326; ready.
prest, i. 71; pressed, in haste.
prevayle, ii. 285 (?).
prevy, ii. 285; private.
preve, i. 372; to prove.
price, ii. 198; a prize.
pvoke, i. 62; pryke, ii. 208; to ride.
prignant, ii. 227; pregnant (?).
prynte, i. 385; impression (?).
prise, i. 59; ii. 14, 63; praise, value.
privyng, ii. 85; depriving.
privyte, ii. 75; privacy.
procurateur, i. 326; a proctor, an attorney.
procure, ii. 34; to act by procuration.
proesse, ii. 200; prowess.
prophete, i. 412; profit.
propurtés, i. 394; peculiarities, characteristics.
prove, i. 76; to try.
puiusance, i. 181; power.
puit, i. 215; put.
pulter, i. 389; poultry (?).
pupel, ii. 41; people.
pure, i. 391; poor.
purrelle, i. 389; the common people, the poor.
purree, i. 312; whoredom.
puttocke, i. 344; a kite (the bird).

Q.
quen, i. 334; ingenious, quaint.
quintise, i. 322; cunning.
queme, i. 400; qweene, ii. 142; to please.
quenisse, i. 385, 400; cunning, artfulness.
querele, ii. 14; the complaint.
quic, ii. 74; alive.
quicke, i. 326; alive.
quite, ii. 12; requisite.
quite, i. 78; quit, relieved of.
quok, i. 251; quaked.
quell, qwell, ii. 61, 70; to kill.
qwen, i. 275; when.
qwere, i. 273; ware, beware of.
qwere, i. 274; where.

R.
rabeyn, i. 388; rapine.
rache, ii. 225; a scenting hound.
rachesede, ii. 187; carelessness. Apparently miswritten by the scribe for rachetsede.
rad, ii. 132; read (part.)
ratle, i. 373; taken from you, reft.
ragmanne, ii. 228; a catalogue or inventory.
ray, i. 398; array.
rayed, i. 397; arrayed.
rayke, i. 264; to wander about.
railed, i. 69; set, placed.
ranes, ii. 65; snot.
rape, i. 82; a rope.
rapely, i. 74, 369; quickly, hastily.
OF OBSCURE ENGLISH WORDS. 329

rascaile, i. 386; rasskayle, 387; raskalle, ib.; the lower orders.
rasyd, ii. 108; erased, diminished.
rasith, ii. 92; eraseth, defaceth.
ratele, ii. 64; to rattle out, to talk loudly and inconsiderately.
rathly, i. 77; speedily.
ratyn, ii. 110.
rault, ii. 211; reached.
rannsound, i. 323; ransomed, fleeced.
ravinour, i. 326; a plunderer.
raw, i. 69; a row, a rank.
realles, i. 378; royals (regales).
reamys, ii. 132; realms.
rebellious, ii. 270; rebels.
recchith, i. 397; care, reck.
reccheless, ii. 133; reckless.
reclayme, i. 390; brought back, a term in falconry.
reconire, ii. 249; recover.
reconre, ii. 269; to recover.
red, rede, i. 218, 252; to counsel, to advise.
rede, ii. 8; a reed.
rede, i. 63; counsel.
redeles, i. 373; counsel-less, unadvised.
redely, i. 371, 383; readily.
redles, i. 73; unadvised, foolish.
redlyd, ii. 217; twisted.
reden, i. 376; rode.
reed, i. 398; counsel.
reelvelle, i. 413; revel.
refrert, ii. 211; the burthen of a song.
regaliche, ii. 196; royally.
regalie, ii. 4; regalye, ii. 142; royalty, royal position.
regnge, i. 74; right.
regue, i. 266; to reign.
regne, ii. 167; a kingdom.
royk, ii. 73; course, fling.
reynebowe, i. 404; the rainbow.
reys, ii. 175.
reisin, ii. 109; raise.
rejoise, ii. 254; to enjoy; rejoisyng, ii. 144; enjoying.
reles, ii. 47; release.
reme, ii. 282; realm.
rememorance, ii. 242; remembrance, mindfulness.
remene, i. 216; to call to mind (?).
remervyd, ii. 123; removed.
remossayles, ii. 220; remnant.
ren, i. 73; to run.
renyd, ii. 77; ruined.
renk, i. 381; a man.
renne, i. 383; to run; ii. 132; run (participle). rennen, ii. 74; they run. rennyng, ii. 276; running.
renomed, ii. 133; renowned.
rent, i. 73.
renue, ii. 75; be restored.
root, i. 413; riot, disorder.
repreff, i. 371; reproof.
repreve, i. 402; to reprove.
rere, ii. 246; to raise.
remayn, i. 406; bats.
ereth, ii. 244; raiseth.

rerewarde, ii. 57; the rear-guard of an army.
resayvid, ii. 274; received.
resceyte, i. 385; receipt.
rese, i. 76; lauting (?).
reste, ii. 252; dwelling place.
resteined, ii. 14; retained (?). Perhaps it should be read received.
restid, ii. 278; arrested.
restore, i. 390;
retch, ii. 33; care, reck.
retourned, ii. 268; brought back again.
roff, i. 404; roof, vault.
romee, ii. 90; roar (?).
ronnon, i. 364; run.
rood, i. 311; roode, ii. 127; across.
roother, i. 216; a rudder.
roseers, ii. 210; rose trees.
rote, ii. 221; a musical instrument resembling the hurdy-gurdy.
rotus, i. 387; roots.
rought, ii. 269; recked, cared.
rouz't, i. 366;
rouz'te, i. 396; rout.
routine, i. 380; to whisper.
route, ii. 246; to go in company on foot.
route, ii. 167; assemble.
routus, i. 374; routs.
rozen, i. 343; riven, separated.
rovers, ii. 164; robbers on the sea, pirates.
rowyn, ii. 284;
rownde, ii. 193; encircling. This "rounde see, this sea round us.
rowners, i. 271; whisperers.
rowte, i. 225, ii. 180; a company, a crowd.
rugh-fute, i. 62; rough-footed.
rumbelynge, ii. 276; tumult.

S.
sacrynge, ii. 234; the consecration of the host.
sadde, ii. 47; serious.
sadly, ii. 38; seriously.
saff, i. 373; safe.
saff, i. 374; save.
sayle, i. 216; to assail.
saine, i. 61; to say.
sakles, i. 61; blameless, guiltless.
sale, i. 75; shall.
sal, i. 307;
sall, i. 73; shall.
saltou, i. 88; shalt thou.
salve, i. 70; to save.
sample, ii. 243; example.
sand, ii. 6; the act of sending, a message.
sape, i. 265; soap.
sare, i. 59; sore.
sary, i. 60; sore.
sarri, i. 218;
satyllyn, ii. 81; settle (?)..
sauere, i. 371; know (?)
sauf, ii. 243; save.
sauf, ii. 8; saved, safe.
sauf, ii. 6; safe, possessing safety.
saul, i. 63; saule, i. 266; the soul.
sawd, ii. 94; payment, hire.
sawe, i. 70, 86, ii. 182; a saying, a report.
sawis, i. 402, ii. 401; sayings.
sawte, ii. 277, 278; an assault.
sawtid, ii. 278; assaulted.
scant, ii. 189; to become scanty, to fail.
sacleerie, ii. 19; a scapulary, part of the ecclesiastic dress.
sathe, i. 265; loss.
schae, i. 67; to shake.
schad, ii. 7; shed.
schawes, i. 89; woods.
sched, i. 252; the division of the hair on the top of the head.
schedde, ii. 8; shed.
scheltron, i. 71; schilteroun, i. 72; a squadron or division of soldiers.
schende, i. 73; to destroy.
schene, i. 71; bright.
schent, i. 225; ruined, destroyed.
schermyn, ii. 285; shear-men, those who shear the cloth.
schew, i. 415; show.
schew, i. 394, 413; appear.
schides, ii. 53; planks.
schiperd, i. 84; shepherd.
schone, ii. 251; shoes.
schope, ii. 63; created.
schoppe, i. 403; to chop.
schorned, i. 404; scorned.
schour, i. 216; shower.
schour, ii. 268; shrowe, i. 85; battle, conflict.
schrapid, i. 394; scraped, scratched.
schrevys, i. 413; sheriffs.
schrewed, i. 392; cursed.
schrive, i. 88; confess thyself.
schoff, i. 388;
schroup, i. 388;
scole, ii. 43; school.
scomferture, ii. 278; discomfiture.
scoirte, i. 401; scorn.
scredes, ii. 252; shreds, alluding to the cutting and jagging of the cloth in dresses of that period.
scrowe, ii. 165, 192; a writing, a scroll.
se, i. 63; the sea.
se, i. 378; a seat, a see.
seche, i. 392; to seek.
see, i. 410; a seat.
seggist, ii. 72; speakest.
sey, ii. 124; saw.
seie, i. 215; to say.
seye, i. 215; seen.
seije, i. 216; seen.
seintis, i. 398; girdles.
seyn, ii. 17, 181; they say.
seyne, ii. 179; to see.
seist, ii. 49; speakest.
seke, ii. 125; sick.
seker, i. 321; sure.
sekir, ii. 243; sure, certain.
sectouthe, i. 368; strange, wonderful.
sect, ii. 125; time.
scilde; i. 394; seldom.
sely, ii. 109; simple.
selle, ii. 185;
sembland, i. 78; like.
semblé, ii. 125; an assembly, a meeting together (here, in shock of battle).
semlled, i. 369; assembled.
ser, i. 60; since.
ser, ii. 9; see.
seniores, ii. 42; censors.
sendal, ii. 68; a sort of valuable cloth or silk.
sene, ii. 133; see.
semen, i. 86; since, afterwards.
seo, i. 250, &c.; see.
sere, i. 365; dry, withered.
sere, i. 86; several.
servantes, i. 70; servants.
serpentli, ii. 49; treacherously, like a serpent.
serteyne, ii. 152; certain; a serteyne, in certain, for certain.
served, ii. 12; preserved.
servid, i. 381; deserved.
sesid, ii. 278; stopped.
sesse, ii. 104; cease.
severe, ii. 209; to separate.
sewde, ii. 278; seuyd, ii. 279; issued.
sewe, ii. 228; sue.
sewis, i. 310; follows.
shadwe, ii. 216; shade, shadow.
shede, i. 311; separate.
shende, i. 344, ii. 183; to ruin, to destroy.
shendship, ii. 45; shenshepe, i. 405; shenshippe, ii. 227; ruin, destruction.
shene, ii. 218; bright, shining.
shent, i. 269; shente, ii. 187; ruined, destroyed, lost.
shenpen, ii. 76; a sheep-cot.
sherish, ii. 188; shires.
showyng, ii. 109; offering.
shipun, ii. 72; a sheep-cot.
shone, i. 266; shoes.
show, i. 317; a shoe.
shryfe, i. 265; to shrive.
shryffe, ii. 207; confess.
shrift, ii. 22; confession.
shrift-fathers, ii. 22; confessors.
shuldke, ii. 244; shield.
sibbe, ii. 70; kindred.
sibbe, i. 392; kin, relation.
sicery, ii. 49; surely.
siche, ii. 67; such.
sydus, i. 277; sides.
sie, i. 327; to see.
sigh, ii. 146; saw.
signement, ii. 147; assignment, assignment.
syked, ii. 205; sighed.
siker, i. 217; sure, secure.
sykerliche, i. 252; surely.
sykernessye, ii. 241; certainty.
sympylle, ii. 284; in the sense of small.
synder, i. 216; sunder; in synder, asunder.
syngyne, i. 270; to sing.
sir, i. 378, 379; a lord.
sit, ii. 5; becomes.
sitee, ii. 187; situation (?).
sytes, i. 268; sits.
sith, i. 374; a sight.
sith, ii. 22; since.
OF OBSOLETE ENGLISH WORDS.

sythenné, i. 225; since, afterwards.
sitte, ii. 5; becomes.
sitting, i. 393; incubation.
skall, i. 311; seab.
skamonye, ii. 173; scarnony, a
plant used in medicine.
skathed, i. 385; injured.
skere, i. 333.
skylle, i. 385, ii. 188. skil, ii. 42;
reason, knowledge; can thereone
no skylle, are quite ignorant in
the matter.
sklandir, ii. 219; slender.
skood, ii. 219.
skry, ii. 154; cry.
skrith, i. 71; to escape (?).
slake, ii. 206; to desist, to cease.
slake, ii. 10; to be extinguished.
saken, i. 86; to assuage, to quench.
slavelyn, i. 404; a sort of mantle.
slawe, ii. 235; slain.
slecn, ii. 134; to slay.
sleight, ii. 13; trickery, deception.
slen, ii. 10; to slay.
slet, ii. 112; slunk.
sleth, ii. 7; slayeth.
slew, i. 345; probably a misprint of
the black-letter edition for *flew,*
i.e. put them to flight.
slewy, i. 273; sleeves.
slyndynge, ii. 182; slipping.
slike, i. 59, 60; such.
slite, i. 335.
sloade, i. 404; slideth.
slogh, i. 64; sloke, i. 225; slouz, i.
216; slew.
slaughke, sloughte, ii. 187; sloth.
slowh, ii. 13; he slew.
slove, ii. 8; slew.
slugly, ii. 203; sluggishly.
smacchith, ii. 64; smacks, tastes of.
smere, i. 325; to smear, to daub
over.
smorthering, ii. 54; smothering.
Perhaps a mere error of the
scribe.
snaper, i. 88; to stumble.
snarre, ii. 55; to ensnare.
sneak-drawers, ii. 98; lifters of
latches.
snell, i. 70; quick.
snowerie, ii. 111.
ssoffrin, ii. 10; suffer.
ssofferen, ii. 206; sovereign.
ssofte, ii. 8; mild.
soget, i. 272, ii. 192; subject.
sole, ii. 38; to assail, to absolve.
sojournant, i. 327; a sojourner.
soleyne, i. 415; sullen, or solemn.
somen, ii. 89; to summon.
somere, i. 380; summer.
sompne, i. 330; to summon.
somnour, i. 313; the officer who
cited offenders before the consis-
tory court.
sonde, i. 370, ii. 202; that which is
sent, a message. sondias, i. 413;
messages.
sonder, i. 268; to separate; *make
ham to sonder,* disperse them.
sondrid, i. 388; separated.
song, i. 267; singing.
songen, i. 79; sung.
sonne, ii. 178, 196; the sun.
sool, ii. 103; soole, ii. 190; sole,
single.
sore, ii. 190; sorrow.
sorrowen, ii. 7; lament over.
sorwunye, ii. 40; lamenting.
sotelté, ii. 175; subtlety.
sotehe, i. 266; truth.
sotil, ii. 85; subtle.
sottell, ii. 273; subtle.
souketh, ii. 174; sucks.
soukle, i. 304; to absorb moisture(?); said of bad seed
soule, i. 376.
soun, ii. 219; sound, voice.
soupe, i. 337; sup.
sourdid, i. 368; proceeded.
soure, i. 269; sourly.
sowed, i. 70; repented (?).
sowkid, i. 412; sucked, drunk in.
sowters, ii. 109; cobblers.
sowth, ii. 284; sought.
sparris, ii. 77; rafters, beams.
spas, i. 252; space.
specialis, i. 276; sweethearts.
specionus, ii. 98; beautiful.
sypse, i. 265; spice.
spokeles, ii. 222; destitute of spokes.
spone, i. 273; spun.
sporys, i. 275; spurs.
stable, ii. 8; to strengthen.
stable, i. 373, 404; to become strong, or firm.
stakerth, ii. 40; staggers.
stalle, i. 389; stole.
standen, ii. 202; to be arrested, to become stationary, not progressing.
stanse, i. 62; stone.
stant, passim; stands.
stappis, ii. 102; steps.
stare, ii. 215; the starling.
stareand, i. 64; staring.
sted, i. 252; stede, i. 63, 76; ii. 14; steedes, i. 304; place.
steeris, i. 405; oxen.
steffly, ii. 239; stiffly, firmly.
steekn, ii. 97; to bar the door, to shut out.
stelen, i. 386; stole.
stended, ii. 80; stinted, limited.
sterching, ii. 50; starching.
stere, ii. 6, 170; to stir.
stere, ii. 10; a steersman.
stere, ii. 125; stout, strong.
steren, i. 62; stern.
sterynge, ii. 185; stirring.
stern, i. 64; a star.
sterne, i. 304; fierce.
styde, i. 365; place.
stiede, ii. 204; mounted.
stiel, ii. 133; style.
stiere, ii. 10; to steer.
stiere, ii. 10; a steersman.
stiff, i. 398; firm, strong.
stylle, i. 394; to become strong, or firm.
stiffnesse, i. 405; strength, rigidity.
stigh, ii. 9; mounted, ascended.
stile, ii. 171; steel.
stille, i. 269; quietly.
stint, i. 71; put an end to.
stynted, i. 386; desisted, ceased.
stirid, i. 379; stirred.
stirt, i. 90; started, rushed.
stonde, ii. 111; stoned.
stonden, ii. 241; to stand.
stony, ii. 200; am astonished, am confounded.
stonayed, i. 386; astonished.
stont, i. 365; stands.
stopen, ii. 178; stop, hinder.
stound, ii. 72, 304; a moment, a period of time; in a stound, at once.
stour, 216; battle.
stoute, ii. 196; strongly, powerfully.
stownde, ii. 125; time, moment.
stowre, i. 61; fight, battle.
strayth, i. 275; straight, tight.
strake, i. 416; a stroke.
strate, i. 74; street or road (?).
streche, ii. 180; to go, to hasten.
strenkith, i. 89; strength,
strenuité, ii. 200; courage, force of
character.
strevyn, i. 83; striven.
stri, i. 405; to destroy. stried, i. 381;
destroyed.
strive, i. 71; strife.
stryve, ii. 6; to make strife.
strove, i. 398; stroy, i. 64; to
destroy. stroyed, i. 385; de-
stroyed.
stronc, i. 401; to rant.
stroncers, i. 406; ranters.
strontyng, i. 397, 398; strontynge, 400; ranting.
strownyn, ii. 110; strew, scatter,
sturte, i. 330; struggle (?).
sudite, ii. 197; subjected.
subies, ii. 196; subjects.
subit, ii. 9; subject.
sufferayn, ii. 208; sovereign.
sugre, ii. 145; to sugar, to sweeten.
suld, i. 63; should.
summyse, ii. 227; subject.
supflue, ii. 70; superfluous.
supplusage, ii. 283; surplus.
surquedous, ii. 213; arrogant.
surreccion, ii. 247; insurrection.
sustryn, ii. 209; sisters.
suwt, ii. 107; follows.
swa, i. 266; so.
swage, i. 218; to diminish.
swayne, ii. 228; swan (?).
swche, i. 278; such.
swelt, i. 89; died.
swych, passim; such.
swink, i. 69; swynk, ii. 154; to
labour.
swire, i. 82, 341; neck.
swith, i. 71; quick.
swyth, i. 394; quickly, imme-
diately.
swoch, i. 271; such.
swole, ii. 230; sold,
swot, ii. 51; sweet.

T.
tabide, i. 327; to abide.
tables, ii. 24; tablets, table-books.
taburns, i. 87; tabors, drums.
taille, ii. 70; cutting, fashion.
take, i. 314; to give.
tale, ii. 73; count.
taliage, ii. 79; the king's tax.
tappe, ii. 95; to draw and sell ale.
tapsteres, ii. 95; ale-wives.
tarage, ii. 141; the flavour or cha-
acter of a thing.
tarette, i. 65; a sort of ship, per-
haps a large vessel with a tower.
targe, i. 217; a shield.
tary, ii. 166; delay.
telde, i. 388; told.
tempred, ii. 5; moderated, tem-
pered.
tene, i. 71; ii. 125; grief, sorrow,
affliction.
tene, i. 224; to afflict, to grieve.
tenet, afflicts. tenyd, i. 395;
injured, hurt.
tent, ii. 227; attend to, pay atten-
tion to.
tent, i. 384; tente, 385; extent.
GLOSSARY AND INDEX

tents, i. 339; tenths, tithes.
tentze, ii. 12; the game of tennis.
temyne, ii. 144; to end, to determine.
terre, ii. 171; tar.
teschne, ii. 6; to eschew.
thanne, ii. 41; not for thanne, nevertheless.

the, passim; for they.
the, ii. 159; to flourish, to thrive.
thee, i. 313, ii. 180; to thrive, to flourish.
thefly, ii. 60, by theft.
thayle, ii. 182(?).
thende, ii. 12; the end.
thenke, i. 216, 268; to seem, to appear; me thenkes, it seems to me.

there, passim; their.
thilke, ii. 37; that.
thychnith, i. 397; appears; me thychnith, it seems to me.

thir; those.
thof, i. 265; though.
tholde, ii. 9; the old.
thonekyld, ii. 281; thought.
thorrowgylde, ii. 194; through.
thorwe, i. 394; through.
thought, ii. 182; tough.
thred, ii. 268; third.
three, i. 252; three.
throff, i. 398; throwe.
thoughte, ii. 241; truth.
throwe, i. 199; space of time.
thurgh, ii. 5; through.
tyde, i. 59, 269; time.
tyde, ii. 249; happen.
tiffelers, i. 309; busybodies.
tight, i. 72; turned (?).
til, i. 250; till, i. 58; tille, i. 264; to.
tille, ii. 83; to entice, to draw.
tillers, i. 376; tillers, husbandmen.
timber, i. 72; destruction.
tymed, i. 395.
tyne, i. 88; to lose.
tint, i. 79; lost.
tyrie, i. 48.
tithandes, i. 64; tiding.
tyheth, ii. 50; taketh tithes.
tobarst, i. 251; burst to pieces.
tobrake, ii. 10; broken.
tobroke, ii. 10; broken to pieces.
todongin, i. 79; knocked to pieces.
todrawe, i. 341, ii. 235; torn to pieces.
tofalle, ii. 7; cuts off, crops (?).
tofore, ii. 10; before.
toforme, ii. 137; before.
toke, i. 268, ii. 165; gave; toke ham to the devel ychone, gave them all to the devil.
tole, i. 314; toll.
tole, i. 331; a tool, an instrument.
toleyde, ii. 240; to put forward.
toll, i. 395; collected, took toll of (?).
too, ii. 158, et passim; two.
toon, ii. 106; the one.
toothir, ii. 147; the other.
topull, i. 308; pull to pieces.
toarse, i. 342; annihilate (?).
torent, ii. 219; rent to pieces, or greatly rent.
torne, ii. 162; turn.
toseed, ii. 161; picked, pulled, as wool, &c. A term used among clothiers.
tote, i. 305; to spy.
totere, i. 311; to tear to pieces.
tothrete, i. 218; to threaten violently.
OF OBSOLETE ENGLISH WORDS.

tótoré, ii. 239; torn to pieces.
tóurn, i. 340; to turn.
tóückers, ii. 285; a class of dyers.
tray, i. 322; to betray.
tray, i. 72, ii. 125; grief, sorrow.
traylíd, i. 376; trellis-worked (?).
traîné, i. 322; they betray.
traîs, i. 79; betray.
traîëste, i. 68; to trust.
traîtorie, ii. 28; treason.
traînest, i. 265; tricks, stratagems.
traîvayle, i. 218; to labour.
traîvainle, i. 336; laboured.
traîvelle, i. 371; to labour.
traîvell, ii. 23; labour.
traîvell, ii. 27; to labour.
traîfet, i. 376.
traîget, i. 79; deceit, imposition.
traîmelyng, ii. 276; trembling.
trentell, ii. 21; trentel, 81; a service of thirty masses for the dead.
traîst, l. 79; trust.
traîtes, i. 307; treats (?).
traîy, i. 72; vexation.
traîcie, i. 388; a remedy, medicine.
traîfflour, i. 397; a trifler (?).
 trìsti, i. 385; trusty.
 trìstith, i. 404; trust.
 tròmpes, i. 87; trumpets.
 tròper, ii. 43; one of the service books, the troparius.
 tròuble, ii. 131; troubled, disturbed.
tròught, ii. 163, 195; truth.
tróowist, ii. 68; believest thou.
tróowyth, i. 271; truth.
trúmp, i. 69; a trumpet.
trúmp, i. 70; to blow the trumpet.
trúse, i. 264, 326; to pack up and depart, to pack off.
turbit, ii. 173.

VOL. II.

tormontour, i. 397; an executioner.
twen, ii. 214; between.
twy, twey, ii. 42; two.
twynned, i. 404; parted, separated.
twynte, i. 395; a jot.

U.

úch, i. 216; each.
úmset, i. 77; surrounded.
úmstríde, i. 68; to encircle with the legs.
únbaility, ii. 134; inability, incapacity.
unboxom, ii. 42; disobedient.
úneod, i. 364; unknown.
underfogen, ii. 11; undertaken.
underlade, ii. 254; to lay under foot, to tread down.
undermyn, ii. 84; undermine.
undernome, ii. 22; to take up, to take to task.
undernomen, ii. 85; examined, accused.
understont, i. 327; understands.
unfraght, ii. 191; want of freight.
unhale, i. 74; diseased.
unhold, i. 317; faithless.
unkynedly, ii. 244; unnatural, contrary to the nature or profession of any one.
unkunning, ii. 36; want of knowledge. Used as an adjective on the next page.
unnoughtie, ii. 37; wanting power.
unneth, i. 215; hardly.
unpower, ii. 36; want of power.

Y
unsekeynesse, ii. 242; insecurity, uncertainty.
unsele, i. 85; unfortunate.
unsewyrr, ii. 241; insecure, uncertain.
unsiker, ii. 78; unsure.
unwarenesse, ii. 190; want of caution, imprudence.
up-so-down, ii. 217, 236; upside-down. This latter is apparently only a corruption of the older phrase.
ur, i. 215; our.
urniall, i. 313.
utterere, i. 403; further out.
utterne, ii. 175; they utter.
utterwarde, ii. 157; externally.
uvel, i. 225; evil.

V.
available, ii. 8; profitable.
vaire, i. 265; a sort of fur.
vantith, ii. 249; boasts, vaunts.
varioure, ii. 182; a warrior.
vauwarde, ii. 57; the van of an army.
venemed, ii. 244; poisoned.
venere, ii. 186; game, animals which were hunted.
vengeable, i. 328; revengeful.
venym, ii. 74; poison.
venyrsyne, ii. 267.
verrei, ii. 65; true,
verrie, ii. 167; for werrie, make war.
vierge, ii. 270; virgin.
vylis, ii. 249.
vyss, i. 278; vice.
voyd, ii. 287; avoid.
voidli, ii. 103; vainly.

W.
wadmole, ii. 160; a coarse woollen cloth.
wassore, ii. 174; a wasp (?)..
waginge, ii. 50; wagging, turning round.
wayke, i. 264; weak.
waykyer, ii. 276; the weaker.
waylyth, ii. 284; availeth.
waynyth, ii. 227; think, suppose (?)
wait, i. 60; to await (?)
wait, ii. 127; watch.
waite, i. 371, 372; to watch, to consider or think on, to pay attention to.
waited, ii. 10; watched, served.
wayne, i. 378; to remove (their fears).
wayne, ii. 276; to awake.
wakkin, i. 72, 86; to awaken.
waleway, i. 48; alas!
wall, i. 312; a well.
walmec, ii. 397; properly boiled up, agitated.
waltred, i. 390; weltered.
wallow, i. 374; wallowed.
wane, i. 65; plenty, frequency.
waniand, i. 70, 84, 87; the wane of the moon.
wane, i. 264, 377; won, redeemed.
wapin, i. 71; a weapon.
waphind, i. 67; armed, provided with weapons.
war, i. 59; were.
ware, i. 277. Perhaps on ware should be printed onware, in the sense of unawares.
ware, i. 275; to beware.
wared, ii. 244; expended.
warneid, ii. 192; warned.
warie, i. 399; to curse.
warned, i. 404; forbade. warned, ii. 4; refused.
wast, ii. 244; ruined.
wastable, ii. 173; subject to waste.
wat, i. 268; know.
wate, ii. 153; to watch.
wattis, i. 414; men of importance.
wauses, i. 216; waves.
wawlis, ii. 109; perhaps for waves.
waxen, i. 268; grown.
waxxs, i. 365; waxes, grows.
Weddis, i. 408; pledges.
Wedle, i. 71, 85; apparel, dress.
Wedle, i. 269; to go mad.
Wederes, ii. 44; has perhaps here the sense of tempests.
Wedir, i. 387; weather.
Weede, i. 397; dress.
Weet, ii. 17; know.
Wegges, ii. 171; wedges.
Weic, ii. 6; weighed.
Weythe, ii. 286; weight.
Welde, i. 366; to govern, to wield.
Welderis, ii. 78; possessors.
Wele, i. 63; weal, prosperity.
Welche, i. 62; well.
Wecleaway, ii. 112; an exclamation of lamentation.
Wecleful, i. 81; prosperous.
Wely, i. 267; prosperous, in good condition.
Weldith, i. 407; possesseth.
Welle, i. 218; a fountain.
Wenen, i. 267; suppose, think.
Wened, i. 64; though, expected.
Weonyge, ii. 166; supposing.
Went, i. 271; gone.
Weole, i. 250; weal, prosperity.
Weor, i. 218; were.
Wepeand, i. 82; weeping.
Were, ii. 44; to defend, to protect.
Were, i. 59; to make war.
Were, i. 77, 86; war; were man, a man of war.
Were, i. 215; to wear.
Weryne, ii. 152; were.
Wermode, ii. 52; wormwood.
Warned, ii. 5; refused.
Werre, ii. 194; spring, for verre.
Werred, ii. 189; expended.
Werrid, i. 369; made war.
Werrynge, ii. 183; making war.
Werreles, ii. 203; without war.
Werrys, ii. 183; warriors.
Werreoure, i. 199; a warrior.
Wescheth, ii. 53; screamed (?).
Wesshe, i. 387; to wash.
Weten, i. 329; they know.
Wex, ii. 163; wax.
Wexynge, ii. 143; growing.
Whore, i. 387; were.
Whete-yere, ii. 223; the wheatcar.
White, ii. 148; blame.
Whote, i. 89; knowest.
Wlate, i. 387; to loathe.
Wlysp, i. 185; to lispe.
Wy, i. 407; a man.
Wickett, i. 404; the gate.
Wiel, ii. 7; well.
Wyenges, i. 269; wings.
Wyght, i. 407; creature, wight.
Wight, i. 69, 85; active, nimble.
Wyghte, ii. 241; white.
Wyghtly, i. 268; nimbly, quickly.
Wyht, i. 250; a creature.
Wyle, i. 369; while.
Wyle, i. 273; will.
Wylis, i. 386; wiles, tricks.
Willerdome, ii. 247; witfulness (?).
wines, i. 306; to wish, to desire. wones, i. 266; dwellings, residence.
wynne, i. 266; to gain access to.
wynt, i. 216; wind.
wirch, ii. 4; to work. wirching, ii. 134; working.
wyrffolk, ii. 285; workmen, workfolk (?).
wyrrkyd, ii. 284; worked.
wyrlynge, ii. 187; wyssly, ii. 183; prudent.
wisith, ii. 226; shows, points out.
wisse, i. 310; warn.
wissen, i. 370; to teach, to warn.
wisten, i. 322; they knew.
wit, i. 70; to know.
wite, ii. 148; wyte, ii. 208; blame.
wynth, i. 364; for wight, active.
withholde, ii. 244; defended, protected against.
wythoutene, ii. 202; without (the prep.).
withsay, i. 321; to deny.
wyte, i. 377; to blame, to lay to one's blame.
witterly, i. 370, ii. 82; truly, certainly.
woday, i. 48; a day of woe (?).
wode, i. 74, ii. 167; mad, furious.
wolde, i. 218; to hold (?).
wolle, i. 273; wool. wollys, ii. 283; wools.
woltow, ii. 148; for wilt thou.
wombis, i. 391; bellies.
won, ii. 87; won, ii. 196; custom.
wonand, i. 74; dwelling, residing.
wonde, i. 84; stop, stay.
wonde, i. 216. If this be the correct reading, it may mean a club.
wonder, i. 250; wonderful.
wonder, i. 251; wonderfully.
wenen, i. 77; won.
wones, i. 266; dwellings, residence.
woneth, i. 377; dwell.
woning, i. 66, 89; dwelling, residence.
wonne, ii. 224; one.
wonnen, i. 267; to dwell. wonne, i. 388.
wonnen, i. 71; won, gained.
wonnynges, i. 270; dwelling places.
woo, i. 364; sorrow, sorrowful.
wood, i. 312; mad.
woode, ii. 180; woad.
woodnesse, ii. 55; madness.
woost, ii. 104; knowest.
worth, i. 62; ii. 249; be, become.
worthli, i. 71; worthy.
woost, i. 370; knew.
woves, i. 390; waves.
wowes, ii. 244; walls, more especially the walls of houses.
wox, i. 251; waxed, grew.
wrake, i. 252, 375; ii. 53; wraak, ii. 213; ruin, destruction, vengeance.
wrall, i. 314;
woeche, ii. 227; wrecce, i. 89; revenge.
wrenchis, ii. 48; stratagems, frauds.
wrye, i. 384; go aside.
wrynkels, ii. 45.
writhyn, ii. 90; to twist, wriggle.
wrritte, i. 370; a letter.
wro, i. 305; a corner.
wroken, i. 61; revenged.
wrote, i. 73; to root up, to overthrow.
wrowght, ii. 205; made, created.
wullus, i. 412; wools.
wun, i. 79; won.
wust, i. 337; protected (?).
Y.

Y, passim; I.
y, i. 365; high (?).
y, i. 276; they.
yafe, i. 324; gave.
yall, i. 315, 345; to yell.
yarne, i. 387; to desire eagerly.
yates, i. 305; gates.
yeve, ii. 25; to give.
yblowe, ii. 245; blown.
ycharchid, i. 403; charged.
ychone, i. 267; everyone.
yconyd, ii. 286; coined.
ydemed, i. 403; judged.
ydo, i. 391; done.
ydountid, i. 375; feared.
yef, i. 333; give.
yefts, ii. 27; gifts.
yeme, i. 378; to guide or rule.
yerles, i. 197; earles.
yever, ii. 25; a giver.
yfeyned, i. 371; figned.
yfourmed, ii. 43; informed.
ygon, i. 385; gone.
ygrave, i. 375; engraved, sculptured.
yheeded, i. 380; horned, headed.
yhelid, i. 402; covered, roofed.
yhotte, i. 403; hidden.
ykende, i. 319; known.
ykep, i. 365; kept.
yevelth, ii. 24; giveth.
ylafte, i. 413; left.
ylaunthe, i. 309, 409; caught.
ylyste, i. 373; listed, taken.
yloke, i. 375; locked.
yluggage, i. 409; pulled or lugged about.
ymagynyang, ii. 270; plotting.
ympe, i. 218; a sprout, a young sprig, a graft.
ympris, ii. 152.
ymummyd, i. 410; compelled to keep silence (?).
ynned, i. 398; harvested, brought in.
ynnere, i. 401; further in.
ynowe, i. 386; enough.
yois, i. 272; pleasure, enjoyment.
yoven, ii. 140; given.
ypynned, i. 388; fledged, penned.
ypassid, i. 381; past.
yrent, i. 311; torn.
ysoupid, i. 414; supped.
ytakyn, i. 387; taken, caught.
ytemprid, i. 374; mixed, tempered.
ytor, i. 366; torn.
ywys, i. 365; truly, surely.
yworeid, i. 395; worried.
ywounded, i. 403; wrapped, enveloped.
ywroghte, ii. 284; made.
INDEX.
INDEX.

A.

Aiſe, John of, i. 71.
Albermarle, the earl of Rutland made duke of, i. 461.
Aldgate, London, attacked unsuccessfully by the followers of the bastard of Fauconberg, ii. 278.
Angely, Girard or Gerald, one of the commanders in the army sent to support Peter the Cruel, i. 106.
Anne of Bohemia, her marriage with Richard II. i. 458.
description of her, i. 286.
Armagh, Richard Fitz-Ralph, archbishop of, i. 259, 269.
Artois, Robert of, i. 2.
his vow, i. 8.
Arundel, Richard Fitz-Alan, earl of, beheaded, i. 364, 392, 427, 430.
Thomas Fitz-Alan, earl of, restored, i. 446.
William Fitz-Alan, earl of, ii. 223.
Asaph, Thomas, bishop of, ii. 233.
Aston, Sir John, one of the commanders in Calais in 1436, ii. 133.
Audenam, d', i. 95.
Aznincourt, battle of, i. 123, 127.

B.

Badding, John, i. 71.
Badges, signs, &c.—cont.

boure, Edward III., i. 27, 28, 30, et passim.
boar, the earl of Devon, ii. 223.
boar, the earl of Oxford, i. 420.
bull, Edward III., i. 137.
cart, the duke of Buckingham, ii. 222.
cough, Trevislan, ii. 223.
cock, Edward the Black Prince, i. 203, 204.
colt, Thomas Fitz-Alan, i. 392.
conduit, lord Norris, ii. 222.
cresset, the earl of Exeter, ii. 221.
dog, Talbot earl of Shrewsbury, ii. 222, 224.
eagle, Edward III., i. 41, 46.
eagle, duke of Lancaster, i. 364, 380.
eagle, king Henry VI., ii. 223.
falcon, the duke of Lancaster, i. 389.
falcon, Richard duke of York, ii. 223.
feather and crown, the earl marshal, i. 419.
fetterlocks, the prior of St. John's, ii. 223.
fisher, lord Fauconberg, ii. 222.
foxe, the duke of Suffolk, ii. 224.
greyhound, the Beauforts, i. 386.
horse, the earl of Arundel, i. 364, 392, 419.
leopard, Edward III., i. 27, 31, 89.
lily, the king of France, i. 89.
lily, Daniel, ii. 222.
lon, Philippe king of France, i. 41.
nill-sail, lord Willoughby, ii. 222.
porcullis, the earl of Somerset, ii. 221.
"rore," the duke of Bedford, ii. 231.
sun, king Richard II., i. 419.
INDEX.

Badges, signs, &c.—cont.
swan, Thomas of Woodstock, duke of Gloucester, i. 362, 399, 419.
swan, Humphrey Plantagenet duke of Gloucester, ii. 221.
water-bouget, lord Bourchier, ii. 223.
white hart, the earl of Arundel, ii. 223.
white lion, the duke of Norfolk, ii. 222.
wheat ear, the earl of Exeter, ii. 223.
wine bottle, —, ii. 223.
Bagot, Sir William, i. 363, 367, 450, 462.
Balares, islands, derivation of the name, i. 107.
Balle, John, the insurgent in the reign of Richard II., i. 231, 235.
Balliol, Edward, i. 83.
obtains the crown of Scotland, i. 142, 454.
his government, i. 178.
John de, king of Scotland, i. 454.
Bannockburn, battle of, i. 61, 132.
Barnet, master Richard, ii. 177.
battle of, ii. 274, 275.
Beauchamp, John lord, beheaded, i. 423.
Richard, i. 364.
Beaufort, Cardinal, the Libel of English Policy addressed to him, ii. 157, 205.
his death, ii. 221.
Beaumont, John de, i. 17, 20, 221.
John lord, lord constable of England, ii. 223.
Berwick taken by the Scots, i. 176, 177.
recovered, i. 178.
taken by the Scots and recovered, i. 457.
taken and recovered again, i. 458.
Bedford, John Plantagenet duke of, regent of France, ii. 132.
his victory at sea, ii. 199.
his death, ii. 221.
Bishopsgate, London, ii. 278.
Blois, Charles of, i. 150, 163, 176, 178.
Bohemia, king of, i. 18, 78, 456.
killed in the battle of Crescy, i. 36, 139, 157.
its articles of commerce, ii. 171.
Bolingbroke Castle, the birthplace of Henry IV., i. 99.
Botlier, killed in the battle of Sluys, i. 436.
Bourbon, duke of, made prisoner at Azincourt, ii. 126.
Bourchier, Henry lord, ii. 223.
Sir William, ii. 126.
Brabant, its articles of commerce, ii. 180.
Brambel, Nicholas, lord mayor of London, hanged, i. 423.
Briddington, John of, his prophecies, and account of him, i. 123.
Bristol, a trade with Ireland established there at the beginning of the reign of Henry VI., ii. 191.
Brittany, the wars of, i. 150.
its articles of commerce, ii. 164.
celebrated for its rovers or pirates, ib.
Bruce, Robert, i. 47.
David, king of Scotland, taken prisoner at Neville’s Cross, i. 41, 46, 83, 86, 157, 456.
disgraceful anecdote of his infancy, i. 46.
his scandalous life, i. 141, 143.
obtains peace with England, i. 188.
Bruges, the “stapel” of Flanders, ii. 160.
Buckingham, Thomas of Woodstock made earl of, i. 457.
his expedition into France, ib.
accompanies his brother to Scotland, i. 458.

Humphrey de Stafford duke of, ii. 222.
Burgundy, Philip duke of, absent from the battle of Azincourt, ii. 124.
John duke of, murdered by the dauphin, ii. 134, 149.
Philip duke of, supports the English title to France, ii. 136.
song against him on his defection from the English alliance, ii. 148.
his relations with the king of Scotland, ii. 150.
his expedition against Calais, ii. 152, 170.
Barley, Richard de, i. 109.
Simon de, beheaded, i. 422, 160.
INDEX.

Bury St. Edmund's, prior of, slain by the insurgents, *temp.* Richard II., i. 458.
Bushey, Sir John, i. 363, 367, 388, 436, 444, 462.

C.

C. Caen taken by the English, i. 155.
Calais, siege of, by Edward III., i. 80, 158, 159, 221, 456; ii. 198.
feeling of the French in regard to the English occupation, i. 301.
siege of, by the duke of Burgundy, ii. 151, 198.
relieved by the duke of Gloucester, ii. 156, 170.
the emperor Sigismund's opinion of its importance, ii. 158.
on the necessity of securing it, ii. 192.
Calet or Calot, Laurence, author of a treatise on the English title to the crown of France, ii. 133, 138, 139.
Caletroplia, baron of, i. 121.
Calverley, Hugh de, i. 107, 118, 121, 457.
Camois, lord, one of the commanders at Calais in 1436, ii. 153.
Canterbury, archbishop of, Simon de Sudbury, slain by the Kentish insurgents, i. 293, 457.
poem on that event, i. 227.
Henry Chicheley, officiated at the coronation of Henry VI., ii. 147.
Thomas de Arundel deposed and banished by Richard II., i. 425, 427, 434.
restored, i. 446.
returns with the duke of Lancaster to England, i. 462.
Thomas Bourchier, archbishop of, ii. 255.
Capet, Hughes, legends relating to him, i. 33.
Carlisle, Nicholas Close, bishop of, ii. 234.

Cavendish, Sir John, chief justice, slain by the insurgents under Richard II., i. 457.
Chandos, John, i. 95, 106, 118.
Charles, king of France, i. 35.
Charles VI., king of France, his acknowledgment of the English title, ii. 136.
his death, ii. 138.
Charles VII., king of France, ii. 130.
Cheap (Cheapside), i. 290, 398.
Chebourg, bought of the king of Navarre, i. 457.
Chester, love of king Richard II. for, i. 461.
Chester, William Booth, bishop of, songs against him, ii. 225, 292.
Cheviot Hills, peculiarities of the, i. 188.
Chichester, bishop of, flies into exile, i. 421.
Christopher, the, captured by the French, i. 65.
Cirencester, insurrection against Henry IV. suppressed at, i. 451.
Clarence, Lionel duke of, son of Edward III., i. 25.
George Plantagenet, duke of, reconciled with his brother Edward IV., ii. 273.
enters London with his brother after the battle of Barnet, ii. 281.
Clement, pope, his partiality to the French, i. 155, 164, 221.
Clifford, i. 134.
Clifford, Lord, ii. 265.
Clinton, Sir William, i. 71.
Clovis, king of France, i. 32.
Cobham, John lord, imprisoned by Richard II., i. 425, 433.
recalled from exile, i. 446.
Copland, John, captures king David Bruce at Neville's Cross, i. 46, 85, 158.
Cosington, Stephen de, i. 106, 118.
Cotterwold, the wool trade connected with this district, ii. 174, 177.
Council of London in 1382, Latin song on the, i. 253.
E.

Earthquake of 1832, i. 250, 253, 254.

Easterlings (people of the Hanse Towns),
their articles of commerce, ii. 169.

Edgar, king, his policy for the protection of England within and without, ii.
193–198.

Edward II., king of England, his character,
i. 191.

the place and time of his birth, i. 132.
his disastrous wars with the Scots,
i. 182.
scandalous story relating to his birth,
i. 133.
his death, i. 136.

Edward III., vows to make war on France,
i. 6, 7.
expedition to Flanders, i. 24.
his virtues enumerated, i. 39, 40.
born at Windsor, i. 40.
his expeditions to Brabant, i. 63, 65,
455.
his sons, i. 96.
his character, i. 99.
place and date of his birth, i. 135.
how he obtained the kingdom, i. 135,
136.
character of, i. 137, et seq.
his Scottish wars, i. 141.
his sister married to David king of
Scotland, i. 141, 142.
his claims to the crown of France dis-
cussed, i. 144, et seq.
his first expedition to France, i. 147.
second expedition to France, i. 154.
his last expedition to France, i. 179.
English song on his death, i. 215.
Latin poem on the same subject, i. 219.
his piety, i. 220.
his accession to the throne, i. 454,
his death, i. 457.
his policy towards Brittany, ii. 165.
his care to be master of the sea, ii. 198.

Edward the Black Prince, his expedition
to Spain, i. 94, 97, 456.

D.

Daniel, ii. 222, 229, 234.

David, king of Scotland. See Brucc.

Derby, Henry Plantagenet, earl of, i. 10,
15, 151.

Henry Plantagenet, earl of, afterwards
Henry IV., i. 419.

banished by king Richard II., i. 437,
440, 441.

made duke of Hereford, i. 461.

Deschamps, Eustace, his poem on the
truce of 1394, i. 300.

Despencer, Thomas lord, his death, i. 451.

made earl of Gloucester, i. 461.

Despenser, Hugh de, father and son, i. 133,
134, 135, 136.

Devon, Thomas Courtenay, earl of, ii. 223.

Doncaster, John of, his bravery in the
siege of Guines, i. 90.

Dorset, John Beaufort, marquis of, i. 386.

Douglas, earl of, killed at Otterburn, i. 460.

Douglas, William, i. 49, 50.

Dover, its importance, ii. 158.

Dublin, duke of. See Vere.

Dudley, John de Sutton, baron of, a com-
mander in Calais, ii. 153.
one of the court party, ii. 234.

Dunbar, George earl of, i. 460.

Dundee, i. 60.

Dymock, Philip, champion at the corona-
tion of Henry VI., ii. 147.
Edward the Black Prince—cont.
his conduct in the battle of Najara, i. 114.
victor at Poitiers, i. 174, 456.
lamentation for, i. 220.
born, i. 455.
his death, i. 456.
succeeds his father as duke of York, and marches against the Lancastrians, ii. 263; and defeats them, 264, his claims to the crown, ii. 264, 265. praise of his government, ii. 265, 269. poem on his return from Flanders and recovery of the throne, ii. 271.
his triumphal entry into London after the battle of Barnet, ii. 279.
Egremont, Thomas Percy lord, ii. 255.
Elizabeth, queen of Edward IV., her reception of her husband after his victory at Barnet, ii. 281.
Elnham, Thomas of, account of him, ii. 118.
Enrique, don, king of Castile, i. 101, 121.
Erfhöm, John, i. 123.
Eppingham, Thomas, i. 126, 462.
Essex, Henry Bourchier, earl of, ii. 278.
Exeter, the earl of Huntingdon, made duke of, i. 461.
John Holland, duke of, his death, ii. 221, 223.

F.
Falkirk, battle of, i. 141.
Fauconberg, William Neville lord, ii. 222. the bastard of, his attack on London, ii. 277.
Faukemont, Jean de, i. 19.
Fay, Godemars de, i. 14.
Felton, William de, i. 110.
Ferrières, the baron de, slain at Najara, i. 115.
Ferrybridge, battle of, ii. 264.
Flanders, insurrection of the Flemings, i. 150. their character, i. 205.
its articles of commerce, ii. 160.

Flanders, Louis count of, i. 15.
slain at Crécy, i. 157.
count of, refuses king Edward's daughter, i. 161.
Flemings, fought against the English at Azincourt, ii. 127.
their contempt of the English, ii. 159.
Fleur-de-lis of France, legend of them, ii. 142.
Florentines, their articles of commerce, ii. 172.
Fois, the count de, i. 104.
France, arms of, assumed by Philippe de Valois, i. 26.
inventive against, ib.
epigram on the assumption of the arms of, by Henry VI., ii. 130.
metrical declaration of the English claims to the crown of, 131.
French, character of the, i. 153, 173, 174.
their sufferings under their king John, i. 173, 175.
assist the Scots, i. 459.
dispute between the Englishman and the Frenchman, i. 91.
verses against the English, and reply, ii. 127.
Friars, the mendicants, their character, i. 255. friars minors, i. 256, 268.
the grey friars, or Franciscans, i. 256.
pied friars, i. 262.
song against the friars, i. 263.
their conduct and opinions discussed popularly, ii. 16-114.
satire on them, ii. 249.
the Augustine friars in London, i. 430.

G.
Garter, order of the, established, i. 150.
Gaunt, John of, duke of Lancaster, i. 97.
Gaveston, Peter de, i. 133.
INDEX.

Genoese, their articles of commerce, ii. 172.
Gloucester, Thomas of Woodstock, duke of, murdered, i. 363, 392, 461.
arrested at Plessey and murdered at Calais, ii. 427, 428, 429.
Thomas of Woodstock made duke of, i. 459.
Humphrey Plantagenet, duke of, at Azincourt, ii. 125.
rescued Calais, ii. 156, 170.
his expedition into Flanders, ii. 168.
his death, ii. 221, 224, 268.
Richard Plantagenet, duke of, ii. 280.
Eleanor, duchess of, ballad on her condemnation and penance, ii. 205.
Gloucester, Hugh de Audley, earl of, i. 71.
Gloucester, lord Despenser made earl of, i. 461.
Gloucester, abbot of, ii. 232.
Godericus, i. 39.
Gold procured from Ireland, ii. 187.
Gower, John, poems by him, i. 346, 356, 360, 417; ii 1, 4.
Goydon, an opponent of the Wycliffites, i. 260.
Greene, Sir Henry, i. 363, 388, 436, 444, 462.
Groine, the, i. 112.
Gueelin, Bertrand du, i. 95, 121.
Guines taken by Edward III., i. 89.
Gurney, Matthew de, i. 107.

Henry IV., King of England, elected, 447; and crowned, 448.
poems by Gower addressed to him, ii. 1, 4.
Elmham's poem on his death, ii. 118.
his death in the Bethlehem chamber at Westminster, i. 122.
branded as an usurper, i. 267.
See Derby, Hereford, Lancaster.
Henry V., created prince of Wales, i. 449.
Elmham's poem addressed to him, ii. 118.
his father's advice to the prince, ii. 120.
his expedition into France, ii. 123.
Latin verses on his death, ii. 199.
his great ships, and care of the sea, ii. 199.
his resolution to enforce his title to France, ii. 214.
his character by a Yorkist, ii. 268.
Henry VI., king of England, his marriage, ii. 156.
Lydgate's roundel on him, ii. 140.
poem on his coronation, ii. 141.
description of his coronation, ii. 146.
Latin verses addressed to him, ii. 248.
his party defeated by the Yorkists, ii. 265.
his miserable government, ii. 268.
captured by Edward IV., ii. 274.
Henry the bastard, king of Castile, i. 94.
See Enrique.
Hereford, Humphrey de Bohun, earl of, i. 123, 197.
Henry, earl of Derby, made duke of, i. 461.
accuses the duke of Norfolk of treason, and is banished, i. 461.
returns to England, i. 462.
afterwards Henry IV.
Hereford, Reginald Baker, bishop of, ii. 232.
Hereford, Nicholas, a leader of the Wycliffite party, i. 260, 262, 263.
Hermesian, count of, i. 107, 113.
Heron, the vows of the, i. 1.
INDEX.

Holderness, Edward IV. lands there, his reception, ii. 372.
Holland (John de Holland, earl of Huntingdon), rises against Henry IV., i. 451.
Hospitalers, master of the, slain at Crecy, i. 157.
Humphrey Plantagenet, son of Thomas, duke of Gloucester, imprisoned in Ireland, i. 364.
    his death, i. 446, 447.
Hungary, its articles of commerce, ii. 171.
Hungerford, Robert lord, his opinion of the Libel of English Policy, ii. 205.
Huntingdon, Guichard de Angoulême made earl of, i. 457.
    John de Holland, earl of, made duke of Exeter, i. 461.
    John Holland, earl of, present at Azincourt, ii. 125.
    at the coronation of Henry VI., ii. 147.

I.

Iceland, its trade chiefly in stockfish, ii. 191.
Ireland, duke of. See Vere.
Ireland, expeditions of Richard II to, i. 443, 460, 462.
    its products, and its importance, ii. 185–190.
Isabella, queen of Edward II., i. 34, 138.
    Isabella of France, queen of Richard II., brought to England and crowned, i. 460.

J.

James I., king of Scotland, his relations with the duke of Burgundy, ii. 150.
John, king of France, i. 75, 76, 77.
    ascends the throne, i. 168, 169.
    taken prisoner at Poitiers, i. 177.
Judges, six appointed by Edward III., i. 187.

K.

Kightley, Sir Richard, slain at Azincourt, ii. 126.
Kent, Thomas Holland, earl of, beheaded at Cirencester, i. 451.
    made duke of Surrey, i. 461.
King’s evil, Philippe of Valois not able to cure it, i. 32.
Knollis, Robert, i. 95, 108, 457.
Kyret, Hugh, commands the French at the battle of the Sluys, i. 70.

L.

Lancaster, Thomas duke of, i. 132.
    rebelled against the king, i. 133.
    his death, 134.
Lancaster, Henry Plantagenet, duke of, i. 71.
    the second Henry Plantagenet, duke of, i. 95, 163.
    his death, i. 182, 217.
    his expedition to Scotland, i. 458.
    his expedition to Spain, i. 459.
    his death, i. 442, 461.
    Henry Plantagenet, duke of, i. 365, 366, 367, 380.
    returns to England to assume the crown, i. 438, 442, 462.
Latimer, killed in the battle of Sluys, i. 455.
Liart, Walter. See Norwich, bishop of.
    a second "Libel" on the same subject, ii. 282.
Lidford, the law of, i. 399.
Lincoln, earl of, one of the titles of the duke of Lancaster, i. 99.
INDEX.

Lollards, poem against them, i. 231.
poem in their defence, i. 253.
Gower’s account of them, i. 347.
Latin verses for and against them, ii. 128.
hostility to them, ii. 143.
English ballad against them, 243.
Lombards, Edward III.’s statute concerning them, ii. 167.
their behaviour, ii. 184, 185.
London, fidelity of the citizens to king Henry IV., i. 451.
attacked by the bastard of Fauconberg, ii. 277.
Louis of Bavaria, the emperor, i. 63.
Louis, king of France, i. 35.
Ludgate, pageantry at, i. 293.
Luishburnes (Laxenburg), money brought from Flanders, i. 140.
Lydgate, John, his poem on the English title to the crown of France, ii. 131.
his poems on the prospect of peace, ii. 209.
and on the truce of 1444, ii. 215.
Lyons, Hankin, the pirate, ii. 183.

M.

Maidstone, Richard of, account of him, i. 282.
Majorca, the king of, i. 107.
March, Roger de Mortimer, earl of, his death, i. 182.
March, Edmund de Mortimer, earl of, accompanies Richard II. to Ireland, i. 460.
Margaret, queen of Henry VI., her character, ii. 268.
Marshall, Thomas de Mowbray, earl. See Norfolk, duke of
Marton (Merton?), John de, i. 97.
Mauny, Walter de, i. 71, 71.
Menteith, i. 50.

Mertoun, Dr., an opponent of the Wycliffites, i. 261.
Minot, Laurence, his songs on the wars of Edward III., i. 58.
Molines, lord, ii. 234.
Money, alterations in, in the reign of Edward III., i. 139.
false, i. 140.
Monks, the Benedictines, i. 258, 384.
Moniagu, John Nevill, marquis of, opposed to Edward IV., ii. 272.
slain at Barnet field, ii. 276.
Montford, count of Brittany, i. 150.
Monthermer, Thomas de, killed at the battle of the Sluys, i. 456.
Moray, Sir Robert de, i. 70.
Mortaign, earl of, ii. 153, 155.
Mortimer, Roger de, his character and death, i. 139, 140.
Mortimers, rise against Edward II. in Shropshire, i. 133.
Mortimer’s Cross, battle of, ii. 269.

N.

Najara, battle of, i. 95, 113, 114, 456.
Navarre, king of, i. 108.
taken prisoner, i. 110.
Nevile’s Cross, battle of, i. 40, 41, 44, 52, 83, 157, 158, 291, 456.
Noble, the English coin, description of it, ii. 159.
Norfolk, the countess of, made duchess of, i. 461.
Thomas de Mowbray, duke of, i. 396, 419, 461.
John de Mowbray, second duke of, officiated as lord marshal at the coronation of Henry VI., ii. 147.
John de Mowbray, third duke of, ii. 222.
Norreys, ii. 222.
INDEX. 353

Northampton, William de Bohun, earl of,  
i. 71.  
his death, i. 182.  
Northampton, battle of, ii. 269.  
Northbury, John, i. 462.  
Northumberland, Henry de Percy, earl of,  
i. 419, 457.  
condemned for the loss of Berwick,  
i. 458.  
joins the duke of Lancaster, i. 462.  
Henry Percy, second earl of, slain at  
St. Alban’s, ii. 238.  
Henry Percy, third earl of, ii. 254.  
Norwich, Henry Spencer, bishop of, his  
crusade against the heretics of  
Flanders, i. 459.  
Walter Liart [or Hart], bishop of,  
i. 233.  
Nottage, Thomas de Mowbray made  
earl of, i. 457.  
accompanies Richard II. to Ireland,  
i. 460.  

P.  
Paris, the Porte de l’Enfer, there, i. 212.  
Paul’s, St., cathedral, in London, i. 292,  
293.  
Palaces, list of the royal, ii. 78.  
Pembroke, William Herbert, earl of, ii. 280.  
Penda, i. 98.  
Pepin, king, i. 34.  
Percy, Henry lord, i. 45, 158, 178.  
See  
Northumberland.  
Henry, junr., and Ralph, taken by  
the Scots at Otterburn, i. 460.  
Thomas, i. 457.  
made earl of Westmoreland, 461.  
Perrers, Alice, the mistress of Edward III.,  
proscribed, i. 457.  
Persistence, the great, i. 170.  
the second, i. 180, 181.  
in reign of Richard II., i. 252, 253,  
279.  
Peter the Cruel, king of Spain, i. 94, 95,  
101, 107, 110.  
PETERBOROUGH, Walter, of, his poem on the  
expedition of the Black Prince into  
Spain, i. 37.  
mentioned, i. 122.  
Philippa of Hainault, queen of Edward III.,  
i. 18.  
her vow, i. 23.  
her marriage, i. 455.  
Philippe le Bel, king of France, legend  
relating to him, i. 207.  
Philippe de Valois, king of France, his  
treatment of Robert of Artois, i. 3.  
abused, i. 26, 27, 38.  
incapable of curing the king’s evil,  
i. 32.  
defeated at Crecy, i. 157, 221.  
made a threat of relieving Calais, i. 166.  
his death, i. 168.  
Picts, why the Scots were so called, i. 51.  
Ploughman, complaint of the, i. 300.  
Poitiers, battle of, i. 169, 176, 456.  
Pole, William atte, i. 147.  
Tomieres, the sire de, i. 104.  

O.  
Oil, the holy, not furnished for the coro-  
nation of Philippe of Valois, i. 32.  
Oldcastle, Sir John, the Lollard, ii. 243.  
Onulus, i. 50.  
Orleans, duke of, made prisoner at Azin-  
court, ii. 126.  
Ormond, James Butler, earl of, his opinion  
on the conquest of Ireland, ii. 189.  
Otterburn, battle of, i. 460.  
Oxford, Robert de Vere, earl of, his defeat  
and flight, i. 420.  
See Vere.  
Richard de Vere, earl of, engaged at  
Azincourt, ii. 125.  

WOL. II.
INDEX.

Portugal, its articles of commerce, ii. 163.
Prussia, its articles of commerce, ii. 169.
Purveyors, statute against the, i. 222.
Pynson, Pety, the pirate, ii. 183.

R.

Ratcliff, Sir John, lieutenant-governor of Calais, ii. 153.
Reading, abbot of, ii. 233.
Repton, Philip, a supporter of the Wycliffites, i. 292, 263.
Relics, given to the religious houses in London by Edward III., i. 280.
Richard II., king of England, i. 219.
accession and coronation, i. 457.
his reconciliation with the Londoners, and solemn entry into the city, i. 282.
poem by Gower on him, i. 360.
English song on his ministers, i. 363.
poem on his deposition, i. 368.
his errors, i. 418.
agrees with the three great chiefs and calls a parliament, i. 422.
his proceedings against the three lords, i. 425-436.
his blank charters, i. 439, 461.
his last expedition to Ireland, i. 443, 462.
returns to Wales, i. 444, 462; and surrenders to the duke of Lancaster, i. 445.
carried to London, and deposed, i. 446, 447.
his death, i. 452, 462.
his expedition into Scotland, i. 459.
his first expedition to Ireland, i. 460.
his extortions, i. 461.
praise of his government by a later Yorkist writer, ii. 267.
Richard of Maidstone. See Maidstone.

Rivera, Anthony Widvile, earl, ii. 278.
Robert of Artois, ii. 2.
Rochelle, La, battle of, i. 164.
Rochester, abbot of, ii. 233.
Roland, one of the douze pairs of Charlemagne, i. 105.
Roncevalles, battle of, i. 105.
Ros, Thomas, baron de, ii. 234.
Rouen, recovered by the French, ii. 221.
Round table, festival of the, i. 150.
Russell, one of the creatures of Richard II., i. 462.
Rutland, earl of, accompanies Richard II. to Ireland, i. 460.
made duke of Albemarle, 461.

S.

Saint Alban's, abbot of, ii. 233.
first battle of, ii. 258.
second battle of, ii. 261.
Saint David's, John Delamere, bishop of, ii. 234.
St. John's, prior of, ii. 223.
St. Malo, a great harbour of pirates, ii. 164, 166.
St. Michel, Mont, in Brittany, a harbour of pirates, ii. 166.
Saint Paul's, procession to, in 1458, ii. 254.
Salic law of French succession, legends relating to its origin, i. 33, 307.
the subject discussed, i. 144, et seq.
Salisbury, William de Montacute, earl of, i. 10, 11.
John de Montacute, earl of, beheaded at Cirencester, i. 451.
Thomas de Montacute, earl of, officiated at the coronation of Henry VI., ii. 147.
Richard Neville, earl of, ii. 224, 254.
Richard Beauchamp, bishop of, ii. 232.
INDEX.

Salvador, San, town of, surrenders to Peter the Cruel, i. 109.
Sancho, illegitimate son of Alphonso, king of Castile, i. 101, 191.
Savoy palace burnt by the Kentish insurgents, i. 226.
Say, John, ii. 229, 234.
Saye, James Fiennes, lord, his unpopularity, ii. 230, 234.
Scarborough, its trade with Iceland, ii. 191.
Scotland, its articles of commerce, ii. 168.
Scots, their evil qualities, i. 42.
infest the English borders in the reign of Edward II., 132.
Scrope, Sir William, earl of Wiltshire, i. 367, 388, 436, 444, 461, 463.
Ships built for Henry V. at Southampton, ii. 199.
Sigismund, emperor of Germany, ii. 143.
his visit to England, and opinion of the importance of Calais, ii. 158, 192.
Sluys, battle of, i. 35, 70, 148, 456; ii. 199.
Somerset, the earl of, made marquis of, i. 461.
Edmund Beaufort, earl of, in disgrace, ii. 221.
one of the leaders of the court party, ii. 234.
Henry Beaufort, duke of, ii. 254.
stain at St. Alban's, ii. 258, 259.
Southampton, attacked by the French, i. 64.
Southwark, i. 288.
Spain, its articles of commerce, ii. 160.
Spaniards attack the English coast and are defeated by Edward III., i. 222.
Stafford, Humphrey, earl of, officiated at the coronation of Henry VI., ii. 147.
Stanbury, friar, ii. 233.
Stokes, an opponent of the Wycliffites, i. 261.

Straw, Jack, poem on his rebellion, i. 224.
names of the most active insurgents, i. 230.
his insurrection, i. 458.
Suffolk, Michael de la Pole, earl of, i. 270.
flies into exile, i. 421, 460.
made earl of, i. 459.
Michael de la Pole, third earl of, slain at Azincourt, ii. 126.
William de la Pole, duke of, ii. 222.
arrested, ii. 224.
the popular feeling against him, ii. 228.
accused of selling Normandy to the French, ii. 230.
verses against him, ii. 231.
ballet on his death, ii. 222.
Surrey, the earl of Kent, made duke of, i. 461.
Swyn. See Sluys.

T.

Tails, the English reproached with having, i. 177.
Talbot, John, earl of Shrewsbury, ii. 222, 224.
Tello, illegitimate son of Alphonso, king of Castile, i. 101, 121, 122.
Templars, an allusion to their offences, i. 267.
Temple Bar, i. 294.
Tirel, Hugh, governor of the Isle of Wight, i. 457.
Tournay, siege of, i. 72.
Tower Hill, abbot of, ii. 233.
Towton, battle of, ii. 264.
Trades, the, of London in the reign of Richard II., i. 284, 285.
Tressillian, Sir Robert, chief judge of the king's bench, hanged, i. 423 460.
Trevilian, ii. 223, 227, 234.
Trois, treaty of, ii. 136.
Truce of 1347, poem on, i. 53; truce with
France in 1394, i. 300; in 1444, ii. 215.

U.
Ufford, Sir Thomas, i. 95.

V.
Vannes, siege of, i. 150.
Venetians, their articles of commerce, ii.
172.
Vere, Robert de, duke of Ireland, i. 270,
367, 420, 459.
Verneuil, battle of, ii. 132.
Vienne, Sir John de, governor of Calais, i.
83.
    sent to resist the Scots, i. 459.

W.
Wakefield, battle of, ii. 257, 260.
Waleria, St., battle of, 456.
Wales, needful to be held in subjection, ii.
190.
Walsingham, John, the author of an alli-
teractive poem against the Lollards, 
ii. 114.
Walworth, Sir William, lord mayor of 
London, i. 297, 228.
Warburton (?), Sir Jeffrey, 
one of the commanders in Calais in 
1436, ii. 153.
Warwick, Thomas de Beauchamp, earl of, 
banished to the Isle of Man, i. 364, 
392.

Warwick, Thomas de Beauchamp—cont.
imprisoned, i. 428.
banished, i. 431.
set at liberty, i. 446.
employed Lydgate to write on the 
English title to France, ii. 131, 132, 
139.
bore the king's train at his coronation, 
ii. 146.
Richard Neville, first earl of, ii. 222.
Richard Neville, earl of, the king-
maker, ii. 254.
a great supporter of Edward IV., 270.
opposed to Edward IV., 272.
slain in the battle of Barnet, 276.
Wells, John, an enemy of the Wycliffites, 
i. 260.
Westminster, abbot of, ii. 233.
Westminster Hall, i. 297.
Westmorland, Sir Ralph de Neville made 
earl of, i. 461.
joins the duke of Lancaster, i. 462.
Whipplede, an opponent of the Wycliffites, 
i. 261.
Whethamsted, John de, his poems on the 
wars of the Roses, ii. 258.
Whittington, Richard, the merchant of 
London, ii. 178.
Wight, Isle of, taken by the French, i. 
457.
Willoughby, Robert lord, ii. 222.
Wiltshire, Sir William Scrope made earl 
of, i. 461. See Scrope.
Winchester, William de Wainfleet, bishop 
of, ii. 255.
Windsor, William, i. 457.
Worcester, Sir Thomas Percy made earl 
of, i. 461.
Worcester, John Carpenter, bishop of, ii. 
233.
Wycliffe, John, i. 235, 258, 259, 260, 458;
ii. 45, 52, 53, 107.
INDEX.

Y.

York, Edmund Plantagenet made duke of, i. 459.
Edward Plantagenet duke of, slain at Azincourt, ii. 125.
Richard duke of, retires to Ireland, ii. 223.
reconciled with the court, ii. 254.
epitaph on him, ii. 256.
York, archbishops of:
William de la Zouche, i. 158.
Alexander de Neville, flies into exile, i. 421, 460.

York, archbishops of—cont.
Richard Scrope, poem on his execution, ii. 114.
his death lamented, 267.
John Kemp, cardinal, ii. 233.

Z.

Zealand, its articles of commerce, ii. 180.
Zouche, William de la, archbishop of York, i. 158.
LONDON:
Printed by GEORGE H. EYRE and WILLIAM SPOTTISWOODE,
Printers to the Queen's most Excellent Majesty,
For Her Majesty's Stationery Office.
In Progress.

**Historia Minor Matthæi Paris.** Edited by Sir F. Madden, K.H., Chief of the MS. Department of the British Museum.

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*June 1861.*